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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII.

THE
CORNHILL
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII.
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1871.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

1871.

~~DR XLVI~~

P 141.9 (23)₂

1873, May 24.
Subscription Fund.



5940
51-71
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LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

LEIPZIG: ALPHONS DÜRR. NEW YORK: WILLMER AND ROGERS.
MELBOURNE: G. ROBERTSON. SYDNEY: W. MADDOCK. ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY.
TASMANIA: WALCH AND SONS.

••• The TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was published on the 4th of December, handsome price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

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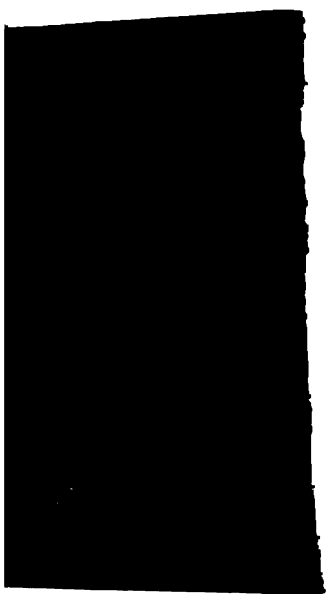
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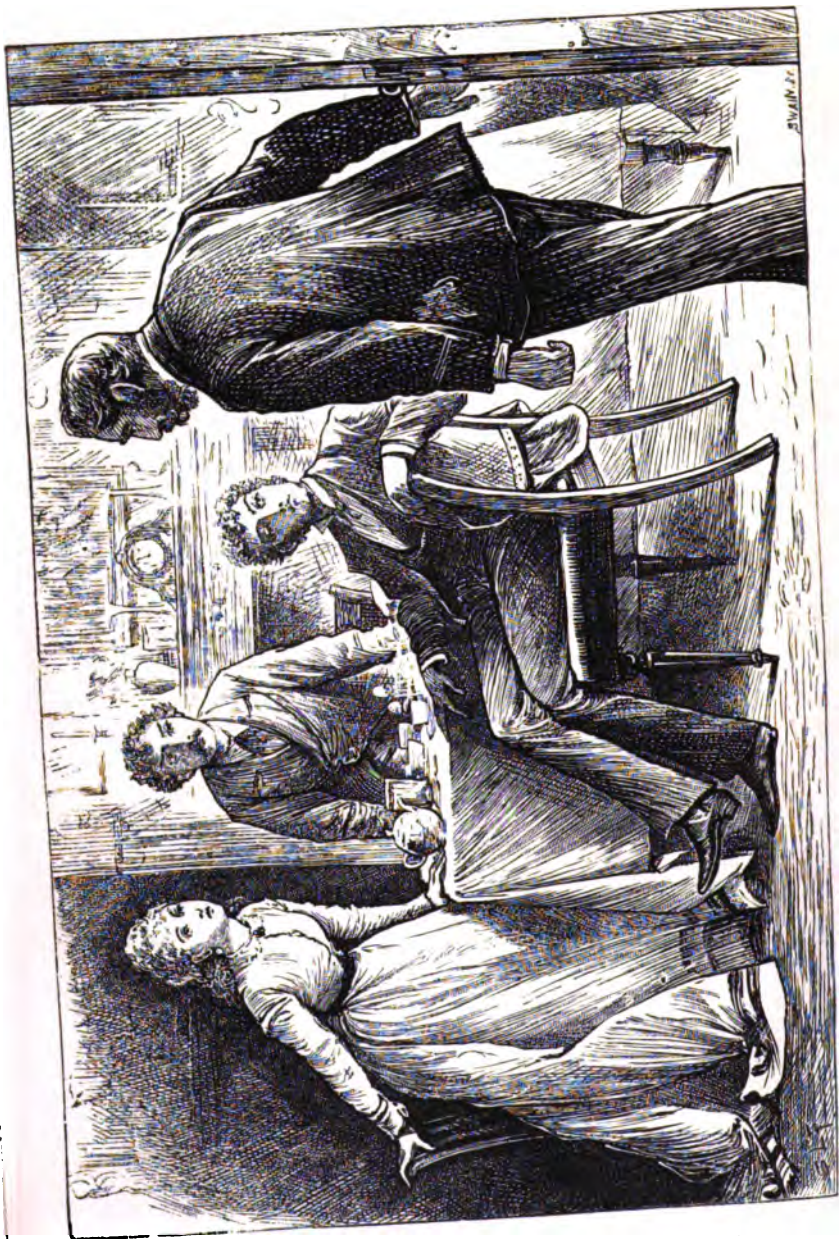
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HE ENTERED, AND NINA AROSE AS HE CAME FORWARD.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1871.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID OF IT.



THE wounded man had just fallen into a first sleep after his disaster, when the press of the capital was already proclaiming throughout the land the attack and search for arms at Kilgobbin Castle. In the National papers a very few lines were devoted to the event; indeed their tone was one of party sneer at the importance given by their contemporaries to a very ordinary incident. "Is there," asked the *Convicted Felon*, "anything very strange or new in the fact that Irishmen have determined to be armed? Is English legislation in this country so marked by justice, clemency, and generosity that the people of Ireland prefer to submit their lives and fortunes to its sway, to trusting

what brave men alone trust in—their fearlessness and their daring? What is there, then, so remarkable in the repairing to Mr. Kearney's house for a loan of those weapons of which his family for several generations have forgotten the use?" In the Government journals the story of the attack was headed, "Attack on Kilgobbin Castle. Heroic

resistance by a young lady:" in which Kate Kearney's conduct was described in colours of extravagant eulogy. She was alternately Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, and it was gravely discussed whether any and what honours of the Crown were at her Majesty's disposal to reward such brilliant heroism. In another print of the same stamp the narrative began—"The disastrous condition of our country is never displayed in darker colours than when the totally unprovoked character of some outrage has to be recorded by the press. It is our melancholy task to present such a case as this to our readers to-day. If it was our wish to exhibit to a stranger the picture of an Irish estate in which all the blessings of good management, intelligence, kindness, and Christian charity were displayed; to show him a property where the well-being of landlord and tenant were inextricably united, where the condition of the people, their dress, their homes, their food, and their daily comforts could stand comparison with the most favoured English county, we should point to the Kearney estate of Kilgobbin; and yet it is here, in the very house where his ancestors have resided for generations, that a most savage and dastardly attack is made: and if we feel a sense of shame in recording the outrage, we are recompensed by the proud elation with which we can recount the repulse,—the noble and gallant achievement of an Irish girl. History has the record of more momentous feats, but we doubt that there is one in the annals of any land in which a higher heroism was displayed than in this splendid defence by Miss Kearney." Then followed the story; not one of the papers having any knowledge of Walpole's presence on the occasion, or the slightest suspicion that she was aided in any way.

Joe Atlee was busily engaged in conning over and comparing these somewhat contradictory reports, as he sat at his breakfast, his chum Kearney being still in bed and asleep after a late night at a ball. At last there came a telegraphic despatch for Kearney; armed with which, Joe entered the bedroom and woke him.

"Here's something for you, Dick," cried he. "Are you too sleepy to read it?"

"Tear it open and see what it is, like a good fellow," said the other, indolently.

"It's from your sister—at least, it is signed Kate. It says: 'There is no cause for alarm. All is going on well, and papa will be back this evening. I write by this post.'"

"What does all that mean?" cried Dick, in surprise.

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows being seen badly wounded, but, of course, that part of the story cannot be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defence of the citadel. Was she fainting or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like, Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a Whiteboy attack to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defence, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By Jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half that blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Pericles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half a mind to run down by the night-mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch you the papers, there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposited the "*Croppy*" on the table as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor labouring-men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for alms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady, whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen tourists? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased at the price of the companionship of the admittedly most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the

paper to him on the bed. "Of course it's a thing cannot be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakum at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it, were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And, with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again and write at you and all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this licence is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counsellor, and friend."

"Bright thought, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first class; but we could go third class, two of us for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to travelling in a cow compartment?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I trust I shall never discover them; at least, so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure either, whether they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable thought! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, proposed to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes, I'd have said, Done!"

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort, I make no objection."

"To so heartily-expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you; don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you cannot get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a fashionable tone."

"How men mistake themselves. I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick, are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it.' That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in *Hafiz*. I believe you never read *Hafiz*?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own *Hafiz*, and just as good as the real article. By the way, are you aware that the water-carriers at Tehran sing *Lalla Rookh*, and believe it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an *Anacreon* with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By the way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday at the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick, that means worse and worse! Now, I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat, I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you're not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society, that never so much as asked whether the in-

tellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager ? ”

“ There, don’t carry away that newspaper ; I want to read over that pleasant paragraph again ? ”

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

THE two friends were deposited at the Moate station at a few minutes after midnight, and their available resources amounting to something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

“ It is a fine moonlight ; I know all the short cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides,” said Kearney ; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

“ The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau,” said Dick, as they started.

“ I wish you’d give him directions to take charge of me too,” said Joe, who felt very indisposed to a long walk.

“ I like *you*,” said Dick, sneeringly ; “ you are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it, and when it comes to a question of a few miles’ tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You’re a great humbug, Master Joe.”

“ And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few, that, as in a game of only three cards, there is no skill in the playing ; while in my nature, as in that game called tarocco, there are half a dozen packs mixed up together, and the address required to play them is considerable.”

“ You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe.”

“ And why not ? If a clever fellow didn’t know he was clever, the opinion of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain.”

“ And what do you say if his own vanity should do it ? ”

“ There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you——”

“ What do you mean by a fellow like me ? ” broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

“ I mean this, that I’d as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Esquimaux, as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you, and scores of fellows like you, denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to Hope ! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the founda-

tion of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that "if I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther."

"I tell you one thing I do hope, which is, that the next time I set out a twelve miles' walk, I'll have a companion less imbued with self-admiration."

"And you might and might not find him pleasanter company. Cannot you see, old fellow, that the very things you object to in me are what are wanting in you? they are, so to say, the complements of your own temperament."

"Have you a cigar?"

"Two—take them both. I'd rather talk than smoke just now."

"I am almost sorry for it, though it gives me the tobacco."

"Are we on your father's property yet?"

"Yes: part of that village we came through belongs to us, and all this bog here is ours."

"Why don't you reclaim it? labour costs a mere nothing in this country. Why don't you drain these tracts, and treat the soil with lime? I'd live on potatoes, I'd make my family live on potatoes, and my son, and my grandson, for three generations, but I'd win this land back to culture and productiveness."

"The fee-simple of the soil wouldn't pay the cost. It would be cheaper to save the money and buy an estate."

"That is one, and a very narrow view of it; but imagine the glory of restoring a lost tract to a nation, welcoming back the prodigal, and installing him in his place amongst his brethren. This was all forest once. Under the shade of the mighty oaks here those gallant O'Caharneys your ancestors followed the chase, or rested at noontide, or skedaddled in double-quick before those smart English of the Pale, who, I must say, treated your forbears with scant courtesy."

"We held our own against them for many a year."

"Only when it became so small it was not worth taking. Is not your father a Whig?"

"He's a Liberal, but he troubles himself little about parties."

"He's a stout Catholic, though, isn't he?"

"He is a very devout believer in his Church," said Dick, with the tone of one who did not desire to continue the theme.

"Then why does he stop at whiggery? why not go in for nationalism and all the rest of it?"

"And what's all the rest of it?"

"Great Ireland—no first flower of the earth or gem of the sea humbug—but Ireland great in prosperity, her harbours full of ships, the woollen trade, her ancient staple, revived; all that vast unused water-power, greater than all the steam of Manchester and Birmingham tenfold, at full work; the linen manufacture developed and promoted——"

"And the Union repealed?"

"Of course; that should be first of all. Not that I object to the

Union, as many do, on the grounds of English ignorance as to Ireland. My dislike is, that, for the sake of carrying through certain measures necessary to Irish interests, I must sit and discuss questions which have no possible concern for me, and touch me no more than the debates in the Cortes, or the Reichskammer at Vienna. What do you or I care for who rules India, or who owns Turkey? What interest of mine is it whether Great Britain has five iron-clads or fifty, or whether the Yankees take Canada, and the Russians Caboul?"

"You're a Fenian, and I am not."

"I suppose you'd call yourself an Englishman?"

"I'm an English subject, and I owe my allegiance to England."

"Perhaps for that matter, I owe some too; but I owe a great many things that I don't distress myself about paying."

"Whatever your sentiments are on these matters—and, Joe, I am not disposed to think you have any very fixed ones—pray do me the favour to keep them to yourself while under my father's roof—I can almost promise you he'll obtrude none of his peculiar opinions on *you*, and I hope you will treat *him* with a like delicacy."

"What will your folks talk then? I can't suppose they care for books, art, or the drama. There is no society, so there can be no gossip. If that yonder be the cabin of one of your tenants, I'll certainly not start the question of farming."

"There are poor on every estate," said Dick, curtly.

"Now what sort of a rent does that fellow pay—five pounds a year?"

"More likely five-and-twenty or thirty shillings."

"By Jove, I'd like to set up house in that fashion, and make love to some delicately nurtured miss, win her affections, and bring her home to such a spot. Wouldn't that be a touchstone of affection, Dick?"

"If I could believe you were in earnest, I'd throw you neck and heels into that bog-hole."

"Oh, if you would!" cried he; and there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice now there could be no mistaking.

Half-ashamed of the emotion his idle speech had called up, and uncertain how best to treat the emergency, Kearney said nothing, and Atlee walked along for miles without a word.

"You can see the house now. It tops the trees yonder," said Dick.

"That is Kilgobbin Castle, then?" said Joe, slowly.

"There's not much of castle left about it. There is a square block of a tower, and you can trace the moat and some remains of outworks."

"Shall I make you a confession, Dick? I envy you all that! I envy you what smacks of a race, a name, an ancestry, a lineage. It's a great thing to be able to 'take up the running,' as the folks say, instead of making all the race yourself; and there's one inestimable advantage in it, it rescues you from all indecent haste about asserting your station. You feel yourself to be a somebody and you're not hurried to proclaim it. There now, my boy, if you'd have said only half as much as that on the

score of your family, I'd have called you an arrant snob. So much for consistency ! ”

“ What you have said gave me pleasure, I'll own that.”

“ I suppose it was you planted those trees there. It was a nice thought, and makes the transition from the bleak bog to the cultivated land more easy and graceful. Now I see the castle well. It's a fine portly mass against the morning sky, and I perceive you fly a flag over it.”

“ When the lord is at home.”

“ Ay, and by the way, do you give him his title while talking to him here ? ”

“ The tenants do, and the neighbours and strangers do as they please about it.”

“ Does he like it himself ? ”

“ If I was to guess, I should perhaps say he does like it. Here we are now. Inside this low gate you are within the demesne, and I may bid you welcome to Kilgobbin. We shall build a lodge here one of these days. There's a good stretch, however, yet to the castle. We call it two miles, and it's not far short of it.”

“ What a glorious morning. There is an ecstasy in scenting these nice fresh woods in the clear sunrise, and seeing those modest daffodils make their morning toilet.”

“ That's a fancy of Kate's. There is a border of such wild-flowers all the way to the house.”

“ And those rills of clear water that flank the road, are they of her designing ? ”

“ That they are. There was a cutting made for a railroad line about four miles from this, and they came upon a sort of pudding-stone formation, made up chiefly of white pebbles. Kate heard of it, purchased the whole mass, and had these channels paved with them from the gate to the castle, and that's the reason this water has its crystal clearness.”

“ She's worthy of Shakspeare's sweet epithet, the ‘ daintiest Kate in Christendom.’ Here's her health ! ” and he stooped down, and filling his palm with the running water, drank it off.

“ I see it's not yet five o'clock. We'll steal quietly off to bed, and have three or four hours sleep before we show ourselves.”

CHAPTER XIII.

A SICK ROOM.

Cecil Walpole occupied the state room and the state bed at Kilgobbin Castle ; but the pain of a very serious wound had left him very little faculty to know what honour was rendered him, or of what watchful solicitude he was the object. The fever, brought on by his wound, had obliterated in his mind all memory of where he was ; and it was only now, —that is, on the same morning that the young men had arrived at the

castle—that he was able to converse without much difficulty, and enjoy the companionship of Lockwood, who had come over to see him and scarcely quitted his bedside since the disaster.

“It seems going on all right,” said Lockwood, as he lifted the iced cloths to look at the smashed limb, which lay swollen and livid on a pillow outside the clothes.

“It’s not pretty to look at, Harry; but the doctor says ‘we shall save it’—his phrase for not cutting it off.”

“They’ve taken up two fellows on suspicion, and I believe they were of the party here that night.”

“I don’t much care about that. It was a fair fight, and I suspect I did not get the worst of it. What really does grieve me is to think how ingloriously one gets a wound that in real war would have been a title of honour.”

“If I had to give a V. C. for this affair, it would be to that fine girl I’d give it, and not to you, Cecil.”

“So should I. There is no question whatever as to our respective shares in the achievement.”

“And she is so modest and unaffected about it all, and when she was showing me the position and the alcove, she never ceased to lay stress on the safety she enjoyed during the conflict.”

“Then she said nothing about standing in front of me after I was wounded?”

“Not a word. She said a great deal about your coolness and indifference to danger, but nothing about her own.”

“Well, I suppose it’s almost a shame to own it—not that I could have done anything to prevent it—but she did step down one step of the stair and actually cover me from fire.”

“She’s the finest girl in Europe,” said Lockwood, warmly.

“And if it was not the contrast with her cousin, I’d almost say one of the handsomest,” said Cecil.

“The Greek is splendid, I admit that, though she’ll not speak—she’ll scarcely notice me.”

“How is that?”

“I can’t imagine, except it might have been an awkward speech I made when we were talking over the row. I said, ‘Where were you? what were you doing all this time?’”

“And what answer did she make you?”

“None; not a word. She drew herself proudly up, and opened her eyes so large and full upon me, that I felt I must have appeared some sort of monster to be so stared at.”

“I’ve seen her do that.”

“It was very grand and very beautiful; but I’ll be shot if I’d like to stand under it again. From that time to this she has never deigned me more than a mere salutation.”

“And are you good friends with the other girl?”

"The best in the world. I don't see much of her, for she's always abroad, over the farm, or among the tenants; but when we meet we are very cordial and friendly."

"And the father, what is he like?"

"My lord is a glorious old fellow, full of hospitable plans and pleasant projects; but terribly distressed to think that this unlucky incident should prejudice you against Ireland. Indeed, he gave me to understand that there must have been some mistake or misconception in the matter, for the castle had never been attacked before; and he insists on saying that if you will stop here—I think he said ten years—you'll not see another such occurrence."

"It's rather a hard way to test the problem though."

"What's more, he included me in the experiment."

"And this title? Does he assume it, or expect it to be recognized?"

"I can scarcely tell you. The Greek girl 'my-lords' him occasionally; his daughter, never. The servants always do so; and I take it that people use their own discretion about it."

"Or do it in a sort of indolent courtesy, as they call Marsala, sherry, but take care at the same time to pass the decanter. I believe you telegraphed to his Excellency?"

"Yes; and he means to come over next week."

"Any news of Lady Maude?"

"Only that she comes with him, and I'm sorry for it."

"So am I—deuced sorry! In a gossiping town like Dublin there will be surely some story afloat about these handsome girls here. She saw the Greek, too, at the Duke of Rigati's ball at Rome, and she never forgets a name or a face. A pleasant trait in a wife."

"Of course the best plan will be to get removed, and be safely installed in our old quarters at the Castle before they arrive."

"We must hear what the doctor says."

"He'll say no, naturally, for he'll not like to lose his patient. He will have to convey you to town, and we'll try and make him believe it will be the making of him. Don't you agree with me, Cecil, it's the thing to do?"

"I have not thought it over yet. I will to-day. By the way, I know it's the thing to do," repeated he, with an air of determination. "There will be all manner of reports, scandals, and falsehoods to no end about this business here; and when Lady Maude learns, as she is sure to learn, that the 'Greek girl' is in the story, I cannot measure the mischief that may come of it."

"Break off the match, eh?"

"That is certainly 'on the cards.'"

"I suspect even that wouldn't break your heart."

"I don't say it would, but it would prove very inconvenient in many ways. Danesbury has great claims on his party. He came here as Viceroy dead against his will, and, depend upon it, he made his terms."

Then if these people go out, and the Tories want to outbid them, Danesbury could take—ay, and would take—office under them."

"I cannot follow all that. All I know is, I like the old boy himself, though he is a bit pompous now and then, and fancies he's Emperor of Russia."

"I wish his niece didn't imagine she was an Imperial princess."

"That she does! I think she is the haughtiest girl I ever met. To be sure she was a great beauty."

"Was, Harry! What do you mean by 'was'? Lady Maude is not eight-and-twenty."

"Ain't she, though? Will you have a ten-pound note on it that she's not over thirty-one; and I can tell you who could decide the wager?"

"A delicate thought!—a fellow betting on the age of the girl he's going to marry!"

"Ten o'clock—nearly half-past ten!" said Lockwood, rising from his chair. "I must go and have some breakfast. I meant to have been down in time to-day, and breakfasted with the old fellow and his daughter; for coming late brings me to a *tête-à-tête* with the Greek damsel, and it isn't jolly, I assure you."

"Don't you speak?"

"Never a word! She's generally reading a newspaper when I go in. She lays it down; but after remarking that she fears I'll find the coffee cold, she goes on with her breakfast, kisses her Maltese terrier, asks him a few questions about his health, and whether he would like to be in a warmer climate, and then sails away."

"And how she walks!"

"Is she bored here?"

"She says not."

"She can scarcely like these people: they're not the sort of thing she has ever been used to."

"She tells me she likes them: they certainly like her."

"Well," said Lockwood, with a sigh, "she's the most beautiful woman, certainly, I've ever seen; and, at this moment, I'd rather eat a crust with a glass of beer under a hedge, than I'd go down and sit at breakfast with her."

"I'll be shot if I'll not tell her that speech the first day I'm down again."

"So you may, for by that time I shall have seen her for the last time." And with this he strolled out of the room and down the stairs towards the breakfast-parlour.

As he stood at the door he heard the sound of voices laughing and talking pleasantly. He entered, and Nina arose as he came forward, and said, "Let me present my cousin—Mr. Richard Kearney, Major Lockwood; his friend, Mr. Atlee."

The two young men stood up—Kearney stiff and haughty, and Atlee with a sort of easy assurance that seemed to suit his good-looking but

certainly snobbish style. As for Lockwood, he was too much a gentleman to have more than one manner, and he received these two men as he would have received any other two of any rank anywhere.

"These gentlemen have been showing me some strange versions of our little incident here in the Dublin papers," said Nina to Lockwood. "I scarcely thought we should become so famous."

"I suppose they don't stickle much for truth," said Lockwood, as he broke his egg, in leisurely fashion.

"They were scarcely able to provide a special correspondent for the event," said Atlee; "but I take it they give the main facts pretty accurately and fairly."

"Indeed!" said Lockwood, more struck by the manner than by the words of the speaker. "They mention, then, that my friend received a bad fracture of the forearm."

"No, I don't think they do; at least, so far as I have seen. They speak of a night attack on Kilgobbin Castle, made by an armed party of six or seven men with faces blackened, and their complete repulse through the heroic conduct of a young lady."

"The main facts, then, include no mention of poor Walpole and his misfortune?"

"I don't think that we mere Irish attach any great importance to a broken arm, whether it came of a cricket-ball or gun; but we do interest ourselves deeply when an Irish girl displays feats of heroism and courage that men find it hard to rival."

"It was very fine," said Lockwood, gravely.

"Fine! I should think it was fine!" burst out Atlee. "It was so fine that, had the deed been done on the other side of this narrow sea, the nation would not have been satisfied till your Poet Laureate had commemorated it in verse."

"Have they discovered any traces of the fellows?" said Lockwood, who declined to follow the discussion into this channel.

"My father has gone over to Moate to-day," said Kearney, now speaking for the first time, "to hear the examination of two fellows who have been taken up on suspicion."

"You have plenty of this sort of thing in your country," said Atlee to Nina.

"Where do you mean when you say my country?"

"I mean Greece."

"But I have not seen Greece since I was a child, so high; I have lived always in Italy."

"Well, Italy has Calabria and the Terra del Lavoro."

"And how much do we in Rome know about either?"

"About as much," said Lockwood, "as Belgravia does of the Bog of Allen."

"You'll return to your friends in civilized life with almost the fame of an African traveller, Major Lockwood," said Atlee, pertly.

"If Africa can boast such hospitality, I certainly rather envy than compassionate Doctor Livingstone," said he, politely.

"Somebody," said Kearney, drily, "calls hospitality the breeding of the savage."

"But I deny that we are savage," cried Atlee. "I contend for it that all our civilization is higher, and that class for class we are in a more advanced culture than the English; that your chawbacon is not as intelligent a being as our bogtrotter; that your petty shopkeeper is inferior to ours; that throughout our middle classes there is not only a higher morality but a higher refinement than with you."

"I read in one of the most accredited journals of England the other day that Ireland had never produced a poet, could not even show a second-rate humourist," said Kearney.

"Swift and Sterne were third-rate, or, perhaps, English," said Atlee.

"These are themes I'll not attempt to discuss," said Lockwood; "but I know one thing, it takes three times as much military force to govern the smaller island."

"That is to say, to govern the country after *your* fashion; but leave it to ourselves. Pack your portmanteaus and go away, and then see if we'll need this parade of horse, foot, and dragoons; these batteries of guns and these brigades of peelers."

"You'd be the first to beg us to come back again."

"Doubtless, as the Greeks are begging the Turks. Eh, Mademoiselle, can you fancy throwing yourself at the feet of a Pasha and asking leave to be his slave?"

"The only Greek slave I ever heard of," said Lockwood, "was in marble and made by an American."

"Come into the drawing-room and I'll sing you something," said Nina, rising.

"Which will be far nicer and pleasanter than all this discussion," said Joe.

"And if you'll permit me," said Lockwood, "we'll leave the drawing-room door open and let poor Walpole hear the music."

"Would it not be better first to see if he's asleep?" said she.

"That's true. I'll step up and see."

Lockwood hurried away, and Joe Atlee, leaning back in his chair, said, "Well, we gave the Saxon a canter, I think. As you know, Dick, that fellow is no end of a swell."

"You know nothing about him," said the other, gruffly.

"Only so much as newspapers could tell me. He's Master of the Horse in the Viceroy's household, and the other fellow is Private Secretary, and some connection besides. I say, Dick, it's all King James's times back again. There has not been so much grandeur here for six or eight generations."

"There has not been a more absurd speech made than that, within the time."

"And he is really a somebody?" said Nina to Atlee.

"A *gran signore davvero*," said he pompously. "If you don't sing your very best for him, I'll swear you are a republican."

"Come, take my arm, Nina. I may call you Nina, may I not?" whispered Kearney.

"Certainly, if I may call you Joe."

"You may, if you like," said he roughly, "but my name is Dick."

"I am Beppo, and very much at your orders," said Atlee, stepping forward and leading her away.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT DINNER.

THEY were assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, when Lord Kilgobbin arrived, heated, dusty, and tired, after his twelve-miles' drive. "I say, girls," said he, putting his head inside the door, "is it true that our distinguished guest is not coming down to dinner, for, if so, I'll not wait to dress?"

"No, papa; he said he'd stay with Mr. Walpole. They've been receiving and despatching telegrams all day, and seem to have the whole world on their hands," said Kate.

"Well, sir, what did you do at the sessions?"

"Yes, my lord," broke in Nina, eager to show her more mindful regard to his rank than Atlee displayed; "tell us your news?"

"I suspect we have got two of them, and are on the traces of the others. They are Louth men, and were sent special here to give me a lesson, as they call it. That's what our blessed newspapers have brought us to. Some idle vagabond, at his wit's end for an article, fastens on some unlucky country gentleman, neither much better nor worse than his neighbours, holds him up to public reprobation, perfectly sure that within a week's time some rascal who owes him a grudge—the fellow he has evicted for non-payment of rent, the blackguard he prosecuted for perjury, or some other of the like stamp—will write a piteous letter to the editor, relating his wrongs. The next act of the drama is a notice on the hall-door, with a coffin at the top; and the piece closes with a charge of slugs in your body, as you are on your road to mass. Now, if I had the making of the laws, the first fellow I'd lay hands on would be the newspaper writer. Eh, Master Atlee, am I right?"

"I go with you to the furthest extent, my lord."

"I vote we hang Joe, then," cried Dick. "He is the only member of the fraternity I have any acquaintance with."

"What—do you tell me that you write for the papers?" asked my lord, silyly.

"He's quizzing, sir; he knows right well I have no gifts of that sort."

"Here's dinner, papa. Will you give Nina your arm? Mr. Atlee, you are to take me."

"You'll not agree with me, Nina, my dear," said the old man, as he led her along; "but I'm heartily glad we have not that great swell who dined with us yesterday."

"I do agree with you, uncle—I dislike him."

"Perhaps I'm unjust to him; but I thought he treated us all with a sort of bland pity that I found very offensive."

"Yes; I thought that too. His manner seemed to say, 'I am very sorry for you, but what can be done?'"

"Is the other fellow—the wounded one—as bad?"

She pursed up her lip, slightly shrugged her shoulders, and then said, "There's not a great deal to choose between them; but I think I like him better."

"How do you like Dick, eh?" said he, in a whisper.

"Oh, so much," said she, with one of her half downcast looks, but which never prevented her seeing what passed in her neighbour's face.

"Well, don't let him fall in love with you," said he, with a smile, "for it would be bad for you both."

"But why should he?" said she, with an air of innocence.

"Just because I don't see how he is to escape it. What's Master Atlee saying to you, Kitty?"

"He's giving me some hints about horse-breaking," said she, quietly.

"Is he, by George? Well, I'd like to see him follow you over that fallen timber in the back lawn. We'll have you out, Master Joe, and give you a field-day to-morrow," said the old man.

"I vote we do," cried Dick; "unless, better still, we could persuade Miss Betty to bring the dogs over and give us a cub-hunt."

"I want to see a cub-hunt," broke in Nina.

"Do you mean that you ride to hounds, cousin Nina?" asked Dick.

"I should think that any one who has taken the ox-fences on the Roman Campagna, as I have, might venture to face your small stone-walls here."

"That's plucky, anyhow; and I hope, Joe, it will put you on your mettle to show yourself worthy of your companionship. What is old Mathew looking so mysteriously about? What do you want?"

The old servant thus addressed had gone about the room with the air of one not fully decided to whom to speak, and at last he leaned over Miss Kearney's shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear. "Of course not, Mat!" said she, and then turning to her father—"Mat has such an opinion of my medical skill, he wants me to see Mr. Walpole, who, it seems, has got up, and evidently increased his pain by it."

"Oh, but is there no doctor near us?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I'd go at once," said Kate, frankly, "but my skill does not extend to surgery."

"I have some little knowledge in that way ; I studied and walked the hospitals for a couple of years," broke out Joe. "Shall I go up to him?"

"By all means," cried several together, and Joe arose and followed Mathew upstairs.

"Oh, are you a medical man?" cried Lockwood, as the other entered.

"After a fashion, I may say I am. At least, I can tell you where my skill will come to its limit, and that is something."

"Look here, then,—he would insist on getting up, and I fear he has displaced the position of the bones. You must be very gentle, for the pain is terrific."

"No ; there's no great mischief done,—the fractured parts are in a proper position. It is the mere pain of disturbance. Cover it all over with the ice again, and"—here he felt his pulse—"let him have some weak brandy-and-water."

"That's sensible advice,—I feel it. I am shivery all over," said Walpole.

"I'll go and make a brew for you," cried Joe, "and you shall have it as hot as you can drink it."

He had scarcely left the room, when he returned with the smoking compound.

"You're such a jolly doctor," said Walpole, "I feel sure you'd not refuse me a cigar?"

"Certainly not."

"Only think ! that old barbarian who was here this morning said I was to have nothing but weak tea or iced lemonade."

Lockwood selected a mild-looking weed, and handed it to his friend, and was about to offer one to Atlee, when he said :—

"But we have taken you from your dinner,—pray go back again."

"No, we were at dessert. I'll stay here and have a smoke, if you will let me. Will it bore you, though?"

"On the contrary," said Walpole, "your company will be a great boon to us ; and as for myself, you have done me good already."

"What would you say, Major Lockwood, to taking my place below-stairs ? They are just sitting over their wine—some very pleasant claret, and the young ladies, I perceive, here, give half an hour of their company before they leave the dining-room."

"Here goes then," said Lockwood. "Now that you remind me of it, I do want a glass of wine."

Lockwood found the party belowstairs eagerly discussing Joe Atlee's medical qualifications, and doubting whether, if it was a knowledge of civil-engineering or marine gunnery had been required, he would not have been equally ready to offer himself for the emergency.

"I'll lay my life on it, if the real doctor arrives, Joe will take the lead in the consultation," cried Dick : "he is the most unabashable villain in Europe."

"Well, he has put Cecil all right," said Lockwood : "he has settled

the arm most comfortably on the pillow, the pain is decreasing every moment, and by his pleasant and jolly talk he is making Walpole even forget it at times."

This was exactly what Atlee was doing. Watching carefully the sick man's face, he plied him with just that amount of amusement that he could bear without fatigue. He told him the absurd versions that had got abroad of the incident in the press ; and cautiously feeling his way, went on to tell how Dick Kearney had started from town full of the most fiery intentions towards that visitor whom the newspapers called a "noted profligate" of London celebrity. "If you had not been shot before, we were to have managed it for you now," said he.

"Surely these fellows who wrote this had never heard of me."

"Of course they had not, further than you were on the Viceroy's staff ; but is not that ample warranty for profligacy ? Besides, the real intention was not to assail you, but the people here who admitted you." Thus talking, he led Walpole to own that he had no acquaintanceship with the Kearneys, that a mere passing curiosity to see the interesting house had provoked his request, to which the answer, coming from an old friend, led to his visit. Through this channel Atlee drew him on to the subject of the Greek girl and her parentage. As Walpole sketched the society of Rome, Atlee, who had cultivated the gift of listening fully as much as that of talking, knew where to seem interested by the views of life thrown out, and where to show a racy enjoyment of the little humoristic bits of description which the other was rather proud of his skill in deploying ; and as Atlee always appeared so conversant with the family history of the people they were discussing, Walpole spoke with unbounded freedom and openness.

"You must have been astonished to meet the 'Titian girl' in Ireland ?" said Joe, at last, for he had caught up the epithet dropped accidentally in the other's narrative, and kept it for use.

"Was I not ! but, if my memory had been clearer, I should have remembered she had Irish connections. I had heard of Lord Kilgobbin on the other side of the Alps."

"I don't doubt that the title would meet a readier acceptance there than here."

"Ah, you think so !" cried Walpole. "What is the meaning of a rank that people acknowledge or deny at pleasure ? Is this peculiar to Ireland ?"

"If you had asked whether persons anywhere else would like to maintain such a strange pretension, I might perhaps have answered you."

"For the few minutes of his visit to me, I liked him ; he seemed frank, hearty, and genial."

"I suppose he is, and I suspect this folly of the lordship is no fancy of his own."

"Nor the daughter's then, I'll be bound ?"

"No ; the son, I take it, has all the ambition of the house."

"Do you know them well ?"

"No, never saw them till yesterday. The son and I are chums; we live together, and have done so these three years."

"You like your visit here, however?"

"Yes. It's rather good fun on the whole. I was afraid of the indoor life when I was coming down, but it's pleasanter than I looked for."

"When I asked you the question, it was not out of idle curiosity. I had a strong personal interest in your answer. In fact, it was another way of inquiring whether it would be a great sacrifice to tear yourself away from this."

"No, inasmuch as the tearing-away process must take place in a couple of days—three at farthest."

"That makes what I have to propose all the easier. It is a matter of great urgency for me to reach Dublin at once. This unlucky incident has been so represented by the newspapers as to give considerable uneasiness to the Government, and they are even threatened with a discussion on it in the House. Now, I'd start to-morrow, if I thought I could travel with safety. You have so impressed me with your skill, that, if I dared, I'd ask you to convoy me up. Of course I mean as my physician."

"But I'm not one, nor ever intend to be."

"You studied, however?"

"As I have done scores of things. I know a little bit of criminal law—have done some shipbuilding—rode *haute école* in Cooke's Circus—and, after M. Dumas, I am considered the best amateur macaroni-maker in Europe."

"And which of these careers do you intend to abide by?"

"None, not one of them. 'Financing' is the only pursuit that pays largely. I intend to go in for money."

"I should like to hear your ideas on that subject?"

"So you shall, as we travel up to town."

"You accept my offer then?"

"Of course I do. I am delighted to have so many hours in your company. I believe I can safely say I have that amount of skill to be of service to you. One begins his medical experience with fractures. They are the pothooks and hangers of surgery, and I have gone that far. Now, what are your plans?"

"My plans are to leave this early to-morrow, so as to rest during the hot hours of the day, and reach Dublin by nightfall. Why do you smile?"

"I smile at your notion of climate; but I never knew any man who had been once in Italy able to disabuse himself of the idea that there were three or four hours every summer day to be passed with closed shutters and iced drinks."

"Well, I believe I was thinking of a fiercer sun and a hotter soil than these. To return to my project: we can find means of posting, carriage and horses, in the village. I forget its name."

"I'll take care of all that. At what hour will you start?"

"I should say by six or seven. I shall not sleep; and I shall be all impatience till we are away."

"Well, is there anything else to be thought of?"

"There is—that is, I have something on my mind, and I am debating with myself how far, on a half-hour's acquaintance, I can make you a partner in it."

"I cannot help you by my advice. I can only say that if you like to trust me, I'll know how to respect the confidence."

Walpole looked steadily and steadfastly at him, and the examination seemed to satisfy him, for he said, "I will trust you, not that the matter is a secret in any sense that involves consequences; but it is a thing that needs a little tact and discretion, a slight exercise of a light hand, which is what my friend Lockwood fails in. Now you could do it."

"If I can, I will. What is it?"

"Well, the matter is this. I have written a few lines here, very illegibly and badly, as you may believe, for they were with my left hand; and besides having the letter conveyed to its address, I need a few words of explanation."

"The Titian girl," muttered Joe, as though thinking aloud.

"Why do you say so?"

"Oh, it was easy enough to see her greater anxiety and uneasiness about you. There was an actual flash of jealousy across her features when Miss Kearney proposed coming up to see you."

"And was this remarked, think you?"

"Only by me. I saw and let her see I saw it, and we understood each other from that moment."

"I mustn't let you mistake me. You are not to suppose that there is anything between Mdle. Kostalergi and myself. I knew a good deal about her father, and there were family circumstances in which I was once able to be of use; and I wished to let her know that if at any time she desired to communicate with me, I could procure an address, under which she could write with freedom."

"As for instance: 'J. Atlee, 48, Old Square, Trinity College, Dublin.'"

"Well, I did not think of that at the moment," said Walpole, smiling. "Now," continued he, "though I have written all this, it is so blotted and disgraceful generally—done with the left hand, and while in great pain—that I think it would be as well not to send the letter, but simply a message——"

Atlee nodded, and Walpole went on: "A message to say that I was wishing to write, but unable; and that if I had her permission, so soon as my fingers could hold a pen, to finish—yes, to finish that communication I had already begun, and if she felt there was no inconvenience in writing to me, under cover to your care, I should pledge myself to devote all my zeal and my best services to her interests."

"In fact, I am to lead her to suppose she ought to have the most implicit confidence in you, and to believe in me, because I say so." ;

"I do not exactly see that these are my instructions to you."

"Well, you certainly want to write to her."

"I don't know that I do."

"At all events, you want her to write to *you*."

"You are nearer the mark now."

"That ought not to be very difficult to arrange. I'll go down now and have a cup of tea, and I may, I hope, come up and see you again before bedtime?"

"Wait one moment," cried Walpole, as the other was about to leave the room. "Do you see a small tray on that table yonder, with some trinkets? Yes, that is it. Well, will you do me the favour to choose something amongst them as your fee? Come, come, you know you are my doctor now, and I insist on this. There's nothing of any value there, and you will have no misgivings."

"Am I to take it haphazard?" asked Atlee.

"Whatever you like," said the other indolently.

"I have selected a ring," said Atlee, as he drew it on his finger.

"Not an opal?"

"Yes, it is an opal with brilliants round it."

"I'd rather you'd taken all the rest than that. Not that I ever wear it, but somehow it has a bit of memory attached to it!"

"Do you know," said Atlee, gravely, "you are adding immensely to the value I desired to see in it? I wanted something as a souvenir of you—what the Germans call a *Denkmal*, and here is evidently what has some secret clue to your affections. It was not an old love-token?"

"No; or I should certainly not part with it."

"It did not belong to a friend now no more?"

"Nor that either," said he, smiling at the other's persistent curiosity.

"Then if it be neither the gift of an old love, nor a lost friend, I'll not relinquish it," cried Joe.

"Be it so," said Walpole, half carelessly. "Mine was a mere caprice after all. It is linked with a reminiscence—there's the whole of it; but if you care for it, pray keep it."

"I do care for it, and I will keep it."

It was a very peculiar smile that curled Walpole's lip as he heard this speech, and there was an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, What manner of man is this, what sort of nature, new and strange to me, is he made of?

"By-by!" said Atlee, carelessly, and he strolled away.

Zumalacarrégu.

THE map of Spain is singularly like its story. Parallel plateaus, twin mountain-ranges, and rivers running all the same way, compose its surface; while similar eras, marked by identical characters and like events, make up its annals. The same endless contest, with its sudden bursts of ferocious energy and its odd sluggish pauses, is always going on therein. Orthodox and Arian, Moor and Christian, Monarch and Fuero, Progressista and Servile—it is still the same. Spaniards divide and grapple at this very hour precisely as they did at the dawn of their history. The names of the factions may change; but in length, leaders, and incidents, the struggle knows no variation. In Spain the throne is perpetually reproducing Roderic; the camp, Viriatus; and the war, Numantia.

It is difficult at this distance of time to conceive the virulence of political passion among the Spanish factions of forty or fifty years ago. For many a long year they decided every question with the sword—proscription being the result of defeat, and exile, mitraillede, and massacre everyday occurrences. This was peculiarly fatal to the heroes of the great war, probably from their habit of rushing to the front, and most of them—like Porlier, Sanchez, and the Empecinado—died on the scaffold. Europe was amazed. It was as if the squabbles of the French Chambers had destroyed the Marshals of the Empire; or as if the animosity of Whig and Tory had sacrificed our own vikings and paladins. Thanks to their energy, the feeble character and pecuniary difficulties of the sovereign, and the good-will of France and England, the Liberals, after many changes of fortune, were at last fixed in power, and they took good care to secure to themselves a lasting supremacy. They excluded Don Carlos, the head of the Conservatives, from the throne by the revocation of the Salique law: they drove him into exile, and they expelled his adherents from office, “wiping out”—to use an expressive Americanism—the more energetic of them, and as far as possible disarming the rest. The Carlists had no fair excuse for open resistance while Ferdinand VII. survived. But he was soon removed—dying on the 29th of September, 1833—and then the war broke out. The Liberals wielded the government, the great towns, and the army; and the Carlists, which meant the mass of the rural population, gathered strong in Andalusia and Valencia, stronger still in Catalonia and La Mancha, and by tens of thousands in the north-east; so numerous, indeed, that had the party been organized, it would have possessed a very fair chance of success. But there was no such thing as organization therein. Its members were emphatically *old* Spaniards,

and old Spaniards never perform anything to-day that can possibly be deferred till the morrow : which in this instance had long been synonymous with the death of Ferdinand. That event, therefore, found them totally unprepared, without combination, plan, or warlike material, while their opponents had every one of those things, and used them well. The Liberal troops in strength met the Carlists in detail and scattered them in all directions. Santos Ladron, the head of the northern rising, was taken and shot ; Merino was beaten and reduced to a mere guerilla ; and most of the other bands dispersed on the approach of the army. In less than a month the revolt was in its last throes—a few half-naked and dispirited partidas were all that remained in arms by the 29th of October ; and these crouched among the gorges of the Pyrenees, ready to melt away before the first serious attack. Nor was this likely to be long delayed. A well-equipped force, full 20,000 strong, basing its operations on the fortresses of Biscay and Navarre, was preparing to sweep the hills. Everything, in fact, portended a speedy close to the strife, when a single man of inferior rank and no reputation, wealth, or following—a mere half-pay Colonel who had been living under surveillance for the previous two years—joined the fugitives and restored the balance.

This was Zumalacarreguy, and no greater contrast to the conventional Spaniard could well be imagined. He was a short, muscular man of forty-five, with powerful features, and piercing grey eyes—a restless, resolute, silent character, scorning exaggeration and show, contemptuous to eccentricity of small things, bent on great ones, and fully capable of achieving them. It is not usual to hold aloof from rebellion when it is hopeful, just to embrace it at its last gasp as he did. But this was the result of cool calculation. Had he risen among the first he could have obtained but a subordinate post : for he was a man of action, while it is your daring talker who always takes the lead at the outset of popular commotion ; and in an inferior grade, besides being powerless to avert the ruin which he foresaw from such leadership, he might probably have forfeited his life, and would certainly have been too deeply involved in the disgrace ever to hope again for eminence. He decided then to wait and watch, and the crisis came and passed with unexpected speed. Every one of the early leaders failed, and the revolt, springing, as he knew, from fierce, lasting, and almost universal feeling, and wanting nothing but a head to prove a glorious one, was dying out for sheer lack of brain. This was the opportunity of daring ambition, and Zumalacarreguy seized it with an eager hand.

Stealing out at nightfall of October 30, from Pampeluna, he trudged away on foot among the western hills. Towards morning he fell in with a party of Carlists and instantly took the command, to the intense disgust of Ituralde, the former chief, who happened to be some miles off at the time with another fraction of his band. Not willing to be superseded in this cool way, Ituralde instantly despatched a troop to arrest the intruder. The latter was soon found in the neighbourhood of the Borinda pass.

"Arrest me!" thundered Zumalacarreguy, with a look and tone that completely awed the peasants. "Go back directly, seize Ituralde, and bring him here." The men shouldered their weapons, retraced their steps, laid hold of their old leader, and carried him off to the new one. In an hour Ituralde was at liberty, and installed as Zumalacarreguy's lieutenant, and a good and faithful one he proved.

But difficulties infinitely more serious than petty rivalry were thickening round the Carlist. Ten thousand men garrisoned the fortresses, and Sarsfield was coming up from Burgos with 10,000 more. That chief was soon on the ground, and then the whole great force gathered in a semicircle round the guerillas, and bore them helplessly backward to the ridge of the Pyrenees, where 25,000 Frenchmen held the passes in the interests of the Queen. Three days more of autumn and there would have been an end of Zumalacarreguy, when, just at the nick of time, winter interposed and chained the Christinos to inaction. But not the Carlists. All through that winter Zumalacarreguy was indefatigable. He had joined the war not to waste his life harassing the Government as a mere partisan, but to overthrow it as the leader of an army. And before the melting of the snows that gave him the opportunity he had moulded his followers—hardly 800 men all told—into the nucleus of the instrument he desired. He drilled them incessantly, and he brought them into collision with the Christinos under circumstances that rendered success a certainty, thus giving them the great essentials of soldiership—consistence and confidence. He beat up the Christino quarters here and there and everywhere, quadrupling his force by activity, all but sleepless and ubiquitous, and writing every error of his opponents in their blood, until, in less than a fortnight, he became their terror. None of the smaller posts were safe from his swoop, and long before the frost was over they were all withdrawn from the more distant valleys. Of these the Carlists at once took possession, and organized a government of their own in the Bastan, under the presidency of the priest Echeverria. And a very efficient weapon it proved in his hands, its enactments being obeyed everywhere, save just on the spots occupied by the Queen's troops: for the people of the north-east were to a man Carlists.

Sarsfield was a good soldier when he liked his side or happened to be sober. But he was notoriously addicted to wine, and more than suspected of Carlism. He, therefore, was speedily removed, and Valdez, a thorough Liberal, appointed in his stead. The new generalissimo arrived with the spring, and his first efforts were directed towards the destruction of the insurrectionary government in the Bastan. Early in February, then, he gathered a powerful column at Pampeluna and marched rapidly on Lumbiers, where the Carlist Junta held its sittings. He had only six leagues to traverse, but over such a road,—up hill and down, through defile and torrent, the Kirkstone Pass being a trifle in comparison. If Valdez had ever dreamt of surprising Lumbiers he soon abandoned the idea. Pampeluna was not yet out of sight when, like drops from the tail

of a thunder-cloud, the Carlist balls began to patter among his ranks—three or four at a time—and from every cover that commanded the roads. The aim was good, and the casualties soon rose to a startling figure ; while it was useless to return the fire, and worse than useless to pursue the marksmen. Lumbiers was reached at last, but the Junta had escaped hours before up the valley. Thither Valdez determined to follow, and thither the Carlists retreated before him, skirmishing as they went. At last the chosen point was reached : a spot where the road narrowed to a yard or two, and plunged suddenly between precipitous cliffs. Here the Carlists were posted in force. Valdez endeavoured to drive them off ; but his wearied ranks attacked with reluctance and recoiled with alacrity. There was nothing left him but retreat, which was dogged and tormented up to the very walls of Pampeluna. The moment he turned his back the Junta was re-established in the Bastan, which thenceforth became the heart of the revolt.

A fortnight after Zumalacarreguy made a dash at Estella—twenty-five miles south-east of Pampeluna—and was repulsed after a sharp encounter. "Never mind," said he to his followers as he withdrew ; "better luck next time." Four days after he made a still more daring attack on Vittoria, and all but took the place. He had actually penetrated the centre of the city, when his mountaineers, unable to resist the temptation, scattered to plunder—especially the wine-cellars. While thus agreeably engaged, a panic seized them ; out they poured from among the casks, and away they ran in spite of their leader's efforts to rally them, leaving behind thirty of their comrades who had achieved the rather difficult feat of getting helplessly drunk in five minutes. Thus Vittoria was lost as quickly as it had been won. Zumalacarreguy, however, carried off a good deal of plunder and 120 prisoners ; and as his own thirty stragglers were immediately shot by the garrison, he slaughtered every man of them. Nor was this by any means the first instance of the kind. From the outset of the strife no quarter was the rule, and, for the first time since Religion had ceased to marshal armies, Europe saw the black flag* with "the death's-head and cross-bones" wave over the ranks of battle, and was horrified with a war of extermination. A few days later Zumalacarreguy made his appearance with a slender following under the walls of Pampeluna. The garrison took the bait, sallied in strength, and was decoyed several marches off among the hills. Then, after doing them as much mischief as he could, the Carlist suddenly vanished. The bewildered Christinos returned footsore to the city, to find that the light-heeled partisan had been there before them, carrying off a valuable convoy from the very gates. A hundred similar feats followed in quick succession. And every success strengthened his ranks, for, on all occasions, his main object was the Christino arms. These he gathered by the score, and for every musket he captured he

* This was the favourite banner of the Carlists, and was occasionally adopted by their opponents.

found a dozen candidates among the mountaineers. Indeed, his 800 dispirited fugitives had multiplied by April to 7,000 daring soldiers; and to a large extent they were an army in equipment as well as in numbers and courage. It must be allowed that in matters of dress they presented rather a motley appearance. Uniform they had none, except the red Biscay cap and the hempen sandal. Along with these some wore the provincial sheepskin jacket; but the majority were arrayed, as taste and fortune willed, in the spoils of the enemy. There was, however, no such variety in armament. Each soldier carried musket and bayonet, but neither cartridge-box nor knapsack. Instead of the first he sported a leather-belt, buckling behind, and stowed in front with twenty tin tubes, each containing a single charge; and in place of the second he bore a canvas-bag, holding a shirt, a pair of sandals, and a day's provision, but nothing else. Zumalacarreguy's arsenal lying altogether in the enemy's ranks, he was still, in spite of his successes, short of many essentials. He had hardly any cavalry. That, however, considering the character of the country, was of very little consequence. A more serious matter was that the strong places were all in the hands of the enemy, while he had no refuge but the hills. Nor could he hope to win one without a battering-train, and as yet he possessed but a single gun. This was an 18-pounder, at least a century old, which had lain abandoned and rusting among the hills ever since the War of Succession. It could seldom be used for want of ammunition, and then it was continually giving way and undergoing amputation about the muzzle; so that it became a by-word in the army that the *abuela*, or grandmother, as the piece was called, would be no longer than a pistol by the time the war was over. On the other hand the *Christinos* were well provided with artillery, used it well, and frequently owed their salvation to it. But the Carlist chief was a man of infinite resource, and having been joined by Tomas Reyna, a young officer of engineers fresh from the military school, he sent him up the Bastan to cast a few pieces out of pots, pans, and other such articles. And after a world of trouble and countless failures, Reyna succeeded in producing four very serviceable mortars, to throw the shells which had been taken from the enemy. These pieces were buried among the hills until required; they were then dug up and transported from village to village until they reached the scene of action. This was the duty of the non-combatants, and as they were responsible for the safety of the guns as well as for their transport, they took good care never to be surprised at the work.

Finding the contest expand, the Government organized a formidable body of irregulars for this especial service. These, the *Chapelgorras* or *Pesiteros*, being recruited for the most part in Biscay and Navarre, were looked upon as renegades by the Carlists, and hated accordingly. Nor were the *Chapelgorras* slow to return the feeling, or to merit it. Indeed, with their knowledge of the country and their animus, they proved themselves by far the most formidable enemies that the insurgents had to

encounter. Zumalacarreguy also had his special battalions. The extraordinary fiscal system of old Spain rendering smuggling the most lucrative employment in the kingdom, especially along the French border, had trained quite an army of desperadoes in habits of cunning and daring unequalled, except perhaps among the Red Indians. As the war had nearly destroyed their occupation, most of these men took service with Zumalacarreguy, and he soon utilized their special qualities. Dividing them in parties (*partidas*) of twenty to fifty each, he blockaded by their means nearly every one of the Christino garrisons, as follows: One of these *partidas* was placed within gunshot of each gate, with orders to shoot every man and shave the head of every woman attempting to enter the interdicted fortress. Thanks to the bitter party-feeling of the mass of the people, the *partidas* were not very frequently required to carry out these orders. But when circumstances demanded such severity, they shot or shaved, as the case might be, without compunction. As to the garrison, the smugglers were mostly dead shots, and every one that showed upon the ramparts was pretty sure to be turned into a target. Nor were these pests to be driven off, except by a sally in force; and then they retired fighting, to resume their posts the moment the pursuit relaxed. In this way Zumalacarreguy had reduced Pampeluna itself to the greatest straits by the time Valdez laid down his command to become War Minister at Madrid.

The beleaguered city received the prompt attention of Quesada, the new chief. He gathered a convoy, selected his battalions, and marched from Vittoria on the 22nd of April, 1834. Under his protection journeyed several hundred civilians—merchants and others—having business at Pampeluna; so that this particular expedition bore considerable resemblance to the Mecca pilgrimage in the days of the Wahabees. Among the other non-combatants, on his way to wed an heiress of Pampeluna, went the young Count O'Donnel, the gallant scion of a gallant house, which was almost annihilated in this fearful contest. Quesada made his first march without event. He halted that night at the entrance of the Borunda, a very good European edition of the Khyber Pass. Here his scouts warned him that Zumalacarreguy lay in force some distance up the defile. Quesada at once took pen, and indited a very Spanish letter. "You cannot withstand me," wrote he; the "thing is absurd to think of. Lay down your arms then, and disband, while the night gives you the opportunity." This letter he addressed to the "Chief of the Brigands," and despatched with a flag of truce. "There are no brigands here," said Zumalacarreguy, with a grim smile, and the letter was returned unopened. Both armies rose betimes; the Carlists maintained their position, and Quesada resumed his course. A short five miles brought him in sight of the foe. They were posted near Alsassua, in an angle of the gorge. But in spite of his vaunting, the Christino chief shrank from the assault, and took up a defensive post—about the worst thing he could have done, short of absolutely turning his back. His tacit confession of inferiority

had its full effect upon his followers, and Zumalacarreguy gave them little time to recover their spirits. He attacked fiercely in front, and immediately after Ituralde came down on their flank. This was more than the Christinos could stand, so they turned and ran, Quesada among the first. Now, flight through a defile is a fearful thing at the best of times; but doubly so when a swarm of ferocious mountaineers, who know every nook and turn, and who can leap and climb like goats, are thundering in pursuit. But there was one good soldier among the Christinos—the young Count O'Donnel. Rallying with great exertion a company of the Guards, he threw them across the pass, and stemmed the tide of battle until the majority of the fugitives had escaped. Then, surrounded on all sides, he laid down his arms amid the admiration of the Carlists. Quesada's military chest, all his baggage, and many prisoners were taken, and 800 dead buried where they had fallen, while enough of weapons were picked up on the field to arm a new battalion of Carlists. And in spite of O'Donnel's defence, the victory would have been still more complete had not another powerful Christino division come up directly after.

Rallying the remnant of his host under this cover, Quesada turned sharp to the left, climbed the mountains into Guipuscoa, and marched upon Tolosa. There he gathered reinforcements from the neighbouring garrisons, and started once more for Pampeluna, by way of Lecumberri. Three miles north of this pass he was met again by the Carlists, who gave way before his artillery, after inflicting a severer loss than they had suffered. By this roundabout way Quesada reached Pampeluna without further opposition, but, like a true coward, marking every step of his track in blood and fire. Wishing much to save O'Donnel, Zumalacarreguy wrote to the Christinos, proffering an exchange of prisoners. Quesada replied by shooting the few Carlists in his hands. These were but five in all, one being the alcalde of a neighbouring hamlet. In return, the stern Carlist shot O'Donnel and three other officers for the alcalde, and twenty-four soldiers for the four volunteers. O'Donnel offered a large ransom for his life, but finding that ineffectual, he died as he had fought, like a hero.

The news of this success spread like wild-fire. Animated thereby, the Carlists resumed their arms in several other provinces; and a number of gallant spirits, some of them English, but most of them French Legitimists, made their way through the cordon, and threw themselves heart and soul into the desperate strife, generally to perish therein. As for Zumalacarreguy, the open country was now in his hands. Nothing remained to the Liberals except the fortresses. Nor did they dare to move, except in formidable masses and covered by a powerful artillery.

Quesada found it as difficult to get out of Pampeluna as to get into it. Mustering 5,000 men, he made a dash up the Bastan, gained the pass of Lecumberri without opposition, entered Guipuscoa, and endeavoured to

reach Vittoria by the great northern road. But Zavalla and the mountaineers of Biscay, fresh from a recent victory, flung themselves into a strong position right across his path, and, in spite of himself, he was compelled to cross the ridge into the dreaded Borunda, where Zumalacarreguy lay in wait. Hearing of his chief's extremity, Lorenzo, who commanded in Pampeluna, sallied out with 5,000 men, and encountered the Carlists at Goulinas, in the depths of the defile. They were hourly expecting Quesada in the other direction, but they shrank not from the shock. The pass narrows at Goulinas to some ten yards, and winds thus for more than a furlong between two gigantic rocks called the Sisters, that rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet. Lorenzo drew back from the fight with the loss of 600 men, as many muskets, and great quantities of ammunition, and returned to his hold. Thither Quesada followed him a few hours later, the Carlists having unbarred the pass to his comparatively fresh troops. Quesada, it was evident, could not cope with the mountain chief,—so he was recalled, and Rodil, esteemed the best captain of his party, appointed in his stead.

Rodil came up from a very successful campaign in Portugal with a great reputation and 10,000 fresh men. A powerful reinforcement this; but hardly so many as had been lost by disease, hardship, battle, and execution since the commencement of this inconceivably destructive war. Pampeluna was his first object also, and leaving 4,000 of his men in various posts between Vittoria and Logrona, he entered the place on the 6th of July with the remainder, and released Quesada. There he paused long enough to issue a ferocious proclamation, and then took the field. Rodil was, in canting phrase, "a tower of strength" to the Christinos. And, oddly enough, the Carlists had just obtained a similar object in the person of Don Carlos. This very respectable, but rather addle-headed prince had at last consented to cut off his moustaches,* and run the blockade, under the guidance of a clever adventurer, Monsieur August, alias the Baron de los Valles, a character who had been soldier, bagman, journalist, political intriguer—everything, except perhaps priest, by turns, and who had shown himself a consummate traveller in dark and devious paths. Directed by him, Don Carlos found no difficulty in traversing France, and crossing the borders to Zumalacarreguy's head-quarters, where he arrived on the 14th of July.

The main body of the Carlists were now massed in the Amescoas. This is a sort of Spanish Dartmoor, a singular maze of mountain and ravine, covering an area of 500 square miles, between the Borunda, the Ebro, and the Arga. A few villages, connected by goat-paths, dot its surface, and it is tenanted only by herdsmen and hunters, flocks and wolves. Valueless in an agricultural point of view, it was of the highest importance as a military position, lying as it did in the midst of the principal

* "He began with remarkable cheerfulness by cutting away his moustaches—a sacrifice at all times painful to a Castilian. The amiable Madame B. had taken upon herself the task of dying his hair."—DE LOS VALLES.

fortresses, and commanding the two great roads to Pampeluna, the key of the north. Round the Amescuas, Rodil gathered his troops; 7,000 men, under Espartero and Jauregui, occupied the northern road; while the Generalissimo himself, with 16,000, held the highway to the south. In this position the hosts remained for some days. But Zumalacarreguy felt that delay was his worst foe, and since Rodil would not take the initiative, he assumed it himself. Early on the 28th, then, a cloud of skirmishers issued from the rocks and assailed Rodil's centre. The latter met them vigorously, and the affair grew warmer as the day advanced, until by noon 7,000 men were engaged in it on the part of the Christinos. Zumalacarreguy gave way before this mass, Rodil pursued exulting, and the fight rolled back among the mountains, until, without knowing exactly how the thing had happened, the Liberal general found himself involved in the narrow gorge that communicates between the upper Amescuas and the lower, and assailed on every side. But Rodil was a different man to Quesada—an able, iron veteran, who had the full confidence of his soldiers, and he extricated himself from the trap, though not without great exertion, and much peril and heavy loss. While smarting from this defeat, Rodil heard that Zumalacarreguy's youngest child—not a year old—was at nurse in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna: he seized the baby, and, as a military execution was here out of the question, sent it to the foundling hospital.

Don Carlos, who proved no great acquisition to the army, now removed to the seat of government in the Bastan. Rodil, hearing of this, determined to drive the pretender over the frontier or take him prisoner. With this view, he carried the mass of his army into the Bastan. Zumalacarreguy took advantage of his absence to despatch a flying column over the Ebro, and then followed hard on his track. Rodil hunted Don Carlos out of the Bastan, followed him to Guipuscoa, chased him back to the Bastan again, thence through the Amescuas, and hither and thither through Biscay and Arragon, with the persistence of a bloodhound, for more than a month. The Prince during this time led some such life as the younger Stuart after Culloden. He had a hundred narrow escapes, and would infallibly have been taken but for the devotion of Eraso, another Carlist hero, and, to our thinking, of a mould even superior to Zumalacarreguy. The latter, conscious of his high qualities, had not long before proffered him the command. But Eraso was wasting in the grasp of a mortal disease, which carried him off a year later, and made that an excuse for declining the honour. The most robust health, however, could not have been more watchful and unwearying in charge of the Prince than Eraso, and, thanks to him, Rodil was always baffled. This, however, does not appear, to the eye of calm reason, to have been the best thing for the Carlist cause. At large, Don Carlos proved its ruin. But a prisoner, what could the Liberals have done with him? Would he not have been the source of contention among them, the origin of divisions, the centre of intrigue? And how greatly these things would

have aided the exertions of the military chiefs need not be told. Rodil took a fearful revenge for his disappointment, burning and destroying wherever he set foot, and conducting his flying march with too much skill to give his indefatigable pursuer half a chance. A month without a victory was a new thing to the Carlists, and, with Rodil's ravages unavenged, depressed them like a defeat. Zumalacarreguy looked eagerly in all directions for an opportunity of striking such a stroke as should renerve his men, and soon found exactly what he wanted.

Thinking him sufficiently occupied in another quarter, a convoy was got ready by the Christinos, and despatched by the southern road to Pampeluna, in charge of General Carondolet and a sufficient escort. But, as usual, the Carlist captain had timely notice of the movement. Carondolet gained Estella, more than half way, and passed two miles beyond without interruption. There, however, the road winds through the dense woods and wild rocks of St. Faustus, and in those woods, and behind those rocks, close as tigers by the jungle-path, lay the Carlists. Not a banner waved, not a musket gleamed, not a whisper breathed in their ranks. The Christino van plunged heedless into the pass: the main body followed singing, and the rear-guard, closing the careless march, disappeared beneath the boughs. Half the green arcade was passed. Then a bugle pealed up from the mountain fern, right and left flashed a deafening volley, and fierce through the smoke rushed the Carlists with the bayonet. Carondolet escaped, but his column was destroyed and his convoy captured. Among the prisoners was the Grandee Via Manuel. Won by his bearing, Zumalacarreguy again attempted to arrest the cold-blooded slaughter of prisoners. But Rodil had stringent orders to spare none, and his iron heart was only too willing to carry them out. Via Manuel, therefore, perished, like *ten thousand others*, in this terrible strife.

Giving up his fruitless chase, Rodil adopted another plan, and set to work vigorously fortifying the passes and building block-houses through the valleys, with the view of confining the Carlists to the hill-tops, and thus eventually starving them into submission. It was a shrewd device; but Rodil was not permitted to profit by it. Meanwhile, his opponent was just as busy on his side. Carondolet, as we have seen, had escaped from St. Faustus; but Zumalacarreguy had not done with him yet. The Franco-Spaniard lay, with 800 foot and 600 horse, in Viana, on the Ebro. There were fourteen miles of comparative plain between this town and the Amescoas, and the streets were trenched and barricaded. Carondolet, therefore, thought himself in full security, and kept corresponding watch. Zumalacarreguy, however, held a different opinion. Most of his men were Christinos in dress, and not to be distinguished from them at a distance. So, on the 4th of September, he moved with four battalions and his handful of horsemen on the town, detaining every one he met by the way. So skilfully did he manage, and so carelessly did Carondolet watch, that the surprise was complete. After a faint attempt at resistance, the

Christinos fled, most of them to a convent too strong for a *coup de main* ; and Zumalacarreguy, having killed 400 of the enemy, and captured 200 horses, besides prisoners and baggage, retired before the garrison of Logrono, only three miles off, could come up in relief.'

The able and energetic Rodil had taxed Zumalacarreguy's resources to the utmost, and repeatedly reduced the Carlists to great straits. He had ravaged to a vast extent, sparing neither hovel, mill, convent, nor church. But, though the divisions under his own immediate control had escaped any serious disaster, his lieutenants had been ceaselessly beaten. And, while he had lost enormously—not less than 10,000 men—during his short tenure of command, he had not a single triumph to allege in extenuation. He was therefore recalled, and Mina named to replace him. But Mina being in bad health, some time had to elapse before he could appear on the scene, and Rodil determined if possible to redeem his lost fame in the interval. And well did he bestir himself. In a week he had thrown six strong columns round the Amescuas, numbering 30,000 men in all. As for Zumalacarreguy, he had hardly a fifth of that number in hand. He had fifty blockades to maintain, for a great part of his strength depended on the protection which he gave the peasants against the marauding garrisons. And, besides, the withering tactics of Rodil had dispirited his men to such an extent that, in spite of his victories, they had fallen away of late by hundreds. Dissension, too, that sure forerunner of ruin, was beginning to appear everywhere, except in his own presence. But the hero himself was far from despairing. And never did he display such astonishing activity. To-day he was across the Ebro, to-morrow at the gates of Pampeluna ; at midnight he swept the Borunda ; at noon he cut off a detachment in sight of Tafalla. For days the Christinos knew not where to look for him, and could do no more than stand to their arms. At length he took a wider sweep than usual over the Ebro. Rodil heard of the movement, threw a cordon along the fords behind him, and, confident that he was now secure fifty miles off to the south, he thought he might safely venture a convoy through the dreaded Borunda, under shelter of Osma's powerful division. Osma paused on the night of the 27th of October at the village of Alegria, midway between Vittoria and Salvatierra. At daybreak he heard a scattered firing in the direction of the latter town. Knowing that its governor was expected at Vittoria with a number of political prisoners, he concluded that his march had been assailed by a troop of partidas, and despatched Brigadier O'Doyle with 3,000 men and two guns to disengage him. Osma was right as to the cause of the firing. The governor of Salvatierra had indeed been intercepted and driven back with his prisoners ; but by something more formidable than mere partidas. After marching a league, O'Doyle, much to his astonishment, came full upon Zumalacarreguy with a force as numerous as his own, ranged in order of battle. The Carlists were advancing, and O'Doyle took up a position a little to the north of the road, with his right and his guns on a hill, and his left covered by a wood. The Carlists, maddened by Rodil's

ravages, charged headlong through a terrible fire and broke the Christinos. Just at this instant Ituralde, who had been detached with this very purpose, took them in the rear. The fight subsided into a massacre, for the Christinos threw away their weapons to fly, and the Carlists gave no quarter until wearied with slaying. O'Doyle's division was destroyed, and himself falling with his horse made prisoner. He was brought to Zumalacarreguy. "Life—life, for God's sake, life!" pleaded the prisoner. "A confessor, quick!" replied the Carlist. O'Doyle, his brother, and the other captive officers were led aside, allowed a short shrift; and then—six paces, a file of mountaineers, and a shallow grave for each. Sunday morning broke, a dozen priests threw down their muskets to sing a hasty mass for the slain, and the god of battles resumed his sway. Osma was soon warned of O'Doyle's defeat. He heard, too, that a number of fugitives had shut themselves up in Arieta—a neighbouring village—and concluded that this meant the greater part of the division, instead of between 300 and 400 men, as was really the fact, for he never dreamt of such a crushing defeat. He marched promptly to the rescue with four guns and 4,000 men, all that were left of his command. Hearing of his approach Zumalacarreguy marshalled his ranks. "Here," said he, "comes Osma and his men. We did well yesterday, what shall we do to-day, fight or retreat?" "Fight, fight!" yelled the Carlists, rushing unbidden to the attack. Osma had hardly time to form his line when the foe was upon and through it. Nothing could stand before them, and the field was lost and won in a twinkling. But the slaughter was less on this occasion, because, in the first place, the Christinos had a clear course for flight; in the second, Vittoria and its powerful garrison was at hand; and in the third, Zumalacarreguy had thought fit to cry "Quarter!" The slain, however, were sufficiently numerous. 2,000 bodies were buried after both actions, and of these hardly 150 were Carlists. Many valiant deeds were done on both days, and among the very bravest of the victors, ever first in the fire, was a little shrivelled one-armed old man, wearing a round white hat and a blue dress-coat, flourishing a rapier as long as himself, and tumbling along on a ragged piebald pony. This quixotish figure was the Marquis Valdespina, a man who had sacrificed 20,000*l.* a year to his opinions.

That night the Carlists retired in two divisions. With the first went the mass of the prisoners, numbering 600, and with the second marched 100 more, who had been captured towards the close of the pursuit, too late to be sent to the rear. The officer guarding them had but 30 men, and felt seriously embarrassed with his charge. "What shall I do?" inquired he. "Tie them," replied the general. "There are no cords." "Then kill them!" and Zumalacarreguy rode off. Directly after, an aide-de-camp galloped up to the captain—but not to countermand the order—nothing of the kind. "Get rid of these fellows as soon as you can," said the aide, "but take care not to alarm Ituralde's division by any firing." The escort fixed bayonets—the rest is horrible.

The last defeats appalled the Christinos, and gave new life to the insurrection, which, under the terrible Cabrera, soon flamed up in Catalonia, only less fiercely than in Navarre. But still the strong towns remained with the Liberals. Their great antagonist lacked even the means of winning such a paltry place as Seoma, which repelled his assault with some loss. A short time after, he was disappointed of a valuable convoy which he would infallibly have taken but for that then rare thing among the Carlists—Marolta being yet unknown—a piece of treachery. The alcalde of Miranda, a man deep in their secrets, had been bought over by the other side. Aware of Zumalacarreguy's purpose, and determined to frustrate it, he procured a Liberal priest to write a letter after his dictation. This he despatched by a trusty messenger, and the convoy was saved. That night the three were arrested in their beds, tried by court-martial, convicted and shot before daybreak—confessing their guilt. Indeed, it was useless to deny it. The general showed himself perfectly acquainted with every step they had taken in the matter, though how he had gained his knowledge nobody could tell. This and several similar incidents gave him a strange and singularly useful repute with the vulgar. They would as soon have thought of playing false with the Virgin, or cheating the Prince of Darkness as Zumalacarreguy. But there was nothing very occult in the affair. He made as large a use of spies as the ablest leaders usually do, and that was all.

One of the chief of his spies was Ximenes, a little old peasant of Villafranca on the Arga. Unlike the rest of his tribe, this man served his party out of pure affection. Two of his sons were fighting for Don Carlos; but the eldest, the family scapegrace, had taken service with the Liberals, and held the fortified church of Villafranca at the head of fifty irregulars. These brigands, and particularly their captain, were the terror of the country round, shooting men, carrying off women, and levying black mail to a fearful extent; but, bad as they were, being not a whit worse than any one of a hundred other Liberal garrisons. Zumalacarreguy determined to extirpate this particular nest of marauders, so he sent a strong party against them one night, under the guidance of old Ximenes. The robbers, ever watchful, detecting the advancing column, retired to their hold; but the assailants came on in overwhelming force and battered down the doors. The irregulars, however, retreated to the steeple, and broke away the stairs behind them. Having no time to starve them out, the Carlists resolved to try what fire could effect. Heaps of combustible matter—wood, tow, and skins of brandy—were collected, and the flame soon rose fiercely, lighting the gloom for leagues. It fastened on the woodwork of the building, and one after another the floors fell in; then the bells toppled down; but the gang, or such of them as survived, wedged themselves in the crevices and the deep windows, and remained as obstinate as ever. The fire died out at last, but the smoke—the worse enemy of the two—rose thicker than ever, and the assailants soon rendered it unbearable by the addition of several bundles of pimento to the pile. After vainly

attempting to make terms, the villains surrendered at discretion. It was then found that ten women and eleven children had been with them in the steeple. Three of the former and four of the latter had perished by shot or suffocation, and twenty of the brigands. The survivors, of course, were shot. Nor did Ximenes make the slightest attempt to save his first-born.

Accompanied by Don Carlos, Zumalacarreguy next made a sort of triumphal procession through Navarre. One after another he appeared before the principal fortresses—Los Arcos, Estella, and Pampeluna, daring their powerful garrisons to battle. But though Mina, who had just come up, was in the last with 12,000 men, all declined the challenge. For the Government had issued a decree forbidding their troops to engage unless with “a decided superiority of numbers.” And what “a decided superiority of numbers” meant in the present demoralized state of their troops, the Christino leaders in general were inclined to put at a figure so high that there was small chance of drawing them into an engagement unless by surprise. At length, on the 12th of December, Cordova, with 12,000 men, met the Carlist leader with something less than 2,000 on a fair field, and as nobody could doubt that there was here the requisite superiority, Cordova engaged, and handled his opponent with some severity. The defeat, however, was not a rout, and three days afterwards Zumalacarreguy again met Cordova, not far from the same spot. But as on this occasion the Carlists were rather more than one to six, the result was very considerably different. They killed and wounded 1,500 of the foe, and deprived them of 3,000 muskets and as many uniforms, which meant an addition to their own ranks of an equal number of men. A similar victory closed the old year, and a third of equal importance opened 1835.

Towards the end of February, Mina, who had received powerful reinforcements, undertook some such chase as his predecessor, only instead of hunting Don Carlos, Mina chased the Carlist artillery; but with the very smallest success. Zumalacarreguy, too, was fully employed, though in quite another way. Giving his attention to the strong places, he assailed Elisonda in the Bastan, won a battle, and failed. He then attempted Zega, in the same quarter, with the same result. He resumed his attempt on Elisonda, and had to retreat before Mina, who came up with overwhelming numbers. At last, on the 18th of February, he brought a siege to a successful close, and entered Los Arcos. There he captured an hospital, 600 muskets, four guns, and a large magazine, and shot all the officers taken with arms in their hands. Some few days later he pounced on a convoy, and sustained a harsh repulse. Without a pause, he dashed straight from the field towards the Bastan, whither Mina was leading 5,000 men. The latter had a long start, but Zumalacarreguy managed to head him, and took up one of his favourite positions in a narrow gorge, half way up the valley. A fierce fight ensued, for here Greek met Greek. Mina forced his way through, but he lost all his

cavalry. The Government poured reinforcements into the country, until their army mustered 60,000 men; but the Carlist captain pursued his course unchecked. Aided by the guns captured at Los Arcos, he took Arenas, a post which Rodil had fortified in the centre of the Borunda. Here he found four more guns, and the garrison to a man entered his ranks. In revenge for this success, Mina bayoneted forty wounded Carlists in one place and twenty in another, besides shooting one in every five of the male inhabitants of a number of villages who had been employed in the transport of the Carlist artillery. He had, however, the generosity to restore his child to Zumalacarreguy, of whom, indeed, he always spoke in unqualified praise. "That man," he was accustomed to remark, "would make soldiers out of the very trees." On the 24th of March, the Carlist intercepted a body of new troops, 6,000 in number, near Los Arcos. The affair that ensued was well disputed, and lasted two days, the Christinos being finally defeated, with the loss of their general and 1,600 men. Next day the unwearied chief was across the Amescuas, attacking Maestu, another of Rodil's fortifications. 10,000 Christinos issued from Vittoria to its relief, and the assailant drew off, to swoop down again upon his prey the moment the column receded. He found, however, that the Liberals had saved him all further trouble there, by blowing up the works. It was now Mina's turn to be disgraced. He had won a great reputation in a great war, and against great captains; but though he had not suffered like Quesada and Rodil, he had clearly proved his inability to cope with such a man as Zumalacarreguy; so he too was recalled, and Valdez, the War Minister, took his place.

By this the Carlist army counted full 80,000 men, all good soldiers, and, artillery aside, all tolerably armed. But they were greatly hampered by the strong places and the difficulty of obtaining powder. The fortresses usually paralyzed one half of their strength; indeed, were it not for them they would have closed the struggle triumphantly within the first year. And they were again and again checked in the moment of victory by the failure of ammunition. To conceal his deficiency in this essential, Zumalacarreguy was accustomed to delay the distribution of cartridges until the foe was in sight, and thus neither friend nor foe could tell with what insignificant provision he went into action. As to the support of this host: the country willingly provided rations, and its leader clothed and armed it from the Christino magazines, and paid it largely out of the Christino military chest. He gathered large sums, too, by way of contribution; and much money found its way into his hands from abroad—some from Italy and Austria, more from Russia and the Legitimists of France, but most of all from the other quarters of Spain, where the clergy especially were indefatigable in gathering funds for this, in their view, apostolic contest; though, had they known Zumalacarreguy, his broad views and great plans, and the reforms he contemplated in Spain, they would hardly have been so enthusiastic in his cause. The country where he fought was not so wasted as might have been supposed. Indeed,

contrary to the received opinion, the seat of war usually gains in point of wealth, unless when victory is directed by chiefs like Napoleon, Attila, and Wallenstein, who make the miserable people support the strife that whirls across their fields. But Napoleons, Attilas, and Wallensteins are exceptional leaders. Modern hostilities are conducted on another plan than theirs; the combatants bleed even more in purse than in person; and while their bodies fatten the soil on which they strive, their money generally goes to swell the pockets of the natives. So it was in Holland during the forty years' war with Spain; so it was in France during the contests of the League; and so to a great extent it was at this period in Biscay and Navarre, whither all the wealth of Spain flowed in a steady current, until the treason of Marolta, the incapacity of Don Carlos, and the wish of many of his chiefs to enjoy their gains, put an end to the strife.

Valdez was brave and skilful, and not less generous and humane. He alone of all the Christino chiefs hitherto had dared to show mercy to the vanquished. He had been known to place the Carlist prisoners in situations that facilitated escape, and he had repeatedly filled the pockets of their wounded out of his own wealth, and sent them to their homes. But he, too, had been perverted by the strife, and he resumed the command bent on exterminating the enemy. In his case this fell resolve was the result of deliberate reasoning, and not in any particular of passion. Thus, and thus only, did he consider that the Carlists were to be vanquished. And fortifying his reluctant heart by the cruel examples of history, he made up his mind to play the demon to the uttermost. "Submit within fifteen days," said his proclamation to the insurgents, "or I give your whole population to fire and sword. The measure is a painful one, but sentiment must give way to the national welfare: the burning of Moscow saved Russia. To you then I bring peace, or *Extermination*—make your choice." But the mountaineers saw another and a brighter alternative, and continued the strife.

Valdez reached Vittoria on the 16th of April; his proclamation came out on the 17th; and on the 18th he started with 9,000 men to slaughter, burn, and destroy in the Amescoas. Zumalacarreguy was then in Guipuscoa, where the news quickly reached him, and rousing his nearest battalions, he rushed at speed through the pass of Lecumberri in the midst of a storm of sleet, and came up with Valdez near Eulate, in the centre of the Amescoas, after a forty-miles' march through the mountains. The Christino chief was amazed. Not feeling himself sufficiently strong to face these iron bands he retreated at once, and, thanks to the weariness of his opponents, without much loss. By this time, however, several divisions had concentrated at Vittoria in obedience to his orders, and leaving a powerful garrison behind him, he marched again on the 20th for the Amescoas at the head of 18,000 men.

The Borunda divides the Pyrenees of Guipuscoa from the Sierra de Andia. The latter is a double chain running east from the plains of

Vittoria for twenty-five or thirty miles, to the neighbourhood of Pampeluna ; there it turns sharply to the south for fifteen or twenty miles, and ends abruptly near Estella. Between these ridges lie the gorges called the Amescoas—the lower stretching east and west, the upper north and south. These ravines abound in strong posts, and are connected and entered by unusually difficult passes. Southward and eastward to within a few miles of the Ebro lie numerous other broad ridges and narrow gorges—the whole wilderness, for such it is, being known as the Amescoas. Valdez entered the valley, and the people took to the crags with all they could carry off, for whatever was left behind was devoted to destruction. Zumalacarreguy threw out some of his battalions to worry the front and flank of the invading column, while with the others he closed up the rear. The Christinos moved on through the valley in a single dense mass, burning the villages and shooting the people and the cattle indiscriminately as they passed along, but not with impunity. Grey boulders, gnarled roots, and thickets covered the declivities, and every one of them spouted fire and death on the destroyers. There were countless impediments in the way, and every mile took an hour to cover : so the night fell long before Valdez had cleared the lower Amescoa. He dared not pass the hours of darkness in the gorge : so he climbed the ridge and bivouacked there miserably, for the wind was bitterly cold, and in the confusion of the ascent the Carlists had captured all the sumpter mules. By daybreak the column was again in motion, still burning and destroying, and harassed, if possible, even more than yesterday. Stragglers fell off at every step from weariness and wounds, for none dared plunder, and every one died.

The second night came, and again the Christinos climbed the ridge, but not to rest. The sleet fell ceaselessly on their unsheltered heads, and a swarm of busy partidas compelled them to stand to their arms till morning. Then the only thought in their famishing ranks was how to escape. Estella was only five miles off ; but five such miles ! The Borunda, terrible as it was, was a jest to the path that led thither. That path, however, must be attempted ; for as to retracing the march, another day in these uplands would have destroyed the army. From the heights where they stood a goat-path led down between precipitous cliffs, and Zumalacarreguy with 800 men lined a copse at the bottom. Behind the latter for half a mile the narrow pass descended rapidly between a roaring torrent on the one side and a wall of rock 500 feet high on the other. Valdez brought his guns to the verge of the cliff, and under cover of their fire flung his van to the assault. But the Carlists kept their ground relentlessly. Again and again, and still again, the Christinos rushed down the hill, but always to be thrust back by the fire and steel of the foe. Thus four hours dragged along. Then Zumalacarreguy's ammunition began to fail, and he strained his ears to hear the volleys of his main body in the rear of the Christinos. But they rang not yet ; for the mountain was hard to climb and difficult to

traverse. At last a leading officer of the Carlists was struck and fell, some slight confusion followed and suspended the fire, and before it could be renewed 4,000 men had forced the descent. Valdez was saved, by a hair's-breadth, for at that instant the Carlists in the rear came up, and their heavy fire began to smite his ranks. The fight was now a curious one. Valdez was fiercely driving Zumalacarreguy, and Gomez, Ituralde, and Eraso were still more fiercely driving Valdez down the frightful gorge. The Carlists in the van were in great danger, and their chief confessed it in characteristic form: he dismounted and sent away his horse. The rushing mass behind threatened to overwhelm him every moment. But not a man in his ranks faltered. Inch by inch he gave way before the pressure, checking its fury every few minutes with a close volley and the bayonet. At last the defile was cleared, the Carlists opened to the right and left, and the flying host dashed through, scattering their arms on all sides, and racing at the top of their speed towards Estella; but not quite quick enough. The Carlist bullets smote them down in heaps up to the very gates. For miles the road was covered with weapons and accoutrements, Zumalacarreguy gathering enough to equip 4,000 recruits. Valdez lost all his baggage and 3,000 men, of whom only eighty were prisoners. And had the foe not failed of ammunition, himself and his whole army would have been among the things of the past.

The Carlists followed up this great victory with several minor ones. Among others, Gomez beat Espartero and destroyed 500 of his men in Biscay; and Cuevillas and Elia defeated Oras, with the loss of 1,000, in the Bastan. And these triumphs must have been all the more gratifying to the victors since they were unstained by the slaughter of their prisoners; for by this time the efforts of France and England to stay this atrocious system of war had attained success, and the Elliot convention had come into operation, much against the will of many leading Liberals, but just in time to stave off the vengeance which some of them had right well deserved.

The Christinos shut themselves up in the fortresses, which were immediately blockaded by the Carlists. Zumalacarreguy attacked the smaller posts, hoping thus to win artillery sufficient to enable him to master the larger ones. Treviso, five miles from Vittoria, was carried first, and Villafranca, in Guipuscoa, was invested next. Espartero sallied from Bilboa with 7,000 men to relieve it. He dreamt of surprising the besieging force, and set out one stormy night—to be utterly surprised himself. Zumalacarreguy, as usual, had penetrated the project of his antagonist, and taken the necessary precautions. Accordingly, while the Christinos were marching along the Descarga heights in the darkness and the rain, the head of their column was suddenly assailed by Eraso, and rolled back on the rear. All was instantly confusion in their ranks, and though they ran fast enough, 1,800 of them were made prisoners. Villafranca, with 1,800 men and large magazines, surrendered next day.

Bergara, Eybar, and a number of other places followed the example, and Tolosa, Durango, and Salvatierra were abandoned. The Christinos were utterly demoralized, and had no hope left but foreign intervention. Zumalacarreguy looked round on his followers, now 40,000 strong, and worth three times the number of Liberals. There was nothing but enthusiasm in his ranks, and nought but apprehension among the foe. He was satisfied. The longed-for hour had struck. "Now," said he, "now for Madrid."

It was not to be. The Prince shrank from the daring march, and commanded the hero to invest Bilboa. He obeyed; but from that instant the shadow of death darkened over him. "He looks as if he were going to a funeral," remarked the men, struck by the unwonted gloom. And, alas! the impression conveyed by his features was not belied. Shortly after the siege opened, a musket-shot, evidently discharged at random, struck him in the leg. With anybody else, the wound might have been severe perhaps, but not at all dangerous. His restless spirit, however, could not brook the confinement of a sick bed. He chafed and fretted himself into a fever, and in a week he was no more. He died on the 23rd of June, 1835, leaving a gallant army and splendid hopes to his Prince, and his horse, his sword, and 48*l.* in gold to his family. "As a partisan, I rejoice," said Mina, on hearing of the catastrophe; "but as a Spaniard, I must weep. My country has lost a man for whose like she may long look in vain." High and merited praise was this, but not exactly correct. For, as we remarked at the outset, Spain is always reproducing Viriatus, that is—ZUMALACARREGUY.

The Records of the Venetian Inquisition.

On entering Venice for the first time, notwithstanding the brightness of the strange beauty, so unlike anything else in all the world, which is around the visitor on all sides, there are probably few persons, part of the excitement of whose imaginations upon the occasion is not due to romantically terrible notions of the ways and dealings of the old Venetian Government. Even as the bright laughing gondola-life skims over the surface of dark voiceless waters, whose depths seem to cover the secrets of so many generations, so to the reader of that which is generally given to the world as Venetian history, does the brilliant and splendid story of the old Republic seem to overlie mysterious and unfathomable depths of terror, tyranny, and secret deeds of relentless and resistless power. When the stranger turns his first eager steps to the Ducal Palace—that grandest expression in stone of national power and magnificence, that the world has ever yet seen—when he passes awe-struck up the Giant Stair, and paces those exquisitely beautiful corridors, while

A thousand years their dusky wings expand
Around him,

his eyes and thoughts may first be turned to all the world of art in its highest expressions, which lies on every side, and to the consummate beauty of every kind that invites his gaze. But, if he have any tincture of historical lore, and any capacity of imagination in him, the liveliest thrill of excited interest will be felt when he passes through the low-browed little door in the great gallery on the first floor, which gives him admittance to the dark staircases that lead to the terrible “Pozzi;” or when, from the little room on the highest floor of the Palace in which the awful “Three” held their sittings, he climbs the narrow stair by which the condemned reached the yet more dreadful prisons of the “Piombi.”

Who has not read the abounding stories divulged to all people in all lands by poets in verse and poets in prose, and stamped in many cases by the hall-mark of genius, which have prepared the mind for that pleasurable thrill of excitement and interest? And are there not still extant, palpable to touch and evident to sight, the material proofs of the genuineness of such narratives,—proofs of a nature eminently calculated to enhance to the utmost, by their actual presence to the senses, the vividness of the thrill? There gapes the awful “Lion’s mouth.” You may actually drop into it, with your own fingers, if you please, an anonymous denunciation of any man or any thing, pretending to glance suspiciously around, even as did the last person before you who used it for its terrible purposes. Only your billet will lie there innoxious till the

unmoved dust consume it. There is still that fearful seat of stone hard by the secret exit of the "Pozzi" to the discreet and silent canal, on which the victim to be strangled was placed for execution. There, deep among the foundations of the colossal walls which support far above the noble halls, glorious with all the majesty and the splendour of the gorgeous Republic, are those ever silent, hopeless "Pozzi" themselves, exactly in the state in which they were left by their latest prisoner. There can hardly be an imagination so dull as not to be powerfully excited by these objects and places, and scarcely a visitor to them so unread as to be unprepared for the excitement by all that has been written of the terrible tribunal at whose word these awful prisons opened and closed their doors.

And now that the terrible "Three" exist no more, and that those fearful prison-doors open at the beck of any hand that has a franc in it, it cannot be denied that the thrill produced in the visitor is a not disagreeable sensation, and that the romance of the thing is one of the pleasures of a visit to the ancient Queen of the Adriatic. It may well be, therefore, that to some persons a sober and accurately historical account of the famed tribunal and its doings, which must have the effect of dissipating some portion of the romance and all the mystery, that has hitherto belonged to the subject, may not be welcome. Nevertheless there is no spot so sacred to mystery and bugaboo, that the curious but calm eye of history will not sooner or later peer into it; and it is as well that the simple truth should be told and known, even respecting the dread "Three" of the Venetian Inquisition.

A *portion* of the romance which hangs about the subject will have to be dissipated; not all by any means. If the tribunal of the Inquisition of Venice was believed by its contemporaries, and has ever since been believed, to be something much more terrible and dangerous than it really was, it was not only the fault of that institution that such was the case; it was their wish and express purpose that it should be so. It was an essential and carefully practised part of their system to envelop their operations in mystery. Their object was to be supposed to be ubiquitous and omniscient. And they struck, when they did strike, in a manner which was calculated to give the impression of an unseen but ever-present and resistless hand. In a word, it was their policy to accomplish their objects as much by operating on the imaginations of the citizens as by the exercise of power over their persons. No account was ever rendered to any one of any of their doings, and no record was kept of them, save in their own absolutely secret and jealously guarded archives.

From these circumstances it naturally and necessarily resulted that mere rumour and fiction, more or less mingled with fact, took the place of history in all that concerned the doings of the dreaded "Three." But such rumours and tales were consolidated into the semblance of history, and these fictions were, more or less wittingly and of set purpose, presented to the world as such by the Frenchman, Daru, whose *History of Venice* was for many years the principal source of the historical notions commonly

current in Europe upon the subject. The Comte Pierre Ant. Noel Bruno Daru published, in 1819, his *History of Venice*, in seven octavo volumes; and it quickly assumed the position of the *History of Venice*, from which the world of general readers gathered their knowledge of Venetian story. It was systematically written with a view to discredit and blacken the old Government of the Republic. And most readers are now aware what is to be expected from a French writer under such circumstances! Justice has long since been done by more than one competent hand on Comte Daru's book. But many of the tales and notions, which first derived their birth from it, still circulate in popular guide-books and the like, and in the minds of those not more accurately informed than the general tourist can be expected to be.

Moreover, it is only quite recently that it has been possible to obtain the information, which alone could serve as a basis for a true and authentic story of the practices and doings of the Venetian Inquisition. It has been said that the only record of these was kept with all secrecy by the tribunal itself. Absolutely nothing could or can be known with certainty of the maxims, procedure, and *modus operandi* of the Inquisition, without access to these archives. And it is only quite recently, as I have said, that such access has been possible.

Among the almost incredibly enormous masses of records of the Republic, which are preserved in the vast halls of the "Frari," there are eighteen huge folio volumes, bound in parchment, and lettered *Annotations of the Inquisitors of State*. These volumes contain the whole of the records of that institution. Years ago they were removed, together with large masses of other documents, to Vienna. There no person was permitted to have access to them; not, in all probability, in consequence of any desire on the part of the Austrians to keep the secrets of the Venetian Inquisitors, but probably because the masses of papers brought away were allowed to remain unexamined and unarranged in the cases in which they had been brought across the Alps. But in 1868, by virtue of a clause in the treaty of peace signed between Austria and Italy in 1866, these volumes, together with very many other documents, were restored to Italy, and replaced in their old resting-place at the "Frari," where they are now freely at the disposition of the studious. The results of this accessibility will shortly be laid before historical students in two works: one by the Cavaliere Armando Baschet, who will give the fruit of his diligent examination of all the recorded processes, as well as of the correspondence of the Inquisitors with their agents; and the other by Signor Giulio Crivellari, who has nearly ready a work entitled *The Criminal Law of Venice*.

But, in the meantime, Signor Augusto Bazzoni has published a brief account of these *Annotations* in the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, by the help of which we propose to give English readers a somewhat more accurate account of the Venetian Inquisition, and of its doings, than has hitherto been offered to them.

In the first place, it may be necessary to mention that the Venetian Inquisition had nothing specially to do with religious matters. It was a *State* and not a Church Inquisition. The special object of the tribunal was originally to discover, to prevent, and to punish the traitorous revelation of the State secrets of the Republic to foreigners. This was an evil which the government had frequently reason to deplore, and to contend against. And Commissions of Inquisition, issued for that purpose, are mentioned occasionally from a time shortly subsequent to the establishment of the "Council of Ten." But no such tribunal existed as a permanent institution till the 20th of September, 1539, when the Council of Ten determined on appointing from among its own members a committee of Three, whose special duty it should be to discover and to punish the betrayers of state secrets. The special cause which at that particular time moved the Ten to take this step, was the discovery that five traitors, three of whom were put to death for their crime, had, in the year 1538, given information to the Mussulman of the designs of the Republic. The name of "Inquisitors of State" was not, however, given them till towards the end of the sixteenth century, at which time their attributions and functions were largely increased; and it became their duty to take cognizance of anything whatever that threatened either the external or internal well-being of the State. At the period above mentioned, it had become the practice to select two of the Inquisitors from the body of the Ten, and one from the Ducal Council. The two former were styled "the black Inquisitors," from the colour of the gowns they wore; and the latter, who sat always between the other two, and wore a scarlet gown, was known as "the red Inquisitor." And Signor Bazzoni remarks that the grim contrast of these costumes, and the names to which they gave rise, contributed no little to the terror with which the tribunal was regarded by the Venetian populace.

The proceedings of the Inquisition were conducted according to no rules,* save such as might in some degree grow out of the habitudes of their own court; were always wrapped in profound mystery; were entirely secret both as regarded process and sentence; and were inappellable! If any citizen of any rank of life disappeared, and any inquiry were made respecting him or her by the ordinary officers of justice, it was a fully sufficient answer to all such questions to whisper with bated breath that the individual in question had been arrested by the officer—the "fante," as he was called—of the Three!

It is indeed not surprising that such a tribunal should have been looked upon with terror. And Signor Bazzoni declares that he shuddered as he opened those dread registers, which were to reveal the arbitrary sentences, the despotic proceedings, the poisonings, the executions carried out in the silence of the prison, the mysterious disappearances, of which the terrible Three had been the authors. And great was his surprise in

* And those which Daru affects to give in his unvarnished book are mere fabrications and inventions.

discovering a course of procedure tolerably regular ; a decided leaning to mildness and moderation in the punishments ; a method of treating the guilty severe indeed, but not cruel ; a disposition to pardon, except in cases of reconviction for the same offence ; and a desire to prevent crimes rather than to punish them, if it were possible. He found, he tells us, but few cases of capital punishment, and as far as his investigations went, but one of death inflicted by poison, and one other in which the tribunal had wished and endeavoured, but had failed to put to death by that means, a culprit who was beyond their reach. Only, says Signor Bazzoni, in matters of state were the Inquisitors more severe than modern notions might deem justifiable ; as when they put to death Alberti, the Secretary of the Republic, for falsifying the Letters Ducal.

It is probable that all that Signor Bazzoni states here is strictly true and accurate. But an Englishman would think that all that is here said would go very little way towards removing the objections he would feel to the existence of such a tribunal. In the first place there is nothing whatever to assure the inquirer that these *Annotations* contain a faithful record of *all* the cases dealt with by the Inquisitors. No sort of control whatsoever existed. Nobody had cognizance of the record save the Three themselves, and their secretary, who became, it would seem, in process of time the most terribly powerful member of the court. On the other hand a cruel severity in dealing with criminals is not the evil of which one would especially expect to find the tribunal to have been guilty. In the case of ordinary crime one would wish to know rather what was the nature of the evidence on which a criminal was found guilty. But it is not to the dealings of the court with ordinary crime at all, that an Englishman's suspicions would more especially point. Here are four men,—the Three and their secretary,—who have wholly irresponsible power over the lives and persons of all the citizens of Venice ; who can put their hand on any man or any woman in the midst of their family and of their daily life, and can cause them to disappear out of it, and never be heard of again. Is it likely that such a power should never have been exercised throughout the long series of years during which it existed, for purposes which had no connection with the repressing of crime ? If it was exercised for any such nameless purposes, is it certain that we should find the record of such cases in the book of these *Annotations* ? There seems, however, to have existed one, and only one circumstance, in connection with the absolute power wielded by the Inquisitor, which may have served as a partial protection against altogether arbitrary violence. It was absolutely necessary that every sentence passed against any person brought before the tribunal should be concurred in by all the three judges. If there were any difference of opinion between them, the matter had to be referred to the Council of Ten. Signor Bazzoni does not mention having met with the record of any case in which that step had to be resorted to. And after all, in so small a body as the Inquisitors were, the “*ca' me ca' thee*” principle is too sure to be in operation for

this circumstance to have afforded any very valid protection against the possibility of such irresponsible power being used for the purposes of private hatred, or interest, or convenience.

The eighteen volumes of records, or *Annotations*, as they are styled, which have been spoken of, contain the entire history of the tribunal for somewhat more than a century and a half. The first entry in them is dated in January, 1648, and the last the 6th March, 1797, which was just two months and ten days before the troops of France entered Venice "to murder," as Signor Bazzoni says, "a Republic which had lived for fourteen centuries." The first volume of the series extends from 1648 to 1651. In this the entries are exceedingly brief and informal, merely mentioning the nature of each case, without even stating the result of it, as whether the person inculpated was convicted or otherwise, or what punishment was awarded. But the second volume begins with the insertion of a new regulation enacted by the Inquisitors, providing that the records should be kept in a more orderly and full manner. And thenceforward the whole history of each case is satisfactorily given, together with the means which had been adopted by the tribunal for the detection of the guilt of the accused.

This latter portion of the record, as may easily be imagined, is in many instances the most curious and interesting part of the document. The principal means by which the Inquisitors performed the functions entrusted to them was the employment of a vast number of "confidants" — *confidenti*, persons whose occupation would, as Signor Bazzoni remarks, at the present day cause them to be called *spies*. It was the object of the Inquisition to have these *confidants* in every class of society, among noble men and noble ladies, among clergy and among monks and nuns, among servants of families, and the lowest as well as the highest classes of the body social. The persons thus employed by the tribunal received a regular stipend; and we find cases in which they were suddenly turned adrift because they did nothing, or because the communications made by them to their employers were frivolous and useless. There are also cases on record in which these confidential agents were detected in abusing the confidence of the tribunal by wittingly false information; and this was a delinquency which called forth all the severity of the "Three."

It is a satisfactory and a curious proof of the progressive improvement in the general tone of moral sentiment and manners, that during the later period of its existence the tribunal experienced a constantly increasing difficulty in finding a sufficient supply of suitable persons to undertake the office of *confidant* to the Inquisition. In a report made to his superiors by the secretary on the 1st of October, 1792, that functionary laments the great deficiency of proper agents, more especially in the upper classes of society, which had reached such a pitch that among the nobles there remained to the tribunal only one single person, "*il nobile uomo Girolamo M. Barossi*." We are not aware whether there are sons or grandsons of this excellent nobleman still living at Venice; but if there

are, they will hardly thank Signor Bazzoni for the researches which have revealed a fact which the noble Girolamo assuredly thought would never be known on this side of the day of judgment!

Although the Inquisitors trusted almost wholly to their confidants for the information necessary to them in the discharge of their functions, they did not by any means refuse to receive and listen to any person whatever, who came to them with any communication. And the following case, very considerably abridged from the report of it in the *Annotations*, will give an instance of their practice in this respect, as well as furnish some illustrations of their modes of procedure in other respects. The record is dated the 19th June, 1768.

An important robbery of cash and precious stones to a large amount had been committed in the house of the Ambassador of Spain. And the ordinary police authorities had, despite their utmost efforts, utterly failed in accomplishing anything towards either the recovery of the property or the discovery of the thief. In these circumstances the Ambassador petitioned the Inquisitors, to see whether they could effect what had been found utterly beyond the power of the other magistracies. The Inquisitors took the matter in hand. And very shortly after they had done so, they received the visit of a nun, who, speaking from beneath her cowl, said that there was a person who would undertake to reveal to the tribunal the spot where all the stolen property would be found buried on three conditions. 1st. That the reward of an hundred zequins, promised by the Spanish Ambassador, should be paid to the person who should point to the property. 2nd. That the name of the person who should give the information should be kept inviolably secret. 3rd. That the person in whose house the property should be found should have a free pardon. These conditions were accepted; and apparently no other guarantee for the observance of them, beyond the simple word of the Inquisitors, was required. Thereupon an individual came forward, who privately indicated to an officer of the "Three" a certain spot in the floor of the shop of a blacksmith, which was within the limits of the exemption from jurisdiction enjoyed by the palace of the Spanish Ambassador himself. All the residences of the ambassadors and other ministers of foreign governments enjoyed in those days, as is well known, this infinitely mischievous and continually abused right of exemption from the visits and all the operations of the civil and criminal tribunals of the country. But, although this was a perfectly recognized and undisputed fact, it very specially suited the views of the "Three," to have an opportunity of acting before the eyes of the populace in a manner which should appear to show that neither this privilege nor anything else could be an impediment to the omnipotent and ubiquitous action of their dread power. So the secretary of the tribunal went privately to the Ambassador and told him that all his property would be restored to him by the action of the Inquisition, upon condition that he would waive all right or question of the exemption of his own dwelling from their operations. This having been arranged, the

tribunal paused a little while. And then suddenly one day their "fante," in his well-known costume, accompanied by the "capitano grande," or chief officer of the executive, with forty men, marched straight to the spot, and pointing, said to his men, "Dig there!" Of course the treasure was found, to the infinite stupor and admiration of the crowd, who were more than ever convinced of the omnipotent power and omniscience of the terrible "Three!" The blacksmith, however, was arrested and carried before the Inquisitors. He pleaded the pardon bargained for, and his plea was allowed. But, said his judges, though you are pardoned for the crime of having concealed this stolen property in your dwelling, there is no pardon for him who refuses to answer to the utmost of his knowledge the questions put to him by the Inquisition. And we now require of you the name of the thief who abstracted the property from the Ambassador's house. The blacksmith replied that nothing could be further from him than the absurd idea of concealing anything from the "Three;" and he forthwith gave them all the details of the robbery, in such sort as to leave no possible doubt of the truth of his assertion, that he himself was the sole perpetrator of it! And thereupon, in accordance with their pledged word, he was at once liberated. The Ambassador, however, seeing the blacksmith thus arrested and almost immediately set at liberty again, made application to the secretary of the "Three," stating "in very resolute terms" his determination to know who the thief was, as he was thus left with the fear that the guilty person might have been one of his own household. And certainly the demand was not an unreasonable one. But the only reply he got from the "Three" was, that the Inquisition never rendered, and never would render any account whatever of its doings to any human being; that he might rest assured that what had been done was just and right; that he would be duly warned if his security in any way required it; but that he would never know anything more as to the person who had robbed him, or the facts which had taken place.

Venice, during the whole period of her existence as an independent Republic, was a great place for diplomacy. The ambassadors which the Queen of the Adriatic sent into all countries were, for the most part, masters in their profession, as their recently published *Relazioni* abundantly testify; and all the States in Europe maintained diplomatic agents of higher or lower rank in Venice. And secrecy was supposed by all these diplomatists to be the very *sine qua non* and mainspring of their craft. To hide, and to discover; to deceive and to avoid being deceived; to know something which rivals had not found out; to spin elaborate webs for the entanglement of this or the other adversary, and the veiling of this or that carefully dissembled purpose: this was the game at which all the diplomatists in Europe were constantly playing. And Venice, which, at least in her later days, was a member of the European family, necessarily constrained to trust for the holding of its own more to the adroitness of its policy than to the force of its arms, was more than ordinarily jealous of the secrets of its diplomacy, and more vehemently bent than the rest on

knowing the hidden purposes of others, while keeping its own impenetrably in the dark. Nevertheless, from the constitution of the Republic, it inevitably came to pass that the State secrets of Venice were known to a larger number of her citizens than was generally the case in the monarchies which were her contemporaries. Hence it came to pass that the safe keeping of such secrets was, especially during the latter centuries of the Republic's existence, one of the most eagerly and carefully pursued objects of the State's solicitude. At the same time it was unfortunately found that the difficulties of attaining this object became greater as time went on. The nobles, whose position in the Republic made them members of the governing body, and depositaries of State secrets, had been all, and always in the flourishing days of Venice, men whose vast wealth, constantly poured in from argosies on every sea, was more than equal to the lavish expenditure necessitated by a splendour of living, which at all times specially characterized Venice, and distinguished her from her sister—particularly from the Tuscan—Republics. But in the latter times of Venice this was no longer the case. The habitudes of magnificence and lavish expenditure remained, but the sources of the wealth, which was needed for the supply of them, had become dried up. Hence it came to pass that there were numbers of men of high rank and great name who were in distressed and embarrassed circumstances, who were constantly on the look-out for some possible means of eking out incomes no longer sufficient for the calls upon them. And State secrets in those days were very merchantable articles, and bidders for them were at hand ready to compete with each other for purchase of them. Under these circumstances it became a matter of ceaseless anxiety to the Government, and an important part of the duty of the Inquisitors, to make all dealing in such articles impossible. And laws which, to our notions, appear to be of almost incredibly arbitrary severity, were enacted to provide against the evil; and the execution of them was entrusted wholly to the tribunal of the Inquisition.

Among these laws was one which made it illegal for any Venetian man of patrician rank to visit at the house of any Minister of a foreign Power, or to receive any such Minister in his house, or even to consort with him or any members of his family in any way! And one great part of the business of the "Three" consisted, especially in the later days of the Republic, in watching and spying with sleepless vigilance to prevent the contravention of an ordinance so difficult to be enforced. One can understand, that however desirable a *sejour* at Venice may have been in other respects, such a law as this, together with the means and provisions necessary for the enforcing of it, must have had the effect of making the position of the foreign Ministers accredited to the Republic not a pleasant one in a social point of view.

Here are one or two instances of the steps taken by the tribunal for attaining the above-mentioned object :—

On the 18th January, 1676, the Baron de Passis received a summons to present himself before the Inquisitors. The Baron was not by birth a

Venetian subject; but he resided in Venice, and was connected by ties of relationship with several noble families. Now it seems that there were two doors of communication between the house inhabited by him and the dwelling adjoining it, which latter was occasionally frequented by the Spanish Ambassador. The Baron was warned that, Venetian or not, he must rigorously abstain from all communication whatever with any foreign Minister, and must *immediately wall up* the doors of communication above mentioned; in all which respects he promised accurate obedience.

On the 11th of May, 1707, the noble Alvise Barbaro was called before the "Three." Ignorant that he had offended in any way, he obeyed the terrible intimation with much surprise and no little alarm. The matter was this. The Duchess of Bavaria was then residing at Venice, and this young nobleman had been seen on more than one occasion walking up and down before the palace inhabited by her. But this surely contravened no law. And therefore he was not punished but only warned. He ought to have known the duty of a Venetian noble better. The palace of the Duchess was frequented by sundry of the foreign Ministers, and other foreigners of high rank. Let him take care for the future to give no ground for suspicion that any acquaintanceship existed between him and people of that sort. And so the young man is allowed to retire. A very short time elapses, however, before he is again brought before the tribunal, and is this time walked off to a solitary prison under the "Piombi!" What was his fault? He had never entered the palace of the Duchess of Bavaria, or even repeated those walkings before it, which had been objected to. Could he deny that he had been in conversation with certain of the maids of the Duchess? or that he had had an interview with the Duchess herself at the nunnery of the Capucines? So after four-and-twenty hours under the "Piombi," he was then sent in the custody of the "fanti" of the tribunal to Brescia, with a letter to the captain of the fortress there, directing him to keep Alvise Barbaro a close prisoner till further orders. And he seems to have been detained there and in other fortresses of the Republic for several years. Now in this case, as Signor Bazzoni remarks, there can be little doubt that it was a love-intrigue which led the unlucky Alvise to dare the consequences of disobeying the formidable "Three." But let what may have been the motive, it was to the tribunal a matter of first-rate importance to secure at all hazards implicit obedience to their commands.

On the 9th of January, 1764, the patrician Andrea Memmo went spontaneously to the secretary of the Inquisition and confessed to him that the wife of the Minister of the Emperor of Austria had offered him her good offices in the affair of "the Mantuan Post-office;" that subsequently she had sent him a letter by an unknown hand, to which he had replied by the same means. He handed to the Inquisitors a copy of the lady's letter, not being able to furnish them with the original, inasmuch as he had been required to send it back to her. Also he laid before them a copy of the answer he had sent back. The tribunal at once declared

that the matter was of extreme gravity in every point of view; and informed the culprit that, very fortunately for him, his spontaneous confession had, as it happened, reached them a few hours previously to information of the whole matter which had come into their hands from other sources. It was pointed out to the offender that he had been guilty of a very grave dereliction of duty in speaking even to the wife of an ambassador on a public matter, without at once giving information of the circumstance to the tribunal. To receive and read a letter was even more heinous; and, worst of all, the answering it. Nevertheless the "Three," taking into consideration the circumstance that any strong step (*passo isolato*) on their part might lead to unpleasant consequences as regarded the Ambassador, and at the same time willing to give the culprit the benefit of his spontaneous confession, contented themselves with administering a serious lecture on the heinousness of the offence, and strictly forbidding him ever to come near the lady in question or any of her family, even in church, or on occasions of public festivals. The tribunal would have its never-sleeping eye on him, and the slightest deviation from its commands would be followed by the severest castigation.

The cases which have been here mentioned would alone suffice to show that all that the popular guide-books and histories say as to the period since which the prisons of the Inquisition have been disused is incorrect. It is singular that such writers as Sagredo (*Venezia e le sue Lagune*) and Romanin (*Storia documentata di Venezia*) should fall into the error of asserting that the "Pozzi" were never used in the last century of the Republic, or, as some even assert, after the Interdict of Paul V. A glance at the *Annotations* now brought to light suffices to show the error of all such statements. But, as Signor Bazzoni observes, the extreme secrecy and mystery with which the tribunal surrounded their proceedings may account for the mistakes of the older writers, while those of the moderns must be attributed to the undoubting trust with which they copied their predecessors. It is needless to refer to the many passages of the *Annotations* which would show the above statements to be erroneous: for the following return of the prisoners then in confinement, taken from the *Annotations* for 1775, settles the question. There were then imprisoned—

In the "Piombi" one prisoner.

In the "Pozzi" four prisoners.

In certain prisons called the "Camerotti della quattro," thirty-three prisoners.

In the prisons on *terra-firma*, five prisoners.

In the galleys, fourteen prisoners.

It can scarcely be necessary to describe to anybody the "Piombi" and the "Pozzi." Who has not visited them? Signor Bazzoni states that his study of the records of the Inquisition has not enabled him to discover what considerations guided the Inquisitors in deciding to which of these celebrated prisons each convict should be sent. He conjectures that the most troublesome and violent may probably have been consigned

to the "Pozzi." Doubtless it has appeared to most of those who have visited these famous places of punishment, that the "Pozzi" were by far the most terrible. To the imagination they are so certainly. The very imperfect light, the idea of the locality, the utter silence, with the exception of the dull, melancholy, and monotonous clapping of the waters of the canal against the walls, may seem far worse to the imagination than the abundant daylight of the "Piombi." In either case the prisoner's cell consisted of a very small chamber, entirely of massive and thoroughly dry wood. But no one, who is not well acquainted with the effect of an Italian sun beating on a roof, when there is no sufficient space between it and the chamber in which one is to live, can realize to himself what the effect of living under those "Piombi" in summer must have been. On the other hand there are three or four cases of escape from the "Piombi" on record; but there is, I believe, no recorded instance of any prisoner having escaped from the horrible *bolgia* of those "Pozzi."

The punishments awarded by the Inquisitors of Venice were: death inflicted secretly in the prison; imprisonment either in the "Piombi," the "Pozzi," or the less terrible prisons called the "Camerotti;" condemnation to the galleys for life or for a term of years; confinement to the offender's own house in Venice, or more frequently to his country residence; and, lastly, exile from the city of Venice, or from the entire territory of the Republic, either for life or for a term of years. The systematic secrecy and mystery in which the Inquisition sedulously involved all its proceedings gave rise to the popularly received opinion that its condemnations were pronounced not only arbitrarily, but with the summary suddenness of a thunder-clap; and that they were of the most terrible description, dealing habitually with torture and poison. Arbitrary its method of proceeding assuredly was, as has been sufficiently explained. Sudden or reckless it certainly was not; and no length of inquiry was too great for the investigating patience of the tribunal, though the result was often made purposely to appear sudden to the offender. No evidence is to be found in the whole series of the *Annotations* that torture was ever practised by the Inquisition. With regard to the use of poison there are a few sufficiently curious entries.

Under the date 30th May, 1643, there is a note of the secretary, recording that one Pasin Pasini brought specimens of various poisons, which he offered to the Inquisitors with a view to their use among the hostile troops with whom the forces of the Republic were then engaged. It does not seem that his offer was rejected; yet neither does it appear that the scheme was carried into effect. For the secretary notes that subsequently all these poisons were by him collected together and placed "in the ordinary cupboard of their Eminences the Inquisitors."

In June, 1646, the Governor of Dalmatia sent to the Inquisitors to ask them to furnish him with poison for the purpose of poisoning the wells for the destruction of the Turks. The Inquisitors, as the record declares, sent him a thousand pounds of arsenic for this purpose. And

it is declared that the poison reached the Governor's hands duly. But whether it was used or no, there is no record to show.

More than a hundred years later, under the date of December 17, 1755, the secretary inserts in the records the following note:—

"Notice having been drawn to the fact that the poisonous substances kept for the service of the tribunal were scattered about among the presses of papers, so as to cause a danger of accident; and moreover, that many of these substances have become bad by lapse of time; and further, that with regard to many of them, neither the nature of them nor the proper dose is now known: Therefore their Eminences, minded to regularize so delicate a matter in such sort as is needful for the service of the tribunal and for safety, have ordered all things of this kind to be kept in a separate box, with a book in it, that shall explain the nature and the proper dose of every article, and which shall be thus registered for the enlightenment of their successors.

(Signed)	" ANDREA DA SEZZE,	} " <i>Inquisitors of State.</i> "
	" FRANCISCO BALBO,	
	" PIERO BARBARIGO,	

Is not the picture suggested by this entry a strange and curious one? Think of the packets and bottles of various kinds of poison lying about among the papers in the room of the Palazzo Ducale, occupied by the Inquisitors till it had been forgotten what they were, and all about them! It would at all events seem clear that they were not often used. Still the "Three" are far from any idea of abandoning the use of such things. They put them all into a box by themselves, with a pharmacopœia that shall duly instruct their successors in the use of these agents on occasion arising. There is a sort of naïveté about the whole entry which is very surprising.

A few years after this, it would seem that recourse was had to the newly arranged poison-box, on an occasion which is the last instance in which the use of poison is mentioned in the *Annotations*. An entry, dated September 26, 1768, records that information had recently reached the Inquisitors that a strange and unknown personage had made his appearance in Dalmatia and Albania, who announced himself as a law-giver both in politics and religion—called himself Peter the Third, Czar of Muscovy—and, in short, stirred up the minds of the people, got a party of adherents around him, and was giving rise to disturbances. Thereupon the Inquisitors sent the most stringent orders—" *le più robuste commissioni*"—to the Governor of Dalmatia to take immediate steps to ensure that this dangerous impostor should be removed out of the world—" *tolto dal mondo*"—in the most cautious manner possible, and by the most hidden and secret means that could be devised. The Governor, however, despite the "robustness" of these orders, failed to find any means of getting rid of the obnoxious impostor. Whereupon the Inquisitors deliver a bottle of poison to one Count Zorzi Cadich Cornetta, who undertook to proceed to Dalmatia and accomplish the desired result. Cornetta, however, succeeded no better than the Governor, and returning to Venice, gave

back the bottle he had received to the "Three." And that is the last mention of poison that occurs in the record.

Most of the cases of condemnation to death appear to have been occasioned by ordinary crimes of a nature that would have been similarly visited by the criminal code of any contemporary nation. In some cases indeed the Inquisition seems to have been specially lenient, since we meet with cases of wilful murder punished by imprisonment for twenty years. But there is one case which so curiously illustrates the maxims of Venetian State policy, and gives so singular an idea of the nature of the circumstances which were deemed to justify the taking away of a life, that we must give it as the last of our extracts from these curious records.

The entry is dated May 29, 1755.

A certain Mattio Pirona had left Venice without the authorisation of the Government and had betaken himself to Triest. He was by trade a "cavafongo," literally a mud excavator, as we should say a "navvy," or a contractor for the execution of such works. This man being at Triest contracted there to execute a canal, which, by opening a communication from the port to the interior of the city, would be of great benefit to the commerce of Triest. The tribunal therefore, "considering that everything which might facilitate the commerce of that city would turn to the disadvantage of the commerce of Venice," addressed to Pirona repeated orders to abandon the work he had undertaken and return to Venice, where a full pardon awaited him, besides other advantageous proposals. Instead, however, of obeying these commands, Pirona endeavoured to engage other Venetians to join him in his undertaking, and, when it turned out that the canal did not wholly answer the purpose for which it was intended, himself planned and set to work on the execution of a second. "But so great and so traitorous offences on the part of a subject moving their Eminences to just indignation, they determined to consider this matter as an affair of State, and decided to attempt the chastisement of the culprit as a warning to other subjects." Therefore they despatched one Gelfino Versa, "a person well tried in other important executions of a like nature," with orders to find the means of "taking out of the world such a fellow as this Pirona, guilty of crime against the State." The price of the service entrusted to this emissary was fixed at two hundred and sixty zeqins, sixty to be paid in advance, and two hundred when the job was done!

We had purposed adding some gleanings respecting those two curious points in the history of the Inquisition, the "Confidants" employed by it, and the recorded cases of escape from its prisons. But the length to which this paper has already run makes it impossible to do so on the present occasion. Possibly some future opportunity may be found for treating these parts of the subject.

Our Iron-clad Navy.

It is now nearly ten years since we took occasion to furnish a brief description of the first efforts made to reconstruct our navy, in consequence of the growing appreciation of iron as a means of defence. In the February number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1861, we gave an account of two of the earliest specimens of iron-clad ships, illustrated by faithful sketches of the two rival specimens, *La Gloire*, built by the French Government, and the *Warrior*, built by our own. From the time of King Alfred, when England first became alive to the necessity of acquiring the supremacy of the seas, to the time of Elizabeth, when that supremacy was so gallantly and successfully asserted, and on to later days, when, under the Howes, the Nelsons, and Collingwoods, it was so triumphantly vindicated, the nation has ever watched with the utmost jealousy every advance in naval architecture, and eagerly adopted every improvement, feeling assured that our country's greatness would be in danger if once our naval predominance were allowed to decline. And thus it happened that when the French Government challenged us, as it were, by the construction of *La Gloire*, we responded at once ably, energetically, and successfully by the production of the *Warrior*, a ship which, judged by the times, certainly had no compeer afloat. But since then so many great improvements have been made in the construction and armaments of war-ships, that the *Warrior* and similar vessels are now reduced almost to the level of harmlessness that the wooden ships were remitted to on the launching of the first iron-clad. Yet the sequel proves that the *Warrior* was a worthy promise of what ships England could produce, when called upon to maintain her power and glory on the seas.

No doubt the practical and decisive impulse was given in the reconstruction of the world's navies, by the breaking out of the civil war in America, for it was then that iron-clads first exhibited their true power, though only in a limited degree. No doubt most of us can remember the consternation created throughout the Federal fleet on the occasion of a rudely-constructed Southern iron-clad spreading destruction around it. And later still, our attention was directed to the full power of the modern fighting-ship when, during the Austro-Italian war, one of the finest iron-clads of the Italian navy was sent to the bottom in a few minutes, on being rammed by the iron-clad flag-ship of the Austrian navy. Perhaps there has never been any period of history when the reconstruction of navies has been so complete and so rapid as during the last ten years. *La Gloire* and the *Warrior*, originally considered hosts in them-

selves, now occupy but second or third-rate positions when compared with the modern iron-clad. A recent sad event has very completely roused the national interest in our war-ships; it is, therefore, proposed to furnish a brief account of our iron-clads, in order that more general acquaintance may prevail relative to the fleet which, up to a recent period, has cost us nearly nine millions sterling. We do not intend entering into any of the controversial points now being so zealously discussed; we wish simply to consider the subject of the construction of the ships, their armaments, and general qualities, quite independently of the comparative merits or demerits of the turret or broadside system. Nor shall we enter too deeply into technical details, for by so doing we should deprive these remarks of their popular character.

In considering our modern iron-clads, it will be hardly necessary, except in the briefest manner, to refer to the earliest rude specimen of this class of ships; for it must be familiar to almost all our readers, that, during the Crimean war, certain iron-clad floating batteries were built, simply for the protection of our harbours. It was not until some years afterwards that the first *bond fide* iron-clad was launched. The *Warrior* presented no very marked external peculiarities when compared with the ship of the day; but from that time, slowly but surely, the alteration of form and general appearance has been carried out. For instance, the stem of the modern iron-clad is far different in shape and effective construction from that of the earlier class, for the simple reason that since it has become one of the established tactics of naval warfare to "use the ship itself as a projectile," it was necessary to strengthen and modify that part of her which receives the whole force of the blow when an attempt is made to ram the enemy. Again, the form of the stern has been modified so as to afford the greatest protection to the rudder-head. For now that "ramming" is likely to be a serious and effective mode of attack, it is of vital importance that a ship should be protected securely and able to manœuvre so readily as to evade the crushing blow. But besides these leading points of difference, there are others of almost equal importance. In the earlier iron-clad there was uniform thickness of iron simply shielding a certain portion of the ship's side, leaving the bow and stern comparatively unprotected. In later-built ships this armour has been carried all round the vessel, and instead of being of one uniform thickness, is of greatest substance over the vital parts of the ship. Again, in the *Warrior* class only broadside fire was attainable, but in more recent constructions this has been supplemented by bow and stern fire of greater or less extent. Another most important difference is that modern iron-clads have, in the place of a large number of comparatively small guns, say 68-pounders, a concentrated battery of very much heavier artillery; for instance, the *Hercules* has eight 18-ton guns, throwing 400 lbs. shot. A further point of difference is the proportionate length of the vessels now built; this is much less than formerly, since it is found by experience that the shorter ship is far more handy than one of great

length, such as the *Warrior* or *Northumberland*, both of which, when compared with the *Bellerophon*, are much less under control. And, as we before remarked, since ramming has come into practice, it is of the utmost importance that a ship should be of such proportions as may best enable her to defeat that mode of attack. The introduction of the "twin-screw" is another modification, which is likely to be of considerable advantage, from its affording much greater facilities in manœuvring a ship. We lastly come to the important difference in the thickness of the armour. For instance, in the *Warrior* we had but $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of plating; the *Bellerophon* has 6 inches; *Hercules*, 9 inches; *Hotspur*, 11 inches; that on the sides of the Monitor *Glatton* is 12 inches; and the Monitors *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, now building, will have 12 and 14 inches of armour, respectively. This enormous increase in resisting capacity is, of course, due to the increased penetrating power of modern guns. The *Warrior's* target was safe at 200 yards when fired at by the old 68-pounder, $4\frac{3}{4}$ -ton gun; but now we have guns of $6\frac{1}{2}$ -tons, throwing a shot of 115 lbs., which would pierce that ship's side at 500 yards; 12-ton guns, which would do so at 2,000 yards; and 25-ton guns, that would, without doubt, penetrate any iron-clad afloat (before the *Hercules* was launched), at 4,000 yards; while the *Thunderer* and *Devastation* will carry guns of 30 tons, throwing shot of upwards of 600 lbs. in weight. Hence we can well understand why so immense and rapid an increase in the thickness of armour plates has been necessary. It will, perhaps, be interesting to our readers to know the comparative resisting power of the earlier iron-clads and those of more modern date. In their last Report the Iron-Plate Committee arrived at the inference that, with plates of equal quality, the resisting power might be approximately considered proportional to the squares of the thickness. Thus the strength of the

Warrior's	armour is about	20
Bellerophon's	"	36
Hercules' (belt)	"	81
Hotspur's	"	121
Glatton's and Thunderer's (12-in)	"	144
" " (turret)	"	196

In other words,—

The Bellerophon's armour is about	twice	the strength of the Warrior's.
The Hercules'	"	" four times " " "
The Hotspur's	"	" six " " "
Glatton's and Thunderer's	"	" seven " " "
" " (turrets)	"	" ten " " "

The reader can now appreciate the great progress that has been made both in the structure and armament of our national bulwarks—"wooden walls" no longer; we will therefore proceed to consider their construction more in detail. It is a pretty well known fact that when the "armour-clad" principle was decided upon for our war-ships of the future, iron also, in a much greater proportion than heretofore, took the place of

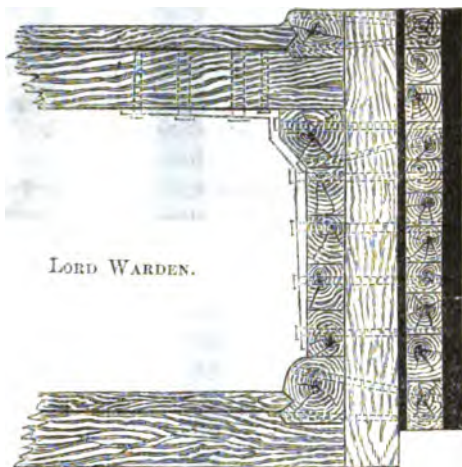
wood in the formation of the hull ; and there can be little doubt that the structural arrangements of our ships have been greatly improved in consequence. True, we have still in our navy, a certain number of wood-built iron-clads (if we may be excused the expression), but these are chiefly converted ships,—for instance, the *Caledonia* class, the *Royal Sovereign*, and others ; viz., *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, and *Pallas*, which latter three were built with wooden hulls, partly in consequence of the large stores of material in our dockyards. Iron, however, has become almost entirely substituted for wood, since by its use greatly increased structural advantage is secured—viz., the combination of strength with lightness. Now, as the capacity of a ship to carry enormous weights greatly depends on the exterior form and weight of hull, it is evident that if we are able to retain the form with greater strength, and yet with considerable reduction in the weight of material used, no small advantage is gained. This aim is accomplished in substituting iron and steel for wood ; for with these materials we obtain a maximum of strength and capacity, with, at the same time, a minimum of weight, consequently the greatest carrying power obtainable in a ship of the given bulk. Our mercantile marine is a striking proof of what may be done by the judicious introduction of iron in ship-building. In our navy it is of much greater importance ; for by reducing the weight of hull, we are enabled to increase the thickness of armour and weight of armament. For instance, let an iron-clad be of 6,000 tons displacement, if wood built, the hull would weigh nearly 3,000 tons ; but let iron be substituted, and the hull would not weigh so much by nearly 500 tons. Thus we should be at liberty to increase the load by that difference, and we might either add to the thickness of armour or increase the weight of guns. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the iron hull will be of considerably greater strength than that built of wood. Another advantage attending the use of iron is that there is little or no “working,” as it is technically called when a ship is strained by rolling or pitching at sea. In wooden ships it is impossible to avoid this working, but in iron ships, properly constructed, it is almost impossible for it practically to occur. Besides, it may be reasonably concluded that it would be difficult to use wood for the hull when we consider the thickness of armour which some of our iron-clads carry. On the other hand, it must be admitted there are serious disadvantages in using iron, one of the most important of which is the rapidity with which the bottoms of iron ships are liable to foul. To so serious an extent does this often occur, that it is not infrequent to find a falling off in the speed of a ship of more than two knots an hour. Up to the present time this great evil has baffled the utmost efforts of leading scientific men. Many ingenious methods have been tried, but with doubtful results, and the problem yet remains to be solved. In spite of this great disadvantage, the iron structure must ever hold the higher position : let us only consider the point of durability. It is calculated that a wooden ship, ere her period of service has expired, incurs expenses for repairs far exceeding the original

cost of the vessel. But with our iron-clads it is far different—at least, if we may draw any conclusion after more than ten years' experience. With regard to general safety, the cellular principle now adopted in most of our iron-clads affords great security against the popular dread of their foundering. Besides this cellular system, the hold itself is divided into several water-tight compartments, thus not only securing the ship against sinking, but also making it practically impossible to succumb to the action of fire. And, finally, it is this method of constructing our iron-clads wholly of iron that really gives us the advantage over those Continental powers who have relied upon wooden-built hulls.

We will now proceed to consider the important subject of the armour of war-ships, which constitutes the chief characteristic of modern navies.

SECTIONS OF INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF ENGLISH IRON-CLADS.

WARRIOR.

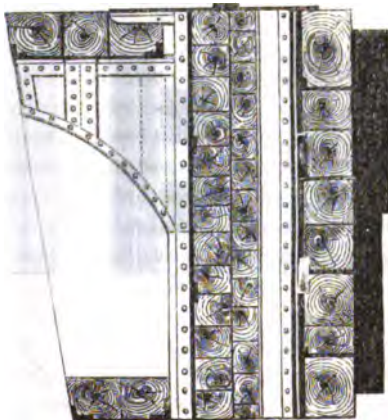


LORD WARDEN.

BELLEROPHON.

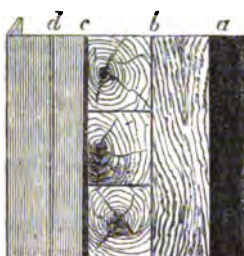


HERCULES.

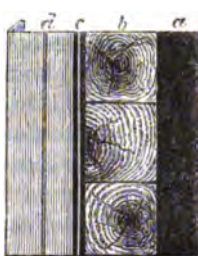


SECTIONS OF THE SIDES OF IRON-CLADS.

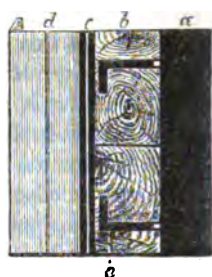
BLACK PRINCE.



MINOTAUR.



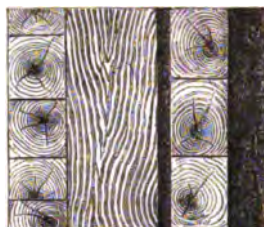
BELLEROPHON.



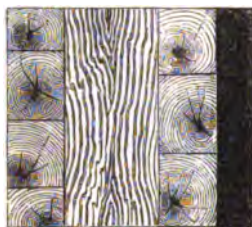
CAPTAIN.



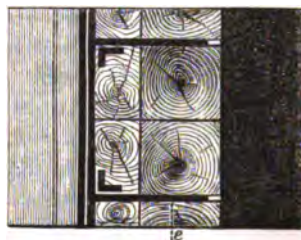
LORD WARDEN.



CALEDONIA.



DEVASTATION.



KALAMAZOO.



HERCULES.



a IRON ARMOUR.

b TEAK BACKING.

c INNER IRON-SKIN.

d PERPENDICULAR IRON GIRDERS, &c.

e LONGITUDINAL GIRDERS.

f LONGITUDINAL IRON-STRINGERS,
AS USED IN AMERICAN IRON-CLADS.

The reader is doubtless aware, that in the construction of iron-clads, there is always placed behind the armour a greater or less thickness of wood-backing. In our latest ships this wood-backing has been considerably reduced, while the inner skin, between which and the armour the wood-backing is placed, has been increased in thickness. In the earlier ships, the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Resistance*, *Hector*, and *Valiant*, the 4½-inch armour is backed by 18 inches of teak, which, with the skin plating, made a total thickness of material of about 29 inches. In the converted ships of the *Caledonia* class, the armour is attached to the outside of the planking of an ordinary ship, the total thickness in this case being about 35 inches. But in course of time it was considered an improvement to reduce the thickness of the backing, and increase that of the armour. Thus, in the ships of the *Minotaur* class, we find the armour of 5½ inches in thickness, and the teak-backing only 9 inches; and though there is but half the thickness of backing, still, these ships' sides are of equal resisting power with those of the *Warrior* class. In the *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden*, we have a modification of the *Caledonia* class, inasmuch as these two vessels are rendered considerably stronger by the introduction of a 1½-inch iron skin between the outside planking and the timbers, thus really increasing the thickness of metal to over 6 inches. In the *Bellerophon* we see a marked improvement made, when compared with ships of an earlier date, for instead of ½-inch as the thickness of the inner skin, we find it increased to 1½ inches, the wood-backing being 10 inches, and the armour increased to 6 inches. This was regarded as one of the most efficient kinds of defence; yet improvement still went on, and we find that in all vessels built since the *Bellerophon*, another and more effective mode of supporting and strengthening the backing has been adopted, by the introduction between the skin of the ship and the armour, of longitudinal iron girders at intervals of 2 feet, which, in conjunction with the vertical framing of the ship, immensely increases its defensive power. Having thus secured the most efficient form of support for the armour, we soon find the latter greatly increased in thickness. The turret-ship *Monarch* has 7 inches of armour on the chief parts of her hull, with a 12-inch backing and an inner skin of 1½ inches. The ill-fated *Captain* had 8 instead of 7 inches of armour. The ships of the *Invincible* class have armour varying from 6 to 8 inches, backed with teak of from 8 to 10 inches, and with 1½-inch skin plating. In the *Hercules* the present maximum thickness of armour for sea-going ships is attained; she has 9 inches at the water-line, with 8 inches on most important parts of her broadside, and 6 inches on the remainder, the whole being backed with teak of from 10 to 12 inches, and a skin plating of 1½ inches. But this does not accurately show the full resisting power of this splendid iron-clad, for in certain vital parts there is added an extra teak backing, with an additional iron skin of ¾ inch in thickness, this in turn being supported by vertical frames of 7 inches in depth. In fine, the total thickness of material in this ship is as follows:—iron, 11½ inches, 9 inches being

in one thickness ; the teak-backing having a total thickness of 40 inches at the water-line. A target representing this ship's side proved itself virtually impenetrable to a 600-pounder shot. In short, this noble specimen of naval architecture may fairly challenge any ship afloat. Yet we are almost in the infancy of this modern system of ship-building,—judging, at least, from what we are led to expect from those who are qualified to give an opinion ; for in the turret-ships *Thunderer* and *Devastation*, we have 11 and 12 inches of armour. Ships for sea-going purposes have been designed to carry 15 inches of armour ; and the Admiralty are in possession of designs for a turret-ship with sides plated with 15 inches, and turrets with 18 inches of armour. Nor do we even stop here, for the late Chief Constructor of the Navy prepared outline designs of ships to carry 20 inches of armour both on broadside and turrets. The battle of guns *versus* armour seems as far from a settlement as ever ; it is not unreasonable to expect that ere many years have elapsed we shall have the 100-ton gun mounted behind 5 feet thickness of armour ; for the word “ impossible ” seems not to be known in the scientific dictionary.

Whilst considering our own iron-clads, we will briefly compare them with those of the French and American navies. In the French, we find the *La Gloire* class and the *Magenta* and *Solferino* ; these vessels have 4½-inch armour on ordinary wooden hulls. The *Couronne's* armour is similar to that of the *Warrior*, she being an iron-built frigate. All the small wooden floating batteries of the *Palestro* class have likewise 4½-inch armour. The remaining floating batteries are iron-built, and have about 5½ inches of plating. The frigates of the *Flandre* and *Taureau* class carry armour of about 6 inches on wooden hulls. The corvettes and second-rate frigates of the *Alma* class have from 4 to 5½-inch armour. The vessels of the *Marengo* class (corresponding to our *Invincible*) have about 7½ inches of armour at the water-line, and about 6 and 4 inches at other parts ; and the rams of the *Belier* class have more than 8 inches, the thickest armour carried by any French vessel yet launched. The weakness of the French ships consists in their armour being simply secured to the wooden hull, *no inner skin-plating or girders being used*—a point of most vital importance, as has been proved by actual experiment ; for armour, simply backed by wood, has nothing like the resisting power obtained when that wood-backing is itself supported by the thin skin-plating now generally used in our ships, and which forms what is technically called the “ rigid backing,” to distinguish it from the simple wood-backing of the *Caledonia* class.

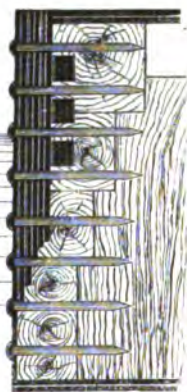
In the American navy we find what is called the “ laminated ” system, very largely adopted, which has been proved to be decidedly the weakest. For instance, experiments have shown that whilst a 4-inch solid plate would be an effective protection against a certain projectile, 6 inches of laminated armour—that is, six plates of 1 inch in thickness—would be easily penetrated. Another disadvantage in the laminated system is, that it requires more fastenings than does a solid plate of equal thickness.

True, the wood-backing used in the laminated system is of greater thickness than that in the English ships; still the structure of the latter vessels, as regards the backing and girders, is proved to be of far greater resisting power. Moreover, on our own ships the principle of armour-fastening has been carefully studied, and is of a superior description. The laminated system was adopted in the American navy in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining plates of the requisite thickness; for when the American iron-clads were first called into existence, there were not in that country any iron works capable of producing plates of so great thickness. However, attempts were made to compensate for this defect by introducing what were termed "armour stringers," portions of iron several inches in breadth and thickness, which extended the whole length of the ship behind the armour. But even this system did not create the resisting power of the solid plate. In the sketch of the *Kalamazoo* in page 60 these "stringers" are plainly shown. In speaking thus of the American system of armour plating, we do not mean to imply that the armour-clad which

THUNDERER, English.



DICTATOR, American.



Drawn on the same scale, and showing the extent of armour below the water-line.

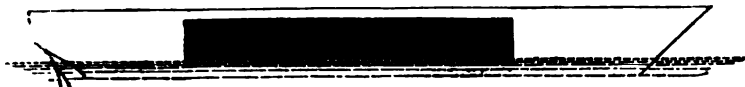
has two 4½-inch plates in place of one 9-inch, is very greatly inferior, for such is not the case, there being but little difference in the resisting

capacity of the two systems here represented : indeed, Colonel Jervois, in an interesting paper on "Coast Defences," states that "experiments have shown that the resistance to penetration of thick solid plates is not so much greater than those of an equal thickness made up of several layers of comparatively thin plates." To conclude our notice of the American iron-clads we will briefly enumerate the most important. First comes the far-famed *Monitor*, which was protected by five layers of 1-inch plates from 4 to 8 feet below the water-line, with a wood backing of 27 inches, bolted to a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch skin-plating. The *Passaic* class had the same thickness of armour, with an addition of 12 inches to the wood-backing: The *Canonicus* class have the same thickness of armour, but supported by the "armour stringers" before named, and backed with 27 inches of wood. The *Puritan* and *Dictator* have six layers of 1-inch plates, armour-stringers, and 42 inches of backing. In the *Kalamazoo* class (perhaps the most formidable of the *Monitor* class in the American navy) the armour is 6 inches thick, being made up of two 3-inch plates, supported by "stringers" of 8 inches in thickness, and backed by 30 inches of oak. One of the peculiarities, and it is feared, the weak point of the American ships is, that the armour terminates at a much less depth below the water-line than it does in our own. For instance, the *Dictator* has six 1-inch plates above the water, but these are reduced to two at 30 inches below the water, and at 3 feet there is but one (see cut on preceding page). In the American turret ships the laminated principle is likewise much adopted; the armour ranging from 8 to 15 inches. No wood-backing or frames are used in their turrets.

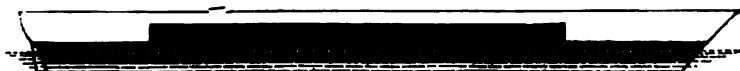
To return to our own iron-clads; the accompanying diagrams (page 65) show the extent to which our several classes of iron-clads are armoured. The first represents the *Warrior* class, which are only partially armoured; that is to say, only a portion of the length of the hull is protected. The *Achilles* and *Valiant* form a modification of the *Warrior* class, which modification consists in adding a belt of armour from the upper to the middle deck, thus affording a greater protection. The *Achilles*, in other respects like the *Warrior*, has the water-line belt added. The advantages thus gained are the protection afforded to the rudder-head and steering apparatus, and also greater concentration of the armour and armament. The tendency now is vastly to increase the size of the guns, as is practically illustrated in the *Hercules* and *Bellerophon*, types of ships with heavy central batteries of few but powerful guns, and which have likewise a protected bow and stern battery. The *Royal Oak* and *Lord Clyde* are completely armoured, and have also the addition of a bow and stern battery. In the *Invincible* class the armour is reduced considerably for a certain length amidships, to afford protection to four heavy guns mounted at the angles of an octagonal battery; the advantage thus secured is the ability to use these guns when the weather would not allow of the working of the main deck guns. The class of ships represented by the *Hector*, *Hercules*, and *Lord Clyde*, are likewise most powerfully fitted to act as rams.

SHOWING EXTENT OF ARMOUR.

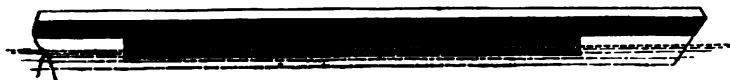
WARRIOR.



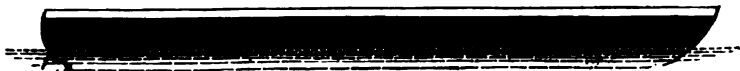
ACHILLES.



VALIANT.



ROYAL OAK.



MINOTAUR.



FAVOURITE.



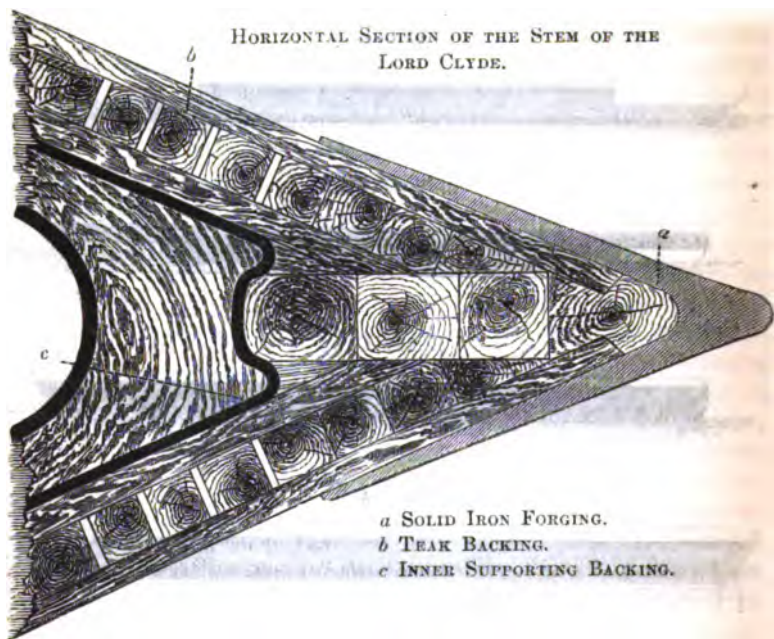
ENTERPRISE.



ROYAL SOVEREIGN.



Having regard to the probability of our war-ships attacking an enemy by "ramming," we insert a sketch of the prow of one of our most powerful iron-clads which has been especially designed to act as a ram. We must add, anent this revival of the naval tactics of ancient times, that each of our iron-clads intended to be thus used is *specially designed to that end*, and, as a matter of course, is so vastly increased in strength as to sustain with impunity the shock which is intended to be fatal to the enemy.



But it may naturally be asked, what provision has been made to secure our own ships from so disastrous a mode of attack? We reply that our ships, with but few exceptions, are built on much the same principle as is the *Great Eastern*, with a few slight modifications: in each of our iron-clads is formed a strong longitudinal space on each side of the ship; which space is divided into comparatively small water-tight compartments, so that supposing one of our vessels were "rammed," only one of these small divisions would be likely to be injured, and the water might enter quite harmlessly. True, if one of our iron-clad frigates received the direct and swift attack of an enemy's ram, it is possible that more serious damage might be sustained; but it is not very likely such an event would occur, unless the ship attacked were first rendered unmanageable by loss of steering power, or were handled in a less seamanlike manner than is usual on the part of our officers; and the latter contingency is not likely to arise, while there exists in our navy that spirit of

true seamanship which always secures the most favourable position not only for attack but also for defence.

This paper would hardly be complete without a few words on the armament of our navy, more especially as the adoption of armour in our war-ships is due entirely to the greatly increased power of modern ordnance : indeed the rapid and extraordinary increase in the resisting power of our ships is only equalled by the corresponding increase in the penetrating power of modern guns. Ships of the *Hercules* class may defy guns of to-day, but as the *Warrior's* armour soon yielded to an improved gun, so we may fear and expect the *Hercules* to prove but a poor defence against the gun of the future. Prior to the launch of the *Warrior*, the ordinary naval guns in use in our line-of-battle ships and frigates, consisted of the following:—

68-pounders, weighing	95 cwt.
8-inch (shell-gun) weighing	65 "
32-pounders, weighing	42 to 58 "

The first-named were used, generally, as pivot-guns, the 65-cwt. gun being the largest broadside gun used, and 32-pounders being more often employed. The *Warrior's* armament at first consisted entirely of 68-pounders, but as the size and weight of guns were even then on the increase, these were speedily replaced by heavier armament. And so with all our earlier iron-clads. For instance, the *Minotaur* was intended to carry fifty comparatively light Armstrong guns, but she now has four 12-ton and eighteen $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns in her battery, and four $6\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns on the upper deck. Later still we find the *Hercules* armed with eight 18-ton guns throwing shot of 400 lbs. in weight. The armaments of our turret-ships are of still more formidable description. The *Monarch's* armament consists of 25-ton guns, throwing projectiles of 600 lbs. in weight ; and we have in the armaments of the *Thunderer* and *Devastation* a still greater increase, as they both carry 30-ton guns. The old 68-pounders, eight-inch shell guns, and 32-pounders, were all of cast iron with smooth bore ; all the later guns are wrought iron, muzzle-loading and rifled.

The table below shows the extraordinary increase in the penetrating power of our modern guns compared with the heaviest of the guns carried by our navy ten years ago : thus the penetrating power at short range of the

25 ton gun is $3\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than the 68-pounder.	
18 " 3 " " "	
9 " 2 " " "	
$6\frac{1}{2}$ " $1\frac{1}{2}$ " " "	

At 1,000 yards the difference is still more marked in favour of modern ordnance. The penetrating power of the

25 ton gun is $7\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than the 68-pounder.	
18 " 7 " " "	

It is this *continuance* of the penetrating power of heavy shot from rifled guns, that confirms their superiority and gives to the armament of our war-ships so formidable a character.

This will be more forcibly demonstrated when we state the steps taken by the French and American governments to increase the armaments of their iron-clads. The French have made considerable progress in the weight and size of their guns, and have also introduced the rifled system; but their guns are inferior to ours both in size and manufacture, the calibres of their guns ranging from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One of their own writers confirms our remarks by a criticism, by no means favourable, of their breech-loading gun, and he concludes with the following admission as to the relative merits of the guns of the two navies:—"It must, then, be confessed, whatever it may cost us, that in an engagement where the artillery would be called upon to play a decisive part, a French squadron would be almost powerless against an English squadron of similar force."

Thus the principle of muzzle-loading seems to give our guns the advantage; and has, up to the present time, proved itself far preferable to the breech-loading system. Another great advantage on the side of our guns is the greatly increased *initial velocity* of their fire, which far exceeds that attained by either French or American artillery. The Americans have, in fact, simply constructed guns of enormous calibre, but of low initial velocity; thus depending more on the effect of the battering power, while our system aims at penetrating an enemy's ship. The Americans have constructed guns of 9, 11, 18, 15 and 20 inch calibre, and even larger guns than this are likely to be produced. The 15-inch gun throws a shot of 450 lbs. weight; and the 20-inch, shot of 1,080 lbs. weight; but almost all these enormous guns are of cast iron, and are not nearly so formidable as they seem. Captain Noble, in his admirable report "on the penetration of armour plates by steel shot," shows that 15-inch shot would be harmless, so far as penetration goes, when fired at the *Lord Warden*, while our 9-inch 12-ton gun would penetrate ships carrying those huge guns, at 1,000 yards.

The fact of the Americans using *cast-iron* shot is another great drawback to the efficiency of their guns; for before they can get near enough to any of our ships, the latter are capable of penetrating, and, probably, of disabling them. But our cousins across the Atlantic are not generally slow in seeing a mistake, and, with the characteristic of true greatness, confessing it, not only in actual words, but also in deeds; for we find it stated in a "Report of the Ordnance Committee," approved by Congress, that "to return to smooth-bores, throwing large spherical shot at low velocities, is to disregard all modern progress in the science of gunnery, and to return to the arm in use two hundred years ago."

As regards the speed attained by our iron-clads, we have most satisfactory results, if we are to place any confidence in those most capable of judging. Rear-Admiral Warden, Admiral Hornby, and Admiral Dacres,

have each spoken in the highest terms of the performance of our iron-clads under sail, and as regards their capabilities under steam the result is still more satisfactory; for, in the latter case, the majority of them attain a greater speed than did the crack ships of our wooden navy of ten years since: we find fourteen knots by no means an uncommon speed; the *Agincourt* even attained fifteen-and-a-half knots, though this, it is but fair to state, was not at load draught. The speed of our iron-clads was not that merely attained at the measured-mile trials, but was, in most cases, sustained in a six hours' ocean cruise; and although these ships have been some time in commission, their late performances were nearly identical with the speed attained at the measured-mile trials.

In considering the speed hitherto attained, it must not be inferred that the present performances of our iron-clads are the utmost that *should be* within the capabilities of such vessels; although our present achievements in that particular enable us to contend successfully with the navies of rival powers. And we may rest assured that, having made such good progress in the reconstruction of our fleet, when the time comes for putting it to the test—which we earnestly hope may long be deferred—we shall prove that England's iron-clads are as well manned and as skilfully handled as our old "wooden walls" were in the most glorious epochs of our naval history; when, as was ever our wont, "we singed our enemy's beard" in his own ports, without waiting for him to come and attack us nearer home.

E. F. C.

S u c c e s s .

I.

A FIGURE terrible and bright,
 With smiling lips, that seemed to sneer,
 Dark eyes aflame with fierce delight,
 And grasping in her hand a spear.
 Those eyes might wound, but could not heal ;
 Those lips might curse, but could not bless.
 What is her name ? I dimly feel
 A murmur in my ears—" Success."

II.

" I fling," she said (her voice was loud,
 Like storm-winds on the mountain-tops),
 " A fading wreath among the crowd,
 A chance hand grasps it as it drops :
 With breathless awe the people gaze—
 A hero treads the earth again !
 Fit theme for wonder and for praise,
 Fit subject for a poet's strain.

III.

" The wearer goes his glorious way
 As meekly as his fame allows ;
 But soon the fragile blooms decay,
 The iron frame confines his brows.
 He asks new flowers—success is sweet—
 With eager cries and wild appeals ;
 With blinding tears he bathes my feet,
 And look !—I crush him as he kneels.

IV.

“ Ah, how men woo me ! they will leave
 The fondest eyes that ever shone
In faithful loneliness to grieve
 If with a smile I lure them on.
Oh, well is love the poet's song,
 And friendship is a truth indeed,
Immortal as the hills—so long
 As love is rich, and friends succeed.

V.

“ See you that woman's shrinking form,
 Who clasps in vain her pleading hands,
Whilst round her shrieks the deadly storm,
 And closer press the hostile bands.
Where are they now who praised her deeds,
 Her joyous court, her splendid throne ?
Is there no help ? The answer speeds—
 ‘ Go—let her reap as she has sown.’

VI.

“ Poor derelict of strength and fame !
 The firm ally, the trusty friend
Are only liberal of blame,
 And watch unmoved the bitter end.
Though old her tale, its time is now !
 To you and yours my words apply :
Write PARIS on that woman's brow,
 Then tell me, mortal, if I lie ! ”

W. P. L.

Shearing in Riverina, New South Wales.

"SHEARING commences to-morrow!" These apparently simple words were spoken by Hugh Gordon, the manager of Anabanco station, in the district of Riverina, in the colony of New South Wales, one Monday morning in the month of August. The utterance had its importance to every member of a rather extensive "corps dramatique" awaiting the industrial drama about to be performed.

A low sand-hill a few years since had looked out over a sea of grey plains, covered partly with grass, partly with salsiferous bushes and herbs. Two or three huts built of the trunks of the pine and roofed with the bark of the box-tree, and a skeleton-looking cattle-yard with its high "gallows" (a rude timber stage whereon to hang slaughtered cattle), alone broke the monotony of the plain-ocean. A comparatively small herd of cattle, 2,000 or 3,000, found more than sufficient pasturage during the short winter and spring, but were always compelled to migrate to mountain pastures, when the swamps, which alone in those days formed the water-stores of the run, were dried up. But two or three, or at most half-a-dozen, stockmen, were ever needed for the purpose of managing the herd, so inadequate in number and profitable occupation to this vast tract of grazing country.

But, a little later, one of the great chiefs of the wool-producing interest—a shepherd-king, so to speak, of shrewdness, energy, and capital,—had seen, approved and purchased the lease of this waste kingdom. Almost at once, as if by magic, the scene changed. Great gangs of navvies appeared wending their way across the silent plain. Dams were made, wells were dug. Tons of fencing-wire were dropped on the sand by the long line of teams which seemed never tired of arriving. Sheep by thousands, and tens of thousands, began to come grazing and cropping up to the lonely sandhill—now swarming with blacksmiths, carpenters, engineers, fencers, shepherds, bullock-drivers—till the place looked like a fair on the borders of Tartary.

Meanwhile everything was moving with calculated force and cost, under the "reign of law." The seeming expense was merely the economic truth of doing all the necessary work at once, rather than by instalments. One hundred men for one day rather than one man for one hundred days. Results soon began to demonstrate themselves. In twelve months the dams were full, the wells sending up their far-fetched priceless water, the wire-fences erected, the shepherds gone, and 17,000 sheep cropping the herbage of Anabanco. Tuesday was the day fixed for the actual commencement of the momentous, almost solemn transaction,—the pastoral Hegira, so

to speak, as the time of most station events is calculated with reference to it, as happening before or after shearing. But before the first shot is fired which tells of the battle begun, what raids and skirmishes, what reconnoitring and vidette duty must take place !

First arrives the cook-in-chief to the shearers, with two assistants, to lay in a few provisions for the week's consumption of seventy able-bodied men. I must here explain that the cook of a large shearing-shed is a highly paid and tolerably irresponsible official. He is paid and provided by the shearers. Payment is generally arranged on the scale of half-a-crown a head weekly from each shearer. For this sum he must provide punctual and effective cooking, paying out of his own pocket as many "marmitons" as may be needful for that end, and to satisfy his tolerably exacting and fastidious employers.

In the present case he confers with the storekeeper, Mr. de Vere ; a young gentleman of aristocratic connexions, who is thus gaining an excellent practical knowledge of the working of a large station,—and to this end has the store-keeping department entrusted to him during shearing.

He does not perhaps look quite fit for a croquet party as he stands now, with a flour-scoop in one hand and a pound of tobacco in the other. But he looks like a man at work, and also like a gentleman, as he is. "Jack the Cook" thus addresses him :

"Now, Mr. de Vere, I hope there's not going to be any humbugging about my rations and things ! The men are all up in their quarters, and as hungry as free selectors. They've been a-payin' for their rations for ever so long, and of course, now shearing's on, they're good for a little extra !"

"All right, Jack," returns De Vere, good-temperedly ; "all your lot was weighed out and sent away before breakfast. You must have missed the cart. Here's the list. I'll read it out to you :—Three bags flour, half a bullock, two bags sugar, a chest of tea, four dozen of pickles, four dozen of jam, two gallons of vinegar, five lbs. pepper, a bag of salt, plates, knives, forks, ovens, frying-pans, saucepans, iron pots, and about a hundred other things. Now, mind you, return all the cooking things safe, or *pay for them*—that's the order. You don't want anything more, do you ? You've got enough for a regiment of cavalry, I should think."

"Well, I don't know. There won't be much left in a week if the weather holds good," makes answer the chief, as one who thought nothing too stupendous to be accomplished by shearers ; "but I knew I'd forgot something. As I'm here I'll take a few dozen boxes of sardines, and a case of pickled salmon. The boys likes 'em, and, murder alive ! haven't we forgot the plums and currants ; a hundredweight of each, Mr. de Vere. They'll be crying out for plum-duff and currant buns for the afternoon ; and bullying the life out of me, if I haven't a few trifles like. It's a hard life, surely, a shearers' cook. Well, good-by, sir, you have 'em all down in the book."

Lest the reader should imagine that the rule of Mr. Gordon at Anabanco was a reign of luxury and that waste which tendeth to penury, let him be aware that all shearers in Riverina are paid at a certain rate, usually that of one pound per hundred sheep shorn. They agree, on the other hand, to pay for all supplies consumed by them at certain prices fixed before the shearing agreement is signed. Hence, it is entirely their own affair whether their mess bills are extravagant or economical. They can have anything within the rather wide range of the station store. *Pâtés de foie gras*, ortolans, roast ostrich, novels, top-boots, double-barrelled guns, *if they like to pay for them*—with one exception. No wine, no spirits! Neither are they permitted to bring these stimulants “on to the ground” for their private use. Grog at shearing? Matches in a powder-mill! It’s very sad and bad; but our Anglo-Saxon industrial or defensive champion cannot be trusted with the fire-water. Navvies, men-of-war’s men, soldiers, and shearers,—fine fellows all. But though the younger men might only drink in moderation, the majority and the older men are utterly without self-control once in the front of temptation. And wars, “wounds without cause,” hot heads, shaking hands, delay and bad shearing, would be the inevitable results of spirits “*à la discrétion*.” So much is this a matter of certainty from experience, that a clause is inserted and cheerfully signed, in most shearing agreements, “that any man getting drunk or bringing spirits on to the station during shearing, *loses the whole of the money earned by him*.” The men know that the restriction is for their benefit, as well as for the interest of the master, and join in the prohibition heartily.

Let us give a glance at the small army of working-men assembled at Anabanco,—one out of hundreds of stations in the colony of New South Wales, ranging from 100,000 sheep downwards. There are seventy shearers; about fifty washers, including the men connected with the steam-engine, boilers, bricklayers, &c.; ten or twelve boundary-riders, whose duty it is to ride round the large paddocks, seeing that the fences are all intact, and keeping a general look-out over the condition of the sheep; three or four overseers; half-a-dozen young gentlemen acquiring a practical knowledge of sheep-farming, or, as it is generally phrased, “colonial experience,” a comprehensive expression enough; a score or two of teamsters, with a couple of hundred horses or bullocks, waiting for the high-piled wool-bales, which are loaded up and sent away almost as soon as shorn; wool-sorters, pickers-up, pressers, yardsmen, extra shepherds. It may easily be gathered from this outline, what an “army with banners” is arrayed at Anabanco. While statistically inclined, it may be added, that the cash due for the shearing alone (less the mess-bill) amounts to 1,700*l.*; for the washing (roughly), 400*l.*, exclusive of provisions consumed, hutting, wood, water, cooking, &c. Carriage of wool 1,500*l.* Other hands from 80*l.* to 40*l.* per week. All of which disbursements take place within from eight to twelve weeks after the shears are in the first sheep.

Tuesday comes "big with fate." As the sun tinges the far sky-line, the shearers are taking a slight refecton of coffee and currant buns, to enable them to withstand the exhausting interval between six and eight o'clock, when the serious breakfast occurs. Shearers always diet themselves on the principle that the more they eat the stronger they must be. Digestion, as preliminary to muscular development, is left to take its chance. They certainly do get through a tremendous amount of work. The whole frame is at its utmost tension, early and late. But the preservation of health is due to their natural strength of constitution rather than to their profuse and unscientific diet. Half-an-hour after sunrise Mr. Gordon walks quietly into the vast building which contains the sheep and their shearers—called "the shed," par excellence. Everything is in perfect cleanliness and order. The floor swept and smooth, with its carefully planed boards of pale yellow aromatic pine. Small tramways, with baskets for the fleeces, run the wool up to the wool-tables, superseding the more general plan of hand-picking. At each side of the shed floor are certain small areas, four or five feet square, such space being found by experience to be sufficient for the postures and gymnastics practised during the shearing of a sheep. Opposite to each square is an aperture, communicating with a long narrow paved yard, outside of the shed. Through this each man pops his sheep when shorn, where he remains in company with the others shorn by the same hand, until counted out. This being done by the overseer or manager supplies a check upon hasty or unskilful work. The body of the wool-shed, floored with battens placed half an inch apart, is filled with the woolly victims. This enclosure is subdivided into minor pens, of which each fronts the place of two shearers, who catch from it until the pen is empty. When this takes place, a man for the purpose refills it. As there are local advantages, an equitable distribution of places has to be made by lot.

On every subdivision stands a shearer, as Mr. Gordon walks, with an air of calm authority, down the long aisle. Seventy men, chiefly in their prime, the flower of the working-men of the colony, they are variously gathered. England, Ireland, and Scotland are represented in the proportion of one half of the number; the other half is composed of native-born Australians.

Among these last—of pure Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic descent—are to be seen some of the finest men, physically considered, the race is capable of producing. Taller than their British-born brethren, with softer voices and more regular features, they inherit the powerful frames and unequalled muscular development of the breed. Leading lives chiefly devoted to agricultural labour, they enjoy larger intervals of leisure than is permissible to the labouring-classes of Europe. The climate is mild, and favourable to health. They have been accustomed, from childhood, to abundance of the best food; opportunities of intercolonial travel are frequent and common. Hence the Anglo-Australian labourer, without, on the one hand, the sharpened eagerness which marks his Transatlantic

cousin, has yet an air of independence and intelligence, combined with a natural grace of movement, unknown to the peasantry of Britain.

An idea is prevalent that the Australians are, as a race, physically inferior to the British. It is asserted that they grow too fast, tend to height and slenderness, and do not possess adequate stamina and muscle. The idea is erroneous. The men reared in the cities on the seaboard, living sedentary lives in shops, banks, or counting-houses, are doubtless more or less pale and slight of form. So are they who live under such conditions all over the world. But those youngsters who have followed the plough on the upland farms, or lived a wilder life on the stations of the far interior, who have had their fill of wheaten bread and beefsteaks since they could walk, and snuffed up the free bush breezes from infancy, they are *men*—

Stout of heart and ready of hand,
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland ;

—a business, I may remark, at which many of them would have distinguished themselves.

Take Abraham Lawson, as he stands there in a natural and unstudied attitude, six feet four in his stockings, wide-chested, stalwart, with a face like that of a Greek statue. Take Billy May, fair-haired, mild, insouciant, almost languid, till you see him at work. Then, again, Jack Windsor, handsome, saucy, and wiry as a bull-terrier—like him, with strong natural inclination for the combat ; good for any man of his weight, or a trifle over, with the gloves or without.

It is curious to note how the old English practice of settling disputes with nature's weapons has taken root in Australia. It would "gladden the sullen souls" of the defunct gladiators to watch two lads, whose fathers had never trodden England's soil, pull off their jackets, and go to work "hammer and tongs," with all the savage silence of the true island type.

It is now about seven o'clock. Mr. Gordon moves forward. As he does so, every man leans towards the open door of the pen in front of which he stands. The bell sounds ! With the first stroke each one of the seventy men has sprung upon a sheep ; has drawn it out—placed its head across his knee, and is working his shears, as if the "last man out" was to be flogged, or tarred and feathered at the least. Four minutes—James Steadman, who learned last year, has shorn down one side of his sheep ; Jack Holmes and Gundajai Bill are well down the other sides of theirs ; when Billy May raises himself with a jerking sigh, and releases his sheep, perfectly clean-shorn from the nose to the heels, through the aperture of his separate enclosure. With the same effort apparently he calls out "Wool !" and darts upon another sheep. Drawing this second victim across his knee, he buries his shear-points in the long wool of its neck. A moment after a lithe and eager boy has gathered up fleece number one, and tossed it into the train-basket. He is half-way down its side, the wool hanging in one fleece like a great glossy mat, before

you have done wondering whether he did really shear the first sheep, or whether he had not a ready-shorn one in his coat-sleeve—like a conjuror.

By this time Jack Holmes and Gundajai Bill are "out," or finished; and the cry of "Wool! wool!" seems to run continuously up and down the long aisles of the shed, like a single note upon some rude instrument. Now and then the "refrain" is varied by "Tar!" being shouted instead, when a piece of skin is snipped off as well as the wool. Great healing properties are attributed to this extract in the shed. And if a shearer slice off a piece of flesh from his own person, as occasionally happens, he gravely anoints it with the universal remedy, and considers that the onus then lies with Providence, there being no more that man can do. Though little time is lost, the men are by no means up to the speed which they will attain in a few days, when in full practice and training. Their nerve, muscle, eye, endurance, will be all at, so to speak, concert-pitch, and sheep after sheep will be shorn with a precision and celerity even awful to the unprofessional observer.

The unpastoral reader may be informed that speed and completeness of denudation are the grand desiderata in shearing; the employer thinks principally of the latter, the shearer principally of the former. To adjust equitably the proportion is one of those incomplete aspirations which torment humanity. Hence the contest—old as human society—between labour and capital.

This is the first day. According to old-established custom a kind of truce obtains. It is before the battle,—the "salut," when no hasty word or too demonstrative action can be suffered by the canons of good taste. Red Bill, Flash Jack, Jem the Scooper, and other roaring blades, more famous for expedition than faithful manipulation, are shearing to-day with a painstaking precision, as of men to whom character is everything.

Mr. Gordon marches softly up and down, regarding the shearers with a paternal and gratified expression, occasionally hinting at slight improvements of style, or expressing unqualified approval as a sheep is turned out shaven rather than shorn. All goes on well. Nothing is heard but expressions of good-will and enthusiasm for the general welfare. It is a triumph of the dignity of labour.

One o'clock. Mr. Gordon moved on to the bell and sounded it. At the first stroke several men on their way to the pens stopped abruptly and began to put on their coats. One fellow of an alert nature (Master Jack Windsor) had just finished his sheep and was sharpening his shears, when his eye caught Mr. Gordon's form in proximity to the final bell. With a bound, like a wild-cat, he reached the pen and drew out his sheep a bare second before the first stroke, amidst the laughter and congratulations of his comrades. Another man had his hand on the pen-gate at the same instant, but by the Median law was compelled to return sheepless. He was cheered, but ironically. Those whose sheep were in an unfinished stage quietly completed them; the others moving off to their

huts, where their board literally smoked with abundance. An hour passed. The meal was concluded; the smoke was over; and the more careful men were back in the shed sharpening their shears by two o'clock. Punctually at that hour the bell repeated its summons *da capo*. The warm afternoon gradually lengthened its shadows; the shears clicked in tireless monotone; the pens filled and became empty. The wool presses yawned for the mountain of fleeces which filled the bins in front of them, divided into various grades of excellence, and continuously disgorged them, neatly and cubically packed and branded.

At six the bell brought the day's work to a close. The sheep of each man were counted in his presence, and noted down with scrupulous care the record being written out in full and hung up for public inspection in the shed next day. This important ceremony over, master and men, manager, labourers and supernumeraries, betook themselves to their separate abodes with such keen avoidance of delay, that in five minutes not a soul was left in or near the great building lately so busy and populous, except the boys who were sweeping up the floor. The silence of ages seems to fall and settle upon it.

Next morning at a rather earlier hour every man is at his post. Business is meant decidedly. Now commences the delicate and difficult part of the superintendence which keeps Mr. Gordon at his post in the shed, nearly from daylight till dark, for from eight to ten weeks. During the first day he has formed a sort of gauge of each man's temper and workmanship. For now, and henceforth, the natural bias of each shearer will appear. Some try to shear too fast, and in their haste shear badly. Some are rough and savage with the sheep, which do occasionally kick and become unquiet at critical times; and it must be confessed are provoking enough. Some shear very fairly and handsomely to a superficial eye, but commit the unpardonable offence of "leaving wool on." Some are deceitful, shearing carefully when overlooked, but "racing" and otherwise misbehaving directly the eye of authority is diverted. These and many other tricks and defects require to be noted and abated, quietly but firmly, by the manager of the shed,—firmly because evil would develop and spread ruinously if not checked; quietly, because immense loss might be incurred by a strike. Shearing differs from other work in this wise: it is work against time, more especially in Riverina. If the wool be not off the backs of the sheep before November, all sorts of drawbacks and destructions supervene. The spear-shaped grass-seeds, specially formed as if in special collusion with the Evil One, hasten to bury themselves in the wool, and even in the flesh of the tender victims. Dust rises in red clouds from the unmoistened, betrampled meadows so lately verdurous and flower-spangled. From snowy white to an unlovely "bistre" turn the carefully washed fleeces, causing anathema from overseers and depreciation from brokers. All these losses of temper, trouble, and money, become inevitable if shearing be protracted, it may be, beyond a given week.

Hence, as in harvest with a short allowance of fair weather, discipline must be tempered with diplomacy. Lose your temper, and be over particular: off go Billy May, Abraham Lawson, and half-a-dozen of your best men, making a weekly difference of perhaps two or three thousand sheep for the remainder of the shearing. Can you not replace them? Not so! Every shed in Riverina will be hard at work during this present month of September and for every hour of October. Till that time not a shearer will come to your gate; except, perhaps, one or two useless, characterless men. Are you to tolerate bad workmanship? Not that either. But try all other means with your men before you resort to harshness; and be quite certain that your sentence is just, and that you can afford the defection.

So our friend Mr. Gordon, wise from many tens of thousands of shorn sheep that have been counted out past his steady eye, criticizes temperately, but watchfully. He reproofs sufficiently, and no more, any glaring fault; makes his calculation as to who are really bad shearers, and can be discharged without loss to the commonwealth, or who can shear fairly and can be coached up to a decent average. One division, slow, and good only when slow, have to be watched lest they emulate "the talent," and so come to grief. Then "the talent" has to be mildly admonished from time to time lest they force the pace, set a bad example, and lure the other men on to "racing." This last leads to slovenly shearing, ill-usage of the sheep, and general dissatisfaction.

Tact, temper, patience, and firmness are each and all necessary in that Captain of Industry, who has the very delicate and important task of superintending a large wool-shed. Hugh Gordon had shown all in such proportion as would have made him a distinguished man anywhere, had fortune not adjusted for him this particular profession. Calm with the consciousness of strength, he was kind and considerate in manner as in nature, until provoked by glaring dishonesty or incivility. Then the lion part of his nature woke up, so that it commonly went ill with the aggressor. As this was matter of public report, he had little occasion to spoil the repose of his bearing. Day succeeds day, and for a fortnight the machinery goes on smoothly and successfully. The sheep arrive at an appointed day and hour by detachments and regiments at the wash-pen. They depart thence, like good boys on Saturday night, redolent of soap and water, and clean to a fault;—entering the shed white and flossy as newly-combed poodles, to emerge, on the way back to their pasturage, slim, delicate, agile, with a bright black A legibly branded with tar on their paper-white skins.

The Anabanco world—stiffish but undaunted—is turning out of bed one morning. Ha! what sounds are these? and why does the room look so dark? Rain, as I'm alive. "Hurrah!" says Master Jack Bowles, one of the young gentlemen. He is learning (more or less) practical sheep-farming, preparatory to having (one of these days) an Anabanco of his own. "Well, this is a change, and I'm not sorry for one," quot-

Mr. Jack. "I'm stiff all over. No one can stand such work long. Won't the shearers growl? No shearing to-day, and perhaps none to-morrow either." Truth to tell, Mr. Bowles' sentiments are not confined to his ingenuous bosom. Some of the shearers grumble at being stopped "just as a man was earning a few shillings." Those who are in top pace and condition don't like it. But to many of the rank and file—working up to and a little beyond their strength—with whom swelled wrists and other protests of nature are becoming apparent, it is a relief, and they are glad of the respite. So at dinner-time all the sheep in the sheds, put in overnight in anticipation of such a contingency, are reported shorn. All hands are then idle for the rest of the day. The shearers dress and avail themselves of various resources. Some go to look at their horses, now in clover, or its equivalent, in the Riverina graminetum. Some play cards, others wash or mend their clothes. A large proportion of the Australians having armed themselves with paper, envelopes, and a shilling's-worth of stamps from the store, bethink themselves of neglected or desirable correspondents. Many a letter for Mrs. Leftalone, Wallaroo Creek, or Miss Jane Sweetapple, Honeysuckle Flat, as the case may be, will find its way into the post-bag to-morrow. A pair of the youngsters are having a round or two with the gloves; while to complete the variety of recreations compatible with life at a wool-shed, a selected troupe are busy in the comparative solitude of that building, at a rehearsal of a tragedy and a farce, with which they intend, the very next rainy day, to astonish the population of Anabanco.

At the home-station a truce to labour's "alarms" is proclaimed except in the case and person of Mr. de Vere. So far is he from participation in the general holiday, that he finds the store thronged with shearers, washers, and "knock-about men," who being let loose, think it would be nice to go and buy something "pour passer le temps." He therefore grumbles slightly at having no rest like other people.

"That's all very fine," says Mr. Jack Bowles, who, seated on a case, is smoking a large meerschaum and mildly regarding all things; "but what have you got to do when we're all *hard at work* at the shed?" with an air of great importance and responsibility.

"That's right, Mr. Bowles," chimes in one of the shearers; "stand up for the shed. I never see a young gentleman work as hard as you do."

"Bosh!" growls De Vere; "as if anybody couldn't gallop about from the shed to the wash-pen, and carry messages, and give half of them wrong! Why, Mr. Gordon said the other day, he should have to take you off and put on a Chinaman,—that he couldn't make more mistakes."

"All envy and malice, and t'other thing, De Vere, because you think I'm rising in the profession," returns the good-natured Bowles. "Mr. Gordon's going to send 20,000 sheep, after shearing, to the Lik Lak paddock, and he said I should go in charge."

"Charge be hanged!" laughs De Vere (with two very bright-patterned Crimean shirts, one in each hand, which he offers to a tall young shearer

for inspection). "There's a well there, and whenever either of the two men, of whom you'll have *charge*, gets sick or runs away, you'll have to work the whim in his place, till another man's sent out, if it's a month."

This appalling view of station promotion rather startles Mr. Jack, who applies himself to his meerschaum, amid the ironical *comments* of the shearers. However, not easily daunted or "shut up," according to the more familiar station phrase, he rejoins, after a brief interval of contemplation, "that accidents will happen, you know, De Vere, my boy—*apropos* of which moral sentiment, I'll come and help you in your dry-goods business; and then, look here, if *you* get ill or run away, I'll have a profession to fall back upon." This is held to be a Roland of sufficient pangency for De Vere's Oliver. Every one laughed. And then the two youngsters betook themselves to a humorous puffing of the miscellaneous contents of the store: tulip-beds of gorgeous Crimean shirts, boots, books, tobacco, canvas-slippers, pocket-knives, Epsom salts, pipes, pickles, painkillers, pocket-handkerchiefs and pills, sardines, saddles, shears and sauces; in fact everything which every kind of man might want, and which apparently every man did want, for large and various were the purchases, and great the flow of conversation. Finally, everything was severely and accurately debited to the purchasers, and the store was cleared and locked up. A large store is a necessity of a large station; not by any means because of the profit upon goods sold, but it obviously would be bad economy for old Bill, the shepherd, or Barney, the bullock-driver, to visit the next township, from ten to thirty miles distant, as the case may be, every time the farmer wanted a pound of tobacco, or the latter a pair of boots. They might possibly obtain these necessary articles as good in quality, as cheap in price. But there are wolves in that wood, oh, my weak brothers! In all towns dwells one of the "sons of the Giant"—the Giant Grog—red-eyed, with steel muscles and iron claws; once in these, which have held many and better men to the death, Barney nor Bill emerges, save pale, fevered, nerveless, and impecunious. So arose the station store. Barney befits himself with boots without losing his feet; Bill fills his pocket with match-boxes and smokes the pipe of sobriety, virtuous perforce till his carnival, after shearing.

The next day was wet, and threatened further broken weather. Matters were not too placid with the shearers. A day or two for rest is very well, but continuous wet weather means compulsory idleness, and gloom succeeds repose; for not only are all hands losing time and earning no money, but they are, to use the language of the stable, "eating their heads off" the while. The rather profuse mess and general expenditure, which caused little reflection when they were earning at the rate of two or three hundred a year, became unpleasantly suggestive, now that all is going out and nothing coming in. Hence loud and deep were the anathemas as the discontented men gazed sadly or wrathfully at the misty sky.

A few days' showery weather, having, therefore, well nigh driven our shearers to desperation, out comes the sun in all his glory. He is never far away or very faint in Riverina. All the pens are filled for the morrow; very soon after the earliest sunbeams the bell sounds its welcome summons, and the whole force tackles to the work with an ardour proportioned to the delay, every man working as if for the ransom of his whole family from slavery. How men work spurred on by the double excitement of acquiring social reputation and making money rapidly! Not an instant is lost; not a nerve, limb, or muscle doing less than the hardest task-master could flog out of a slave. Occasionally you see a shearer, after finishing his sheep, walk quickly out, and not appearing for a couple of hours, or perhaps not again during the day. Do not put him down as a sluggard; be assured that he has tasked nature dangerously hard, and has only given in just before she does. Look at that silent slight youngster, with a bandage round his swollen wrist. Every "blow" of the shears is agony to him, yet he disdains to give in, and has been working "in distress" for hours. The pain is great, as you can see by the flush which occasionally surges across his brown face, yet he goes on manfully to the last sheep, and endures to the very verge of fainting.

There was now a change in the manner and tone of the shed, especially towards the end of the day. It was now the ding of the desperate fray, when the blood of the fierce animal man is up, when mortal blows are exchanged, and curses float upward with the smoke and dust. The ceaseless clicking of the shears—the stern earnestness of the men, toiling with a feverish and tireless energy—the constant succession of sheep shorn and let go, caught and commenced—the occasional savage oath or passionate gesture, as a sheep kicked and struggled with perverse delaying obstinacy—the cuts and stabs, with attendant effusion of blood, both of sheep and shearers—the brief decided tones of Mr. Gordon, in repression or command—all told the spectator that tragic action was introduced into the performance. Indeed, one of the minor excitements of shearing was then and there transacted. Mr. Gordon had more than once warned a dark sullen-looking man that he did not approve of his style of shearing. He was temporarily absent, and on his return found the same man about to let go a sheep, whose appearance, as a shorn wool-bearing quadruped, was painful and discreditable in the extreme.

"Let your sheep go, my man," said he, in a tone which somehow arrested the attention of nearly all the shearers; "but don't trouble yourself to catch another!"

"Why not?" said the delinquent, sulkily.

"You know very well why not!" replied Gordon, walking closely up to him, and looking straight at him with eyes that began to glitter. "You've had fair warning; you've not chosen to take it. Now you can go!"

"I suppose you'll pay a man for the sheep he's shorn?" growled out the ruffian.

"Not one shilling until after shearing. You can come then if you like," answered Mr. Gordon, with perfect distinctness.

The cowed bully looked savagely at him; but the tall powerful frame and steady eye were not inviting for personal arbitration of the matter in hand. He put up his two pairs of shears, put on his coat, and walked out of the shed. The time was passed when Red Bill or Terrible Dick (ruffians whom a sparse labour-market rendered necessary evils) would have flung down his shears upon the floor and told the manager that if he didn't like that shearing he could shear his — sheep himself and be hanged to him; or, on refusal of instant payment, would have proposed to bury his shears in the intestines of his employer by way of adjusting the balance between Capital and Labour. Many wild tales are told of wool-shed rows. I knew of one squatter stabbed mortally with that fatal and convenient weapon, a shear-blade.

The man thus summarily dealt with could, like most of his companions, shear very well if he took pains. Keeping to a moderate number of sheep, his workmanship could be good. But he must needs try and keep up with Billy May or Abraham Lawson, who can shear from 100 to 130 sheep per day, and do them beautifully. So in "racing" he works hastily and badly, cuts the skin of his luckless sheep nearly as often as the wool, and leaves wool here and there on them, grievous and exasperating to behold. So sentence of expulsion goes forth fully against him. Having arrayed himself for the road he makes one more effort for a settlement and some money wherewith to pay for board and lodging on the road. Only to have a mad carouse at the nearest township, however; after which he will tell a plausible story of his leaving the shed on account of Mr. Gordon's temper, and avail himself of the usual free hospitality of the bush to reach another shed. He addresses Mr. Gordon with an attempt at conciliation and deference.

"It seems very 'ard, sir, as a man can't get the trifle of money coming to him, which I've worked 'ard for."

"It's very hard you won't try and shear decently," retorts Mr. Gordon by no means conciliated. "Leave the shed!"

Ill-conditioned rascal as he is, he has a mate or travelling-companion in whose breast exists some rough idea of fidelity. He now takes up the dialogue.

"I suppose if Jim's shearing don't suit, mine won't either."

"I did not speak to you," answered Mr. Gordon, as calmly as if he had expected the speech; "but of course you can go too." He said this with an air of studied unconcern, as if he would rather like a dozen more men to knock off work. The two men walk out; but the epidemic does not spread; and several take the lesson home and mend their ways accordingly.

The weather now was splendid; not a cloud specked the bright blue

sky. The shearers continue to work at the same express-train pace ; fifty bales of wool roll every day from the wool-presses ; as fast as they reach that number they are loaded upon the numerous drays and waggons which have been waiting for weeks. Tall brown men have been recklessly cutting up hides for the last fortnight, wherewith to lash the bales securely. It is considered safer practice to load wool as soon as may be ; fifty bales represent about a thousand pounds sterling. In a building, however secure, should a fire break out, a few hundred bales are easily burned ; but once on the dray, this much-dreaded " *edax rerum* " in a dry country has little chance. The driver, responsible to the extent of his freight, generally sleeps under his dray ; hence both watchman and insulation are provided.

The unrelaxing energy with which the work was pushed at this stage was exciting and contagious ; at or before daylight every soul in the great establishment was up. The boundary-riders were always starting off for a twenty or thirty mile ride, and bringing tens of thousands of sheep to the wash-pen ; at that huge lavatory there was splashing and soaking all day with an army of washers ; not a moment is lost from daylight till dark, or used for any purpose save the all-engrossing work and needful food. At nine o'clock p.m. luxurious dreamless sleep, given only to those whose physical powers have been taxed to the utmost and who can bear without injury the daily tension.

Everything and everybody were in splendid working order,—nothing out of gear. Rapid and regular as a steam-engine the great host of toilers moved onward daily with a march which promised an unusually early completion. Mr. Gordon was not in high spirits,—for so cautious and far-seeing a captain rarely felt himself so independent of circumstances as to indulge in that reckless mood—but much satisfied with the prospect. Whew ! the afternoon darkens, and the night is delivered over to water-spouts and hurricanes, as it appears. Next day raw, gusty, with chill heavy showers, drains to be cut, roofs to be seen to, shorn sheep shivering, washers all playing pitch-and-toss, shearers sulky ; everybody but the young gentlemen wearing a most injured expression of countenance. " Looks as if it would rain for a month," says Long Jack. " If we hadn't been delayed might have had the shearing over by this." Reminded that there are 50,000 sheep yet remaining to be shorn, and that by no possibility could they have been finished. Answers, " he supposes so, always the same, everything sure to go agin the poor man." The weather did not clear up. Winter seemed to have taken thought, and determined to show even this land of eternal summer that he had his rights. The shed would be filled, and before the sheep so kept dry were shorn, down would come the rain again. Not a full day's shearing for ten days. Then the clouds disappeared as if the curtain of a stage had been rolled up, and lo ! the golden sun fervid and impatient to obliterate the track of winter.

The first day after the recommencement, matters went much as usual,

Steady work and little talk, as if every one was anxious to make up for the lost time. But on the second morning after breakfast, when the bell sounded, instead of the usual cheerful dash at the sheep, every man stood silent and motionless in his place. Some one uttered the words "roll up!" Then the seventy men converged, and slowly, but with one impulse, walked up to the end of the shed where stood Mr. Gordon.

The concerted action of any body of men bears with it an element of power which commands respect. The weapon of force is theirs, it is at their option to wield it with or without mercy. At one period of Australian colonization a superintendent in Mr. Gordon's position might have had good ground for uneasiness. Mr. Jack Bowles saw in it an "émeute" of a democratic and sanguinary nature, regretted deeply his absent revolver, but drew up to his leader prepared to die by his side. That calm centurion felt no such serious misgivings. He knew that there had been dire grumbling among the shearers in consequence of the weather. He knew that there were malcontents among them. He was prepared for some sort of demand on their part, and had concluded to make certain concessions of a moderate degree. So looking cheerfully at the men, he quietly awaited the deputation. As they neared him there was a little hesitation, and then three delegates came to the front. These were Old Ben, Abraham Lawson, and Billy May. Ben Thornton had been selected from his age and long experience of the rights and laws of the craft. He was a weather-beaten, wiry old Englishman, whose face and accent, darkened as the former was by the Australian summers of half a century, still retained the trace of his native Devonshire. It was his boast that he had shorn for forty years, and as regularly "knocked-down" (or spent in a single debauch) his shearing-money. Lawson represented the small freeholders, being a steady, shrewd fellow, and one of the fastest shearers. Billy May stood for the fashion and "talent," being the "Ringer," or fastest shearer of the whole assembly, and as such truly admirable and distinguished.

"Well now, men," quoth Mr. Gordon, cheerily meeting matters half-way, "what's it all about?" The younger delegate looked at old Ben, who, now that it "was demanded of him to speak the truth," or such dilution thereof as might seem most favourable to the interests of the shed, found a difficulty like many wiser men about his exordium.

"Well, Muster Gordon," at length he broke forth, "look'ee here, sir. The weather's been awful bad, and clean agin shearing. We've not been earning our grub, and——"

"So it has," answered the manager, "so it has; but can I help the weather? I'm as anxious as you are to have the shearing over quickly. We're both of one mind about that, eh?"

"That's all right enough, sir," struck in Abraham Lawson; who felt that Ben was getting the worst of the argument, and was moreover far less fluent than usual, probably from being deprived of the aid of the customary expletives: "but we're come to say this, sir: that the season's turned out

very wet indeed ; we've had a deal of broken time, and the men feel it very hard to be paying for a lot of rations, and hardly earning anything. We're shearing the sheep very close and clean. You won't have 'em done no otherways. Not like some sheds where a man can 'run' a bit and make up for lost time. Now we've all come to think this, sir, that if we're to go on shearing the sheep well, and to stick to them, and get them done before the dust and grass-seed come in, that you ought to make us some allowance. We know we've agreed for so much a hundred, and all that. Still as the season's turned so out-and-out bad, we hope you'll consider it and make it up to us somehow."

"Never knew a worse year," corroborated Billy May, who thought it indispensable to say something ; "haven't made enough, myself, to pay the cook."

This was not strictly true, at any rate, as to Master Billy's own earnings ; he being such a remarkably fast shearer (and good withal), that he had always a respectable sum credited to him for his day's work, even when many of the slower men came off short enough.

However, enough had been said to make Mr. Gordon fully comprehend the case. The men were dissatisfied. They had come in a roundabout way to the conclusion that some pecuniary concession, not mentioned in their bond, should come from the side of capital to that of labour. Whether wages, interest of capital, share of profits, reserve fund, they knew not nor cared. This was their stand. And being Englishmen they intended to abide by it.

The manager had considered the situation before it actually arose. He now rapidly took in the remaining points of debate. The shearers had signed a specific agreement for a stipulated rate of payment, irrespective of the weather. By the letter of the law, they had no case. Whether they made little or much profit, was not his affair. But he was a just and kindly man, as well as reasonably politic. They had shorn well, and the weather had been discouraging. He knew too, that an abrupt denial might cause a passive mutiny, if not a strike. If they set themselves to thwart him, it was in their power to shear badly, to shear slowly, and to force him to discharge many of them. He might have them fined, perhaps imprisoned by the police-court. Meanwhile how could shearing go on ? Dust and grass-seeds would soon be upon them. He resolved on a compromise, and spoke out at once in a firm and decided tone as the men gathered up yet more closely around him.

"Look here, all of you ; you know very well that I'm not bound to find you in fine weather. Still I am aware that the season has been against you ; you have shorn pretty well, so far, though I've had to make examples, and am quite ready to make more. What I am willing to do, is this : to every man who works on till the finish and shears to my satisfaction, I will make a fair allowance in the ration account. That is, I will make no charge for the beef. Does that suit you ?" There

was a chorus of "All right sir, we're satisfied." "Mr. Gordon always does the fair thing," &c. And work was immediately resumed with alacrity.

The clerk of the weather, too gracious even in these regions as far as the absence of rain is concerned, was steadily propitious. Cloudless skies and a gradually ascending thermometer alone were the signs that spring was changing into summer. The splendid herbage ripened and dried; patches of bare earth began to be discernible amid the late thick-swarded pastures, dust to rise and cloud-pillars of sand to float and eddy,—the desert genii of the Arab. But the work went on at a high rate of speed, outpacing the fast-coming summer; and before any serious disasters arose, the last flock was "on the battens," and, amid ironical congratulations, the "cobbler," or last sheep was seized, and stripped of his rather dense and difficult fleece. In ten minutes the vast wool-shed, lately echoing with the ceaseless click of the shears, the jests, the songs, the oaths of the rude congregation, was silent and deserted. The floors were swept, the pens closed, the sheep on their way to a distant paddock. Not a soul remains about the building but the pressers, who stay to work at the rapidly lessening piles of fleeces in the bins, or a meditative teamster who sits musing on a wool-bale, absorbed in a calculation as to when his load will be made up.

It is sundown, a rather later time of closing than usual, but rendered necessary by the possibility of the "grand finale." The younger men troop over to the hut, larking like schoolboys. Abraham Lawson throws a poncho over his broad shoulders, lights his pipe, and strides along, towering above the rest, erect and stately as a guardsman. Considerably more so than you or I, reader, would have been, had we shorn 180 sheep, as he has done to-day. Billy May has shorn 142, and he puts his hand on the five-foot paling fence of the yard and vaults over it like a deer, preparatory to a swim in the creek. At dinner you will see them all with fresh Crimeans and Jerseys, clean, comfortable, and in grand spirits. Next morning is settling-day. The book-keeping department at Anabanco being severely correct, all is in readiness. Each man's tally or number of sheep shorn has been entered daily to his credit. His private and personal investments at the store have been as duly debited. The shearers, as a corporation, have been charged with the multifarious items of their rather copious mess-bill. This sum total is divided by the number of the shearers, the extract being the amount for which each man is liable. This sum varies in its weekly proportion at different sheds. With an extravagant cook, or cooks, the weekly bill is often alarming. When the men and their functionary study economy it may be kept very reasonably low.

The men have been sitting or standing about the office for half-an-hour when Mr. Jack Bowles rushes out, and shouts "William May." That young person, excessively clean, attired in a quiet tweed suit, with his hair cut very correctly short, advances with an air of calm intrepidity, and

faces Mr. Gordon, now seated at a long table, wearing a judicial expression of countenance.

"Well, May! here's your account:—

So many sheep, at £1 per 100	£	_____
Cook, so many weeks	£	_____
Shearing store account	£	_____
Private store account.....	£	_____
Total	£	_____

"Is the tally of your sheep right? Oh! I daresay it's all right, Mr. Gordon. I made it so and so; about ten less."

"Well, well! ours is correct, no doubt. Now I want to make up a good subscription for the hospital this year. How much will you give? you've done pretty well, I think."

"Put me down a pound, sir."

"Very well, that's fair enough; if every one gives what they can afford, you men will always have a place to go to when you're hurt or laid up. So I put your name down, and you'll see it in the published list. Now about the shearing, May. I consider that you've done your work very well, and behaved very well all through. You're a fast shearer, but you shear closely, and don't knock your sheep about. I therefore do not charge you for any part of your meat-bill, and I pay you at the rate of half-a-crown a hundred for all your sheep, over and above your agreement. Will that do?"

"Very well, indeed, and I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Gordon."

"Well, good-by, May! always call when you're passing, and if any work is going on you'll get your share. Here's your cheque. Send in Lawson." Exit May, in high spirits, having cleared about three pounds per week, during the whole term of shearing, and having lived a far from unpleasant life, indeed akin to that of a fighting cock, from the commencement to the end of that period.

Lawson's interview may be described as having very similar results. He, also, was a first-class shearer, though not so artistic as the gifted Billy. Jack Windsor's saucy blue eyes twinkled merrily as he returned to his companions, and incontinently leaped on the back of his wild-eyed colt. After these three worthies came a shearer named Jacks; he belonged to quite a different class; he could shear very well if he pleased, but had a rooted disbelief that honesty was the best policy, and a fixed determination to shear as many sheep as he could get the manager to pass. By dint of close watching, constant reprimand, and occasional "raddling" (marking badly-shorn sheep and refusing to count them), Mr. Gordon had managed to tone him down to average respectability of execution; still he was always uneasily aware that whenever his eye was not upon him, Jackson was doing what he ought not to do with might and main. He had, indeed, kept him on from sheer necessity, but he intended none the less to mark his opinion of him.

"Come in, Jackson! your tally is so-and-so. Is that right?"

Jackson.—"I suppose so."

"Cook and store account, so much; shearing account so much."

Jackson.—"And a good deal too."

"That is your affair," said Mr. Gordon, sternly enough. "Now look here: you're in my opinion a bad shearer and a bad man. You have given me a great deal of trouble, and I should have kicked you out of the shed weeks ago, if I had not been short of men; I shall make a difference between you and men who have tried to do their best; I make you no allowance of any sort; I pay you by the strict agreement; there's your cheque. Go!"

Jackson goes out with a very black countenance. He mutters with a surly oath that if "he'd known how he was going to be served he'd ha' 'blocked' 'em a little more." He is pretty well believed to have been served right, and he secures no sympathy whatever. Working-men of all classes are shrewd and fair judges generally. If an employer does his best to mete out justice he is always appreciated and supported by the majority. These few instances will serve as a description of the whole process of settling with the shearers. The horses have all been got in. Great catching and saddling-up has taken place all the morning. By the afternoon the whole party are dispersed to the four winds: some, like Abraham Lawson and his friends, to sheds "higher up," in a colder climate, where shearing necessarily commences later. From these they will pass to others, until the last sheep in the mountain runs are shorn. Then those who have not farms of their own betake themselves to reaping. Billy May and Jack Windsor are quite as ready to back themselves against time in the wheat-field as on the shearing-floor. Harvest over, they find their pockets inconveniently full, so they commence to visit their friends and repay themselves for their toils by a tolerably liberal allowance of rest and recreation.

Old Ben and a few choice specimens of the olden time get no further than the nearest public-house. Their cheques are handed to the landlord and a "stupendous and terrible spree" sets in. At the end of a week he informs them that they have received liquor to the amount of their cheques—something over a hundred pounds—save the mark! They meekly acquiesce, as is their custom. The landlord generously presents them with a glass of grog each, and they take the road for the next woolshed.

The shearers being despatched, the sheep-washers, a smaller and less regarded force, file up. They number some forty men. Nothing more than fair bodily strength, willingness and obedience being required in their case, they are more easy to get and to replace than shearers. They are a varied and motley lot. That powerful and rather handsome man is a New Yorker, of Irish parentage. Next to him is a slight, neat, quiet individual. He was a lieutenant in a line regiment. The lad in the rear was a Sandhurst cadet. Then came two navvies and a New Zealander, five

Chinamen, a Frenchman, two Germans, Tin Pot, Jerry, and Wallaby—three aboriginal blacks. There are no invidious distinctions as to caste colour, or nationality. Every one is a man and a brother at sheep washing. Wage, one pound per week; wood, water, tents, and food “à la discrétion.” Their accounts are simple: so many weeks, so many pounds; store account, so much; hospital? well, five shillings; cheque good-morning.

The wool-pressers, the fleece-rollers, the fleece-pickers, the yardsmen, the washers' cooks, the hut cooks, the spare shepherds; all these and a few other supernumeraries inevitable at shearing-time, having been paid off, the snow-storm of cheques which has been fluttering all day comes to an end. Mr. Gordon and the remaining “sous-officiers” go to rest that night with much of the mental strain removed which has been telling on every waking moment for the last two months.

The long train of drays and waggons, with loads varying from twenty to forty-five bales, has been moving off in detachments since the commencement. In a day or two the last of them will have rolled heavily away. The 1,400 bales, averaging three and a half hundredweight, are distributed, slow journeying, along the road, which they mark from afar, standing huge and columnar like guide tumuli, from Anabanco to the waters of the Murray. Between the two points there is neither a hill nor a stone. All is the vast monotonous sea of plain—at this season a prairie-meadow exuberant of vegetation; in the late summer, or in the occasional and dreaded phenomenon of a *dry winter*, dusty, and herbless as a brickfield, for hundreds of miles.

Silence falls on the plains and waters of Anabanco for the next six months. The wool-shed, the wash-pen, and all the huts connected with them, are lone and voiceless as caravanserais in a city of the plague.

A Lady's Encounter with Brigands in Asia Minor.

It was in the spring of the year that, after having spent some months in Constantinople, and thoroughly explored everything of interest appertaining to its neighbourhood, we decided on making an expedition to Broussa, not intending to penetrate further than that town into the interior of Asia Minor. The journey was made per steamer in five hours from Constantinople to Moudaniah, a small port on the Asiatic coast of the Sea of Marmora; and thence another five hours on horseback, through a most beautiful country, brought us to Broussa, lying snugly nestled amongst gardens at the foot of Olympus, the distant views of the snow-clad mountain, as you emerge into the plain of Broussa, being more beautiful than I can find words to describe. We found comfortable, but not luxurious, quarters at the Hôtel du Mont Olympe. It is situated on a height overlooking the plain of Broussa, always beautiful, and in early summer especially so, the mulberry-trees, which form a striking feature in the landscape, being in full leaf, and the whole plain a perfect sea of verdure.

I will not weary the reader by attempting to give any description of Broussa, its beautiful mosques, the thoroughly Oriental characteristics of its buildings and inhabitants, the marvellous luxuriance of its vegetation, the forests of magnificent chestnuts, planes, and cypresses with which its plain, as well as the sides of Olympus, are clothed; I will not expatiate on the value of its mineral waters, rushing out at boiling-point from the rocks; nor, though I feel sorely tempted to do so, will I dwell on our ascent of Mount Olympus (the height of which is variously estimated from 8,000 to 10,000 feet), and the glorious and magnificent sunrise which we witnessed from the summit: all these details, as well as many others, having been too often already described. I cannot, however, leave it without mentioning the kindness and hospitality of the British Consul, who had no sooner heard of our intention to extend our journey into the country, than he first endeavoured to persuade us to abandon it, on the score of the depredations that had been lately committed on the persons of unwary travellers by the bands of brigands, headed by the formidable chiefs, Manoli and Lefteri; and, finding this to be useless, placed his services at our disposal, to expedite our departure, and to diminish as much as possible the risks of our contemplated visit to Nicæa.

Our object was to travel to Yalova, a small village on the Gulf of Ismid, about 120 miles from Broussa—no great distance, it is true, though we were three days in accomplishing it, owing to the badness of

the roads, and to the fact that it was useless to travel faster than our luggage, all of which had to be carried on ponies. As we left the last hotel behind us at Broussa, it was necessary to procure a firman, which, on being presented to the mudir, or head man of any village, would oblige him to supply us with food and lodging, even though to get this last it might be necessary to eject from their dwellings the unfortunate inhabitants.

The firman, by the aid of the Consul, was furnished to us without any difficulty, as well as two zaptiers or guards, who, though armed to the teeth, carried weapons of such an antiquated sort that I am afraid, had their services been required, they would have proved more ornamental than available. Our troubles were somewhat augmented by the fact that the houses are at that time of the year filled with silkworms, which are not only very disagreeable neighbours of themselves, but which the natives, out of dread of their suffering from "the evil eye," will allow no one to approach.

On the second day we reached Nicea, when one of the ladies of our party showed such evident signs of exhaustion, that, to save her another long day's ride, as well as to avoid the brigands, who, we were informed, mustered in force along the road, we decided on sending on our horses and crossing the lake in a boat to Bazarkeui, which, we were assured by the natives, we could not fail to reach in six hours, even though we had to row the whole way. The transit took twenty hours, however, and had it not been for the wisdom of our dragoman, who had luckily bethought him of bringing the remains of a chicken, we should have had no food; all our eloquence having failed in persuading the boatmen to approach any of the villages on the bank, as they said they were afraid of the boat being fired into by the brigands. To say the truth, however, I felt very much in doubt whether they were not themselves brigands; and as night came on, the intense quiet and loneliness of the place, combined with the knowledge that we had only one revolver wherewith to defend ourselves in case of attack, and that these men had just told us they had lately been released from imprisonment for having given the brigands a passage in the very boat we were in, had such an effect upon me, that I was much too nervous to close my eyes, and felt almost angry with my fellow-travellers for slumbering so peacefully around me. Most thankful was I to arrive next morning at the very respectable farmhouse of Bazarkeui, where, after enjoying under the trees a most excellent breakfast, we bade adieu to the boat, mounted our horses, and the afternoon of the same day arrived, after an intensely hot ride, at Yalova, where we thought we might safely congratulate ourselves on having left all danger behind; but, as the sequel will show, Yalova was after all to prove the field of my first, and, as I hope, last encounter with brigands.

We had accepted the invitation thither of an English gentleman, who, notwithstanding the many difficulties by which he was surrounded, had for some years been trying to develop the resources of a very large estate,

consisting, as I understood, of about 17,000 acres. He had for this purpose, at very great expense, imported some of the latest specimens of agricultural machinery, and had established a good many Scotchmen on the farm; in fact, Yalova at that time might be looked upon as a model farm, and the indefatigable and persevering efforts of our host, in thus endeavouring to supply a want most urgently felt in Turkey, were deserving of all praise.

The house which Mr. S—— occupied on his arrival at Yalova stood in the valley, surrounded by a village; but, in the hope of avoiding the effects of the malaria, very deadly in the melon-season, and in order to be in a position from which he could command a view of the works he had undertaken, he built a most comfortable house on an elevated plateau, overlooking the Sea of Marmora and the Gulf of Ismid; there was, however, one great disadvantage in the site he had chosen, in that it was very isolated, so that attack ensuing, any succour from without was hardly possible.

My fellow-travellers, after having spent a week at Yalova, making daily excursions in the neighbourhood, enjoying the most beautiful mountain and woodland scenery, which, for its wildness and solitude I have never seen surpassed, returned to Constantinople. I, however, being most anxious to complete some sketches which I had commenced, most readily accepted the kind invitation of Mr. S—— to remain a few days longer.

The day after the departure of our friends I was sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. S——, thinking of anything in the world but brigands, and talking over the delightful ride we had had that day, when, at about ten o'clock at night, our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the most violent screams proceeding from downstairs.

The cause of this was immediately made manifest by the English maid rushing breathless into the room, saying that there were robbers trying to break into the house. This did not, however, much disturb the equanimity of my host, who nevertheless went to see what was the matter. It turned out to be a far more serious affair than he had anticipated. He soon returned, bringing with him his cavass, Bairam, and we saw them, after a good deal of whispering at the top of the stairs, examining and loading their arms. In the meantime the knocking and clamouring at the back-door became every moment more violent, and there was no longer any room for doubting the accuracy of the maid's story; for it was evident that the brigands, whom I had, to my great joy, succeeded in avoiding during our travels, were at last upon us.

Our defenders, having completed their preparations, and entreated of us on no account to think of leaving the drawing-room, as our only chance of safety depended upon their being left absolutely unencumbered, went downstairs to meet their assailants. Their injunctions, so far as I was concerned, were needless, as, far from having the slightest idea of facing the enemy, I was perfectly paralysed with fright. Mrs. S——, however, after a little while, the thundering at the door having ceased

rushed downstairs, declaring she would share her husband's fate, whatever that might be. Throughout all the subsequent events of this dreadful night, this was to me perhaps the most trying moment of all; waiting in breathless expectation of hearing the first shot fired, and feeling that if anything happened to Mr. S—— we two women would be left entirely at the mercy of a band of ruffians disappointed in the hope of plunder, and infuriated by a resistance which I felt beforehand must be useless, there being only two against a band of sixteen well-armed men.

It was, therefore, an immense relief when Mrs. S—— reappeared with the news that her husband, finding that the door was not sufficiently strong to resist their battering long enough to enable him to drive them away by firing from the window, had decided on making no further resistance. He accordingly had admitted them, and it was a mercy that he did so, for we subsequently discovered that a train of gunpowder had been laid, and all preparations made to blow open the door and commit the house to the flames.

Mrs. S—— said that the brigands were sitting in the kitchen talking to her husband, and that, on her appearing at the door, one of them had told her not to be frightened, as, no resistance having been offered, they did not intend to take anybody's life; their only object being to obtain some money, of which they were very much in want. She did not again go downstairs, her husband having desired her on no account to do so; and until the latter appeared, two hours afterwards, we were entirely dependent for information as to what was taking place on the cook, a Greek, who, the moment the house was attacked, had fled from the kitchen, and taken refuge upstairs among us women. This man was so terrified that we had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to go downstairs and listen to the parley going on, which he, speaking Turkish, could alone understand. In this, however, we succeeded at last, he having first taken the precaution of divesting himself of his boots. He informed us that they were bargaining for a sum of money.

The talking was very loud and angry, and we were anticipating the worst, when again there was a lull, and the cook told us they were at supper. This news re-assured us greatly, as we hoped it was a sign that they had come to some arrangement, and that they were feasting and carousing preparatory to leaving the place. But, alas, our hopes were doomed to disappointment, as presently Mr. S—— appeared, in tattered garments, to tell us that, although he had done all he could to prevent them from molesting us, the brigands, being entirely masters of the situation, insisted upon searching the house from top to bottom, under the impression that they would find concealed in it an iron safe full of money.

These words were scarcely out of his mouth when we heard the tramp of their steps on the stairs, and presently we found ourselves face to face with these miscreants; five or six of them rushing into the room, whilst one remained on guard at the door, and some in the passage, to prevent the possibility of our escaping.

In the meantime my courage had risen with the demand made upon it, and I was calm enough to examine with great curiosity our unwelcome visitors. They were dressed in the costume of the country, armed to the teeth, with their guns slung over their shoulders, and a whole arsenal of small-arms in their girdles—a more awful-looking set of scoundrels it is impossible to conceive; the only exception I ought perhaps to make being Lefteri himself, who was rather a fine-looking man, of middle stature, well made, and with not quite such a repulsive-looking countenance as the rest. He was also much better dressed than his companions, having on a blue cloth jacket handsomely braided in black, full red trousers, his head-dress consisting of a fez, with a white turban twisted round it. I remarked that he wore a broad silver band high up on his arm, with an embossed picture set in it of the Madonna; under whose special protection, he afterwards informed us, he considered himself to be.

It was the first time I should think that they had found themselves in a well-furnished room, the appearance of which seemed therefore much to surprise them; and it required some effort on the part of Mr. S—— to prove to them that the piano and harmonium were not money-chests in disguise.

From the drawing-room they proceeded to search Mrs. S——'s bedroom, where they found a rather handsome chest, which she, in her anxiety to get rid of them, was most anxious they should break open, the key not being forthcoming; but this they said would be a pity, as they were in no hurry, and she might take her time to find it. Just at this moment, however, the noise awoke from her slumbers a most intelligent child, who slept in her mother's room, and was immediately able to tell them where to find the key. All their trouble, however, was in vain, for they found nothing in the chest but a Cashmere shawl, with which, in consequence of its bulk, they would not encumber themselves, though they were perfectly aware of its value.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. S—— were engaged with the brigands in one part of the house, I went into another room, where one of the inmates happened at this time to be lying extremely ill. The chief, who was roaming about by himself, suddenly entered, and, turning to me, asked if I could understand Romaic. Mr. S—— then came in, and tapping the chief on the shoulder and calling him his friend, presented him to me as the famous Lefteri, and said I might travel a long way without meeting such a celebrated character; at which he laughed and seemed highly pleased, and again repeated that, as we were Christians, we need not be afraid of him, he did not mean to do us any harm. At the same time he took the opportunity of boasting to Mr. S—— of the number of Turks he had exterminated; and, indeed, judging from the reports which had previously reached us at Constantinople of his misdeeds—his latest feat having been to roast two peasants alive—in making this statement he would only seem to have been doing himself justice. He then called his men and went downstairs.

For the second time we breathed freely, thinking we had got rid of our foes ; but again we heard altercations and very angry voices below, and we thought they were going to quarrel amongst themselves, when presently a second lot, if possible still more ruffianly-looking than the first, came upstairs with the object of searching for themselves, as they would not believe the report that their companions had given them of there being no treasure in the house. This time the search was much closer ; they ransacked everything, and succeeded in finding a good many valuable things, such as watches, jewels, and guns ; but they did not take a very expensive breech-loader belonging to Mr. S——, as they said it would be useless to them, from the impossibility of procuring cartridges. There were a few of my things which they would have liked to appropriate, but they abstained when Mr. S—— told them that I was a “ Mussafir,” or guest, whose property, according to their code of honour, is always held sacred.

Having at last, after spending nearly five hours in the house, satisfied themselves that there was nothing more to be found in it, they wished us good-night and took their departure, Lefteri telling them they must now hurry as the day would soon dawn. We were then able, for the first time, to obtain from Mr. S—— a full account of the manner in which they effected an entrance, and of the terms upon which he had got rid of them.

It appeared that to obtain an entry into the house they had picked up on the hills a shepherd in the employ of Mr. S——, blindfolded him, and, under the threat of shooting him at once if he either gave the alarm or refused to accompany them, succeeded in dragging rather than leading him to the house. On their arrival at the door they made this man, who was well known to the servants, knock, and plead in urgent language for admittance.

At first the bait took, and Bairam, the cavass, without any hesitation opened the door, but as speedily reclosed it when he saw the people by whom the shepherd was accompanied. For this reason the brigands did not feel quite sure that they might not be falling into an ambushade, and therefore their first step on obtaining admittance, as I have described, was to lay hands on Mr. S—— and the cavass ; in the scuffle the coat of the former being torn to shreds. Their first demand was for 1,000*l.*, and on Mr. S—— telling them that he had not such a sum in his possession, they replied that he must immediately prepare to accompany them to their mountain retreat. He was not even to be allowed to bid farewell to his wife, but was to leave on the kitchen-table a written document stating that his life depended on her raising the stipulated sum with the least possible delay.

Mr. S—— immediately professed his readiness to accompany them, but, at the same time, told them that his doing so would, probably, have precisely the opposite result to what they seemed to expect, as though it was true that he himself might possibly raise, if not 1,000*l.*, perhaps half that sum, nobody but himself could do so. The unhesitating and decisive

manner in which he expressed this opinion had such an effect on his visitors that Mr. S——, seeing them inclined to waver, proposed that they should discuss the matter over supper. This proposal was willingly accepted, but, though they attacked very readily the food laid before them, they declined to taste any wine until Mr. S—— had disarmed their suspicions by himself drinking a glass. It is, of course, needless to say that they had no ground whatever for their suspicions, and his only reason for having proposed the supper was the hope that he might find them more amenable to his arguments under the influence of good cheer. In this hope he was not disappointed, for, after considerable difficulty and discussion—which was at times so angry and loud as to be distinctly heard by us in the drawing-room—he succeeded in persuading them to abate their demands, and to be satisfied with his written promise to them of a certain sum of money to be paid by him within a month, at a meeting which was arranged to take place on the hills.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the able manner in which Mr. S—— had conducted his negotiations with these brigands; and it is to the tact and temper which he displayed, and to the thorough knowledge of their character, as well as of their language, which he possessed, that this result is to be attributed.

This, so far as I was concerned, freed me from all danger and inconvenience; but I felt very grieved for my host, whose losses were not, I am sorry to say, to be measured by the money which he had promised to pay these brigands; for he had now to decide whether he could reasonably hope, by paying them this black mail, to be free from their exactions hereafter, or whether his doing so would not, perhaps, be an encouragement to them to repeat their visit. Mr. S—— himself was most anxious to pay the money, feeling in honour bound to do so; but the story spread, and on reaching the ears of the Turkish authorities at Constantinople they peremptorily forbade his doing so, and undertook to defend his farm, sending a detachment of troops for that purpose to Yalova. This obliged Mr. S—— to increase the resisting powers of his house, and he succeeded so effectually that they did not venture again to attack it. His pleasure, however, was gone, as he was no longer ever again able to extend his rambles beyond the actual limit of his farm; and thus, without suffering any pecuniary loss, his happiness and peace were destroyed, from the feeling that his life was never safe.

The band of brigands, however, I am happy to say, must have bitterly regretted not confining their attacks to those who were not able to appeal to the powerful protection of the British ambassador; as the Turkish Government, after the attack on Yalova, pursued them with such vigour, that their band was gradually broken up. Within a year, Lefteri was himself murdered by his only two remaining companions, and his body, as I was informed, sent, for the sake of the reward, to the Pasha of Nicomedia; the written promise to pay of Mr. S—— having been found on it.

I may, perhaps, add, as a curious trait in Lefteri's character, the following anecdote, the authenticity of which I can guarantee, it having been told me by the American missionary who acted the principal part in it. He was travelling in the same district we had traversed when he was one day stopped on the road by Lefteri, who desired him to give up all the money he had about him and to unpack his boxes, in order that he might see what they contained. The missionary's reply was, that as for money he had little or none, being nothing but a "Kitabdji" or seller of books, and that his boxes contained nothing but Bibles.

Lefteri, having satisfied himself by a personal inspection of the truth of this statement, asked him if amongst the Bibles there was one which he could read? upon which our friend was about to make him a present of one in the Turkish language written in Greek characters. Lefteri, however, insisted upon paying the price for it, which was seven piastres, saying, as he did so, that he had waylaid and stopped him, fully expecting to get some money out of him, instead of which he (the missionary) would have profited by their encounter.

The most singular part of my story has now to come, as it proves that Lefteri made use of his purchase. One of his band having been some time subsequently executed by the Turks in consequence of evidence furnished to them by a villager, Lefteri succeeded with great difficulty in decoying the informant out of the village with the intention of revenging this act of treachery. Producing this very Bible, Lefteri pointed out the well-known text, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

"You see," said he, "that as you have caused the death of my comrade, I should, according to this Book, have a perfect right to take your life; but not only is it not my practice to do this unnecessarily, but I wish you, for the rest of your days, to be a living example to your fellow-villagers of the danger they run in betraying any of my people. I shall therefore limit myself to cutting off your hand." This he accordingly did, and sent him back to his village.



HE HAD LAID A GUITAR ON HIS KNEES, AND SLIPPED A FINGER.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY FATHER BREATHES, MOVES, AND SPEAKS.



THE people broke away from us like furrowed water as we advanced on each side of the ropes towards the margravine's carriage.

I became a perfectly mechanical creature : incapable of observing, just capable of taking an impression here and there ; and in such cases the impressions that come are stamped on hot wax ; they keep the scene fresh ; they partly pervert it as well. Temple's version is, I am sure, the truer historical picture. He, however, could never repeat it twice exactly alike, whereas I failed not to

render image for image in clear succession as they had struck me at the time. I could perceive that the figure of the Prince Albrecht, in its stiff condition, was debarred from vaulting, or striding, or stooping, so that the ropes were a barrier between us. I saw the little Princess Ottilia eyeing us with an absorbed comprehensive air quite unlike the manner of a child. Dots of heads, curious faces, peering and starting eyes, met my vision. I heard sharp talk in German, and a rider flung his arm, as if he wished to crash the universe, and flew off. The margravine seemed to me more an implacable parrot than a noble lady. I thought to myself : This is my father, and I am not overjoyed or grateful. In the same way I felt that the daylight was bronze, and I did not wonder at it : nay, I reasoned on the probability of a composition of sun and mould producing that colour. The truth was, the powers of my heart and will were frozen ; I thought and felt at random. And I crave excuses for dwelling on such trifling phenomena of the sensations which have been

useful to me by helping me to realize the scene, even as at the time they obscured it.

According to Temple's description, when the statue moved its head towards him, a shudder went through the crowd, and a number of forefingers were levelled at it, and the head moved towards me, marked of them all. Its voice was answered by a dull puling scream from women; and the men gaped. When it descended from the saddle, the act was not performed with one bound, as I fancied, but difficultly; and it walked up to me like a figure dragging logs at its heels. Half-a-dozen workmen ran to arrest it; some townswomen fainted. There was a heavy altercation in German between the statue and the superintendent of the arrangements. The sun shone brilliantly on our march to the line of carriages, where the Prince of Eppenwelzen was talking to the margravine in a fury, and he dashed away on his horse, after bellowing certain directions to his foresters and the workmen, by whom we were surrounded; while the margravine talked loudly and amiably, as though everything had gone well. Her watch was out. She acknowledged my father's bow, and overlooked him. She seemed to have made her courtiers smile. The ladies and gentlemen obeyed the wave of her hand by quitting the ground; the band headed a long line of the commoner sort, and a body of foresters gathered the remnants and joined them to the rear of the procession. A liveried groom led away Temple's horse, and mine. Temple declared he could not sit after seeing the statue descend from its pedestal.

Her highness's behaviour roughened as soon as the place was clear of company. She spoke at my father impetuously, with manifest scorn and reproach, struck her silver-mounted stick on the carriage panels, again and again stamped her foot, lifting a most variable emphatic countenance. Princess Ottilia tried to intercede. The margravine clenched her hands, and, to one not understanding her speech, appeared literally to blow the little lady off with the breath of her mouth. Her whole bearing consisted of volleys of abuse, closed by magisterial interrogations. Temple compared her highness's language to the running out of Captain Welsh's chain-cable, and my father's replies to the hauling in: his sentences were short, they sounded like manful protestations; I barely noticed them. Temple's version of it went: "And there was your father apologizing, and the margravine rating him," &c. My father, as it happened, was careful not to open his lips wide on account of the plaster, or thick coating of paint on his face. No one would have supposed that he was burning with indignation; the fact being that, to give vent to it, he would have had to exercise his muscular strength; he was plastered and painted from head to foot. The fixture of his wig and hat, too, constrained his skin, so that his looks were no index of his feelings. I longed gloomily for the moment to come when he would present himself to me in his natural form. He was not sensible of the touch of my hand, nor I of his. There we had to stand until the voluble portion of the margravine's anger came to an end. She shut her eyes and bowed curtly to our salute.

"You have seen the last of me, madam," my father said to her whirling carriage-wheels.

He tried to shake, and strained in his ponderous garments. Temple gazed abashed. I knew not how to act. My father kept lifting his knees on the spot as if practising a walk.

The tent was in its old place covering the bronze horse. A workman stepped ahead of us, and we all went at a strange leisurely pace down the hill through tall pine-trees to where a closed vehicle awaited us. Here were also a couple of lackeys, who deposited my father on a bed of moss, and with much effort pulled his huge boots off, leaving him in red silk stockings. Temple and I snatched his gauntlets; Temple fell backward, but we had no thought of laughter; people were seen approaching, and the three of us jumped into the carriage. I had my father's living hand in mine to squeeze; feeling him scarcely yet the living man I had sought, and with no great warmth of feeling. His hand was very moist. Often I said, "Dear father!" "Papa, I'm so glad at last," in answer to his short-breathed "Richie, my little lad, my son Richmond! You found me out; you found me!" We were conscious that his thick case of varnished clothing was against us. One would have fancied from his way of speaking, that he suffered from asthma. I was now gifted with a tenfold power of observation, and let nothing escape me.

Temple sitting opposite grinned cheerfully at times to encourage our spirits; he had not recovered from his wonderment, nor had I introduced him. My father, however, had caught his name. Temple (who might as well have talked, I thought,) was perpetually stealing secret glances of abstracted perusal at him with a pair of round infant's eyes, sucking his reflections the while. My father broke our silence.

"Mr. Temple, I have the honour," he said, as if about to cough; "the honour of making your acquaintance; I fear you must surrender the hope of making mine at present."

Temple started and reddened like a little fellow detected in straying from his spelling-book, which was the window-frame. In a minute or so the fascination proved too strong for him; his eyes wandered from the window and he renewed his shy inspection bit by bit as if casting up a column of figures.

"Yes, Mr. Temple, we are in high Germany," says my father.

It must have cost Temple cruel pain, for he was a thoroughly gentlemanly boy, and he could not resist it. Finally he surprised himself in his stealthy reckoning: arrived at the full-breech or buttoned waistband, about half-way up his ascent from the red silk stocking, he would pause and blink rapidly, sometimes jump and cough.

To put him at his ease my father exclaimed, "As to this exterior," he knocked his knuckles on the heaving hard surface, "I can only affirm that it was, on horseback—ahem!—particularly as the horse betrayed no restivity, pronounced perfect! The sole complaint of our interior concerns the resemblance we bear to a lobster. Human somewhere, I do believe

myself to be. I shall have to be relieved of my shell before I can at all satisfactorily proclaim the fact. I am a human being, believe me."

He begged permission to take breath a minute.

"I know you for my son's friend, Mr. Temple: here is my son, my boy, Harry Lepel Richmond Roy. Have patience: I shall presently stand unshelled. I have much to relate; you likewise have your narrative in store. That you should have lit on me at the critical instant is one of those miracles which combine to produce overwhelming testimony—ay, Richie! without a doubt there is a hand directing our destiny." His speaking in such a strain, out of pure kindness to Temple, huskily, with his painful attempt to talk like himself, revived his image as the father of my heart and dreams, and stirred my torpid affection, though it was still torpid enough, as may be imagined, when I state that I remained plunged in contemplation of his stocking of red silk emerging from the full bronzed breech, considering whether his comparison of himself to a shell-fish might not be a really just one. We neither of us regained our true natures until he was free of every vestige of the garb of Prince Albrecht Wohlgemuth. Attendants were awaiting him at the garden-gate of a beautiful villa partly girdled by rising firwoods on its footing of bright green meadow. They led him away, and us to bath-rooms.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE PASS A DELIGHTFUL EVENING, AND I HAVE A MORNING VISION.

IN a long saloon ornamented with stags' horns and instruments of the chase, tusks of boars, spear-staves, boar-knives, and silver horns, my father, I, and Temple sat down to a memorable breakfast, my father in his true form dressed in black silken jacket and knee-breeches, purple-stockings and pumps; without a wig, I thanked heaven to see. How blithely he flung out his limbs and heaved his chest released from confinement! His face was stained brownish, but we drank old Rhine wine, and had no eye for appearances.

"So you could bear it no longer, Richie?" My father interrupted the narrative I doled out, anxious for his, and he began, and I interrupted him.

"You did think of me often, papa, didn't you?"

His eyes brimmed with tenderness.

"Think of you!" he sighed.

I gave him the account of my latest adventures in a few panting breaths, suppressing the Bench. He set my face to front him.

"We are two fools, Mr. Temple," he said.

"No, sir," said Temple.

"Now you speak, papa," said I.

He smiled warmly.

"Richie begins to remember me."

I gazed at him to show it was true.

"I do, papa—I'm not beginning to."

At his request I finished the tale of my life at school.

"Ah, well! that was bad fortune; this is good!" he exclaimed.

"'Tis your father, my son: 'tis daylight, though you look at it through a bed-curtain, and think you are half-dreaming. Now then for me, Richie."

My father went on in this wise excitedly :

"I was laying the foundation of your fortune here, my boy. Heavens ! when I was in that bronze shell I was astonished only at my continence in not bursting. You have grown,—you have shot up and filled out. I register my thanks to your grandfather Beltham ;—the same, in a minor degree, to Captain Jasper Welsh. Between that man Rippenger and me there shall be dealings. He flogged you : let that pass. He exposed you to the contempt of your schoolfellows because of a breach in my correspondence with a base-born ferule-swinger. What are we coming to ? Richie, my son, I was building a future for you here. And Colonel Goodwin—Colonel Goodwin, you encountered him too, and his marriageable daughter—I owe it to them that I have you here ! Well, in the event of my sitting out the period this morning as the presentation of Prince Albrecht, I was to have won something would have astonished that unimpressonable countryman of ours. Goodness gracious, my boy ! when I heard your English shout, it went to my marrow. Could they expect me to look down on my own flesh and blood, on my son—my son Richmond—after a separation of years, and continue a statue ? Nay, I followed my paternal impulse. Grant that the show was spoilt, does the Markgräfin insist on my having a bronze heart to carry on her pastime ? Why, naturally, I deplore a failure, let the cause be what it will. Whose regrets can eclipse those of the principal actor ? Quotha ! as our old plays have it. Regrets ? Did I not for fifteen minutes and more of mortal time sit in view of a multitude, motionless, I ask you, like a chiselled block of stone,—and the compact was one quarter of an hour, and no farther ? That was my stipulation. I told her—I can hold out one quarter of an hour : I pledge myself to it. Who, then, is to blame ? I was exposed to view twenty-three minutes, odd seconds. Is there not some ancient story of a monstrous wretch baked in his own bull ? My situation was as bad. If I recollect aright, he could roar ; no such relief was allowed to me. And I give you my word, Richie, lads both, that while that most infernal Count Fretzel was pouring forth his execrable humdrum, I positively envied the privilege of an old palsied fellow, chief boatman of the forest lake, for, thinks I, hang him ! he can nod his head and I can not. Let me assure you, twenty minutes of an ordeal like that,—one posture, mind you, no raising of your eyelids, taking your breath mechanically, and your heart beating,—jumping like an enraged ballet-dancer boxed in your bosom—a literal description, upon my honour ; and not only jumping, jumping every now

and then, I may say, with a toe in your throat :—I was half-choked. Well, I say, twenty minutes, twenty-seven minutes and a half of that, getting on, in fact, to half-an-hour, it is superhuman !—by heavens, it is heroic ! And observe my reward : I have a son—my only one. I have been divided from him for years ; I am establishing his fortune ; I know he is provided with comforts :—Richie, you remember the woman Waddy ? A faithful soul ! She obtained my consent at last—previously I had objections ; in fact, your address was withheld from the woman—to call at your school. She saw Miss Rippenger, a girl of considerable attractions. She heard you were located at Riversley :—I say, I know the boy is comfortably provided for ; but we have been separated since he was a little creature with curls on his forehead, scarce breeched——”

I protested :

“ Papa, I had been in jacket and trousers I don't know how long.”

“ Let me pursue,” said my father. “ And to show you, Richie, it is a golden age ever when you and I are together, and ever shall be till we lose our manly spirit,—and we cling to that,—till we lose our princely spirit, which we never will abandon—perish rather !—I drink to you, and challenge you ; and, mind you, old hock wine has charms. If burgundy is the emperor of wines, hock is the empress. For youngsters, perhaps, I should except the hock that gets what they would fancy a trifle *piqué*, turned with age, so as to lose in their opinion its empress flavour.”

Temple said modestly : “ I should call that the margravine of wines.”

My father beamed on him with great approving splendour. “ Join us, Mr. Temple ; you are a man of wit, and may possibly find this specimen worthy of you. This wine has a history. You are drinking wine with blood in it. Well, I was saying, the darling of my heart has been torn from me ; I am in a foreign land ; foreign, that is, by birth, and on the whole foreign. Yes !—I am the cynosure of eyes ; I am in a singular posture, a singular situation ; I hear a cry in the tongue of my native land, and what I presume is my boy's name : I look, I behold him, I follow a parent's impulse. On my soul ! none but a fish-father could have stood against it. Well, for this my reward is—and I should have stepped from a cathedral spire just the same, if I had been mounted on it—that I, I,—and the woman knows all my secret—I have to submit to the foul tirade of a vixen. She drew language, I protest, from the slums. And I entreat you, Mr. Temple, with your ‘ margravine of wines ’—which was very neatly said, to be sure—note you this curious point for the confusion of Radicals in your after life ; her highness's pleasure was to lend her tongue to the language—or something like it—of a besotted fish-wife ; so ! very well, and just as it is the case with that particular old hock you youngsters would disapprove of, and we cunning oldsters know to contain more virtues in maturity than a nunnery of May-blooming virgins, just so the very faults of a royal lady—royal by birth and in temper a termagant—impart a perfume ! a flavour ! You must age, you must live in Courts, you must sound the human bosom, rightly to appre-

ciate it. She is a woman of the most malicious fine wit imaginable. She is a generous woman, a magnanimous woman; wear her chains and she will not brain you with her club. She is the light, the centre of every society where she appears, like what shall I say? like the moon in a bowl of old Rhenish. And you will drain that bowl to the bottom to seize her, as it were—catch a correct idea of her; ay, and your brains are drowned in the attempt. Yes, Richie; I was aware of your residence at Riversley. Were you reminded of your wandering dada on Valentine's day? Come, my boy, we have each of us a thousand things to relate. I may be dull—I do not understand what started you on your journey in search of me. An impulse? An accident? Say, a directing angel! We rest our legs here till evening, and then we sup. You will be astonished to hear that you have dined. 'Tis the fashion with the Germans. I promise you good wine shall make it up to you for the return to school-habits. We sup, and we pack our scanty baggage, and we start to-night. Brook no insult at Courts if you are of material value: if not, it is unreservedly a question whether you like kickings."

My father paused, yawned and stretched, to be rid of the remainder of his aches and stiffness. Out of a great yawn he said:

"Dear lads, I have fallen into the custom of the country; I crave your permission that I may smoke. Wander, if you choose, within hail of me, or sit by me, if you can bear it, and talk of your school-life, and your studies. Your Aunt Dorothy, Richie? She is well? I know not her like. I could bear to hear of any misfortune but that she suffered pain!"

My father smoked his cigar peacefully. He had laid a guitar on his knees, and flipped a string, or chafed over all the strings, and plucked and thrummed them as his mood varied. We chatted, and watched the going down of the sun, and amused ourselves idly, fermenting as we were. Anything that gave pleasure to us two boys pleased and at once occupied my father. It was without aid from Temple's growing admiration of him that I recovered my active belief and vivid delight in his presence. My younger days sprang up beside me like brothers. No one talked, looked, flashed, frowned, beamed, as he did! had such prompt liveliness as he! such tenderness! No one was ever so versatile in playfulness. He took the colour of the spirits of the people about him. His vivacious or sedate man-of-the-world tone shifted to playfellow's fun in a twinkling. I used as a little fellow to think him larger than he really was, but he was of good size, inclining to be stout; his eyes were grey, rather prominent, and his forehead sloped from arched eyebrows. So conversational were his eyes and brows that he could persuade you to imagine he was carrying on a dialogue without opening his mouth. His voice was charmingly clear; his laughter confident, fresh, catching, the outburst of his very self, as laughter should be. Other sounds of laughter were like echoes.

Strange to say, I lost the links of my familiarity with him when he left us on a short visit to his trunks and portmanteaux, and had to lean

on Temple, who tickled but rejoiced me by saying: "Richie, your father is just the one I should like to be secretary to."

We thought it a pity to have to leave this nice foreign place immediately. I liked the scenery, and the wine, and what I supposed to be the habit of the gentlemen here to dress in silks. On my father's return to us I asked him if we could not stay till morning.

"Till morning, then," he said; "and to England with the first lark."

His complexion was ruddier; his valet had been at work to restore it; he was getting the sanguine hue which coloured my recollection of him. Wearing a black velvet cap and a Spanish furred cloak, he led us over the villa. In Sarkeld he resided at the palace, and generally at the lake-palace on the removal of the court thither. The margravine had placed the villa, which was her own property, at his disposal, the better to work out their conspiracy.

"It would have been mine!" said my father, bending suddenly to my ear, and humming his philosophical "heigho," as he stepped on in minuet fashion. We went through apartments rich with gilded oak and pine panellings: in one was a rough pattern of a wooden horse, opposite a mirror; by no means the figure of a horse, but apparently a number of pieces contributed by a carpenter's workshop, having a rueful seat in the middle. My father had practised the attitude of Prince Albrecht Wohlgemuth on it. "She timed me five and twenty minutes there only yesterday," he said; and he now supposed he had sat the bronze horse as a statue in public view exactly thirty-seven minutes and a quarter. Tubs full of colouring liquid to soak the garments of the prince, pots of paint, and paint and plaster brushes, hinted the magnitude of the preparations.

"Here," said my father in another apartment, "I was this morning appparelled at seven o'clock; and I would have staked my right arm up to the collar-bone on the success of the undertaking!"

"Weren't they sure to have found it out in the end, papa?" I inquired.

"I am not so certain of that," he rejoined; "I cannot quaff consolation from that source. I should have been covered up after exhibition; I should have been pronounced imperfect in my fitting-apparatus; the sculptor would have claimed me, and I should have been enjoying the fruits of a brave and harmless conspiracy to do honour to an illustrious prince, while he would have been moulding and casting an indubitable bronze statue in my image. A fig for rumours! We show ourself; we are caught from sight; we are again on show. Now this being successfully done, do you see, royalty declines to listen to vulgar tattle. Presumably, Richie, it was suspected by the Court that the margravine had many months ago commanded the statue at her own cost, and had set her mind on winning back the money. The wonder of it was my magnificent resemblance to the defunct. I sat some three hours before the old warrior's portraits in the dining-saloon of the lake palace. Accord me one good spell of meditation over a tolerable sketch, I warrant myself to represent him to the life, provided that he was a personage; I incline to

stipulate for handsome as well. On my word of honour as a man and a gentleman, I pity the margravine—my poor good Frau Feldmarschall! Now, here, Richie"—my father opened a side-door out of an elegant little room into a spacious dark place—"here is her cabinet-theatre, where we act German and French comediettas in spring and autumn. I have superintended it during the two or more years of my stay at the Court. Humph! 'tis over."

He abruptly closed the door. His dress belonged to the part of a Spanish nobleman, personated by him in a play called *The Hidalgo Enraged*, he said, pointing a thumb over his shoulder at the melancholy door, behind which gay scenes had sparkled.

"Papa!" said I sadly, for consolation.

"You're change for a sovereign to the amount of four hundred and forty-nine thousand shillings every time you speak!" cried he, kissing my forehead.

He sparkled in good earnest on hearing that I had made acquaintance with the little Princess Ottilia. What I thought of her, how she looked at me, what I said to her, what words she answered, how the acquaintance began, who were observers of it,—I had to repair my omission to mention her by furnishing a precise description of the circumstances, describing her face and style, repeating her pretty English.

My father nodded: he thought I exaggerated that foreign English of hers; but, as I said, I was new to it and noticed it. He admitted the greater keenness of attention awakened by novelty. "Only," said he, "I rather wonder——" and here he smiled at me inquiringly. "'Tis true," he added, "a boy of fourteen or fifteen—ay, Richie, have your fun out. A youngster saw the comic side of her——. Do you know, that child has a remarkable character? Her disposition is totally unfathomable. You are a deep reader of English poetry, I hope; she adores it, and the English navy. She informed me that if she had been the English people she would have made Nelson king. The royal family of England might see objections to that, I told her. Cries she: 'Oh! anything for a sea-hero.' You will find these young princes and princesses astonishingly revolutionary when they entertain brains. Now at present, just at present, an English naval officer, and a poet, stand higher in the esteem of that young Princess Ottilia than dukes, kings; or emperors. So you have seen her!" my father ejaculated musingly, and hummed, and said, "By the way, we must be careful not to offend our grandpapa Beltham, Richie. Good acres—good anchorage; good coffers—good harbourage. Regarding poetry, my dear boy, you ought to be writing it, for I do—the diversion of leisure hours, impromptus. In poetry I would scorn anything but impromptus. I was saying, Richie, that if tremendous misfortune withholds from you your legitimate prestige, you must have the substantial element. 'Tis your spring-board to vault by, and cushions on the other side if you make a miss and fall. 'Tis the essence if you have not the odour."

I followed my father's meaning as the shadow of a bird follows it in sunlight; it made no stronger an impression than a flying shadow on the grass; still I could verify subsequently that I had penetrated him—I had caught the outline of his meaning—though I was little accustomed to his manner of communicating his ideas; I had no notion of what he touched on with the words, prestige, essence, and odour.

My efforts to gather the reason for his having left me neglected at school were fruitless. "Business, business! sad necessity! hurry, worry—the hounds!" was his nearest approach to an explicit answer; and seeing I grieved his kind eyes, I abstained. Nor did I like to defend Mr. Rippenger for expecting to be paid. We came to that point once or twice, when so sharply wronged did he appear, and vehement and indignant, that I banished thoughts which marred my luxurious contentment in hearing him talk and sing, and behave in his old ways and new habits. Plain velvet was his dress at dinner. We had a yellow hock. Temple's meditative face over it, to discover the margravine, or something, in its flavour, was a picture. It was an evening of incessant talking; no telling of events straightforwardly, but all by fits—all here and there. My father talked of Turkey, so I learnt he had been in that country; Temple of the routine of our life at Riversley; I of Kiomi, the gipsy girl; then we two of Captain Jasper Welsh; my father of the Princess Ottilia. When I alluded to the margravine, he had a word to say of Mrs. Waddy; so I learnt she had been in continual correspondence with him, and had cried heavily about me, poor soul. Temple laughed out a recollection of Captain Bulsted's "hic, hæc, hoc;" I jumped Janet Ilchester up on the table; my father expatiated on the comfort of a volume of Shakspeare to an exiled Englishman. We drank to one another, and heartily to the statue. My father related the history of the margravine's plot in duck-and-drake skips, and backward to his first introduction to her at some Austrian baths among the mountains. She wanted amusement, he provided it; she never let him quit her sight from that moment. "And now," he said, "she has lost me!" He drew out of his pocket-book a number of designs for the statue of Prince Albrecht, to which the margravine's initials were appended, and shuffled them, and sighed, and said:—"Most complete arrangements! most complete! No body of men were ever so well drilled as those fellows up at Bella Vista—could not have been! And at the climax in steps the darling boy for whom I laboured and sweated, and down we topple incontinently! Nothing would have shaken me but the apparition of my son! I was proof against everything but that! I sat invincible for close upon an hour—call it an hour! Not a muscle of me moved: I repeat, the heart in my bosom capered like an independent organ; had it all its own way, leaving me mine, until—Mr. Temple, take my word for it, there is a guiding hand in some families; believe it and be serene in adversity. The change of life at a merry Court to life in a London alley will exercise our faith. But the essential thing is that Richie has been introduced here, and

I intend him to play a part here. The grandson and heir of one of the richest commoners in England—I am not saying commoner as a term of reproach—possessed of a property that turns itself over and doubles itself every ten years, may—mind you, may—on such a solid foundation as that!—and as to birth, your highness has only to grant us a private interview.”

Temple was dazed by this mystifying address to him; nor could I understand it.

“Why, papa, you always wished for me to go into Parliament,” said I.

“I do,” he replied, “and I wish you to lead the London great world. Such topics are for by-and-by. Adieu to them!” He kissed his wafting finger-tips.

We fell upon our random talk again with a merry rattle.

I had to give him a specimen of my piano-playing and singing.

He shook his head. “The cricketer and the scholar have been developed at the expense of the musician; and music, Richie, music unlocks the chamber of satin-rose.”

Late at night we separated. Temple and I slept in companion-rooms. Deadly drowsy, the dear little fellow sat on the edge of my bed chattering of his wonder. My dreams led me wandering with a ship’s diver under the sea, where we walked in a light of pearls and exploded old wrecks. I was assuring the glassy man that it was almost as clear beneath the waves as above, when I awoke to see my father standing over me in daylight; and in an ecstasy, I burst into sobs.

“Here, Richie”—he pressed fresh violets on my nostrils—“you have had a morning visitor. Quick out of bed, and you will see the little fairy crossing the meadow.”

I leapt to the window in time to have in view the little Princess Ottilia, followed by her faithful gaunt groom, before she was lost in the shadow of the fir-trees.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR RETURN HOMEWARD.

We started for England at noon, much against my secret wishes; but my father would not afford the margravine time to repent of her violent language and injustice towards him. Reflection increased his indignation. Anything that went wrong on the first stages of the journey caused him to recapitulate her epithets and reply to them proudly. He confided to me in Cologne Cathedral that the entire course of his life was a grand plot, resembling an unfinished piece of architecture, which might, at a future day, prove the wonder of the world; and he had, therefore, packed two dozen of hoar old (*uralt*: he used comical German) hock for a present to my grandfather Beltham, in the hope of its being found acceptable.

“For, Richie,” said he, “you may not know—and it is not to win your thanks I inform you of it—that I labour unremittingly in my son’s interests.

I have established him, on his majority, in Germany, at a Court. My object now is to establish him in England. Promise me that it shall be the decided endeavour of your energies and talents to rise to the height I point out to you? You promise, I perceive," he added, sharp in detecting the unpleasant predicament of a boy who is asked to speak 'priggishly'. So then I could easily promise with a firm voice. He dropped certain explosive hints, which reminded me of the funny ideas of my state and greatness I had when a child. I shrugged at them: I cared nothing for revelations to come by-and-by. My object was to unite my father and grandfather on terms of friendship. This was the view that now absorbed and fixed my mind. To have him a frequent visitor at Riversley, if not a resident in the house, enlivening them all, while I, perhaps, trifled a cavalry sabre, became one of my settled dreams. The difficult part of the scheme appeared to me the obtaining of my father's consent. I mentioned it, and he said immediately that he must have his freedom. "Now, for instance," said he, "what is my desire at this moment? I have always a big one perched on a rock in the distance; but I speak of my present desire. And let it be supposed that the squire is one of us: we are returning to England. Well, I want to show you a stork's nest. We are not far enough south for the stork to build here. It is a fact, Richie, that I do want to show you the bird for luck, and as a feature of the country. And in me, a desire to do a thing partakes of the impetus of steam. Well, you see we are jogging home to England. I resist myself for duty's sake: that I can do. But if the squire were here with his yea and his nay, by heavens! I should be off to the top of the Rhine like a tornado. I submit to circumstances: I cannot, and I will not, be dictated to by men."

"That seems to me rather unreasonable," I remonstrated.

"It is; I am ashamed of it," he answered. "Do as you will, Richie; set me down at Riversley, but under no slight, mark you. I keep my honour intact, like a bottled cordial; my unfailing comfort in adversity! I hand it to you, my son, on my death-bed, and say, 'You have there the essence of my life. Never has it been known of me that I swallowed an insult.'"

"Then, papa, I shall have a talk with the squire."

"Make good your ground in the castle," said he. "I string a guitar outside. You toss me a key from the walls. If there is room, and I have leisure, I enter. If not, you know I am paving your way in other quarters. Riversley, my boy, is an excellent foothold and fortress: Riversley is not the world. At Riversley I should have to wear a double face, and, egad! a double stomach-bag, like young Jack feeding with the giant—one full of ambition, the other of provender. That place is our touchstone to discover whether we have prudence. We have, I hope. And we will have, Mr. Temple, a pleasant day or two in Paris."

It was his habit to turn off the bent of these conversations by drawing Temple into them. Temple declared there was no feeling we were in a

foreign country while he was our companion. We simply enjoyed strange scenes, looking idly out of our windows. Our recollection of the strangest scene ever witnessed filled us with I know not what scornful pleasure, and laughed in the background at any sight or marvel pretending to amuse us. Temple and I cantered over the great Belgian battle-field, talking of Bella Vista tower, the statue, the margravine, our sour milk and black-bread breakfast, the little Princess Otilia, with her "It is my question," and "You were kind to my lambs, sir," thoughtless of glory and dead bones. My father was very differently impressed. He was in an exultant glow, far outmatching the bloom on our faces when we rejoined him. I cried,—

"Papa, if the prince won't pay for a real statue, I will, and I'll present it in your name!"

"To the nation?" cried he, staring, and arresting his arm in what seemed an orchestral movement.

"To the margravine!"

He heard, but had to gather his memory. He had been fighting the battle, and made light of Bella Vista. I found that incidents over which a day or two had rolled lost their features to him. He never smiled at recollections. If they were forced on him noisily by persons he liked, perhaps his face was gay, but only for a moment. The gaiety of his nature drew itself from hot-springs of hopefulness: our arrival in England, our interviews there, my majority burgundy, my revisitation of Germany—these events to come gave him the aspect children wear out a-maying or in an orchard. He discussed the circumstances connected with the statue as dry matter-of-fact, and unless it was his duty to be hilarious at the dinner-table, he was hardly able to respond to a call on his past life and mine. His future, too, was present tense: "We do this," not "we will do this;" so that, generally, no sooner did we speak of an anticipated scene than he was acting in it. I studied him eagerly, I know, and yet quite unconsciously, and I came to no conclusions. Boys are always putting down the ciphers of their observations of people beloved by them, but do not add up a sum total.

Our journey home occupied nearly eleven weeks, owing to stress of money on two occasions. In Brussels I beheld him with a little beggar-girl in his arms.

"She has asked me for a copper coin, Richie," he said, squeezing her fat cheeks to make cherries of her lips.

I recommended him to give her a silver one.

"Something, Richie, I must give the little wench, for I have kissed her, and, in my list of equivalents, gold would be the sole form of repayment after that. You must buy me off with honour, my boy."

I was compelled to receive a dab from the child's nose, by way of kiss, in return for buying him off with honour.

The child stumped away on the pavement fronting our hotel, staring at its fist that held the treasure.

"Poor pet wee drab of it!" exclaimed my father. "One is glad, Richie, to fill a creature out of one's emptiness. Now she toddles; she is digesting it rapidly. The last performance of one's purse is rarely so pleasant as that. I owe it to her that I made the discovery in time."

In this manner I also made the discovery that my father had no further supply of money, none whatever. How it had run out without his remarking it, he could not tell; he could only assure me that he had become aware of the fact while searching vainly for a coin to bestow on the beggar girl. I despatched a letter attested by a notary of the city, applying for money to the banker to whom Colonel Goodwin had introduced me on my arrival on the Continent. The money came, and in the meantime we had formed acquaintances and entertained them; they were chiefly half-pay English military officers, dashing men. One, a Major Dykes, my father established in our hotel, and we carried him on to Paris, where, consequent upon our hospitalities, the purse was again deficient. Two reasons for not regretting it were adduced by my father: firstly, that it taught me not to despise the importance of possessing money; secondly, that we had served our country by assisting Dykes, who was on the scent of a new and terrible weapon of destruction, which he believed to be in the hands of the French Government. Major Dykes disappeared on the scent, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had done our best towards saving the navy of Great Britain from being blown out of water. Temple and I laughed over Major Dykes, and he became our puppet for by-play, on account of his enormous whiskers, his passion for strong drinks, and his air of secrecy. My father's faith in his patriotic devotedness was sufficient to withhold me from suspicions of his character. Whenever my instinct, or common sense, would have led me to differ with my father in opinion fun supervened; I was willing that everything in the world should be as he would have it be, and took up with a spirit of laughter, too happy in having won him, in having fished him out of the deep sea at one fling of the net, as he said, to care for accuracy of sentiment in any other particular.

Our purse was at its lowest ebb; he suggested no means of replenishing it, and I thought of none. He had heard that it was possible to live in Paris upon next to nothing with very great luxury, so we tried it; we strolled through the lilac aisles among bonnes and babies, attended military spectacles, rode on omnibuses, dined on the country heights, went to theatres, and had a most pleasurable time, gaining everywhere front places, friendly smiles, kind little services, in a way that would have been incomprehensible to me but for my consciousness of the magical influence of my father's address, a mixture of the ceremonious and the affable such as the people could not withstand.

"The poet is perhaps, on the whole, more exhilarating than the alderman," he said.

These were the respective names given by him to the empty purse and the full purse. We vowed we preferred the poet.

"Ay," said he, "but for all that the alderman is lighter on his feet;

I back him to be across the Channel first. The object of my instructions to you will be lost, Richie, if I find you despising the Alderman's Pegasus. On money you mount. We are literally chained here, you know, there is no doubt about it; and we are adding a nail to our fetters daily. True, you are accomplishing the Parisian accent. Paris has also this immense advantage over all other cities: 'tis the central hotel on the high-road of civilization. In Paris you meet your friends to a certainty; it catches them every one in turn; so now we must abroad early and late, and cut for trumps." A meeting with a friend of my father, Mr. Montez Williams, was the result of our resolute adoption of this system. He helped us on to Boulogne, where my father met another friend, to whom he gave so sumptuous a dinner that we had not money enough to pay the hotel bill.

"Now observe the inconvenience of leaving Paris," said he. "Ten to one we shall have to return. We will try a week's whistling on the jetty; and if no luck comes, and you will admit, Richie—Mr. Temple, I call your attention to it—that luck will scarcely come in profuse expedition through the narrow neck of a solitary seaport, why, we must return to Paris."

I proposed to write to my aunt Dorothy for money, but he would not hear of that. After two or three days of whistling, I saw my old friend Mr. Bannerbridge step out of the packet-boat. On condition of my writing to my aunt to say that I was coming home, he advanced me the sum we were in need of, grudgingly though, and with the prediction that we should break down again, which was verified. It occurred only a stage from Riversley, where my grandfather's name was good as coin of the realm. Besides, my father remained at the inn to guarantee the payment of the bill, while Temple and I pushed on in a fly with the two dozen of hock. It could hardly be called a break-down, but my father was not unwilling for me to regard it in that light. Among his parting remarks was an impressive adjuration to me to cultivate the squire's attachment at all costs.

"Do this," he said, "and I shall know that the lesson I have taught you on your journey homeward has not been thrown away. My darling boy! my curse through life has been that the sense of weight in money is a sense I am and was born utterly a stranger to. The consequence is, my grandest edifices fall; there is no foundation for them. Not that I am worse, understand me, than under a temporary cloud, and the blessing of heaven has endowed me with a magnificent constitution. Heaven forefend that I should groan for myself, or you for me! But digest what you have learnt, Richie; press nothing on the squire; be guided by the advice of that esteemed and admirable woman, your aunt Dorothy. And, by the way, you may tell her confidentially of the progress of your friendship with the Princess Ottilia. Here I shall employ my hours in a tranquil study of nature until I see you." Thus he sped me forward.

We sighted Riversley towards midday on a sunny June morning. Compared with the view from Bella Vista, our firs looked scanty, our

heath-tracts dull, as places having no page of history written on them, our fresh green meadows not more than commonly homely. I was so full of my sense of triumph in my adventurous journey and the recovery of my father, that I gazed on the old Grange from a towering height. The squire was on the lawn, surrounded by a full company: the Ilchesters, the Ambroses, the Wilfords, Captain and Squire Gregory Bulsted, the Rubreys, and others, all bending to roses, to admire, smell, or pluck. Charming groups of ladies were here and there; and Temple whispered as we passed them:

"We beat foreigners in our women, Richie."

I, making it my business to talk with perfect unconcern, replied:

"Do you think so? Perhaps. Not in all cases;" all the while I was exulting at the sweet beams of England radiating from these dear early-morning-looking women.

My aunt Dorothy swam up to me, and, kissing me, murmured:

"Take no rebuff from your grandpapa, darling."

My answer was:

"I have found him!"

Captain Bulsted sung out our names; I caught sight of Julia Rip-penger's face; the squire had his back turned to me, which reminded me of my first speech with Captain Jasper Welsh, and I thought to myself, I know something of the world now, and the thing is to keep a good temper. Here there was no wire-coil to intercept us, so I fronted him quickly.

"Hulloa!" he cried, and gave me his shoulder.

"Temple is your guest, sir," said I.

He was obliged to stretch out his hand to Temple.

A prompt instinct warned me that I must show him as much Beltham as I could summon.

"Dogs and horses all right, sir?" I asked.

Captain Bulsted sauntered near.

"Here, William," said the squire, "tell this fellow about my stables."

"In excellent condition, Harry Richmond," returned the captain,

"Oh! he's got a new name, I'll swear," said the squire.

"Not I!"

"Then what have you got of your trip, eh?"

"A sharper eye than I had, sir."

"You've been sharpening it in London, have you?"

"I've seen a little farther than London, squire."

"Well, you're not a liar."

"There, you see the lad can stand fire!" Captain Bulsted broke in. "Harry Richmond, I'm proud to shake your hand, but I'll wait till you're through the ceremony with your grandad."

The squire's hands were crossed behind him. I smiled boldly in his face.

"Shall I make the tour of you to get hold of one of them, sir?"

He frowned and blinked.

"Shuffle in among the ladies; you seem to know how to make friends among them," he said, and pretended to disengage his right hand for the purpose of waving it towards one of the groups.

I seized it, saying heartily,—

"Grandfather, upon my honour, I love you, and I'm glad to be home again."

"Mind you, you're not at home till you've begged Uberly's pardon in public, you know what for," he rejoined.

"Leaving the horse at that inn is on my conscience," said I.

The squire grumbled: "All the better; keep him there a bit."

"Suppose he kicks?" said I; and the captain laughed, and the squire, too, and I was in such high spirits I thought of a dozen witty suggestions relative to the seat of the conscience, and grieved for a minute at going to the ladies.

Captain Bulsted convoyed me to pretty Irish-eyed Julia Rippenger. Temple had previously made discovery of Janet Ilchester. Relating our adventures on different parts of the lawn, we both heard that Colonel Goodwin and his daughter had journeyed down to Riversley to smoothe the way for my return; so my easy conquest of the squire was not at all wonderful; nevertheless, I maintained my sense of triumph, and was assured in my secret heart that I had a singular masterfulness, and could, when I chose to put it forth, compel my grandfather to hold out his hand to my father as he had done to me.

Julia Rippenger was a guest at Riversley through a visit paid to her by my aunt Dorothy in alarm at my absence. The intention was to cause the squire a distraction. It succeeded; for the old man needed lively prattle of a less childish sort than Janet Ilchester's at his elbow, and that young lady, though true enough in her fashion, was the ardent friend of none but flourishing heads; whereas, Julia, finding my name under a cloud at Riversley, spoke of me, I was led to imagine by Captain Bulsted, as a ballad hero, a glorifful fellow, a darling whose deeds were all pardonable, a mere puff of smoke in the splendour of his nature.

"To hear the young lady allude to *me* in that style!" he confided to my ear, with an ineffable heave of his big chest.

Certain good influences, at any rate, preserved the squire from threatening to disinherit me. Colonel Goodwin had spoken to him very manfully and wisely as to my relations with my father. The squire, it was assumed by my aunt, and by Captain Bulsted and Julia, had undertaken to wink at my father's claims on my affection. All three vehemently entreated me to make no mention of the present of hock to him, and not to attempt to bring about an interview. Concerning the yellow wine I disregarded their advice, for I held it to be a point of filial duty, and an obligation religiously contracted beneath a cathedral dome; so I performed the task of offering the hock, stating that it was of ancient birth. T

squire bunched his features ; he tutored his temper, and said not a word. I fancied all was well. Before I tried the second step, Captain Bulsted rode over to my father, who himself generously enjoined the prudent course, in accordance with his aforegone precepts. He was floated off, as he termed it, from the inn where he lay stranded, to London, by I knew not what heaven-sent gift of money, bidding me keep in view the grand career I was to commence at Dipwell on arriving at my majority. I would have gone with him had he beckoned a finger. The four-and-twenty bottles of hock were ranged in a line for the stable-boys to cock-shy at them under the squire's supervision, and my enforced attendance, just as revolutionary criminals are executed. I felt like the survivor of friends, who has seen their blood flow.

He handed me a cheque for the payment of debts incurred in my recent adventures. Who could help being grateful for it? And yet his remorseless spilling of the kindly wine full of mellow recollections of my father and the little princess, drove the sense of gratitude out of me.

CHAPTER XX.

NEWS OF A FRESH CONQUEST OF MY FATHER'S.

TEMPLE went to sea. The wonder is that I did not go with him : we were both in agreement that adventures were the only things worth living for, and we despised English fellows who had seen no place but England. I could not bear the long separation from my father : that was my reason for not insisting on the squire's consent to my becoming a midshipman. After passing a brilliant examination, Temple had the good fortune to join Captain Bulsted's ship, and there my honest-hearted friend dismally composed his letter of confession, letting me know that he had been untrue to friendship, and had proposed to Janet Ilchester, and interchanged vows with her. He begged my forgiveness, but he did love her so !—he hoped I would not mind. I sent him a reproachful answer ; I never cared for him more warmly than when I saw the letter shoot the slope of the post-office mouth. Aunt Dorothy undertook to communicate assurances of my undying affection for him. As for Janet—Temple's letter, in which he spoke of her avowed preference for Oriental presents, and declared his intention of accumulating them on his voyages, was a harpoon in her side. By means of it I worried and terrified her until she was glad to have it all out before the squire. What did he do ? He said that Margery, her mother, was niggardly ; a girl wanted presents, and I did not act up to my duty ; I ought to buy Turkey and Tunis to please her, if she had a mind for them. The further she was flattered the faster she cried ; she had the face of an old setter with these hideous tears. The squire promised her fifty pounds per annum in quarterly payments, that she might buy what presents she liked, and so tie herself to constancy. He said

aside to me as if he had a knowledge of the sex—"Young ladies must have lots of knickknacks, or their eyes 'll be caught right and left, remember that." I should have been delighted to see her caught. She talked of love in a ludicrous second-hand way, sending me into fits of disgusted laughter. On other occasions her lips were not hypocritical, and her figure anything but awkward. She was a bold plump girl, fond of male society. Heriot enraptured her. I believed at the time she would have appointed a year to marry him in, had he put the question. But too many women were in love with Heriot. He and I met Kiomi on the road to the race-course on the south-downs; the prettiest race-course in England, shut against gipsies. A barefooted swarthy girl ran beside our carriage and tossed us flowers. He and a friend of his, young Lord Destrier, son of the Marquis of Edbury, who knew my father well, talked and laughed with her, and thought her so very handsome that I likewise began to stare, and I suddenly called "Kiomi!" She bounded back into the hedge. This was our second meeting. It would have been a pleasant one had not Heriot and Destrier pretended all sorts of things about our previous acquaintance. Neither of us, they said, had made a bad choice, but why had we separated? She snatched her hand out of mine with a grin of anger like puss in a fury. We had wonderful fun with her. They took her to a great house near the race-course, and there, assisted by one of the young ladies, dressed her in flowing silks, and so passed her through the gate of the enclosure interdicted to bare feet. There they led her to groups of fashionable ladies, and got themselves into pretty scrapes. They said she was an Indian. Heriot lost his wagers and called her a witch. She replied, "You'll find I'm one, young man," and that was the only true thing she spoke of the days to come. Owing to the hubbub around the two who were guilty of this unmeasured joke upon consequential ladies, I had to conduct her to the gate. Instantly, and without a good-by, she scrambled up her skirts and ran at strides across the road and through the wood, out of sight. She won her dress and a piece of jewelry.

With Heriot I went on a sad expedition, the same I had set out upon with Temple. This time I saw my father behind those high red walls, once so mysterious and terrible to me. Heriot made light of prisons for debt. He insisted, for my consolation, that they had but a temporarily dishonourable signification; very estimable gentlemen, as well as scamps, inhabited them, he said. The impression produced by my visit—the feasting among ruined men who believed in good luck the more the lower they fell from it, and their fearful admiration of my imprisoned father, was as if I had drunk a stupefying liquor. I was unable clearly to reflect on it. Daily afterwards, until I released him, I made journeys to usurers to get a loan on the faith of the reversion of my mother's estate. Heriot, like the real friend he was, helped me with his name to the bond. When my father stood free, I had the proudest heart alive; and as soon as we had parted, the most amazed. For a long while, for years, the

thought of him was haunted by racket-balls and bearded men in their shirt-sleeves ; a scene sickening to one's pride. Yet it had grown impossible for me to think of him without pride. I delighted to hear him. We were happy when we were together. And, moreover, he swore to me on his honour, in Mrs. Waddy's presence, that he and the constable would henceforth keep an even pace. His exuberant cheerfulness and charming playfulness were always fascinating. His visions of our glorious future enchained me. How it was that something precious had gone out of my life, I could not comprehend.

Julia Rippenger's marriage with Captain Bulsted was an agreeable distraction. Unfortunately for my peace of mind, she went to the altar poignantly pale. My aunt Dorothy settled the match. She had schemed it, her silence and half downcast look seemed to confess, for the sake of her own repose, but neither to her nor to others did that come of it. I wrote a plain warning of the approaching catastrophe to Heriot, and received his reply after it was over, to this effect :—

“ In my regiment we have a tolerable knowledge of women. They like change, old Richie, and we must be content to let them take their twenty shillings for a sovereign. I myself prefer the navy to the army ; I have no right to complain. Once she swore one thing, now she has sworn another. We will hope the lady will stick to her choice, and not seek smaller change. ‘ I could not forgive coppers ; ’ that's quoting your dad. I have no wish to see the uxorious object, though you praise him. His habit of falling under the table is middling old-fashioned ; but she may like him the better, or she may cure him. Whatever she is as a woman, she was a very nice girl to enliven the atmosphere of the switch. I sometimes look at a portrait I have of J. R., which, I fancy, Mrs. William Bulsted has no right to demand of me ; but supposing her husband thinks he has, why then I must consult my brother officers. We want a war, old Richie, and I wish you were sitting at our mess, and not mooning about girls and women.”

I presumed from this that Heriot's passion for Julia was extinct. Aunt Dorothy disapproved of his tone, which I thought admirably philosophical and coxcombically imitable, an expression of the sort of thing I should feel on hearing of Janet Ilchester's nuptials.

The daring and success of that foreign adventure of mine had, with the aid of Colonel and Clara Goodwin, convinced the squire of the folly of standing between me and him I loved. It was considered the best sign possible that he should take me down on an inspection of his various estates and his great coal-mine, and introduce me as the heir who would soon relieve him of the task. Perhaps he thought the smell of wealth a promising cure for such fits of insubordination as I had exhibited. My occasional absences on my own account were winked at. On my return the squire was sour and snappish, I cheerful and complaisant ; I grew cold, and he solicitous ; he would drink my health with a challenge to heartiness, and I drank to him heartily and he relapsed to a fit of sulks, informing me that in his time young men knew when they were well off,

and asking me whether I was up to any young men's villanies, had any concealed debts perchance, because, if so—Oh! he knew the ways of youngsters, especially when they fell into bad hands:—the list of bad titles rumbled on in an underbreath like cowardly thunder:—well, to cut the matter short, because, if so, his cheque-book was at my service; didn't I know that? eh? Not being immediately distressed by debt, I did not exhibit the gush of gratitude, and my sedate "Thank you, sir," confused his appeal for some sentimental show of affection. I am sure the poor old man suffered pangs of jealousy; I could even at times see into his breast and pity him. He wanted little more than to be managed; but a youth when he perceives absurdity in opposition to him chafes at it as much as if he were unaware that it is laughable. Had the squire talked to me in those days seriously and fairly of my father's character, I should have abandoned my system of defence to plead for him as before a judge. By that time I had gained the knowledge that my father was totally of a different construction from other men. I wished the squire to own simply to his loveable nature. I could have told him women did. Without citing my dear aunt Dorothy, or so humble a creature as the devoted Mrs. Waddy, he had sincere friends among women, who esteemed him, and were staunch adherents to his cause; and if the widow of the City knight, Lady Sampleman, aimed openly at being something more, she was not the less his friend. Nor was it only his powerful animation, generosity, and grace that won them.

There occurred when I was a little past twenty, already much in his confidence, one of those strange crucial events which try a man publicly, and bring out whatever can be said for and against him. A young Welsh heiress fell in love with him. She was, I think, seven or eight months younger than myself, a handsome, intelligent, high-spirited girl, rather wanting in polish, and perhaps in the protecting sense of decorum. She was well born, of course—she was Welsh. She was really well-bred too, though somewhat brusque. The young lady fell hopelessly in love with my father at Bath. She gave out that he was not to be for one moment accused of having encouraged her by secret addresses. It was her unsolicited avowal—thought by my aunt Dorothy immodest, not by me—that she preferred him to all living men. Her name was Anna Penrhys. The squire one morning received a letter from her family, requesting him to furnish them with information as to the antecedents of a gentleman calling himself Augustus Fitz-George Frederick William Richmond Guelph Roy, for purposes which would, they assured him, warrant the inquiry. He was for throwing the letter aside, shouting that he thanked his God he was unacquainted with anybody on earth with such an infernal list of names as that. Roy! Who knew anything of Roy?"

"It happens to be my father's present name," said I.

"It sounds to me like a name of one of those blackguard adventurers who creep into families to catch the fools," pursued the squire, not hearing me with his eyes.

"The letter at least must be answered," my aunt Dorothy said.

"It shall be answered!" the squire worked himself up to roar.

He wrote a reply, the contents of which I could guess at from my aunt's refusal to let me be present at the discussion of it. The letter despatched was written by her, with his signature. Her eyes glittered for a whole day.

Then came a statement of the young lady's case from Bath.

"Look at that! look at that!" cried the squire, and went on, "Look at that!" in a muffled way. There was a touch of dignity in his unforced anger.

My aunt winced displeasingly to my sight: "I see nothing to astonish one."

"Nothing to astonish one!" The squire set his mouth in imitation of her. "You see nothing to astonish one? Well, ma'am, when a man grows old enough to be a grandfather, I do see something astonishing in a child of nineteen—by George! it's out o' nature. But you women like monstrosities. Oh! I understand. Here's an heiress to fifteen thousand a year. It's not astonishing if every ruined gambler and scapegrace in the kingdom's hunting her hot; no, no! that's not astonishing. I suppose she has her money in a coal-mine."

The squire had some of his in a coal-mine: my mother once had; it was the delivery of a blow at my father, signifying that he had the scent for this description of wealth. I left the room. The squire then affected that my presence had constrained him, by bellowing out epithets easy for me to hear in the hall and out on the terrace. He vowed by solemn oath he was determined to save this girl from ruin. My aunt's speech was brief.

I was summoned to Bath by my father in a curious peremptory tone implying the utmost urgent need of me. I handed the letter to the squire at breakfast, saying, "You must spare me for a week or so, sir."

He spread the letter flat with his knife, and turned it over with his fork.

"Harry," said he, half kindly, and choking, "you're better out of it."

"I'm the best friend he could have by him, sir."

"You're the best tool he could have handy, for you're a gentleman."

"I hope I shan't offend you, grandfather, but I must go."

"Don't you see, Harry Richmond, you're in for an infernal marriage ceremony there!"

"The young lady is not of age," interposed my aunt.

"Eh? An infernal elopement then. It's clear the girl's mad—head's cracked as a cocoa-nut bowled by a monkey, brains nowhere. Harry, you're not a greenhorn; you don't suspect you're called down there to stop it, do you? You jump plump into a furious lot of the girl's relatives; you might as well take a header into a leech-pond. Come! you're a man; think for yourself. Don't have this affair on your conscience, boy. I tell you, Harry Richmond, I'm against your going. You go against my

will; you offend me, sir; you drag my name and blood into the mire. She's Welsh, is she? Those Welsh are addle-pated, every one. Poor girl!"

He threw a horrible tremour into his accent of pity.

My aunt expressed her view mildly, that I was sent for to help cure the young lady of her delusion.

"And take her himself!" cried the squire. "Harry, you wouldn't go and do that? Why, the law, man, the law—the whole country 'd be up about it. You'll be stuck in a coloured caricature!"

He was really alarmed lest this should be one of the consequences of my going, and described some of the scourging caricatures of his day with an intense appreciation of their awfulness as engines of the moral sense of the public. I went nevertheless.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROMENADE IN BATH.

I FOUND my father at his hotel, sitting with his friend Jorian DeWitt, whom I had met once before, and thought clever. He was an ex-captain of dragoons, a martyr to gout, and addicted to burgundy, which necessitated his resorting to the waters,—causing him, as he said, between his appetites and the penance he paid for them, to lead the life of a pendulum. My father was in a tempered gay mood, examining a couple of the county newspapers. One abused him virulently, he was supported by the other. After embracing me, he desired me to listen while he read out opposing sentences from the columns of these eminent journals:—

"The person calling himself 'Roy,' whose monstrously absurd pretensions are supposed to be embodied in this self-dubbed surname. . ."

"—The celebrated and courtly Mr. Richmond Roy, known no less by the fascination of his manners than by his romantic history. . ."

"—has very soon succeeded in making himself the talk of the town. . ."

"—has latterly become the theme of our tea-tables. . ."

"—which is always the adventurer's privilege. . ."

"—through no fault of his own. . ."

"—That we may throw light on the blushing aspirations of a crow-sconced Cupid, it will be as well to recall the antecedents of this (if no worse) preposterous imitation buck of the old school. . ."

"—Suffice it, without seeking to draw the veil from those affecting chapters of his earlier career which kindled for him the enthusiastic sympathy of all classes of his countrymen, that he is not yet free from a tender form of persecution. . ."

{ “—We think we are justified in entitling him the Perkin Warbeck of society. . . .”
 { “—Reference might be made to mythological heroes. . . .”

Hereat I cried out mercy.

Captain DeWitt (stretched nursing a leg) removed his silk handkerchief from his face to murmur,—

“The bass steadfastly drowns the treble, if this is meant for harmony.”

My father rang up the landlord, and said to him,—

“The choicest of your cellar at dinner to-day, Mr. Lumley; and, mind you, I am your guest, and I exercise my right of compelling you to sit down with us and assist in consuming a doubtful quality wine. We dine four. Lay for five, if your conscience is bad, and I excuse you.”

The man smirked. He ventured to say he had never been so tempted to supply an inferior article.

My father smiled on him.

“You invite our editorial advocate?” said Captain DeWitt.

“Our adversary,” said my father.

I protested I would not sit at table with him. But he assured me he believed his advocate and his adversary to be one and the same, and referred me to the collated sentences.

“The man must earn his bread, Richie, boy! To tell truth, it is the advocate I wish to rebuke, and to praise the adversary. It will confound him.”

“It does me,” said DeWitt.

“You perceive, Jorian, a policy in dining these men of the Press now and occasionally, considering their growing power, do you not?”

“Ay, ay! it’s a great gossiping machine, mon Roy. I prefer to let it spout.”

“I crave your permission to invite him in complimentary terms, cousin Jorian. He is in the town; remember, it is for the good of the nation that he and his like should have the opportunity of studying good society. As to myself personally, I give him carte blanche to fire his shots at me.”

Towards the fashionable hour of the afternoon my father took my arm, Captain DeWitt a stick, and we walked into the throng and buzz.

“Whenever you are, to quote our advocate, the theme of tea-tables, Richie,” said my father, “walk through the crowd: it will wash you. It is doing us the honour to observe us. We in turn discover an interest in its general countenance.”

He was received, as we passed, with much staring; here and there a lifting of hats, and some blunt nodding that incensed me, but he, feeling me bristle, squeezed my hand and talked of the scene, and ever and anon gathered a line of heads and shed an indulgent bow along them; so on to the Casino. Not once did he offend my taste and make my acute sense of

self-respect shiver by appearing grateful for a recognition, or anxious to court it, though the curtest salute met his acknowledgment.

The interior of the Casino seemed more hostile. I remarked it to him. "A trifle more eye-glassy," he murmured. He was quite at his ease there.

"We walk up and down, my son," he said, in answer to a question of mine, "because there are very few who can; even walking is an art; and, if nobody does, the place is dñll."

"The place is pretty well supplied with newspapers," said Captain DeWitt.

"And dowagers, friend Jorian. They are cousins. 'Tis the fashion to have our tattle done by machinery. They have their opportunity to compare the portrait with the original. Come, invent some scandal for us; let us make this place our social Exchange. I warrant a good bold piece of invention will fit them too, some of them. Madam,"—My father bowed low to the beckoning of a fan,—“I trust your ladyship did not chance to overhear that last remark I made?”

The lady replied: "I should have shut my eyes if I had. I called you to tell me, who is the young man?"

"For twenty years I have lived in the proud belief that he is my son!"

"I would not disturb it for the world." She did me the honour to inspect me from the lowest waistcoat button to the eyebrows. "Bring him to me to-night. Captain DeWitt, you have forsaken my whist-tables."

"Purely temporary fits of unworthiness, my lady."

"In English, gout?"

"Not gout in the conscience, I trust," said my father.

"Oh! that's curable," laughed the captain.

"You men of repartee would be nothing without your wickedness," the lady observed.

"Man was supposed to be incomplete——" Captain DeWitt affected a murmur.

She nodded "Yes, yes," and lifted eyes on my father. "So you have not given up going to church?"

He bent and spoke low.

She humphed her lips. "Very well, I will see. It must be a night in the early part of the week after next, then: I really don't know why I should serve you; but I like your courage."

"I cannot consent to accept your ladyship's favour on account of one singular virtue," said he, drooping.

She waved him to move forward.

During this frothy dialogue, I could see that the ear of the assembly had been caught by the sound of it.

"That," my father informed me, "is the great Lady Wilts. Now you will notice a curious thing. Lady Wilts is not so old but that, as our Jorian here says of her, she is marriageable. Hence, Richie, she is a

queen to make the masculine knee knock the ground. I fear the same is not to be said of her rival, Lady Denewdney, whom our good Jorian compares to an antiquated fledgling emerging with effort from a nest of ill construction and worse cement. She is rich, she is sharp, she uses her quill; she is emphatically not marriageable. Bath might still accept her as a rival queen, only she is always behindhand in seizing an occasion. Now you will catch sight of her fan working in a minute. She is envious and imitative. It would be undoubtedly better policy on her part to continue to cut me: she cannot, she is beginning to rustle like December's oaks. If Lady Wilts has me, why, she must. We refrain from noticing her until we have turned twice. Ay, Richie, there is this use in adversity; it teaches one to play sword and target with etiquette and retenue better than any crowned king in Europe. For me now to cross to her summons immediately, would be a gross breach of homage towards Lady Wilts, who was inspired to be the first to break through the fence of scandal environing me. But I must still show that I am independent. These people must not suppose that I have to cling to a party. Let them take sides; I am on fair terms with both the rivals. I show just such a nuance of a distinction in my treatment of them—just such—enough, I mean, to make the flattered one warm to me, and t'other be jealous of her. Ay, Richie, these things are trivial things beyond the grave; but here are we, my boy; and, by the way, I suspect the great campaign of my life is opening."

Captain DeWitt said that if so it would be the tenth, to his certain knowledge.

"Not *great* Campaign!" my father insisted: "mere skirmishes before this."

They conversed in humorous undertones, each in turn seeming to turn over the earth of some amusing reminiscence, so rapt that, as far as regarded their perception of it, the assembly might have been nowhere. Perhaps consequently they became observed with all but undivided attention. My father's hand was on my shoulder, his head towards Captain DeWitt; instead of subduing his voice, he gave it a moderate pitch, at which it was not intrusive, and was musical, to my ear charming, especially when he continued talking through his soft laughter, like a hunter that would in good humour press for his game through links of water-nymphs.

Lady Denewdney's fan took to beating time meditatively. Two or three times she kept it elevated, and in vain: the flow of their interchanging speech was uninterrupted. At last my father bowed to her from a distance. She signalled: his eyelids pleaded short sight, awakening to the apprehension of a pleasant fact: the fan tapped, and he halted his march, leaning scarce perceptibly in her direction. The fan showed distress. Thereupon, his voice subsided in his conversation, with a concluding flash of animation across his features, like a brook that comes to the leap on a descent, and he left us.

Captain DeWitt and I were led by a common attraction to the portico, the truth being that we neither of us could pace easily nor talk with perfect abandonment under eye-fire any longer.

"Look," said he to me, pointing at the equipages and equestrians : "you'll see a sight like this in dozens—dozens of our cities and towns ! The wealth of this country is frightful."

My reply, addressed at the same time mentally to Temple at sea, was :

"Well, as long as we have the handsomest women, I don't care."

Captain DeWitt was not so sure that we had. The Provençal women, the women of a part of South Germany, and certain favoured spots of Italy, might challenge us, he thought. This was a point I could argue on, or, I should rather say, take up the cudgels, for I deemed such opinions treason to one's country and an outrage to common sense, and I embarked in controversy with the single-minded intention of knocking down the man who held them.

He accepted his thrashing complacently.

"Now here comes a young lady on horseback," he said ; "do you spy her ? dark hair, thick eyebrows, rides well, followed by a groom. Is she a beauty ?"

In the heat of patriotism I declared she was handsome, and repeated it, though I experienced a twinge of remorse like what I should have felt had I given Minerva the apple instead of Venus.

"Oh !" he commented, and stepped down to the road to meet her, beginning, in my hearing, "I am the bearer of a compliment——" Her thick eyebrows stood in a knot, then she glanced at me and hung pensive. She had not to wait a minute before my father came to her side.

"I knew you would face them," she said.

He throw back his head like a swimmer tossing spray from his locks.

"You have read the paper ?" he asked.

"You have horsewhipped the writer ?" she rejoined.

"Oh ! the poor *penster* !"

"Nay, we can't pretend to pity him !"

"Could we condescend to offer him satisfaction ?"

"Would he dare to demand it ?"

"We will lay the case before Lady Wilts to-night."

"You are there to-night ?"

"At Lady Denewdney's to-morrow night—if I may indulge a hope ?"

"Both ? Oh ! bravo, bravo ! Tell me nothing more just now. How did you manage it ? I must have a gallop. Yes, I shall be at both, be sure of that."

My father introduced me.

"Let me present to your notice my son, Harry Lepel Richmond, Miss Penrhys."

She touched my fingers, and nodded at me ; speaking to him :

"He has a boy's taste: I hear he esteems me moderately well-favoured."

"An inherited error certain to increase with age!"

"Now you have started me!" she exclaimed, and lashed the flanks of her horse.

We had evidently been enacting a part deeply interesting to the population of Bath, for the heads of all the strolling groups were bent on us; and when Miss Penrhys cantered away, down dropped eyeglasses, and the promenade returned to activity. I fancied I perceived that my father was greeted more cordially on his way back to the hotel.

"You do well, Richie," he observed, "in preserving your composure until you have something to say. Wait for your opening; it will come, and the right word will come with it. The main things are to be able to stand well, walk well, and look with an eye at home in its socket:—I put you my hand on anyman or woman born of high blood.—Not a brazen eye!—of the two extremes, I prefer the beaten spaniel sort.—Blindfold me, and I put you my hand on them. As to repartee, you must have it. Wait for that; too. Do not," he groaned, "do not force it! Bless my soul, what is there in the world so bad?" And rising to the upper notes of his groan: "Ignorance, density, total imbecility, is better; I would rather any day of my life sit, and carve for guests—the grossest of human trials—a detestable dinner, than be doomed to hear some wretched fellow—and you hear the old as well as the young—excruciate feelings which, where they exist, cannot but be exquisitely delicate. Goodness gracious me! to see the man pumping up his wit! For me, my visage is of an unalterable gravity whenever I am present at one of these exhibitions. I care not if I offend. Let them say I wish to revolutionize society—I declare to you, Richie boy, delightful to my heart though I find your keen stroke of repartee, still your fellow who takes the thrust gracefully, knows when he's traversed by a master-stroke, and yields sign of it, instead of plunging like a spitted buffalo and asking us to admire his agility—you follow me?—I say I hold that man—and I delight vastly in ready wit; it is the wine of language!—I regard that man as the superior being. True, he is not so entertaining."

My father pressed on my arm to intimate, with a cavernous significance of eyebrow, that Captain DeWitt had the gift of repartee in perfection.

"Jorian," said he, "will you wager our editor declines to dine with us?"

The answer struck me as only passable. I think it was:—

"When rats smell death in toasted cheese."

Captain DeWitt sprang up the staircase of our hotel to his bedroom.

"I should not have forced him," my father mused. "Jorian DeWitt has at times brilliant genius, Richie—in the way of rejoinders, I mean. This is his happy moment—his one hour's dressing for dinner. I have

watched him ; he most thoroughly enjoys it ! I am myself a quick or slow dresser, as the case may be. But to watch Jorian you cannot help entering into his enjoyment of it. He will have his window with a view of the sunset ; there is his fire, his warmed linen, and his shirt-studs ; his bath, his choice of a dozen things he will or will not wear ; the landlord's or host's *menu* is up against the looking-glass, and the extremely handsome miniature likeness of his wife, who is in the madhouse, by a celebrated painter, I forget his name. Jorian calls this, new birth—you catch his idea ? He throws off the old and is on with the new, with a highly hopeful anticipation. His valet is a scoundrel, but never fails in extracting the *menu* from the cook, wherever he may be, and, in fine, is too attentive to the hour's devotion to be discarded. Poor Jorian ! I know no man I pity so much."

I conceived him, I confessed, hardly pitiable, though not enviable.

"He has but six hundred a year, and a passion for burgundy," said my father.

We were four at table. The editor came, and his timidity soon wore off in the warmth of hospitality. He appeared a kind, excitable little man, glad of his dinner from the first, and in due time proud of his entertainer. His response to the toast of the Fourth Estate was an apology for its behaviour to my father. He regretted it : he regretted it. A vinous speech.

My father heard him out. Addressing him subsequently,—

"I would not interrupt you in the delivery of your sentiments," he said. "I must, however, man to man, candidly tell you I should have wished to arrest your expressions of regret. They convey to my mind an idea that, on receipt of my letter of invitation, you attributed to me a design to corrupt you. Protest nothing, I beg. Editors are human, after all. Now, my object is that, as you write of me, you should have some knowledge of me ; and I naturally am interested in one who does me so much honour. The facts of my life are at your disposal for publication and comment. Simply, I entreat you, say this one thing of me : I seek for justice, but I never complain of my fortunes. Providence decides :—that might be the motto engraven on my heart. Nay, I may risk declaring it is ! In the end I shall be righted. Meanwhile you contribute to my happiness by favouring me with your society."

"Ah, sir," replied the little man, "were all our great people like you ! In the country—the provinces—they treat the representatives of the Fourth Estate as the squires a couple of generations back used to treat the parsons."

"What ! Have you got a place at their tables ?" inquired Captain DeWitt.

"No, I cannot say that—not even below the salt. Mr. Richmond—Mr. Roy, you may not be aware of it ; I am the proprietor of the opposition journals in this county. I tell you in confidence, one by itself would not pay ; and I am a printer, sir, and it is on my conscience to tell you I

have, in the course of business, been compelled this very morning to receive orders for the printing of various squibs and, I much fear, scurrilous things."

My father pacified him.

"You will do your duty to your family, Mr. Hickson."

Deeply moved, the little man pulled out proof-sheets and slips.

"Even now, at the eleventh hour," he urged, "there is time to correct any glaring falsehoods, insults, what not!"

My father accepted the copy of proofs.

"Not a word,—not a line! You spoke of the eleventh hour, Mr. Hickson. If we are at all near the eleventh, I must be on my way to make my bow to Lady Wilts; or is it Lady Denewdney's to-night? No, to-morrow night."

A light of satisfaction came over Mr. Hickson's face at the mention of my father's visiting both these sovereign ladies.

As soon as we were rid of him, Captain DeWitt exclaimed,—

"If that's the Fourth Estate, what's the Realm?"

"The Estate," pleaded my father, "is here in its infancy—on all fours——"

"Prehensile! Egad! it has the vices of the other three besides its own. Do you mean that by putting it on all fours?"

"Jorian, I have noticed that when you are malignant you are not witty. We have to thank the man for not subjecting us to a pledge of secrecy. My Lady Wilts will find the proofs amusing. And mark, I do not examine their contents before submitting them to her inspection. You will testify to the fact."

I was unaware that my father played a master-stroke in handing these proof-sheets publicly to Lady Wilts for her perusal. The intident of the evening was the display of her character shown by Miss Penrhys in positively declining to quit the house until she likewise had cast her eye on them. One of her aunts wept. Their carriage was kept waiting an hour.

"You ask too much of me: I cannot turn her out," Lady Wilts said to her uncle. And aside to my father, "You will have to marry her."

"In heaven's name keep me from marriage, my lady!" I heard him reply.

There was sincerity in his tone when he said that.



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BAKED PUDDING.

Three ounces (or three full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour to a quart of milk. Mix and boil in the same manner as for Blanc-mange. When cool add two eggs, previously well beaten, stir them well together, and bake for about half an hour.

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Mix two full-sized tea-spoonfuls of the Flour with a little cold water into a paste. Add half a pint of hot milk and water, sweetened to the taste, and boil for about five minutes. To be used warm.

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Mix a full-sized dessert-spoonful of the Flour with half a pint of milk, a lump of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Boil for eight minutes (stirring it all the time), and then add one egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly and pour into a buttered cup, tie up in a cloth, and again boil for about ten minutes. Serve it hot.

BOILED CUSTARD.

Take two full-sized table-spoonfuls of the Flour, and one quart of milk, sweetened to the taste. Mix the milk cold with the Flour: flavour it with three eggs, beaten up, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, of salt, and a small piece of butter. Add the milk hot, and boil altogether for ten minutes, stirring quickly.

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Eight ounces of the Flour, three of butter, three eggs thoroughly well beaten, and a table-spoonful of baking powder. Mix well, and bake in paste.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

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LONDON:

ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

PRIG: ALPHONSE DÜRR. NEW YORK: WILLMER AND ROGERS.

G. ROBERTSON. SYDNEY: W. MADDOCK. ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY.

TASMANIA: WALCH AND SONS.

. The TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE was published on the 4th of December, handsomely bound in embossed cloth, price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

For the convenience of Subscribers, embossed Cloth Covers for the Volumes already published are sold separately, price One Shilling each.

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Contributions should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.



"HARRY RICHMOND! MY SON, NOW OF AGE."

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION OF THE BATH EPISODE.



HE friends of Miss Penrhys were ill advised in trying to cry down a man like my father. Active persecution was the breath of life to him. When untroubled he was apt to let both his ambition and his dignity slumber. The squibs and scandal set afloat concerning him armed his wit, nerved his temper, touched him with the spirit of enterprise; he became a new creature. I lost sight of certain characteristics which I had begun to ponder over critically. I believed with all my heart that circumstances were blameable for much that did not quite please me.

Upon the question of his magnanimity, as well as of his courage, there could not be two opinions. He would neither retort nor defend himself. I perceived some grandeur in this conduct, without, however, appreciating it cordially, as I did a refinement of discretion about him that kept him from brushing good taste while launched in ostentatious displays. He had a fine tact and a keen intuition. He may have thought it necessary to

throw a little dust in my eyes ; but I doubt his having done it, for he had only, as he knew, to make me jealous to blind me to his faults utterly, and he refrained. In his allusions to the young lady he was apologetic, affectionate ; one might have fancied oneself listening to a gracious judge who had well weighed her case, and exculpated her from other excesses than that of a generous folly. Captain DeWitt, a competent critic, pronounced his behaviour consummate at all points. For my behoof, he hinted antecedent reverses to the picture ; meditating upon which I traced them to the fatal want of money, and that I might be able to fortify him in case of need, I took my own counsel, and wrote to my aunt for the loan of as large a sum as she could afford to send. Her eagerness for news of our doings was insatiable. " You do not describe her," she replied, not naming Miss Penrhys ; and again, " I can form no image of her. Your accounts of her are confusing. Tell me earnestly, do you like her ? She must be very wilful, but is she really nice ? I want to know how she appears to my Harry's mind."

My father borrowed these letters, and returning them to me, said, " A good soul ! the best of women ! There—there is a treasure lost ! " His forehead was clouded in speaking. He recommended me to assure my aunt that she would never have to take a family interest in Miss Penrhys. But this was not deemed perfectly satisfactory at Riversley. My aunt wrote : " Am I to understand that you, Harry, raise objection to her ? Think first whether she is in herself objectionable. She is rich, she may be prudent, she may be a forethoughtful person. She may not be able to support a bitter shock of grief. She may be one who can *help*. She may not be one whose heart will bear it. Put your own feelings aside, my dearest. Our duties cannot ever be clear to us until we do. It is possible for headstrong wilfulness and secret tenderness to go together. Think whether she is capable of sacrifice before you compel her to it. Do not inflict misery wantonly. One would like to see her. Harry, I brood on your future ; that is why I seem to you preternaturally anxious about you."

She seemed to me preternaturally anxious about Miss Penrhys.

My father listened in silence to my flippant satire on women's letters.

He answered after a pause,—

" Our Jorian says that women's letters must be read like anagrams. To put it familiarly, they are like a child's field of hop-scotch. You may have noticed the urchins at their game : a bit of tile, and a variety of compartments to pass it through to the base, hopping. Or no, Richie, pooh ! 'tis an unworthy comparison, this hop-scotch. I mean, laddie, they write in zigzags ; and so will you when your heart trumpets in your ear. Tell her, tell that dear, noble, good woman—say, we are happy, you and I, and alone, and shall be ; and do me the favour—she loves you, my son—address her sometimes—she has been it—call her ' mother ; ' she will like it ; she deserves—nothing shall supplant her ! "

He lost his voice.

She sent me three hundred pounds; she must have supposed the occasion pressing. Thus fortified against paternal improvidence, I expended a hundred in the purchase of a horse, and staked the remainder on him in a match, and was beaten. Disgusted with the horse, I sold him for half his purchase-money, and with that sum paid a bill to maintain my father's credit in the town. Figuratively speaking, I looked at my hands as astonished as I had been when the poor little rascal in the street snatched my cake, and gave me the vision of him gorging it in the flurried alley of the London crowd.

"Money goes," I remarked.

"That is the general experience of the nature of money," said my father, freshly; "but nevertheless you will be surprised to find how extraordinarily few are the people to make allowance for particular cases. It plays the trick with everybody, and almost nobody lets it stand as a plea for the individual. Here is Jorian, and you, my son, and perhaps your aunt Dorothy, and upon my word, I think I have numbered all I know—or, ay, Sukey Sampleman, I should not omit her in an honourable list—and that makes positively all I know who would commiserate a man touched on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer—not that such an indignity is any longer done to me."

"I hope we have seen the last of Shylock's great-grand-nephew," said I, emphatically.

"Merely to give you the instance, Richie. Ay! I hope so, I hope so! But it is the nature of money that you never can tell if the boarding's sound, once be dependent upon it. But this is talk for tradesmen."

Thinking it so myself, I had not attempted to discover the source of my father's income. Such as it was, it was paid half-yearly, and spent within a month of the receipt, for the most signal proof possible of its shameful insufficiency. Thus ten months of the year at least he lived protesting, and many with him, compulsorily. For two months he was a brilliant man. I penetrated his mystery enough to abstain from questioning him, and enough to determine that on my coming of age he should cease to be a pensioner, petitioner, and adventurer. He aimed at a manifest absurdity.

In the meantime, after the lesson I had received as to the nature of money, I saw with some alarm my father preparing to dig a great pit for it. He had no doubt performed wonders. Despite of scandal and tattle, and the deadly report of a penniless fortune-hunter having fascinated the young heiress, he commanded an entrance to the receptions of both the rival ladies dominant. These ladies, Lady Wilts and Lady Denewdney, who moved each in her select half-circle, and could heretofore be induced by none to meet in a common centre, had pledged themselves to honour with their presence a ball he proposed to give to the choice world here assembled on a certain illuminated day of the calendar.

"So I have now possession of Bath, Richie," said he, twinkling to

propitiate me, lest I should suspect him of valuing his achievement highly. He had, he continued, promised Hickson of the Fourth Estate, that he would, before leaving the place, do his utmost to revive the ancient glories of Bath: Bath had once set the fashion to the kingdom; why not again? I might have asked him, why at all, or why at his expense; but his lead was irresistible. Captain DeWitt and his valet, and I, and a score of ladies, scores of tradesmen, were rushing, reluctant or not, on a torrent. My part was to show that I was an athlete, and primarily that I could fence and shoot. "It will do no harm to let it be known," said DeWitt. He sat writing letters incessantly. My father made the tour of his fair stewardesses from noon to three, after receiving in audience his jewellers, linendrapers, carpenters, confectioners, from nine in the morning till twelve. At three o'clock business ceased. Workmen then applying to him for instructions were despatched to the bar of the hotel, bearing the recommendation to the barmaid not to supply them refreshment if they had ever in their lives been seen drunk. At four he dressed for afternoon parade. Nor could his enemy have said that he was not the chief voice and eye along his line of march. His tall full figure maintained a superior air without insolence, and there was a leaping beam in his large blue eyes, together with the signification of movement coming to his kindly lips, such as hardly ever failed to waken smiles of greeting. People smiled and bowed, and forgot their curiosity, forgot even to be critical, while he was in sight. I can say this, for I was acutely critical of their bearing towards him; the atmosphere of the place was never perfectly pleasing to me. My attitude of watchful reserve, and my reputation as the heir of immense wealth, tended possibly to constrain a certain number of the inimical party to be ostensibly civil. Lady Wilts, who did me the honour to patronize me almost warmly, complimented me on my manner of backing him, as if I were the hero; but I felt his peculiar charm; she partly admitted it, making a whimsical mouth, saying, in allusion to Miss Penrhys, "I, you know, am past twenty. At twenty forty is charming; at forty twenty." Where I served him perhaps was in showing my resolution to protect him: he had been insulted before my arrival. The male relatives of Miss Penrhys did not repeat the insult; they went to Lady Wilts and groaned over their hard luck in not having the option of fighting me. I was, in her phrase, a new piece on the board, and checked them. Thus, if they provoked a challenge from me, they brought the destructive odour of powder about the headstrong creature's name. Previously they had reckoned on my father for sparing her, and had done as they liked. I was therefore of use to him so far. I leaned indolently across the rails of the promenade while she bent and chattered in his ear, and her attendant cousin and cavalier, Mervyn Penrhys, chewed vexation in the form of a young mustachio's curl. His horse fretted; he murmured deep notes, and his look was savage; but he was bound to wait on her, and she would not go until it suited her pleasure. She introduced him to me—as if conversation could be carried on between

two young men feeling themselves simply pieces on the board, one giving check, and the other chafing under it! I need not say that I disliked my situation. It was worse when my father took to bowing to her from a distance, unobservant of her hand's prompt pull at the reins as soon as she saw him. Lady Wilts had assumed the right of a woman still possessing attractions to exert her influence with him on behalf of the family, for I had done my best to convince her that he entertained no serious thought of marrying, and decidedly would not marry without my approval. He acted on her advice to discourage the wilful girl.

"How is it I am so hateful to you?" Miss Penrhys accosted me abruptly. I fancied she must have gone mad, and an interrogative frown was my sole answer.

"Oh! I hear that you pronounce me everywhere unendurable," she continued. "You are young, and you misjudge me in some way, and I should be glad if you knew me better. By-and-by, in Wales.—Are you fond of mountain scenery? We might be good friends; my temper is not bad—at least, I hope not. Heaven knows what one's relatives think of one! Will you visit us? I hear you have promised your confidante, Lady Wilts."

My reply to this attack was mixed up with the broad vowels of eloquent discomposure:

"Really, Miss Penrhys, you are under a delusion; I shall be happy; I like the mountains, I——"

"No delusion at all. But will you wait before you form a positive opinion of me?"

"I can't, for I've formed it already, and it's exactly the reverse of what you seem to have heard."

"Who calls you shy!" she returned, leaving me, dissatisfied, I was sure.

At a dancing party where we met, she was thrown on my hands by her ungovernable vehemence, and I, as I had told Lady Wilts, not being able to understand the liking of twenty for forty (fifty would have been nearer the actual mark, or sixty), offered her no lively sympathy. I believe she had requested my father to pay public court to her. If Captain DeWitt was to be trusted, she desired him to dance, and dance with her exclusively, and so confirm and defy the tattle of the town; but my father hovered between the dowagers. She in consequence declined to dance, which was the next worst thing she could do. An aunt, a miserable woman, was on her left; on her right she contrived, too frequently for my peace of mind, to reserve a vacant place for me, and she eyed me intently across the room, under her persistent brows, until perforce I was drawn to her side. I had to listen to a repetition of sharp queries and replies, and affect a flattered gaiety, feeling myself most uncomfortably, as Captain DeWitt (who watched us) said, Chip the son of Block the father. By fixing the son beside her, she defeated the father's scheme of coldness, and made it appear a concerted piece of policy. Even I saw that. I

saw more than I grasped. Love for my father, was to my mind a natural thing, a proof of taste and goodness; women might love him; but the love of a young girl with the morning's mystery about her! and for my progenitor!—a girl (as I reflected in the midst of my interjections) well-built, clear-eyed, animated, clever, with soft white hands and pretty feet; how could it be? She was sombre as a sunken fire until he at last came round to her, and then her sudden vivacity was surprising.

Affairs were no further advanced when I had to obey the squire's commands and return to Riversley, missing the night of the grand ball with no profound regret, except for my father's sake. He wrote soon after one of his characteristic letters, to tell me that the ball had been a success. Immediately upon this announcement, he indulged luxurious reflections, as his manner was:—

“To have stirred up the old place and given it something to dream of for the next half century, is a satisfaction, Richie. I have a kindness for Bath. I leave it with its factions reconciled, its tea-tables furnished with inexhaustible supplies of the chief thing necessary, and the persuasion firmly established in my own bosom that it is impossible to revive the past, so we must march with the age. And let me add, all but every one of the bills happily discharged, to please you. Pray, fag at your German. If (as I myself confess to) you have enjoyment of old ways, habits, customs, and ceremonies, look to Court life. It is only in Courts that a man may now air a leg; and there the women are works of art. If you are deficient in calves (which my boy, thank heaven! will never be charged with) you are there found out, and in fact every deficiency, every qualification, is at once in patent exhibition at a Court. I fancy Parliament for you still, and that is no impediment as a step. Jorian would have you sit and wallow in ease, and buy (by the way, we might think of it) a famous Burgundy vineyard (for an investment), devote the prime of your life to the discovery of a cook, your manhood to perfect the creature's education—so forth; I imagine you are to get five years of ample gratification (a promise hardly to be relied on) in the sere leaf, and so perish. Take poor Jorian for an example of what the absence of ambition brings men to. I treasure Jorian, I hoard the poor fellow, to have him for a lesson to my boy. Witty and shrewd, and a masterly tactician (I wager he would have won his spurs on the field of battle), you see him now living for one hour of the day—absolutely twenty-three hours of the man's life are chained slaves, beasts of burden, to the four-and-twentieth! So, I repeat, fag at your German.

“Miss Penrhys retires to her native Wales; Jorian and I on to London, to the continent. Plinlimmon guard us all! I send you our local newspapers. That I cut *entrechats* is false. It happens to be a thing I could do, and not an Englishman in England except myself; only I did not do it. I did appear in what I was educated to believe was the evening suit of a gentleman, and I cannot perceive the immodesty of showing my

eg. A dress that is not indecent, and is becoming to me, and is the dress of my fathers, I wear, and I impose it on the generation of my sex. However, I dined Hickson of the Fourth Estate (Jorian considers him hungry enough to eat up his twentieth before he dies—I forget the wording of the *mot*), that he might know I was without rancour in the end, as originally I had been without any intention of purchasing his allegiance. He offered me his columns; he wished me luck with the heiress; by his gods, he swore he worshipped entrechats, and held a silk leg the most admirable work of the manufactures. 'Sir, you're a gentleman,' says he; 'you're a nobleman, sir; you're a prince; you're a star of the first magnitude.' Cries Jorian, 'Retract that, scum! you see nothing large but what you dare to think neighbours you,' and quarrels the inebriate dog. And this is the maker and destroyer of reputations in this day! I study Hickson as a miraculous engine of the very simplest contrivance; he is himself the epitome of a verdict on his period. Next day he disclaimed in his opposition penny sheet the report of the entrechats, and 'the spectators laughing consumedly,' and sent me (as I had requested him to do) the names of his daughters, to whom I transmit little comforting presents, for if they are nice children such a parent must afflict them.

"Cultivate Lady Wilts. You have made an impression. She puts you forward as a good specimen of our young men. 'Hem! madam.

"But, my dear boy, as I said, we cannot revive the past. I acknowledge it. Bath rebukes my last fit of ambition, and the experience is very well worth the expense. You have a mind, Richie, for discussing outlay, upon which I congratulate you, so long as you do not overlook equivalents. The system of the world is barter varied by robbery. Show that you have something in hand, and you enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that you were not robbed. I pledge you my word to it—I shall not repeat Bath. And mark you, an heiress is never compromised. I am not, I hope, responsible for every creature caught up in my circle of attraction. Believe me, dear boy, I should consult you, and another one, estimable beyond mortal speech! if I had become involved—impossible! No; I am free of all fresh chains, because of the old ones. Years will not be sufficient for us when you and I once begin to talk in earnest, when I open! To resume—so I leave Bath with a light conscience. Mixed with pleasant recollections is the transient regret that you were not a spectator of the meeting of the Wilts and the Denewdney streams. Jorian compared them to the Rhone and the—I forget the name of the river below Geneva—dirtyish; for there was a transparent difference in the Denewdney style of dress, and did I choose it I could sit and rule those two factions as despotically as Buonaparte his Frenchmen. Ask me what I mean by scaling billows, Richie. I will some day tell you. I have done it all my life, and here I am. But I thank heaven I have a son I love, and I can match him against the best on earth, and henceforward I live for him, to vindicate and right the boy, and place him in his

legitimate sphere. From this time I take to looking exclusively forward, and I labour diligently. I have energies.

"Not to boast, darling old son, I tell truth; I am only happy when my heart is beating near you. Here comes the mother in me pumping up. Adieu. Lebe wohl. The German!—the German!—may God in his Barmherzigkeit!—Tell her I never encouraged the girl, have literally nothing to trace a temporary wrinkle on my forehead as regards conscience. I say, may it please Providence to make you a good German scholar by the day of your majority. Hurrah for it! Present my humble warm respects to your aunt Dorothy. I pray to heaven nightly for one of its angels on earth. Kunst, Wissenschaft, Ehre, Liebe. Die Liebe. Quick at the German poets. Frau: Fräulein. I am actually dazzled at the prospect of our future. To be candid, I no longer see to write. Grüss' dich herzlich. From Vienna to you next. Lebe wohl!"

My aunt Dorothy sent a glance at the letter while I was folding it, evidently thinking my unwillingness to offer it a sign of bad news or fresh complications. She spoke of Miss Penrhys.

"Oh! that's over," said I. "Heiresses soon get consoled."

She accused me of having picked up a vulgar idea. I maintained that it was my father's.

"It cannot be your father's," said she softly; and on my affirming that he had uttered it and written it, she replied in the same tone, more effective than the ordinary language of conviction, "He does not think it."

The rage of a youth to prove himself in the right of an argument was insufficient to make me lay the letter out before other eyes than my own, and I shrank from exposing it to compassionate gentle eyes that would have pleaded similar allowances to mine for the wildness of the style. I should have thanked, but despised the intelligence of one who framed my excuses for my father, just as the squire, by abusing him, would have made me a desperate partisan in a minute. The vitality of the delusion I cherished was therefore partly extinct; not so the love; yet the love of him could no longer shake itself free from oppressive shadows.

Out of his circle of attraction books were my resource.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Books and dreams, like the two rivers cited by my father, flowed side by side in me without mixing; and which the bright Rhone was, which the brown Arve, needs not to be told to those who know anything of youth; they were destined to intermingle soon enough. I read well, for I felt ground and had mounting views; the real world, and the mind and

passions of the world, grew visible to me. My tutor pleased the squire immensely by calling me matter-of-fact. In philosophy and history I hated speculation; but nothing was too fantastic for my ideas of possible occurrences. Once away from books, I carried a head that shot rockets to the farthest hills. My dear friend Temple was at sea, or I should have had one near me to detect and control the springs of nonsense. I was deemed a remarkably quiet, sober, thoughtful young man, acquiescent in all schemes projected for my welfare. The squire would have liked to see me courting the girl of his heart, as he termed Janet Ilchester, a little more demonstratively. We had, however, come to the understanding that I was to travel before settling. Traditional notions of the importance of the Grand Tour in the education of gentlemen, led him to consent to my taking a year on the continent accompanied by my tutor. He wanted some one, he said, to represent *him* when I was out over there; which signified that he wanted some one to keep my father in check; but as the Rev. Ambrose Peterborough, successor to the Rev. Simon Hart, was hazy and manageable, I did not object. Such faith had the quiet thoughtful young man at Riversley in the convulsions of the future, the whirlwinds and whirlpools spinning for him and all connected with him, that he did not object to hear his name and Janet's coupled, though he had not a spark of love for her. I tried to realize to myself the general opinion that she was handsome. Her eyebrows were thick and level and long; her eyes direct in their gaze, of a flinty blue, with dark lashes; her nose firm, her lips fullish, and firm when joined; her shape straight, moderately flexible. But she had no softness; she could admire herself in my presence; she claimed possession of me openly, and at the same time openly provoked a siege from the remainder of my sex; she was not maidenly. She caught imagination by the sleeve, and shut it between square whitewashed walls. Heriot thought her not only handsome, but comparable to Mrs. William Bulsted, our Julia Rippenger of old. At his meeting with Julia, her delicious loss of colour made her seem to me one of the loveliest women on earth. Janet never lost colour, rarely blushed; she touched neither nerve nor fancy.

"You want a rousing coquette," said Heriot; "you won't be happy till you've been racked by that nice instrument of torture, and the fair Bulsted will do it for you if you like. You don't want a snake or a common serpent, you want a Python."

I wanted bloom and mystery, a woman shifting like the light, with evening and night and dawn, and sudden fire. Janet was bald to the heart inhabiting me then, as if quite shaven. She could speak her affectionate mind as plain as print, and it was dull print facing me, not the arches of the sunset. Julia had only to lisp, "my husband," to startle and agitate me beyond expression. She said simple things—"I slept well last night," or "I dreamed," or "I shivered," and plunged me headlong down impenetrable forests. The mould of her mouth to a reluctant "No," and her almost invariable drawing in of her breath with

a "Yes," surcharged the everyday monosyllables with meanings of life and death. At last I was reduced to tell her, seeing that she reproached my coldness for Janet, how much I wished Janet resembled her. Her Irish eyes lightened: "Me! Harry;" then they shadowed: "She is worth ten of me." Such pathetic humility tempted me to exalt her supremely. I talked like a boy, feeling like a man: she behaved like a woman, blushing like a girl.

"Julia! I can never call you Mrs. Bulsted."

"You have an affection for my husband, have you not, Harry?"

Of a season when this was adorable language to me, the indication is sufficient. Riding out perfectly crazed by it, I met Kiomi, and transferred my emotions. The squire had paid her people an annual sum to keep away from our neighbourhood, while there was a chance of my taking to gipsy life. They had come back to their old camping-ground, rather dissatisfied with the squire.

"Speak to him yourself, Kiomi," said I; "whatever you ask for, he can't refuse anything to such eyes as yours."

"You!" she rallied me; "why can't you talk sensible stuff!"

She had grown a superb savage, proof against weather and compliments. Her face was like an Egyptian sky fronting night. The strong old Eastern blood put ruddy flame for the red colour; tawny olive edged from the red; rare vivid yellow, all but amber. The light that first looks down upon the fallen sun, was her complexion above the brows, and round the cheeks, the neck's nape, the throat, and the firm bosom prompt to lift and sink with her vigour of speech, as her eyes were to flash and darken. Meeting her you swore she was the personification of wandering Asia. There was no question of beauty and grace, for these have laws. The curve of her brows broke like a beaten wave; the lips and nostrils were wide, tragic in repose. But when she laughed she illuminated you; where she stepped she made the earth hers. She was as fresh of her East as the morning when her ancient people struck tents in the track of their shadows. I write of her in the style consonant to my ideas of her at the time. I would have carried her off on the impulse and lived her life, merely to have had such a picture moving in my sight, and call it mine.

"You're not married?" I said, ludicrously faintly.

"I've not seen the man I'd marry," she answered, grinning scorn.

The prize-fighter had adopted drinking for his pursuit; one of her aunts was dead, and she was in quest of money to bury the dead woman with the conventional ceremonies and shows of respect dear to the hearts of gipsies, whose sense of propriety and adherence to customs are a sentiment indulged by them to a degree unknown to the stabled classes. In fact, they have no other which does not come under the definite title of pride;—pride in their physical prowess, their dexterity, ingenuity, and trickiness, and their purity of blood. Kiomi confessed she had hoped to meet me; confessed next that she had been waiting to jump out on me; and next that she had sat in a tree watching the Grange yesterday for six hours; and

all for money to do honour to her dead relative, poor little soul! Heriot and I joined the decent procession to the grave. Her people had some quarrel with the Durstan villagers, and she feared the scandal of being pelted on the way to the church. I knew that nothing of the sort would happen if I was present. Kiomi walked humbly, with her head bent, leaving me the thick rippling coarse black locks of her hair for a mark of observation. We were entertained at her camp in the afternoon. I saw no sign of intelligence between her and Heriot. On my asking her, the day before, if she remembered him, she said, "I do, I'm dangerous for that young man." Heriot's comment on her was impressed on me by his choosing to call her "a fine doe leopard," and maintaining that it was a defensible phrase.

She was swept from my amorous mind by Mabel Sweetwinter, the miller's daughter of Dipwell. This was a Saxon beauty in full bud, yellow as mid-May, with the eyes of opening June. Beauty, you will say, is easily painted in that style. But the sort of beauty suits the style, and the well-worn comparisons express the well-known type. Beside Kiomi she was like a rich meadow on the border of the heaths.

We saw them together on my twenty-first birthday. To my shame I awoke in the early morning at Riversley, forgetful of my father's old appointment for the great Dipwell feast. Not long after sunrise, when blackbirds peck the lawns, and swallows are out from under eaves to the flood's face, I was hailed by Janet Ilchester beneath my open windows. I knew she had a bet with the squire that she would be the first to hail me legal man, and was prepared for it. She sat on horseback alone in the hazy dewy midsummer morning, giving clear note: "Whoop! Harry Richmond! halloo!" To which I tossed her a fox's brush, having a jewelled bracelet pendant. She missed it and let it lie, and laughed.

"No, no; it's foxie himself!—anybody may have the brush. You're dressed, are you, Harry? You were sure I should come? A thousand happy years to you, and me to see them, if you don't mind. I'm first to wish it, I'm certain! I was awake at three, out at half-past, over Durstan heath, across Eckerthy's fields—we'll pay the old man for damage—down by the plantation, Bran and Sailor at my heels, and here I am. Crow, cocks! bark, dogs! up, larks! I said I'd be first. And now I'm round to stables to stir up Uberly. Don't be tardy, Mr. Harry, and we'll be Commodore Anson and his crew before the world's awake."

We rode out for a couple of hours, and had to knock at a farmhouse for milk and bread. Possibly a sense of independence, owing to the snatching of a meal in mid flight away from home, made Janet exclaim that she would gladly be out all day. Such freaks were exceedingly to my taste. Then I remembered Dipwell, and sure that my father would be there, though he had not written of it, I proposed to ride over. She pleaded for the horses and the squire alternately. Feasting was arranged at Riversley, as well as at Dipwell, and she said musically,—

"Harry, the squire is a very old man, and you may not have many

more chances of pleasing him. To-day, do, do! To-morrow, ride to your father, if you must: of course you must if you think it right; but don't go this day."

"Not upset my fortune, Janet?"

"Don't hurt the kind old man's heart to-day."

"Oh! you're the girl of his heart, I know."

"Well, Harry, you have first place, and I want you to keep it."

"But here's an oath I've sworn to my father."

"He should not have exacted it, I think."

"I promised him when I was a youngster."

"Then be wiser now, Harry."

"You have brilliant ideas of the sacredness of engagements."

"I think I have common sense, that's all."

"This is a matter of feeling."

"It seems that you forgot it, though!"

Kiomi's tents on Durstan heath rose into view. I controlled my verbal retort upon Janet to lead her up to the gipsy girl, for whom she had an odd aversion, dating from childhood. Kiomi undertook to ride to Dipwell, a distance of thirty miles, and carry the message that I would be there by nightfall. Tears were on Janet's resolute face as we cantered home.

After breakfast the squire introduced me to his lawyer, Mr. Burgin, who, closeted alone with me, said formally,—

"Mr. Harry Richmond, you are Squire Beltham's grandson, his sole male descendant, and you are established at present, and as far as we can apprehend for the future, as the direct heir to the whole of his property, which is enormous now, and likely to increase so long as he lives. You may not be aware that your grandfather has a most sagacious eye for business. Had he not been born a rich man he would still have been one of our very greatest millionaires. He has rarely invested but to double his capital; never speculated but to succeed. He may not understand men quite so well, but then he trusts none entirely; so if there is a chasm in his intelligence, there is a bridge thrown across it. The analogy is obscure perhaps: you will doubtless see my meaning. He knows how to go on his road without being cheated. For himself, your grandfather, Mr. Harry, is the soul of honour. Now, I have to explain certain family matters. The squire's wife, your maternal grandmother, was a rich heiress. Part of her money was settled on her to descend to her children by reversion upon her death. What she herself possessed she bequeathed to them in reversion likewise to their children. Thus at your maternal grandmother's death, your mother and your aunt inherited money to use as their own, and the interest of money tied fast in reversion to their children (in case of marriage) after their death. Your grandfather, as your natural guardian, has put out the annual interest of your money to considerable profit, and now you are of age he hands it to you, as you see, without much delay. Thus you become this day the possessor

of seventy thousand pounds, respecting the disposal of which I am here to take your orders. Ahem—as to the remaining property of your mother's—the sum held by her for her own use, I mean, it devolved to her husband, your father, who, it is probable, will furnish you an account of it, ah, at his leisure, ah, um! And now, in addition, Mr. Harry, I have the squire's commands to speak to you as a man of business, on what may be deemed a delicate subject, though from the business point of view no peculiar delicacy should pertain to it. Your grandfather will settle on you estates and money to the value of twenty thousand pounds per annum on the day of your union with a young lady in this district, Miss Janet Ilchester. He undertakes likewise to provide her pin-money. Also let me observe, that it is his request—but he makes no stipulation of it—that you will ultimately assume the name of Beltham, subscribing yourself Harry Lepel Richmond Beltham; or, if it pleases you, Richmond-Beltham, with the junction hyphen. Needless to say, he leaves it to your decision. And now, Mr. Harry, I have done, and may most cordially congratulate you on the blessings it has pleased a kind and discerning Providence to shower on your head."

None so grimly ironical as the obsequious! I thought of Burgin's 'discerning' Providence (he spoke with all professional sincerity) in after days.

On the occasion I thought of nothing but the squire's straightforwardness, and grieved to have to wound him. Janet helped me. She hinted with a bashfulness, quite new to her, that I must go through some ceremony. Guessing what it was, I saluted her on the cheek. The squire observed that a kiss of that sort might as well have been planted on her back hair. "But," said he, and wisely, "I'd rather have the girl worth ten of you, than you be more than her match. Girls like my girl here are precious." Owing to her intercession, he winked at my departure after I had done duty among the tenants; he barely betrayed his vexation, and it must have been excessive.

Heriot and I rode over to Dipwell. Next night we rode back by moonlight with matter for a year of laughter, singing like two Arabian poets praises of Dark and Fair, challenging one to rival the other. Kiomi! Mabel! we shouted separately. We had just seen the dregs of the last of the birthday burgundy.

"Kiomi! what a splendid panther she is!" cries Heriot; and I: "teeth and claws, and a skin like a burnt patch on a common! Mabel's like a wonderful sunflower."

"Butter and eggs! old Richie, and about as much fire as a rushlight. If the race were Fat she'd beat the world."

"Heriot, I give you my word of honour, the very look of her's eternal summer. Kiomi rings thin—she tinkles; it's the difference between metal and flesh."

"Did she tinkle, as you call it, when that fellow Destrier, confound him! touched her?"

"The little cat! Did you notice Mabel's blush?"

"How could I help it? We've all had a dozen apiece. You saw little Kiomi curled up under the hop and briony?"

"I took her for a dead jackdaw."

"I took her for what she is, and she may slap, scream, tear, and bite, I'll take her yet—and all her tribe crying thief, by way of a diversion. She and I are footed a pair."

His impetuosity surpassed mine so much that I fell to brooding on the superior image of my charmer. The result was, I could not keep away from her. I managed to get home with leaden limbs. Next day I was back at Dipwell.

Such guilt as I have to answer for I may avow. I made violent love to this silly country beauty, and held every advantage over her other flatterers. She had met me on the evening of the great twenty-first, she and a line of damsels dressed in white and wearing wreaths, and I had claimed the privilege of saluting her. The chief superintendent of the festivities, my father's old cook, Monsieur Alphonse, turned twilight into noonday with a sheaf of rockets at the moment my lips brushed her cheek. It was a kiss marred; I claimed to amend it. Besides, we had been bosom friends in childhood. My wonder at the growth of the rose I had left but an insignificant thorny shoot, was exquisite natural flattery, sweet reason, to which she could not say nonsense. At each step we trod on souvenirs, innocent in themselves, had they recurred to childish minds. The whisper, "Hark! it's sunset, Mabel, Martha Thresher calls," clouded her face with stormy sunset colours. I respected Martha even then for boldly speaking to me on the girl's behalf. Mrs. Waddy's courage failed. John Thresher and Mark Sweetwinter were overcome by my father's princely prodigality; their heads were turned, they appeared to have assumed that I could do no wrong. To cut short the episode, some one wrote to the squire in uncouth English, telling him I was courting a country lass, and he at once started me for the continent. We had some conversation on money before parting. The squire allowed me a thousand a year, independently of my own income. He counselled prudence, warned me that I was on my trial, and giving me his word of honour that he should not spy into my bank accounts, desired me to be worthy of the trust reposed in me. Speculation he forbade. I left him satisfied with the assurance that I meant to make my grand tour neither as a merchant, a gambler, nor a rake, but simply as a plain English gentleman.

"There's nothing better in the world than that," said he.

Arrived in London, I left my travelling companion, the Rev. Ambrose Peterborough, sipping his port at the hotel, and rushed down to Dipwell, shot a pebble at Mabel's window by morning twilight, and soon had her face at the casement. But it was a cloudy and rain-beaten face. She pointed towards the farm, saying that my father was there.

"Has he grieved you, Mabel?" I asked softly.

"Oh, no, not he! he wouldn't, he couldn't; he talked right. Oh,

go, go ; for I haven't a foot to move. And don't speak so soft ; I can't bear kindness."

My father in admonishing her had done it tenderly, I was sure. Tenderness was the weapon which had wounded her, and so she shrank from it ; and if I had reproached and abused her she might perhaps have obeyed me by coming out, not to return. She was deaf. I kissed my hand to her regretfully ; a condition of spirit gradually dissolved by the haunting phantom of her forehead and mouth crumpling up for fresh floods of tears. Had she concealed that vision with her handkerchief, I might have waited to see her before I saw my father, and have been myself a prince deserving curses. He soon changed the set of the current.

"Our little Mabel here," he said, "is an inflammable puss, I fear. By the way, talking of girls, I have a surprise for you. Remind me of it when we touch Ostend. We may want a yacht there to entertain high company. I have set inquiries afloat for the hire of a schooner. This child Mabel can read and write, I suppose ? Best write no letters, boy. Do not make old Dipwell a thorny bed. I have a portrait to show you, Richie. A portrait ! I think you will say the original was worthy of more than to be taken up and thrown away like a weed. You see, Richie, girls have only one chance in the world, and good God ! to ruin that—no, no. You shall see this portrait. A pretty little cow-like Mabel, I grant you. But to have her on the conscience ! What a coronet to wear ! My young Lord Destrier—you will remember him as one of our guests here ; I brought him to make your acquaintance ; well, *he* would not be scrupulous, it is possible. Ay, but compare yourself with him, Richie ! and you and I, let us love one another and have no nettles."

He flourished me away to London, into new spheres of fancy. He was irresistible.

In a London club I was led up to the miniature of a youthful woman, singular for her endearing beauty. Her cheeks were merry red, her lips lively with the spark of laughter, her eyes in good union with them, showing you the laughter was gentle ; eyes of overflowing blue light.

"Who is she ?" I asked.

The old-fashioned building of the powdered hair counselled me to add "Who was she ?"

Captain DeWitt, though a member of the club, seemed unable to inform me. His glance consulted my father. He hummed and drawled, and said : "Mistress Anastasia Dewsbury ; that was her name."

"She does not look a grandmother," said my father.

"She would be one by this time, I dare say," said I.

We gazed in silence.

"Yes !" he sighed. "She was a charming actress, and one of the best of women. A noble-minded young woman ! A woman of cultivation and genius ! Do you see a broken heart in that face ? No ? Very well. A walk will take us to her grave. She died early."

I was breathing, "Who?" when he said, "She was my mother, my dear."

It was piteous.

We walked to an old worn flat stone in a London street, where under I had to imagine those features of beautiful humanity lying shut from us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I MEET THE PRINCESS.

HEARING that I had not slept at the hotel, the Rev. Ambrose rushed down to Riversley with melancholy ejaculations, and was made to rebound by the squire's contemptuous recommendation to him to learn to know something of the spirit of young bloods, seeing that he had the nominal charge of one, and to preach his sermon in secret, if he would be sermonizing out of church. The good gentleman had not exactly understood his duties, or how to conduct them. Far from objecting to find me in company with my father, as he would otherwise have done by transmitting information of that fact to Riversley, he now congratulated himself on it, and after the two had conversed apart, cordially agreed to our scheme of travelling together. The squire had sickened him. I believe that by comparison he saw in my father a better friend of youth.

"We shall not be the worse for a ghostly adviser at hand," my father said to me with his quaintest air of gravity and humour mixed, which was not insincerely grave, for the humour was unconscious. "An accredited casuist may frequently be a treasure. And I avow it, I like to travel with my private chaplain."

Mr. Peterborough's temporary absence had allowed me time for getting ample funds placed at our disposal through the agency of my father's solicitors, Messrs. Dettermain and Newson, whom I already knew from certain transactions with them on his behalf. They were profoundly courteous to me, and showed me his box, and alluded to his Case—a long one, and a lamentable, I was taught to apprehend, by their lugubriously professional tone about it. The question was naturally prompted in me, "Why do you not go on with it?"

"Want of funds."

"There's no necessity to name that now," I insisted. But my father desired them to postpone any further exposition of the case, saying, "Pleasure first, business by-and-by. That, I take it, is in the order of our great mother nature, gentlemen. I will not have him help shoulder his father's pack until he has had his fill of entertainment."

A smooth voyage brought us in view of the towers of Ostend towards sunrise. Standing with my father on deck, and gazing on this fringe of the grand romantic Continent, I remembered our old travels, and felt myself bound to him indissolubly, ashamed of my recent critical probings

of his character. My boy's love for him returned in full force. I was sufficiently cognizant of his history to know that he kept his head erect, lighted by the fire of his robust heart in the thick of overhanging natal clouds. As the way is with men when they are too happy to be sentimental, I chattered of anything but my feelings.

"What a capital idea that was of yours to bring down old Alphonse to Dipwell! You should have heard old John Thresher and Mark Sweet-winter and the others grumbling at the interference of 'French frogs' with their beef, though Alphonse vowed he only ordered the ox to be turned faster, and he dressed their potatoes in six different ways. I doubt if Dipwell has composed itself yet. You know I sat for president in their tent while the beef went its first round; and Alphonse was in an awful hurry to drag me into what he called the royal tent. By the way, you should have hauled the standard down at sunset."

"Not when the *son* had not come down among us," said my father, smiling.

"Well, I forgot to tell you about Alphonse. By the way, we'll have him in our service. There was he plucking at me: 'Monsieur Henri-Richie, Monsieur Henri-Richie! milles compliments . . . et les potages, Monsieur!—à la Camérani, à la tortue, aux petits pois . . . c'est en vrai artiste que j'ai su tout retarder jusqu'au dernier moment. . . . Monsieur! cher Monsieur Henri-Richie, je vous en supplie, laissez-là ces planteurs de choux.' And John Thresher, as spokesman for the rest: 'Master Harry, we beg to say, in my name, we can't masticate comfortably while we've got a notion Mr. Frenchman he's present here to play his Frenchified tricks with our plain wholesome dishes. Our opinion is, he don't know beef from hedgehog; and let him trim 'em, and egg 'em, and breadcrumb 'em, and pound the mess all his might, and then tak' and roll 'em into balls, we say we wun't, for we can't make English muscle out o' that.'—And Alphonse, quite indifferent to the vulgar: 'Hé! mais pensez donc au Papa, Monsieur Henri-Richie, sans doute il a une santé de fer: mais encore faut-il lui ménager le suc gastrique, pancréatique. . . .'"

"Ay, ay!" laughed my father; "what sets you thinking of Alphonse?"

"I suppose because I shall have to be speaking French in an hour."

"German, Richie, German."

"But these Belgians speak French."

"Such French as it is. You will, however, be engaged in a German conversation first, I suspect."

"Very well, I'll stumble on. I don't much like it."

"In six hours from this second of time, Richie, boy, I undertake to warrant you fonder of the German tongue than of any other spoken language."

I looked at him. He gave me a broad pleasant smile, without sign of a jest lurking in one corner.

The scene attracted me. Laughing fishwife faces radiant with sea-bloom in among the weedy pier-piles, and sombre blue-cheeked officers of the douane with their double row of buttons extending the breadth of their shoulders. My father won Mr. Peterborough's approval by declaring cigars which he might easily have passed.

"And now, sir,"—he used the commanding unction of a lady's doctor,—"you to bed, and a short repose. We will, if it pleases you, breakfast at eight. I have a surprise for Mr. Richie. We are about to beat the drum in the market-place, and sing out for echoes."

"Indeed, sir?" said the simple man.

"I promise you we shall not disturb you, Mr. Peterborough. You have reached that middle age, have you not, when sleep is, so to put it, your capital? And your bodily and mental activity is the interest you draw from it to live on. You have three good hours. So, then, till we meet at the breakfast-table."

My father's first proceeding at the hotel was to examine the list of visitors. He questioned one of the waiters aside, took information from him, and seized my arm rather tremulously, saying,—

"They are here. 'Tis as I expected. And she is taking the morning breath of sea-air on the dunes. Come, Richie, come."

"Who's the 'she'?" I asked, incuriously.

"Well, she is young, she is of high birth, she is charming. We have a crowned head or two here. I observe in you, Richie, an extraordinary deficiency of memory. She has had an illness; Neptune speed her recovery! Now for a turn at our German. *Die Strasse ruhen; die Stadt schläft; aber dort, siehst Du, dort liegt das blaue Meer, das nimmer-schlafende!* She is gazing on it, and breathing it, Richie. *Ach! ihr jauchzende Seejungfern.* On my soul, I expect to see the very loveliest of her sex! You must not be dismayed at pale cheeks—blasse Wangen. Her illness has been alarming. Why, this air is the top of life; it will, and it shall, revive her. How will she address him?—'Freund,' in my presence, perchance: she has her invalid's privilege. 'Theure Prinzessin' you might venture on. No ice! Ay, there she is!"

Solitary, on the long level of the sand-bank, I perceived a group that became discernible as three persons attached to an invalid's chair, moving leisurely towards us. I was in the state of mind between divination and doubt when the riddle is not impossible to read, would but the heart cease its hurry an instant; a tumbled sky where the break is coming. It came. The dear old days of my wanderings with Temple framed her face. I knew her without need of pause or retrospect. The crocus raising its cup pointed as when it pierced the earth, and the crocus stretched out on earth, wounded by frost, is the same flower. The face was the same, though the features were changed. Unaltered in expression, but wan, and the kind blue eyes large upon lean brows, her aspect was that of one who had been half caught away and still shook faintly in the relaxing invisible grasp.

We stopped at a distance of half-a-dozen paces to allow her time for recollection. She eyed us softly in a fixed manner, while the sea-wind blew her thick red-brown hair to threads on her cheek. Colour on the fair skin told us we were recognized.

"Princess Ottilia!" said my father.

"It is I, my friend," she answered. "And you?"

"With more health than I am in need of, dearest princess."

"And he?"

"Harry Richmond! my son, now of age, commencing his tour; and he has not forgotten the farewell bunch of violets."

Her eyelids gently lifted, asking me.

"Nor the mount you did me the honour to give me on the little Hungarian," said I.

"How nice this sea-air is!" she spoke in English. "England and sea go together in my thoughts. And you are here! I have been down very low, near the lowest. But your good old sea makes me breathe again. I want to toss on it. Have you yet seen the Markgräfin?"

My father explained that we had just landed from the boat.

"Is our meeting, then, an accident?"

"Dear princess, I heard of your being out by the shore."

"Ah! kind: and you walked to meet me? I love that as well, though I love chance. And it is chance that brings you here! I looked out on the boat from England while they were dressing me. I cannot have too much of the morning, for then I have all to myself: sea and sky and I. The night people are all asleep, and you come like an old Märchen."

Her eyelids dropped without closing.

"Speak no more to her just at present," said an English voice, Miss Sibley's. Schwartz, the huge dragoon, whose big black horse hung near him in my memory like a phantom, pulled the chair at a quiet pace, head downward. A young girl clad in plain black walked beside Miss Sibley, following the wheels.

"Danger is over," Miss Sibley answered my gaze. "She is convalescent. You see how weak she is."

I praised the lady for what I deemed her great merit in not having quitted the service of the princess.

"Oh!" said she, "my adieux to Sarkeld were uttered years ago. But when I heard of her fall from the horse I went and nursed her. We were once in dread of her leaving us. She sank as if she had taken some internal injury. It may have been only the shock to her system, and the cessation of her accustomed exercise. She has a little over-studied."

"The margravine?"

"The margravine is really very good and affectionate, and has won my esteem. So you and your father are united at last? We have often talked of you. Oh! that day up by the tower. But, do you know, the statue is positively there now, and no one—no one who had the

privilege of beholding the first bronze Albrecht Wohlgenuth, Fürst von Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld, no one will admit that the second is half worthy of him. I can feel to this day the leap of the heart in my mouth when the statue dismounted. The prince sulked for a month: the margravine still longer at your father's evasion. She could not make allowance for the impulsive man: such a father; *such* a son!"

"Thank you, thank you most humbly," said I, bowing to her shadow of a mock curtesy.

The princess's hand appeared at a side of the chair. We hastened to her.

"Let me laugh, too," she prayed.

Miss Sibley was about to reply, but stared, and delight sprang to her lips in a quick cry.

"What medicine is this? Why, the light of morning has come on you, my darling!"

"I am better, dearest, better."

"You sigh, my own."

"No; I breathe lots, lots of salt air now, and lift like a boat. Ask him—he had a little friend, much shorter than himself, who came the whole way with him out of true friendship—ask him where is the friend?"

Miss Sibley turned her head to me.

"Temple," said I; "Temple is a midshipman; he is at sea."

"That is something to think of," the princess murmured, and dropped her eyelids a moment. She resumed: "The Grand Seigneur was at Vienna last year, and would not come to Sarkeld, though he knew I was ill."

My father stooped low.

"The Grand Seigneur, your servant, dear princess, was an Ottoman Turk, and his Grand Vizier advised him to send flowers in his place weekly."

"I had them, and when we could get them nowhere else," she replied. "So it was you! So my friends have been about me."

During the remainder of the walk I was on one side of the chair, and her little maid on the other, while my father to rearward conversed with Miss Sibley. The princess took a pleasure in telling me that this Aennchen of hers knew me well, and had known me before ever her mistress had seen me. Aennchen was the eldest of the two children Temple and I had eaten breakfast with in the forester's hut. I felt myself as if in the forest again, merely wondering at the growth of the trees, and the narrowness of my vision in those days.

At parting, the princess said,—

"Is my English improved? You smiled at it once. I will ask you when I meet you next."

"It is my question," I whispered to my own ears.

She caught the words.

"Why do you say—'It is my question?'"

I was constrained to remind her of her old forms of English speech.

"You remember that? Adieu," she said.

My father considerably left me to carry on my promenade alone. I crossed the ground she had traversed, noting every feature surrounding it, the curving wheel-track, the thin prickly sand-herbage, the wave-mounds, the sparse wet shells and pebbles, the gleaming flatness of the water, and the vast horizon-boundary of pale flat land level with shore, looking like a dead sister of the sea. By a careful examination of my watch and the sun's altitude, I was able to calculate what would, in all likelihood, have been his height above yonder waves when her chair was turned towards the city, at a point I reached in the track. But of the matter then simultaneously occupying my mind, to recover which was the second supreme task I proposed to myself—of what I also was thinking upon the stroke of five o'clock, I could recollect nothing. I could not even recollect whether I happened to be looking on sun and waves when she must have had them full and glorious in her face.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON BOARD A YACHT.

WITH the heartiest consent I could give, and a blank cheque, my father returned to England to hire forthwith a commodious yacht, fitted and manned. Before going he discoursed of prudence in our expenditure; though not for the sake of the mere money in hand, which was a trifle, barely more than the half of my future income; but that the squire, should he by and by bethink him of inspecting our affairs, might perceive we were not spendthrifts.

"I promised you a surprise, Richie," said he, "and you have had it; whether at all equal to your expectations is for you to determine. I was aware of the margravine's intention to bring the princess to these seas; they are famous on the Continent. It was bruited last winter and spring that she would be here in the season for bathing; so I held it likely we should meet. We have, you behold. In point of fact, we owe the good margravine some show of hospitality. The princess has a passion for tossing on the sea. To her a yacht is a thing dropped from the moon. His highness the prince her father could as soon present her with one as with the moon itself. The illustrious Serenity's revenue is absorbed, my boy, in the state he has to support. As for his daughter's dowry, the young gentleman who anticipates getting one with her, I commend to the practice of his whistling. It will be among the sums you may count, if you are a moderate arithmetician, in groschen. The margravine's income I should reckon to approach twenty thousand per annum, and she proves her honourable sense that she holds it in trust for

others by dispersing it rapidly. I fear she loves cards. So, then, I shall go and hire the yacht through Dettermain and Newson, furnish it with piano and swing-cot, &c. ; and if the ladies shrink from a cruise they can have an occasional sail. Here are we at their service. I shall be seriously baffled by fortune if I am not back to you at the end of a week. You will take your early morning walk, I presume. On Sunday see that our chaplain, the excellent Mr. Peterborough, officiates for the assembled Protestants of all nations. It excites our English enthusiasm. In addition, son Richie, it is peculiarly our duty. I at least hold the view that it is a Family duty. Think it over, Richie boy. Providence, you see, has sent us the man. As for me, I feel as if I were in the dawn of one life with all the mature experience of another. I am calm, I am perfectly unexcited, and I tell you, old son, I believe—pick among the highest—our destinies are about the most brilliant of any couple in Great Britain."

His absence relieved me in spite of my renewed pleasure in his talk; I may call it a thirsty craving to have him inflating me, puffing the deep unillumined treasure-pits of my nature with laborious hints, as mines are filled with air to keep the miners going. While he talked he made these inmost recesses habitable. But the pain lay in my having now and then to utter replies. The task of speaking was hateful. I found a sweetness in brooding unrealizingly over hopes and dreams and possibilities, and I let him go gladly that I might enjoy a week of silence, just taking impressions as they came, like the sands in the ebb-tide. The impression of the morning was always enough for a day's meditation. The green colour and the crimson athwart it, and higher up the pinky lights, flamingo feathers, on a warm half-circle of heaven, in hue between amethyst and milky opal; then the rim of the sun's disc not yet severe; and then the monstrous shadow of tall Schwartz darting at me along the sand, then the princess. This picture, seen at sunrise, lasted till I slept. It stirred no thoughts, conjured no images, it possessed me. In the afternoon the margravine accompanied the princess to a point facing seaward, within hearing of the military band. She did me the favour to tell me that she tolerated me until I should become efficient in German to amuse her, but the dulness of the Belgian city compared with her lively German watering-places compelled her to try my powers of fun in French, and in French I had to do duty, and failed in my office.

"Do you know," said she, "that your honourable papa is one in a million? He has the life of a regiment in his ten fingers. What astonishes me is that he does not make fury in that England of yours—that Lapland! *Je ne puis me passer de cet homme!* He offends me, he trifles, he outrages, he dares permit himself to be indignant. *Bon!* we part, and absence pleads for him with the eloquence of Satan. I am his victim. Does he, then, produce no stir whatever in your England? But what a people! But yes, you resemble us, as bottles bottles; *seulement*, you are emptied of your wine. *Ce Monsieur Péterbooroo!* *Il m'agace les*

nerfs. It cannot be blood in his veins. One longs to see him cuffed, to see if he has the English lion in him, one knows not where. But you are so, you English, when not intoxicated. And so censorious! You win your battles, they say, upon beer and cordials: it is why you never can follow up a success. *Je tiens cela du Maréchal Prince B——*. Let that pass. One groans at your intolerable tristesse. *La vie en Angleterre est comme un marais*. It is a scandal to human nature. It blows fogs, foul vapours, joint-stiffnesses, agues, pestilences, over us here—yes, here! That is your best side: but your worst is too atrocious! *Mon Dieu!* Your men-rascals! Your women-rascals! Your English vaurien is, indeed, un ange déchu—we will not say from what side of Paradise."

"Good soul!" the princess arrested her, "I beg that you will not abuse England."

"Have I abused England?" exclaimed the margravine. "Nay, then, it was because England is shockingly unjust to the most amusing, the most reviving, charming of men. There is he fresh as a green bubbling well, and those English decline to do honour to his source. Now tell me, you!" She addressed me imperiously. "Are you prosecuting his claims? Are you besieging your Government? What! you are in the season of generosity, an affectionate son, wealthy as a Magyar prince of flocks, herds, mines, and men, and you let him stand in the shade deprived of his birthright? Are you a purse-proud commoner, or an imbecile?"

"My whimsy aunt!" the princess interposed again, "now you have taken to abusing a defenceless Englishman."

"Nothing of the sort, child. I compliment him on his looks and manners; he is the only one of his race who does not appear to have marched out of a sentinel's box with a pocket-mirror in his hand. I thank him from my soul for not cultivating the national cat's whisker. None can imagine what I suffer from the oppressive sight of his *Monsieur Péterbooroo!* And they are of one pattern—the entire nation! He! no, he has the step of a trained bloodhorse. Only, as Kaunitz, or somebody, said of Joseph II., or somebody, he thinks or he chews. Englishmen's mouths were clearly not made for more purposes than one. In truth, I am so utterly wearied, I could pray for the diversion of a descent of rain. The life here is as bad as in Rippau. I might just as well be in Rippau doing duty: the silly people complain, I hear. I am gathering dust. These, my dear, these are the experiences which age women at a prodigious rate. I feel chains on my limbs here."

"Madam, I would," said I, "that I were the Perseus to relieve you of your monster Ennui, but he is coming quickly."

"You see, he has his pretty phrases!" cried the margravine; adding encouragingly: "*S'il n'est pas tant soit peu impertinent?*"

The advance of some German or Russian nobleman spared me further efforts.

We were on shore, listening to the band in the afternoon, when a sail like a spark of pure white stood on the purple black edge of a storm-cloud. It was the yacht. By sunset it was moored off shore, and at night hung with variegated lamps. Early next morning we went on board. The ladies were astonished at the extent of the vessel, and its luxurious fittings and cunning arrangements. My father, in fact, had negotiated for the hire of the yacht some weeks previously, with his accustomed forethought.

"House and town and fortress provisioned, and moveable at will!" the margravine interjected repeatedly.

The princess was laid on raised pillows in her swing-cot under an awning aft, and watched the sailors, the splendid offspring of old sea-fights, as I could observe her spirited fancy conceiving them. They were a set of men to point to for an answer to the margravine's strictures on things English.

"Then, are you the captain, my good Herr Heilbrunn?" the margravine asked my father.

He was dressed in cheerful blue, wearing his cheerfullest air, and seemed strongly inclined for the part of captain, but presented the actual commander of the schooner-yacht, and helped him through the margravine's interrogations.

"All is excellent,—excellent for a day's sail," she said. "I have no doubt you could nourish my system for a month, but to deal frankly with you, prepared meats and cold pies!—to face them once is as much as I am capable of."

"Dear Lady Field-Marshal," returned my father, "the sons of Neptune would be of poor account, if they could not furnish you cookery at sea."

They did, for Alphonse was on board. He and my father had a hot discussion about the margravine's dishes, Alphonse declaring that it was against his conscience to season them pungently, and my father preaching expediency. Alphonse spoke of the artist and his duty to his art, my father of the wise diplomatist who manipulated individuals without any sacrifice of principle. They were partly at play, of course, both having humour. It ended in the margravine's being enraptured. The delicacy of the invalid's dishes was beyond praise. "So, then, we are absolutely better housed and accommodated than on shore!" the margravine made her wonder heard, and from that fell to enthusiasm for the vessel. After a couple of pleasant smooth sailing days, she consented to cruise off the coasts of France and England. Adieu to the sands. Throughout the cruise she was placable, satisfied with earth and sea, and constantly eulogizing herself for this novel state of serenity. Cards, and a collection of tripping French books bound in yellow, danced the gavotte with time, which made the flying minutes endurable to her; and for relaxation there was here the view of a shining town dropped between green hills to dip in sea-water, yonder a ship of merchandise or war to speculate upon,

trawlers, collier-brigs, sea-birds, wave over wave. No cloud on sun and moon. We had gold and silver in our track, like the believable children of fairyland. The princess, lying in her hammock-cot on deck, both day and night, or for the greater part of the night, let her eyes feast incessantly on a laughing sea : when she turned them to any of us, pure pleasure sparkled in them. The breezy salt hours were visible ecstasy to her blood. If she spoke it was but to utter a few hurried happy words, and shrink as you see the lightning behind a cloud-rack, suggestive of fiery swift emotion within, and she gazed away overjoyed at the swoop and plunge of the gannet, the sunny spray, the waves curling crested or down-like. At night a couple of sailors, tender as women, moved her in the cot to her cabin. We heard her voice in the dark of the morning, and her little maid Aennchen came out and was met by me ; and I at that hour had the privilege to help move her back to her favourite place, and strap the iron-stand fast, giving the warm-hooded cot room to swing. The keen sensations of a return to health amid unwonted scenes made things magical to her. When she beheld our low green Devon hills she signalled for help to rise, and "That is England!" she said, summoning to her beautiful clear eyeballs the recollection of her first desire to see my country. Her petition was that the yacht should go in nearer and nearer to the land till she could discern men, women, and children, and their occupations. A fisherman and his wife sat in the porch above their hanging garden, the woman knitting, the man mending his nets, barefooted boys and girls astride the keel of a boat below them. The princess eyed them, and wept. "They give me happiness, I can give them nothing," she said.

The margravine groaned impatiently at talk of such a dieaway sort.

My father sent a couple of men on shore with a gift of money to their family in the name of the Princess Ottilia. How she thanked him for his prompt ideas! "It is because you are generous you read one well."

She had never thanked me. I craved that vibrating music as of her deep heart penetrated and thrilling, but shrank from grateful words which would have sounded payment. Running before the wind swiftly on a night of phosphorescent sea, when the waves opened to white hollows with frayed white ridges, wreaths of hissing silver, her eyelids closed, and her hand wandered over the silken coverlet to the hammock-cloth, and up, in a blind effort to touch. Mine joined to it. Little Aennchen was witness. Ottilia held me softly till her slumber was deep.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN VIEW OF THE HOHENZOLLERN'S BIRTHPLACE.

OUR cruise came to an end in time to save the margravine from yawning. The last day of it was windless, and we hung in sight of the colourless low Flemish coast for hours, my father tasking his ingenuity to amuse her.

He sang with Miss Sibley, rallied Mr. Peterborough, played piquet to lose, threw over the lead-line to count the fathoms, and whistling for the breeze, said to me, "We shall decidedly have to offer her an exhibition of tipsy British seamen as a final resource. The case is grave either way; but we cannot allow the concluding impression to be a dull one."

It struck me with astonishment to see the vigilant watch she kept over the princess this day, after having left her almost uninterruptedly to my care.

"You are better?" She addressed Otilia. "You can sit up? You think you can walk? Then I have acted rightly, nay, judiciously,—I have not made a sacrifice for nothing. I took the cruise, mind you, on your account. You would study yourself to the bone, till you looked like a canary's quill, with that Herr Professor of yours. Now I've given you a dose of life. Yes, you begin to look like human flesh. Something has done you good."

The princess flushing scarlet, the margravine cried,—

"There's no occasion for you to have the whole British army in your cheeks. Goodness me! what's the meaning of it? Why, you answer me like flags, banners, uhlands' pennons, full-frocked cardinals!"

My father stepped in.

"Ah, yes," said the margravine. "But you little know, my good Roy, the burden of an unmarried princess; and heartily glad shall I be to hand her over to Baroness Turckems. That's her instituted governess, duenna, dragon,—what you will. She was born for responsibility, I was not; it makes me miserable. I have had no holiday. True, while she was like one of their wax virgins I had a respite. Fortunately, I hear of you English that, when you fall to sighing, you suck your thumbs and are consoled."

My father bowed her, and smiled her, and whirled her away from the subject. I heard him say, under his breath, that he had half a mind to issue orders for an allowance of grog to be served out to the sailors on the spot. I suggested, as I conceived in a similar spirit, the forcible ducking of Mr. Peterborough. He appeared to entertain and relish the notion in earnest.

"It might do. It would gratify her enormously," he said, and eyed the complacent clerical gentleman with transparent jealousy of his claims to decent treatment. "Otherwise, I must confess," he added, "I am at a loss. My wits are in the doldrums."

He went up to Mr. Peterborough, and, with an air of great sincerity and courtesy, requested him in French to create a diversion for her Highness the Margravine of Rippau during the extreme heat of the afternoon by precipitating himself headlong into forty fathoms, either attached or unattached. His art in baffling Mr. Peterborough's attempts to treat the unheard-of request as a jest was extraordinary. The ingenuity of his successive pleas for pressing such a request pertinaciously upon Mr. Peterborough in particular, his fixed eye, yet cordial deferential manner, and the stretch of

his forefinger, and argumentative turn of the head—indicative of an armed disputant fully on the alert, and as if it were of profound and momentous importance that he should thoroughly defeat and convince his man—overwhelmed us. Mr. Peterborough, not being supple in French, fell back upon his English with a flickering smile of protestation; but even in his native tongue he could make no head against the tremendous volubility and brief eager pauses besetting him.

The farce was too evanescent for me to reproduce it.

Peterborough turned and fled to his cabin. Half the crew were on the broad grin. The margravine sprang to my father's arm, and entreated him to be her guest in her Austrian mountain summer seat. Ottilia was now her darling and her comfort. Whether we English youth sucked our thumbs, or sighed furiously, she had evidently ceased to care. Mr. Peterborough assured me at night that he had still a difficulty in persuading himself of my father's absolute sanity, so urgent was the fire of his eye in seconding his preposterous proposition; and, as my father invariably treated with the utmost reserve a farce played out, they never arrived at an understanding about it, beyond a sententious agreement once, in the extreme heat of an Austrian highland valley, that the option of taking a header into sea-water would there be divine.

Our yacht winged her way home. Prince Ernest of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld, accompanied by Baroness Turckems, and Prince Otto, his nephew, son of the Prince of Eisenberg, a captain of Austrian lancers, joined the margravine in Würtemberg, and we felt immediately that domestic affairs were under a different management. Baroness Turckems relieved the margravine of her guard. She took the princess into custody. Prince Ernest greeted us with some affability: but it was communicated to my father that he expected an apology before he could allow himself to be as absolutely unclouded towards us as the blaze of his titles. My father declined to submit; so the prince inquired of us what our destination was. Down the Danube to the Black Sea and Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, the Nile, the Desert, India, possibly, and the Himalayas, my father said. The prince bowed. The highest personages, if they cannot travel, are conscious of a sort of airy majesty pertaining to one who can command so wide and far a flight. We were supplicated by the margravine to appease her brother's pride with half a word. My father was firm. The margravine reached her two hands to him. He kissed over them each in turn. They interchanged smart semi-flattering or cutting sentences.

"Good!" she concluded; "now I sulk you for five years."

"You would decapitate me, madam, and weep over my astonished head, would you not?"

"Upon my honour, I would," she shook herself to reply.

He smiled rather sadly.

"No pathos!" she implored him.

"Not while I live, madam," said he,

At this her countenance underwent a tremor.

"And when that ends. . . friend! well, I shall have had my last laugh in the world."

Both seemed affected. My father murmured some soothing word.

"Then you *do* mean to stay with me?" the margravine caught him up.

"Not in livery, your highness."

"To the deuce with you!" would be a fair translation of the exalted lady's reply. She railed at his insufferable pride.

"And you were wrong, wrong," she pursued. "You offended the prince mightily; you travestied his most noble ancestor——"

"In your service, may it please you."

"You offended, offended him, I say, and you haven't the courage to make reparation. And when I tell you the prince is manageable as your ship, if you will only take and handle the rudder. Do you perceive?"

She turned to me.

"Hither, Mr. Harry; come, persuade him. Why, you do not desire to leave me, do you?"

Much the reverse. But I had to congratulate myself subsequently on having been moderate in the expression of my wishes; for, as my father explained to me, with sufficient lucidity to enlighten my dulness, the margravine was tempting him grossly. She saw more than I did of his plans. She could actually affect to wink at them that she might gain her point, and have her amusement, and live for the hour, treacherously beguiling a hoodwinked pair to suppose her partially blind or wholly complaisant. My father knew her and fenced her.

"Had I yielded," he said, when my heart was low after the parting, "I should have shown her my hand. I do not choose to manage the prince that the margravine may manage me. I pose my pride—immolate my son to it, Richie? I hope not. No. At Vienna we shall receive an invitation to Sarkeld for the winter, if we hear nothing of entreaties to turn aside to Ischl at Munich. She is sure to entreat me to accompany her on her annual visit to her territory of Rippau, which she detests; and, indeed, there is not a vine in the length and breadth of it. She thought herself broad awake, and I have dosed her with an opiate."

He squeezed my fingers tenderly. I was in want both of consolation and very delicate handling when we drove out of the little Würtemberg town: I had not taken any farewell from Ottilia. Baroness Turckems was already exercising her functions of dragon. With the terrible forbidding word "Repose," she had wafted the princess to her chamber in the evening, and folded her inextricably round and round in the morning. The margravine huffed, the prince icy, Ottilia invisible, I found myself shooting down from the heights of a dream among shattered fragments of my cloud palace before I well knew that I had left off treading common earth. All my selfish nature cried out to accuse Ottilia. We drove

along a dusty country road that lay like a glaring shaft of the desert between vineyards and hills.

"There," said my father, waving his hand where the hills on our left fell to a distance and threw up a lofty head and neck cut with one white line, "your Hohenzollerns shot up there. Their castle looks like a tight military stock. Upon my word, their native mountain has the air of a drum-major. Mr. Peterborough, have you a mind to climb it? We are at your disposal."

"Thank you, thank you, sir," said the Rev. Ambrose, gazing enthusiastically, but daunted by the heat: "if it is your wish?"

"We have none that is not yours, Mr. Peterborough. You love ruins, and we are adrift just now. I presume we can drive to the foot of the ascent. I should wish my son perhaps to see the source of great houses."

Here it was that my arm was touched by old Schwartz. He saluted stiffly, and leaning from the saddle on the trot of his horse at an even pace with our postilion, stretched out a bouquet of roses. I seized it palpitating, smelt the roses, and wondered. May a man write of his foolishness? — tears rushed to my eyes. Schwartz was far behind us when my father caught sight of the magical flowers.

"Come!" said he, glowing, "we will toast the Hohenstaufens and the Hohenzollerns to-night, Richie."

Later, when I was revelling in fancies sweeter than the perfume of the roses, he pressed their stems reflectively, unbound them, and disclosed a slip of crested paper. On it was written:

"Violets are over."

Plain words; but a princess had written them, and never did so golden a halo enclose any piece of human handiwork.

The late Eclipse.

ASTRONOMERS have passed yet another of those stages which mark their progress towards a fuller knowledge of solar physics. That strange peculiarity of the celestial phenomena presented to us inhabitants of earth, by which our satellite is able just to blot out from view the great central luminary of the planetary scheme, has yet once more served us in good stead. The few brief seconds during which the sun remained concealed on December 22nd last, have supplied the means of testing those rival theories which had been propounded respecting the solar corona, and, as it seems to us, of arriving at definite conclusions as to the general nature of this interesting object.

We propose, first, briefly to trace the progress of astronomers so far as it has depended upon the observation of total solar eclipses: in order that the position of the last eclipse may be adequately recognized; and also (for the study of science points ever forwards) that the anticipations to be formed respecting future eclipses may be shadowed forth.

In passing, it may be well to notice how important an influence that peculiarity respecting the apparent dimensions of the sun and moon, to which we have just referred, has exercised on the progress of astronomy. We are so accustomed to the near equality of the sun and moon as respects their apparent size, that we are apt to overlook the fact that this apparent equality must be regarded rather in the light of a fortunate accident than as in any way an essential attribute of the orbs which rule the day and the night. In the whole range of the solar system there is no other instance of so remarkable an association. In Mercury, Venus, and Mars, of course, no eclipses of any sort can occur, because these planets have no moons. But even in Jupiter, notwithstanding the grandeur of his system of satellites, and though total solar eclipses recur at intervals which must be measured by hours rather than by months, as with us, yet such solar eclipses as we see can never take place. For not one of his moons is capable of just hiding the sun's disc and a very narrow border all round, while beyond that border the coloured prominences, and beyond the prominences the glory of the corona, are left in view. If we try to conceive the circumstance of an eclipse of the sun by one of Jupiter's nearest moons, we have to imagine a dark disc capable of obliterating a sun more than thirty times larger than that which is actually seen from Jupiter; and even the farthest of Jupiter's moons covers twice as great a space as the sun. It is easily seen that when a total eclipse is just beginning or just ending, under these circumstances,

only a small part of the matter outside the sun can be visible, and nothing resembling that complete ring of such matter, visible to ourselves when the moon obliterates from view the nearly equal solar disc. So also in Saturn—whence the sun must appear as a mere dot of bright light—and in Uranus and Neptune, whence he appears yet smaller, there can be no such eclipses as we inhabitants of earth are favoured with. Hence it may not unreasonably be concluded that terrestrial astronomers alone have any knowledge of the coloured solar prominences and of the corona.

It is worth mentioning, also, that interesting as are the discoveries which have been recently made during solar eclipses, there are other discoveries due also to the observation of total eclipses, though in very ancient times, which are as full of interest. It sounds incredible, but is nevertheless strictly true, that owing to comparatively rough observations of ancient eclipses, modern astronomers have learned that the moon is gradually drawing nearer to the earth, and further that the rate of the earth's rotation on her axis is slowly but surely diminishing, inso-much that at some far distant epoch the day will last as long as a lunar month. Nor do the facts that the approach of the moon will in time be changed into recession, and that the lengthening of the day takes place so slowly that millions of centuries must elapse before it is completed, diminish the interest which attaches to these tokens of mutability in relations which had once been regarded as altogether unchangeable.

But let us turn to those discoveries which belong more especially to the now wide department of science called solar physics.

It does not appear that the ancients had any idea that observations made during total eclipses could afford any information as to the condition of the great central luminary of our system. To them the chief interest of solar and lunar eclipses consisted in the evidence they afforded of the exactness of astronomical computations, and the soundness of the general principles on which those computations were based. Nor do we find that any of the observed phenomena of total eclipses attracted the special attention of ancient astronomers. They recognized the corona, and they justly regarded it as the cause of that light which still remains when the sun's globe is wholly concealed from view; but they formed no theories as to the physical significance of this aureole of light.

Indeed, if we are to reach the time when systematic observations have been made upon the sun, with the express object of determining the nature of those appendages which come into view during total eclipse, we must pass over not merely the whole of ancient astronomy, but almost the whole of that portion of the history of modern astronomy which refers to epochs preceding the last thirty years or so.

It was when the eclipse of 1842 was approaching, that for the first time astronomers aroused themselves to a sense of the real importance of the phenomena presented during total eclipse. Then, for the first time, astronomers of repute, armed with instruments of adequate power, placed themselves along the track which the moon's black shadow was to pursue,

and severally prepared to glean what knowledge they might respecting the physical habitudes of the solar surroundings.

The expeditions made in 1842 were abundantly rewarded. For it was during that great total eclipse that the coloured prominences were first fairly recognized. More than a century before Vassenius had suspected the existence of some red objects near the eclipsed sun. But strangely enough small attention had been paid to his remarks. And accordingly, the astonished world of astronomers learned first, in 1842, that mighty red protuberances of a nature as yet unexplained, but certainly vast beyond all our powers of conception, surround the surface of our great luminary. It needed but a brief study of the pictures made by those who observed the eclipse, to see that in the first place these phenomena were undoubtedly solar, and secondly that the real magnitude of some of the prominences was enormously greater than that of the earth on which we live. Whether these were mountains heated to incandescence by the solar fires, or fiery clouds suspended in the solar atmosphere, or lastly, flames rising like mighty tongues from the solar surface, few ventured to pronounce. But it was plainly seen that, whatever they might be, they surpassed all hitherto discovered phenomena within the whole range of the solar system in interest and magnificence. The telescope had hitherto shown nothing which could well be compared with these strange solar appendages. The mountains and valleys in the moon, the lands and seas of Mars, the belts of Jupiter and Saturn, and even the mighty ring-system which girdles the last-named orb, all these, interesting though they doubtless are in themselves, yet sink into utter insignificance compared with solar appendages so vast that, at a moderate estimate, some of them must have a height exceeding the diameter of Jupiter,—the giant of the solar system.

The real existence of the coloured prominences was not admitted, however, without further evidence. In all ages of astronomy there have been those who dispute to the last the significance of observed facts. Unfortunately, in this instance, as in others, the suggested doubts exercised a mischievous effect. It was urged loudly by a few astronomers—as Faye, Feilitzsch, and others,—that the so-called prominences were mere optical illusions, or else were but a species of lunar mirage. Airy, Baily, the younger Struve, and others, had recorded their experience in vain; fresh observations were called for; and accordingly in 1851, and again in 1860, a host of skilful observers devoted their energies to demonstrate what was in truth a demonstrated fact,—the reality of the red protuberances.

Yet the important eclipse of 1860 did not pass altogether without profit. Too many, indeed, of the observers who formed the celebrated “Himalaya expedition,” as well as of those continental astronomers who visited the path of the moon’s shadow across Spain, were led by the unfortunate doubts of Faye and others to make useless observations. But the successful photographing of the coloured prominences by De La

Rue and Secchi, sufficed to convert what would otherwise have been a gigantic failure into a success well worthy of record. For the first time astronomers possessed pictures of the prominences which were beyond cavil or question. And further, since De La Rue had been stationed in the west of Spain, while Secchi had placed himself close by the eastern shore, it had become possible to form an opinion of the permanence or mobility of these strange objects. So far as the comparison made between these two sets of photographs was concerned, it appeared as though the solar prominences were fixed objects; and some went so far as to conclude definitely that they are real solar mountains.

It was not until the great eclipse of August, 1868, that the real nature of the coloured prominences was ascertained. This eclipse was distinguished from all that had ever been observed before, by the duration of totality. For more than six minutes the disc of the sun was completely hidden from view. It need hardly be added that the shadow on the earth's surface was exceptionally wide; so that near the middle of totality at any station along the central line the observer was in the centre of a nearly circular region of the earth more than 150 miles in diameter, and to which not a ray of direct sunlight penetrated. All the features of the eclipse were thus observed under singularly favourable circumstances.

In the first place, it was possible to obtain more photographs than on any former occasion. Lieutenant-Colonel Tennant, using a fine 9-inch reflector made by Mr. J. Browning, F.R.A.S., obtained no less than six photographs, coloured pictures of which lie before us as we write. The first shows a glare of light on the left, where the moon had not as yet covered the last fine line of the sun's disc. Yet we see through the glare the figures of the prominences on that side—showing “as through a glass, darkly,”—and amongst them that mighty horn-prominence whose spiral whorls attracted the attention of all who witnessed the eclipse. Then in the succeeding pictures we see the moon's disc gradually passing over this wonderful horn and the prominences lying on the same side; while on the opposite side we see a long range of prominences coming as gradually into view. None of these are comparable in height with the mighty spiral on the left, though some of them are amazing objects, and of dimensions so vast, that a globe like our earth placed close by them, would seem but as the veriest bubble amid the foam of a storm-wave. In the last picture of all, these prominences on the right show their full proportions as the advancing moon is about to bring the disc of the sun into view on that side. But though the moon has passed thus far towards the left, and though, indeed, all other prominences on the left are concealed from view, yet on that side the spiral horn still towers so loftily as to form the most striking feature of the scene.

But interesting as are these pictures, and forming though they do, despite the success of the American astronomers in August, 1869, the most remarkable series of photographs ever taken of the eclipsed sun, the chief interest of the eclipse of 1868 depends on another circumstance.

This eclipse was the first during which the powers of the spectroscope had been applied to determine the nature of the coloured prominences ; and astronomers looked forward to the result with a degree of interest which was fully justified by the discovery actually effected.

The spectroscope, applied successfully at all the observing stations, resolved, in a manner there was no misinterpreting, the problem which had so long perplexed astronomers. And the strange answer to their questions was *this*,—that the coloured prominences are masses of gas glowing with intensity of heat. Those vast and seemingly stable protuberances, so enormous that ten globes like our earth placed one upon the other on the sun's surface would not reach their summit, are flames of hydrogen, that familiar element which constitutes so large a proportion of our ordinary gas-flames. Or rather they are not strictly flames of hydrogen, but whorls of the gas heated to an intense degree of brightness. And other vapours are also present in these vast glowing masses, since the spectrum of the prominence-light shows other lines than those which are characteristic of hydrogen.

We need not recount here in full the interesting history of sequent researches into the prominences. Indeed not the least remarkable feature of that history is the circumstance that the study of the prominences has not continued to be associated (as it had been until the autumn of 1868,) with the history of eclipses. First Janssen, afterwards (but independently) Lockyer, succeeded in seeing the bright lines of the prominence spectrum when the sun was shining in full splendour. Then the lower regions of prominence-matter, forming what previous observers had denominated the *sierra*—but named by Lockyer (who was unaware of its prior discovery) the *chromosphere*—was analysed with the spectroscope, and in the same manner. And lastly came the crowning discovery of all—the recognition, by Dr. Huggins, of the fact that the prominences themselves, as distinguished from the lines of their spectra, can be seen when the sun is not eclipsed. By Huggins's method, Lockyer and Zollner obtained interesting views of the prominences, and witnessed the strange and in some instances rapid changes to which these objects are subjected. But Respighi of Italy has been even more successful, or rather, more systematic in his researches. For he has succeeded in obtaining daily records of the condition of the sun's edge, not in one place only but all round. So that we have every reason to anticipate that before long astronomers will be able to watch the changes of the prominences from day to day as systematically as they already watch the progress of the solar spots. If each day there were a total eclipse, instead of but an eclipse or so per year, we could not have such complete and perfect records of the sun's condition, as some of those which Professor Respighi has obtained for every fine day during two or three consecutive months. We have one of his monthly pictorial records before us, as we write ; and it would certainly be vain for the most skilful artist to attempt, during even so long lasting an eclipse as that of August, 1868, to exhibit

the prominences in such detail as we find in each of the daily views forming this record.

Astronomers and physicists had thus successfully analysed the coloured prominences, or, to use Mr. Lockyer's striking, if not strictly elegant, expression, "these 'things' had been 'settled.' " Little more could be hoped, as respects these objects, from eclipse observations, however skilfully conducted. But so far the corona had baffled their efforts. A full account of the observations made by astronomers upon this mysterious phenomenon will be found in the *Cornhill Magazine* for August last. It will be seen that, although enough had been done to afford tolerably sure evidence as to the general nature and position of the solar corona, yet of its actual structure and constitution very little had been certainly learned. Our knowledge respecting it may be compared to that which astronomers possessed respecting the coloured prominences in 1842. We could be assured that it really is a solar appendage of some sort,—although, precisely as Faye and others had expressed doubts respecting the real existence of the coloured prominences in 1842, so in 1870 there were those (and, strangely enough, Faye was their leader) who questioned the real existence of the corona, or regarded it as a phenomenon of our own atmosphere. Yet in the opinion of all who were competent to judge, *this* point was justly regarded as determined. But what the actual nature of the corona might be—whether its light was reflected solar light, or came from incandescent solid matter, or, lastly, was due to glowing vapour—remained unknown.

Yet the doubts thus entertained respecting the constitution of the corona, were due rather to the seemingly contradictory nature of the evidence which the spectroscope had thus far supplied, than to the absolute want of evidence. Briefly to sum up the results which had been obtained before the eclipse of last December:—In 1868, Tennant had found that the spectrum of the corona is a continuous rainbow-tinted streak, without either dark lines or bright. Such a spectrum is given by solid and liquid bodies glowing with intensity of heat. And the inference, therefore, was, that the corona consists of minute bodies travelling close by the sun, and owing the greater part of their light to the great heat with which they are transfused. But the American observers in 1869, or at least some of them, found that besides the ribbon of rainbow-tinted light, the spectrum of the corona shows bright lines. Some observers saw only one bright line, others saw three. This observation would indicate that a portion of the coronal light comes from a gaseous source; and from the position of one of the bright lines, Professor Harkness was led to the strange conclusion that the glowing vapour of *iron* is a constituent of the solar corona! Yet further, because the position of these coronal lines corresponded with the position of the bright lines seen in the spectrum of the aurora, Professor Young, one of the most skilful of the American spectroscopists, came to the conclusion that the corona is a *perpetual solar aurora*!

The observations of the American astronomers and physicists were not accepted by all. No valid reasons were given, indeed, for rejecting them, but they were pronounced, in general terms, to be "*bizarre* and perplexing in the extreme." Possibly, too, some of our English physicists had not formed a duly high opinion of the skill of their American fellow-workers. But, be this as it may, certainly the American astronomers were somewhat cavalierly treated, and the acceptance of their observations was postponed until such time as European astronomers should have been able to confirm those perplexing results.

The chief interest of the eclipse of last December undoubtedly attaches to this special question. Some few may have felt doubtful whether the observations to be then made might not serve to overthrow or to establish the theory that the corona is a solar appendage. But it is no secret that the minds of all astronomers capable of weighing the evidence had been made up on this point long before the expeditions started. The question, however, whether the American observations would be confirmed or not, was one on which grave doubts prevailed in many quarters. For ourselves we must admit that these doubts had seemed to us to involve an unjust disparagement of the skill of American men of science, who have again and again proved themselves the equals of the best European observers in judgment and acumen, and often their superiors in energy. A careful study of the accounts given by the heads of the different observing parties, and more especially of the voluminous records in Commodore Sand's *Reports of the Eclipse Observations of August 7, 1869*, had convinced us that future observations would confirm the statements made by the spectroscopic observers of the American eclipse.

This has, in effect, happened. The first fruits of the eclipse expeditions of 1870 may be said to consist in this important fact—that the observations made in 1869, *bizarre* and perplexing though they seemed, and doubtful as many had held them to be, have been shown to be exact and trustworthy.

From the powerful observing party which was stationed at Oran we have no results. A clouded sky has sufficed to render vain the hopes which had been formed when it was known that Dr. Huggins, the Herschel of the spectroscope, and those profound students of nature, Tyndall and Gladstone, had united their forces, and, with other able allies, were to seek one of the most promising stations along the whole course of the moon's shadow.

But from Spain and Sicily, whither the two other parties of observers had betaken themselves, we have no doubtful intelligence on this special point. From Spain we have (at the present writing) the fullest details. As on former occasions, some observers failed to see the bright lines. This failure is not remarkable when the difficult nature of the observation is considered. It has been shown, indeed, that a certain increase in the quantity of light admitted to form the spectrum would suffice to obliterate the lines altogether from view, while rendering the rainbow-tinted back-

ground considerably brighter. Negative evidence in this case proves nothing. The great question was whether reliable positive evidence would be obtained. Fortunately, two observers succeeded in answering this question in a manner there could be no mistaking. Father Perry, S.J., who headed the Spanish parties, thus describes the observations made by Captain Maclear:—"Knowing that an unfavourable sky would render observations with a powerful spectroscope quite impracticable, I desired Captain Maclear to observe with a small direct-vision Browning spectroscope, attached to a four-inch telescope, mounted equatorially." The spectroscope was so placed that the light coming from a portion of space outside the sun, and directed towards his centre, was under examination. Of course, while the sun's direct light was falling on the air lying in this direction, the spectroscope showed the ordinary solar spectrum, precisely as when one of these handy direct-vision spectroscopes is turned towards the sky in the daytime. But "immediately totality commenced," proceeds Father Perry, "the ordinary solar spectrum was replaced by a faint diffused light and bright lines," (whose position he indicates.) "There were no dark lines—that is to say, none of those lines which are present in the solar spectrum." Then follows the most important part of the account. The spectroscope was directed "to a distance of about eight minutes," or half the moon's apparent radius, from the edge of the moon's disc. "The same lines remained visible." "The centre of the moon was then tried, and the bright lines were still seen, but only half as strong as before." The spectroscope was then again directed to a point eight minutes outside the moon, and the lines were restored to their original brightness.

These results require to be considered somewhat carefully. The reader cannot fail to be surprised by the fact that, from the direction in which lay the centre of the moon's seemingly black disc, light of the same quality as that from the corona was received and analysed by the spectroscopist. Yet, on reflection, it will appear that this result was to have been anticipated; for since during the whole eclipse the corona continues visible, it follows that the air around and above the observer is during the whole eclipse illuminated by the corona. This illuminated air, therefore (if its light became sensible at all), would necessarily supply the same spectrum as the corona, only considerably reduced in brightness; and this, as we have seen above, is what actually happened.

But then it may be argued, if this be the case as respects this seemingly dark part of the sky, may not a portion of the light which seems to be received from the corona itself—which comes at any rate from the direction towards which the corona lies—be similarly due to atmospheric reflection? It is certain that such must, indeed, be the case; but it is also certain, from the greater brilliancy of the bright lines seen when this part of the sky is examined, that a portion of the light which produces these lines comes from the corona itself. We must, indeed, subtract a certain portion, about as much, perhaps, as is received from the direction

in which the moon's dark body lies,—the balance which remains belongs to the corona itself.

We should, indeed, at this point reinforce the spectroscopic observations by those results which the telescope used in the ordinary manner supplied. We must inquire what was the apparent form, where were the seeming limits, of the corona, as seen on this occasion.

On these points our information is sufficiently definite, although the circumstances were by no means such as would be considered favourable for clear vision of the delicate light of the corona. "The moment of totality approached," says Father Perry, "and no chance remained of even a momentary break in the cirrus that enveloped the sun and obscured most of the southern heavens. As the crescent became thinner, the cusps were observed first to be drawn out and then blunted, the well-known 'Baily's beads' were formed, and the corona burst forth *more than twenty seconds* before totality. Viewed through a telescope of very moderate dimensions the spectacle was grand, but the cirrus clouds destroyed almost all the grandeur of the effect for the naked eye. Mr. Browne, of Wadham College, Oxford, noticed that the corona was perfectly free from striation, outline distinct, and approximately quadrilateral, but extending furthest in the direction of first contact. The brightest part of the corona appeared to the unassisted eye to be scarcely more than one-tenth of the sun's diameter, fading rapidly when one-fifth, but being still clearly visible at seven-eighths. Some observed two curved rays, but the general appearance was that of a diffused light, interrupted in four places distinctly, and in a fifth faintly, by dark intervals. The corona was white, and rendered faint by the clouds."

It is clear, then, that that part of the sky whence the light came which gave the spectrum of bright lines was visibly occupied by the corona at the time. No question can remain then, it would seem, as to the true source of at least a large proportion of that light. The corona itself must have supplied it.

We learn further, that at another station, near Xeres, Mr. Abbaye made similar observations.

From Sicily we have not such definite statements. But the telegram received from Mr. Lockyer announces in general terms that the American observations of 1869 have been confirmed; and the force of this announcement is somewhat strengthened by the circumstance that Mr. Lockyer had been disposed to believe that the American astronomers had been deceived in 1869.

In comparison with this result, that the light of the corona gives a spectrum of bright lines,—or rather a mixed spectrum in which bright lines are seen superposed on a rainbow-tinted background,—all the other observations made during the late eclipse sink into relative insignificance. Let us briefly consider what conclusions may be deduced from the observed facts, premising that the doubts which have been so long allowed to rest on the statements made by the American observers in

1869, ought not to prevent us from assigning to them the full credit of attaining to the discovery of these bright lines.

In the first place, the rainbow-tinted spectrum implies that a portion of the coronal light comes from incandescent solid or liquid matter. It is barely possible, of course, that there are in reality dark lines across this rainbow-tinted streak, but that these lines remain undetected owing to the extreme faintness of the spectrum itself across which they lie. If we adopted this view we might assume that the corona shone in part at least, by reflecting the sun's light. As far as the evidence goes, however, we have the theory presented as, on the whole, more probable, that the matter of which the corona consists is, in large part, incandescent through intensity of heat. It is difficult to suppose that such skilful observers as have studied the coronal spectrum would have failed to detect dark lines, had any existed. On the other hand, we have *à priori* reasons for believing that the matter of the corona, or at least of that part which has been analysed with the spectroscope, must be intensely heated. A portion of the corona which appears to lie but eight minutes from the sun's edge, must lie in reality so close to his orb that the sun, instead of appearing as a disc but about half a degree in width, would seem nearly ninety degrees wide, and the amount of heat received from him would be many thousand times greater than that received on the hottest day of a tropical summer. We can form an opinion of the effect of such heat as this, in the same way that Sir John Herschel estimated the heat received by the great comet of 1843, when nearest to the sun. "To form some practical idea of this," he writes, "we may compare it with what is recorded of Parker's great lens, whose diameter was 82½ inches, and focal length 6 feet 8 inches. The effect of this, supposing all the light and heat transmitted, and the focal concentration perfect (both conditions being very imperfectly satisfied), would be to enlarge the sun's effective angular diameter to about 28½ degrees." This, he shows, would give a heat 1,915 times greater than that received by the earth, "and when increased seven-fold, as was usually the case, would give 13,400 times" the heat received by the earth. The heat received by the matter of the corona would be fully twice as great as this; "yet," says Sir John, "the lens, so used, melted cornelian, agate, and rock crystal."

And here a somewhat curious subject presents itself for consideration—a subject which has not hitherto, so far as we know, been very carefully attended to. It may seem that material so diffused and tenuous as that of the corona would be altogether invisible, however intensely heated and illuminated. For, beyond question, the actual quantity of matter in the corona must be indefinitely small by comparison with the space which this object fills. It may be doubted, indeed, whether all the matter in a portion of the corona as large as our earth might not be outweighed by half-a-dozen peppercorns.

But so far as the visibility of the corona is concerned, the extremely fine division to which its material substance is almost certainly subject,

would tend to compensate for the quantitative minuteness of that material. A very simple illustration will explain our meaning. This earth of ours reflects a certain amount of sunlight towards the inner planets, Venus and Mercury. Now suppose the earth were divided into eight equal parts, and each fashioned into a globe. The eight globes would each have a diameter half the earth's present diameter, and each would reflect one-fourth of the light which the earth now reflects. The eight then would reflect altogether twice as much light as the earth actually reflects; and yet their combined bulk would only equal hers. If each of these eight globes were divided into eight others, four times as much light would be reflected as the earth now reflects. And if the division were continued until the several globes were reduced to mere grains, and these grains were well spread out, the quantity of sunlight which the cloud of grains would intercept and reflect towards the interior planets would exceed many millionfold that which the earth actually reflects. In like manner, an incandescent globe, if divided into myriads of minute incandescent globes, would supply much more light than in its original condition.

So in the case of the coronal matter. Assuming it to consist of myriads of indefinitely minute particles, very widely dispersed, it would be capable of emitting and reflecting a quantity of light altogether disproportioned to its actual weight regarding it as a whole.

But when we consider the spectrum of bright lines given by the corona, the case no longer remains altogether so simple. One cannot very readily accept the opinion of Professor Harkness, that this portion of the coronal light comes from iron existing in the state of vapour; for, although it is exceedingly probable that iron forms one of the chief constituents of the coronal substance, yet, in the first place, we have no reason for believing that a degree of heat intense enough to vaporize iron would exist where we see the corona; and, in the second, other elements must also be present in the coronal substance, and they also would be vaporized, whereas we find none of the lines due to other known elements.

The idea suggested by Professor Young and others seems more likely to be the correct explanation of the matter. For *bizarre* and *fanciful* as the idea may seem that the corona is a perpetual solar aurora, it must not be forgotten that General Sabine and Dr. Stewart propounded, some years since, in explanation of known terrestrial phenomena, the theory that the coloured prominences are solar auroras. This idea has been shown, indeed, to be erroneous, but the reasoning on which it was based was sufficiently sound, and the observed facts would be equally well explained by supposing the corona, instead of the prominences, to form a perpetual solar aurora.

When we remember that the zodiacal light—a phenomenon which holds a position midway between the terrestrial aurora and the solar corona—has been shown to give a spectrum closely resembling both the auroral and the coronal spectra, the idea does certainly seem encouraged that all three phenomena are intimately associated. We might thus not

unreasonably regard the zodiacal light as the outer and very much fainter part of the corona, the two together forming a perpetual solar aurora ; and in this way we should begin to see the means of explaining the remarkable but undoubted fact that the displays of our terrestrial auroras are associated in a most intimate manner with the condition of the solar surface. For we should be led to regard the recurrence of our auroras as a manifestation of the same sort of solar action which is more constantly at work amidst the materials constituting the corona and the zodiacal light.

This view leaves unexplained the bright lines of the coronal spectrum. But as we have every reason for regarding the auroral light as an electrical phenomenon, and the bright lines in the auroral spectrum as, therefore, not due to the presence of vast quantities of glowing vapour, we may extend the same interpretation to the coronal spectrum. In laboratory experiments, when the electric spark passes between two iron points, its spectrum shows the lines belonging to vaporized iron, and yet the quantity of iron vaporized by the spark is almost infinitesimally minute. And similarly, if we regard the corona as an electrical phenomenon, we get over the difficulty which opposes itself to Professor Harkness' theory, that a large proportion of the corona consists of the luminous vapour of iron.

The general result would seem confirmatory of these views, according to which the real origin of the coronal light is to be sought in the millions of meteor-systems which undoubtedly circle round the sun, many of them passing (when in perihelion) very close to his globe. These meteor-systems have been shown to be associated with comets, though, as yet, the exact nature of the association is little understood. From what we have learned respecting them, we should expect the sun during eclipse to be surrounded as with a crown or glory of light, due to the illumination of the mixed cometic and meteoric matter. We should also, for like reason, expect to find a faint glow along that very region of the heavens where the zodiacal light is seen. When we add to these considerations, the circumstance that all other theories of the corona and zodiacal light appear to be disposed of by the evidence at present in our hands, it would certainly seem that we have fair reason for regarding the interpretation here set forth as at least, in the main, the true one. Many details may yet remain to be considered ; many peculiarities, both of the corona and of meteoric systems, may remain to be ascertained : and, fortunately, the means are not wanting for fruitful research into both subjects. But this general view seems demonstrated, that the facts recently ascertained by astronomers respecting meteoric systems on the one hand, and the corona on the other, are closely related together. It is highly probable, also, that the association between the two orders of facts will become more and more clearly apparent with the further progress of observation and of that careful analysis of observation which alone educes its true value.

Spain, and her Revolution.

THE venerable Burton of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* observes somewhere, that, as we look curiously at the sun during an eclipse, though indifferent to him at ordinary times, so we follow with interest a great man in his periods of struggle and adversity. What is true of men in this saying is also true of nations ; and of no nation so true as of Spain, which has probably been more closely watched during the last two years than during the whole interval between the civil war which placed Isabella on the throne, and the revolution which drove her from it for ever. Indeed, we doubt if there is any country between the interest of whose associations and the interest of its political condition the European world draws such a line of distinction. Italy is certainly not inferior to Spain in the charm which belongs to memories and relics of the past ; but Italy has always had keen admirers of, and sympathizers with, her modern political movements : while not one Englishman in a hundred knows against whom Riego rose, or how the principles of Narvaez differed from those of O'Donnell. Among the other misfortunes of the Peninsula must be counted the vulgar impression that its only business is to be picturesque, to be a land of Moorish palaces and Gothic cathedrals, aqueducts with broken arches, and lonely crosses marking the spot of deeds of blood ; a land of orange-trees, fountains, and guitars, strings of mules and processions of priests, hidalgos of stately manners, and dark-eyed women, covering with mantillas their long black masses of hair. We believe that a cockney tourist is seriously annoyed when he finds a Spanish lady dressed like his own sister, or when a Spanish gentleman asks him in very fair English a variety of sensible questions about the use of *esparto* in the paper-manufacture, and the effect of Mr. Gladstone's bill upon land-tenure in Ireland. Yet the real spirit at work beneath all these Spanish revolutions, including the last and greatest, and in spite of the element of military and factious intrigue which plays so great a part in them, is a vague discontent with that old life, of which only " picturesque " rags are left, and a keen longing to take a worthy share in the new work of Europe, which we must all *do*, whether we like it or not. Spain, in fact, though not very willing to say so openly, is ashamed of her backwardness, and sick of her comparative isolation. Her best men desire that the Pyrenees shall exist no longer, though in a very different sense from that of the famous saying of Louis. They wish to share in the civilized prosperity and practical command of nature of other nations, and would be content even if their country lost some of its " romantic " charms in the process, if its Don Quixotes were put under friendly

restraint, and its Murillo's "Beggar Boys" were sent to a ragged-school. Besides, when all is said and done, what is the worth of the kind of "picturesqueness" that co-exists with decadence, laziness, and corruption? The liberal and beautiful arts themselves, by which the feeling of romance is kept alive, flourish with the activity and decline with the decay of the other powers of a nation. Spain has sunk low; but she has not sunk so low as to be content to be a mere "model," to make a career of sitting for her portrait to ingenious gentlemen from countries where painting prospers with the general prosperity of the rest of the national life.

Whether Spain is really to revive, as the best Spaniards hope, by a genial contact with other nations, is surely a question of much interest to Europe, and one which can only be forwarded, if affected at all, by a frank unprejudiced criticism of her actual condition. The isolation of the country just referred to is no new fact in her history, but, on the contrary, one of the most ancient as well as significant of all facts about her. She was late in entering into the European system, either the ancient or the modern; and she has always become powerful or prominent less by her own impulse than by the effect of an impulse from some other nation without. Homer knew nothing of Spain, and Herodotus only very little, through the Phœnician traders, who first annexed her to civilization, from that African side of the Mediterranean which has had such an influence over her character and fortunes. The Phœnicians—colonists as well as traders—found, in the Iberians, a numerous and distinct race, the affinities of which to the other races of Europe cannot be shown, but who certainly had many and strong points of likeness to the Spaniards of the present day. Here we have the first cause of the strongly-marked individuality of the Spaniard—a distinctness of race separating him from the other families of Europe, whose cousinship, in one degree or another, can be satisfactorily proved. We know the Celt, and can recognize in him, with Prichard, the man of Indo-European relationship—with Michelet, the ancestor of the modern Frenchman. We know the German, and his English kindred, and their unmistakable family likeness to the Germans of Tacitus. But who was the Iberian—he who began, as Polybius tells us, at the Pyrenees? He was not a Celt, though in a certain portion of Spain he had coalesced with him, under a name—Celtiberian—assumed expressly to mark the union of two separate stocks. He was quite distinct from the Phœnician, who had, however, settlements of some extent in what is now Andalusia. He had nothing in common with the Greek, who had planted himself on a point or two of the eastern coast, after, and in imitation of, the celebrated foundation of Marseilles. It is said that the Iberian inscriptions are to be explained by the Basque language; but philologists are not agreed about the Basque itself, to which some assign a Tartar origin. Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, the only man, in Niebuhr's opinion, "who could throw any light upon the subject," held that the Basque was once universally spoken throughout Spain, and its

difficulty and obscurity are additional proofs of the separate individuality of the Iberian type:

The Greek and Latin writers may be searched in vain for any satisfactory account of the origin or immigration of the Iberians. But we may gather from those writers many instructive details as to the national character and habits. They were divided into numerous tribes, which could seldom be got to unite together, even against foreigners, whom they all agreed in hating. They were hardy, fierce, frugal, and furiously brave, especially under excitement, and when defending their towns; but not good in the open field, and in regular war, unless when led by quite exceptional generals. They had passionate confidence in individual chiefs, and were naturally fond of party and faction, with a constant tendency to waver, either from temper or from interest. They were greedy for money, and apt to sell their trust; coarsely cruel in their light estimate of human life, and prone to assassination. The betrayal of hostages, the surrender of towns, the desertion of allies, the murder of men like Hasdrubal, Viriathus, Sertorius,—these are all *characteristic* traits of Iberian history. There was a certain hardness and ferocity about the *durus Iber*,—the *truces Iberi*,—which seems to have impressed itself as the predominant feature of the race, on the classical mind. When Cato the Censor disarmed the tribes near the Ebro, many of them killed themselves rather than survive the loss of their weapons. At the siege of Numantia, they ate each other when provisions ran short, and slaughtered each other when surrender became inevitable. Long after the Romans had occupied nearly the whole Peninsula, when the south of France was as civilized as Italy, and Marseilles had its schools of philosophy and rhetoric, the mass of the Iberians were evidently in a barbarous state. Catullus's account of the queer Celtiberian substitute for tooth-powder (*Carm.* 37, 38) might appear a joke, if it did not receive confirmation from Strabo (*Geog.* 3, 4). But, however important as a military station, and a field of action in the civil wars, Spain seems hardly to have been adopted into the classical life of Italy during the most brilliant period. Horace couples Ilerda (the modern Lerida), one of the towns nearest the Pyrenees, with Utica, as among the last places his book is likely to reach, after being worn out or abandoned to the moths in the capital. To Juvenal, Spain is *horrida Hispania*. The Roman civilization was spreading itself, all this time, of course; new cities were being founded; noble roads made, and aqueducts built. But, except on the Mediterranean coast, civilization came slowly, and late. Nor has Spain ever been a storehouse of good classical art, or valuable ancient MSS., considering how conveniently she lies towards Italy, and how early and extensive was her Mediterranean commerce. Her importance in ancient history is political and military, and due to her geographical position rather than to the gifts or qualities of her indigenous inhabitants. We do not forget her wits of the Empire, such as the pungent Martial, who has devoted some charming verses to his birth-place, and the neighbouring regions—the modern Arragon and Catalonia. But

nobody, we fancy, supposes that Martial was an Iberian, any more than Terence was an Æthiopian. The Roman legions became denizens of the Peninsula, and diffused over it plenty of Roman and Italian blood, while gradually preparing it, also, for that form of Latin speech which in after ages found its highest expression in the dialect of Castile.

The Phœnicians and Romans may be said to have, between them, created Spain. The Phœnicians developed the wealth of the wonderful southern regions, which Strabo considered the richest part of the habitable world. Land and sea were alike lavish of the necessities and luxuries of life. Wine, grain, oil, wax, honey, pitch, coccus, minium, were exported in great quantities from the banks of the Bætis and the harbour of Cadiz—with oysters, and shell-fish, and lampreys, and the *murex* famous for its purple dye : all of which were poured in great quantities into the markets of Syria, and, later, of Rome. Gold and silver, brass and iron, came from the same favoured shores. For a time it seemed that Spain would be African rather than European ; and one of the greatest men of antiquity—Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal—formed a profound scheme for uniting her to the chief of all the Phœnician colonies, by enlisting her sons under the banner of Carthage, and building upon the most venerable commerce what might be the most formidable polity of the Mediterranean. Spain, according to this project, was, as Polybius shows, to have been made a means not only of securing Carthage, but of attacking Rome. The disasters of the first Punic War were to be avenged, and the loss of Sicily and Sardinia more than compensated. The genius and the designs of Hamilcar descended to his son Hannibal, and the second Punic War was their natural result. But the second Punic War had precisely the opposite effect to that intended by the great man who meditated it and the great man who executed it. The Carthaginian power in the Peninsula was destroyed, although—what is well worth noting—the Iberians seem to have taken quite as kindly to the Carthaginians as to the Romans. And in the two centuries which elapsed between the victories of the Scipios and the victories of Augustus, Rome gradually established her authority from the Pyrenees to the sea. The towns which she founded, or re-founded, in different parts of the country—the modern Badajoz, Merida, Zaragoza, Pampeluna, for example—became centres of *Romanization*, that is, of civilization. Roman colonies were planted thickly over the land. Brigandage, which the Iberian always much affected, was checked. In the wilder parts, the people might still eat bread made from acorns, and sleep upon the ground on straw. But with order and good roads, came traffic and tranquillity. Iberia was never Italy, but neither was it the Iberia of the Scipios. The Gothic conquerors found it so essentially modified by Roman institutions and Roman teaching, that their great bishops, the men of the councils of Toledo, rose superior in legislative wisdom to the men who elsewhere dictated the policy of the barbarians, and prepared the bases of the new European civilization.

“Open the Law of the Visigoths,” says M. Guizot : “it is not a bar-

barous law; evidently it is redacted by the philosophers of the time, by the clergy. It abounds in general ideas, in theories, and in theories plainly foreign to barbarous manners. . . . The Visigothic law bears throughout a learned, systematic, social character. One sees there the work of the same clergy which prevailed in the councils of Toledo, and so powerfully influenced the government of the country. In Spain, and up to the great invasion of the Arabs, it was the theocratic principle which tried to restore civilization."

This "theocratic principle" singled out by M. Guizot as the governing fact in the formation of modern, as distinct from classical Spain, has assumed strange shapes and led to curious issues in that country. Little is known of the old religion of the Iberians, though we are told by Strabo (lib. 3, 4) that the central and northern tribes used to worship a certain nameless god by dancing in his honour with their families at night, at the time of full moon. But, great as were the services of the Toledan clergy, it was unfortunate for the Iberians that their first powerful Christianity came to them invested with a highly controversial character, and was then burnt into them as a warlike feeling by their subjugation at the hands of a race whose own religion was a part of its national essence. The Romans had not made the Iberian a philosopher, but the Goths and the Arabs easily made him a fanatic; and ages after bishops of the Toledan type had been succeeded by a very different breed, a fanatic he remained. Fierce and factious, he readily ranged himself under the Catholic or the Arian banner; fierce, factious, and tenacious of locality, he readily hated the Moor. "The Moors," observes Gibbon, in his stately way, "may exult in the easy conquest and long servitude of Spain." There is, indeed, something puzzling both in the rapidity and the duration of that conquest. The Moors were not finally driven out for seven hundred years,—a period longer than that covered by the whole independent historical existence of the Greek States,—and longer than it took the Romans to expand from masters of a single city into masters of the entire known world.

It was well suggested by the late Archdeacon Williams, in his excellent *Life of Caesar*, that the Moor found in Andalusia,—the last quarter from which he was driven,—a large Phœnician element, the legacy of ancient days, which was akin to him, and which he assimilated with comparative ease. But he spread himself everywhere, till the cold and the hills stopped him in the north-west; till he was defeated in the plains of France; till he was established at the foot of the Pyrenees, in Arragon and Catalonia. Had the Moor only had the Iberians to deal with, he would probably have got on as well with them as the Carthaginians had with their ancestors: Spain might have become a regular Oriental country in name and form. But just as the Romans had kept it in Europe, so now the Germanic races, in one branch and another, performed the same office. The Goths in the northern, the Franks in the eastern provinces, headed the resistance, and, step by step, city by city, from one range of hills to

another range of hills, from one river-line to another river-line, beat the invader back towards the Mediterranean Sea.

This great struggle of centuries had, as everybody knows, the profoundest effect upon the formation of the modern Spanish character. But what is not so often remembered is, that although the struggle was in one sense a national one, it was by no means a struggle equally hard and equally long for all parts of Spain. The eastern provinces, thanks to Frank and Norman leadership and aid, got finally quit of the Moor pretty early. Thus, he had to yield Barcelona in A.D. 985, and Saragossa in A.D. 1118; whereas Seville was not recovered till A.D. 1248, and Granada not till A.D. 1492. This left Arragon and Catalonia,—united, politically, under the Counts of Barcelona in the twelfth century, to which kingdom the great James I. of Arragon, the *Conquistador*, added the Balearic Islands and Valencia in the thirteenth,—free to develop their institutions and commerce by land and sea in their own way; while Castile and Leon, in the centre, north and west, gradually carried on the war from border to border with the enemy. There is a great deal of provoking nonsense written and talked in Spain, now-a-days, about the “Latin race,” as if the Romanized Iberians had ever been more “Latin” than the inhabitants of Verulamium or Eboracum among ourselves. Everything we know of the mediæval governing Spaniard,—the ancestor of the typical *hidalgo*, shows him to have borne a Gothic character, and to have been more like the man of the north than like the man of the south of Europe. Not without reason does *ser Godo* mean in Spanish to be of *nobleza antigua*. The old independence of the Arragonese *rico-hombre*, proud of the *fueros*, or rights of his province, and devoted to its independence,—a feeling anciently common to all the Spanish provinces,—is quite like that of the Saxon, the Norman, or the Dane. It was territorial and feudal, rather than urban and municipal, like the contemporary sentiment of Italy. It was, also, essentially aristocratic, though in Catalonia this was modified by the commercial character of the capital—the “county” city (*ciudad condal*) of Barcelona, which, though the seat of a court, was governed by a *bourgeoisie*. The *Cortes* of Castile and of Arragon, and the *Corts* of Cataluña, may fairly be admitted to have had the essential elements of an English parliament, before our House of Commons assumed its characteristic shape. And the prosperity and eminence of Arragon in the Mediterranean during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were largely due to their well-mixed, well-regulated freedom of the good old type. Nevertheless, it was Castile, uniting with Leon, and pressing ever forward on the Moor, that was destined to become the sovereign and representative element in Spain, and here the results of the long Moorish war are most clearly visible. A war, endless, and most complicated, of Spanish Christian against Mahometan Moor,—varied with wars in which Christians were against Christians, and Moors against Moors,—and sometimes Christians with Moors against Moors, and even Moors with Christians against Christians,—such a war, waged in

incessant raids, forays, and sieges full of personal adventure, had a character of its own different from the simpler ones of other nations. It suited the fundamental Iberian character of the mass of the people admirably, for it was quite like the old *guerrilla* fighting which they had gone through, ages before, with the Carthaginian and with the Roman. And it developed in the nobility the chivalrous and romantically loyal sentiments that they had in common with their distant cousins of England and France, to a pitch of extravagance, which became, itself, a mark of Spanish individuality, and culminated, at last—on the bright side, in the delightful humour of *Don Quijote* and the stately politeness of Spanish gentlemen;—on the dark side, in the early-established despotism of the Hapsburgs, the Inquisition, and the Church. Heroes like the Cid, and kings like the Ferdinands, became the model heroes and kings of the country, and the relation of one to the other the model of such relations. Charmingly does the old ballad set forth the feeling of vassal for king, and of king for vassal, when it tells us how five tributary Moorish chiefs brought splendid gifts to the Cid,—how the Cid said that there must be some error, for that he was no lord where King Ferdinand was, but only his humblest vassal; and then, how the King, in his turn, assured them that the Cid had conquered for him all he possessed, and how glad he was to have such a vassal!

El Cid les dijera :—Amigos,
 El mensaje habeis errado,
 Porque yo no soy señor
 Adonde está el Rey Fernando :
 Todo es suyo, nada es mio,
 Yo soy su menor vasallo—

and so forth, as we find it in the old *Romancero*. So completely did this ancient way of thinking and feeling—a mixture of military, aristocratic, and monarchical sentiment,—pass into the Spanish mind, that to this day, whenever Spaniards desire to glorify themselves (which they pretty often do,) in their speeches, or newspaper articles, they invariably glorify themselves for qualities of the chivalrous and romantic type. It is the *hidalguía*, the *caballerosidad*, of the Spanish nation that they brag about; while the more prosaic virtues of common honesty, industry, punctuality and cleanliness attract but little laudation. This is one evil result of the strife with the Moors; but it had many other evil results. The bigotry and sabre-worship which it fostered, led naturally to the supremacy of the priest and the soldier. The sexual arrangements of the Moors influenced the Christian marriage institution in such a way that the pedigrees of the Spanish nobles were very doubtful, as St. Simon found. Commerce, and all kinds of useful activity, which, by making nations rich and intelligent, help their civilization, came to be secondary objects in the public esteem. Hence, Spain has never attained in civilized times a distinction like that which hovers round the associations of her barbarous times. No great nation did so little for the revival of learning, or has done so little

for learning of any kind since. She had her martyrs during the Reformation, but she chiefly shone in making martyrs of other peoples, which the accidents of politics brought under her sway; and the institution of Jesuitism is her most original contribution to the history of modern religion. The old Iberian cruelty was one of the qualities which the Moorish war had a tendency to keep up; and both in the Old World and the New, it was exhibited on a scale unapproached in the history of any other modern nation. This indelible Iberian and Oriental quality has been shown by Spain, in all parts of the world, and all periods of her history; in the sport of the bull-ring, and the gravity of the *auto-da-fé*; amongst the Indians of Mexico, and the Protestants of the Low Countries; down even to the other day, when a handful of half-starved peasants, suspected of Carlism, were shot, without any form of trial, at Montalegre in Catalonia.

The conquest of Granada was the result of the union of the crowns of Arragon and Castile in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella; and it had been prepared for by the long-continued *dis*-union of the Moors, whose hands had been against each other, after the primitive Arab fashion, for centuries. Their subjugation, and the expulsion, later, of their race from Spain altogether, were events now seen and acknowledged to have been disastrous. Andalusia has never recovered the loss of their industry and ingenuity. The comparative prosperity of Valencia is due to their system of irrigation, and to the traditional rules for settling local disputes there, which have come down from them, and which put to shame the clumsy, tardy, and corrupt administration of Spanish law proper. Many a tourist, English and American, enters Spain full of vague admiration for the Christian champions, and goes away breathing a sigh of sympathetic regret over the memory of the Infidels of the Crescent. Once mistress of herself, and having had the Indies thrown open to her by the illustrious Genoese, whom the *Reyes Catolicos* had the wit to employ, but not the generosity to reward, a period of great brilliance opened to Spain, the true conditions of which are little understood by modern Spaniards. Up to this time—the latter part of the fifteenth century—Spain had “figured little in Europe,” as Lord Bolingbroke points out in his letters on the *Study of History*. She now began to be great, but in reality what is called *her* greatness was really a part of the greatness of the Empire of the House of Austria. It was the marriage of Crazy Jane (*Juana la Loca*) with Philip the Handsome, father of Charles the Fifth, which brought Spain into prominence in the European system, and made her a partner in the prosperity of Southern Germany, Milan, and the Netherlands. The Spaniards of our days, always needy and craving for money, always hankering after a Past which yet is only critically studied by foreigners, look back to nothing so fondly as to the old *wealth* of Spain. But this admits of being brought to a ready test, and we are indebted to Mr. Motley for an excellent application of such a test. “Of five millions of

gold annually," he tells us, "which he" (the Emperor Charles the Fifth) "derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces (the Netherlands), while but a half million came from Spain, and another half from the Indies. The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket, contributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru." This observation, drawn from reports extant among the MSS. in the Belgian archives, might be of use to Spain, where nothing is in such bad odour as political economy, or so thoroughly backward as all that relates to practical business and industrial enterprise. Not one Spaniard in a million can, even now, be made to understand that the industry of the Netherlands was a more valuable possession to those countries than the mines of the Indies and America to Spain. Like their ancestors, Spaniards crave for gold and silver, which they confound with wealth; and neglect the habits and conditions by which wealth is obtained. Adam Smith explains very clearly that gold was the only object of their voyages to the Indies; that the very redundancy of it, due to Mexico and Peru, discouraged both their agriculture and manufactures; and that in spite of their mines, Spain and its neighbour Portugal were the "two most beggarly nations in Europe."

There is great truth, accordingly, in the epithet given to the Spain of those showy days by Mr. Ford,—the epithet of a "clay-footed Colossus." Her imposing attitude—not unlike that of the individual Spaniard whose gravity and his cloak make him look a much greater being than he really is—lasted the whole of Charles's reign. But scarcely was she handed over, with the Sicilies, and (in an evil day) the Netherlands, to Philip the Second, than the tide began to turn. Philip was a dull Spanish bigot, thoroughly mediocre, whose policy, by making him a mere tool of the Papacy, raised the growing Protestant powers of Europe against him; while at home he did nothing to found good political institutions, or to develop the resources of his country. Spain had the elements of such institutions in her Cortes, which, as early as in the first part of the thirteenth century, had united nobles, clergy, and commons in the enjoyment of secured rights and combined political action. And the Cortes did make an effort, of which an interesting account may be found in Mr. Prescott's work on Philip, to maintain their position—a position very difficult to define, from the diversity of their character in the different provinces, and the fluctuations of power in them, in Castile, as elsewhere. But the despotic and centralizing tendency was too strong; and just as the upstart city of Madrid now took the lead over the old capital cities, so their new dynasty made itself superior to the old feudal checks, out of the mixture of which with the monarchical power, all really healthy constitutions have sprung. The Hapsburgs brought to Spain a great temporary splendour of position, though with the result of fostering, thereby, some

of the worst weaknesses of the Spanish character. But they, also, overpowered by the imperialism of their rule the local elements from which freedom and good government might have come, and corrupted those elements into the bargain. For example, the celebrated Duc de St. Simon, who studied the subject with all his habitual shrewdness, subtlety, and love of such inquiries, has made it clear that the *grandeza*, or grandeeism, which became the characteristic note of aristocracy in Spain, took its rise under the rule of Charles the Fifth. Before that Emperor's time, the chief nobles of Spain were the *ricos-hombres*—the "great men," as we may call them, in English—who held their fiefs direct from the Crown. It seems probable that, among other incidents of their position, the right of being "covered" in the King's presence was one,—a right which prevailed in France for a long period, during the government of the House of Valois. What Charles did by making a class of *grandes* was to transform this incident of feudal ceremony into an institution which became the essence of Spanish aristocracy. The old *ricos-hombres*, especially of Arragon, had been men of singular independence, whose attitude towards the Crown erred on the side of rebelliousness rather than of servility. It was clever and politic to persuade their representatives to accept the right of wearing a hat, or (by female successions) an indefinite number of hats, in the royal presence, as a substitute for political power and lordly self-reliance. This was what the House of Hapsburg managed to do; and their institution of *grandeza*, or grandeeism (our "grandee" is evidently from the Spanish "grande") gradually made all the richest nobles of Spain mere satellites of the court and denizens of Madrid. There were old noble houses which did not attain *grandeza*, and to such houses belonged Cervantes, Calderon, Quevedo, and Velasquez. There were also titled houses (*titulados de Castilla*) created by the kings at their own good pleasure. But to be among the *grandes* became the mighty matter, and they were thus at once a body shining with light reflected from the Crown alone, and a caste, equal among themselves, whatever their differences in antiquity or illustration, but distinct from the rest of the nation, noble or simple. No device ever so completely perverted the primitive principles of feudal aristocracy as this, and no aristocracy has ever sunk so low as the body that was content to accept it.

Philip II.'s contribution to the development of grandeeism was characteristic. He introduced the public ceremony of the *cobrios*, or *couverture*, of which St. Simon has left such a curious description; and he provided that the *grandes* of his own manufacture should remain uncovered when they began to speak to him at the ceremony. Such a monarch was not likely to found a good political system at home, as we have said; and abroad he had to deal with races like the Dutch and English, whose nobles, while equal to those of Spain in antiquity, and superior in historical distinction, had a wholesome indifference to superiority in the matter of hats. He did his best to crush the Hollander by land and the Englishman

by sea, and he failed in both objects. When Drake returned from his famous voyage of circumnavigation in 1580, and the Spanish ambassador, Mendoza, pleaded the Bull of Alexander VI., of 1493, by which Spain was to have "all lands discovered and to be discovered, beyond a line drawn from pole to pole one hundred leagues west of the Azores," the answer of Queen Elizabeth was emphatic and to the point. She said that she did not understand how the Pope's grant could bind princes who owed him no obedience, or how it could, as it were, "enfeoff the Spaniard in that new world,—*Hispanum Novo illo Orbe quasi infeudaret.*"—(Camden : *Ann.*) The Armada and the taking of Cadiz followed in their due course, and the greatness of Spain, whether as part of Austria or separated from it, was virtually broken up before it was a century old. Sully, sketching in his memoirs the grandiose project of Henry IV., which was cut short in 1610 by the dagger of Ravallac, and speculating on Spain's action in the matter, says that she was well known to be exhausted of money, and even of soldiers—everybody being aware, he adds, that "the best and most numerous soldiers she had were drawn from Sicily, Naples, and Lombardy, or were Germans, Swiss, and Walloons." Left to herself, she sank into a second-rate power as quickly as she had risen, when borne aloft upon the wings of the Imperial eagle. Holland established itself. Portugal, conquered by Philip II., was lost by his grandson. The American pretension had long vanished. Jamaica was taken by England in Cromwell's time. But though every generation saw some new disaster, in one matter the court of Madrid never faltered—its obstinate adherence to bigotry in the Church and despotism in the State. Mr. Buckle collected many amusing instances of the excess of king-worship and priest-worship in the unfortunate country, and of their effect in depressing all other interests. In the War of the Succession at the beginning of the last century, Spain was found, as Macaulay pungently declares, a worse country to have as an ally than as an enemy. The Roman civilization and the Gothic heroism had both disappeared, and any vigour or virtue left was among the peasantry, especially those faithful men of the Castiles, who stuck so loyally to Philip V. against the Archduke Charles. The success of Philip gave the finishing blow to whatever was left of the provincial public life in Arragon and Catalonia ; and Spain lost the Two Sicilies, the Spanish Netherlands, Minorca, and Gibraltar. The Bourbon differed little from the Hapsburg despotism, chiefly by introducing French fashions into Madrid ; and Spain (excepting during a slight reaction towards improvement, which did not last, under Charles III.) rotted slowly down to the condition in which the French Revolution found her. At first she went into the coalition against the French Republic, but she made her peace in 1795, and in 1796 was foolish enough to join with France against England, which did much damage to her commerce and her navy. An amusing illustration of the changeless nature of the Spanish type was supplied by this naval war. Just as in the Armada days Spain had sent ponderous galleys to invade

England, which the vessels of Howard, Seymour, Drake, and Frobisher played round and hammered out of shape, so now she had a four-decker afloat—the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 182 guns—a monster of the deep: “such a ship as I never saw before,” says Collingwood in his letters. “We were engaged an hour with this ship,” he adds, “and trimmed her well. She was a complete wreck.” Another antique taste was exhibited by this same Spanish fleet, as we learn from the same high authority. They always carried their patron saint to sea with them; so, in the battle of St. Vincent here referred to, St. Isidro fell into Collingwood’s possession. “I have given St. Isidro a berth in my cabin,” wrote, with quiet humour, Collingwood. “It was the least I could for him, after he had consigned his charge to me!” The wretched Spanish court of Charles IV., his queen, and Godoy—a court, the moral character of which has been reproduced in its ill-starred land since, and more than once—persisted in the war, and St. Vincent was naturally followed by Trafalgar. But in 1808 it went the way of other dupes of Napoleon, and Spain suddenly found England ranged with her, when her brave and naturally loyal peasantry girded up their hardy but ill-clad loins to drive out the invading *Gavacho*—the ever-hated neighbour and enemy of France.

Let us hope that it is their ignorance, as the worst educated and most isolated people of Europe, which makes the Spaniards of the present generation appear profoundly ungrateful to England, and her Wellington, for the services rendered to Spain between 1808 and 1814. That they talk and write ungratefully, whether from ignorance or not, is a fact of which every Englishman living amongst them is well aware. We have seen a little Spanish book, purporting to give the events of this century in chronological order, in which the Duke’s landing in the Peninsula was not even mentioned. Nay, in the Cortes, the other day, a popular rhetorician, haranguing on his country’s glories, boldly stated that what Wellington had done was to pursue and destroy armies already routed! Nobody in the Cortes contradicted the lie, nor did we remark that anybody in the Madrid press rebuked the liar. It may be that this want of veracity—too general, alas! in Spain—results from the demoralisation produced by centuries of ecclesiastical fraud and political corruption. But, however that may be, our object in referring to the Duke’s noble victories, without which Spain would have remained (as the eastern parts of her, where he was not engaged, *did* remain) under the yoke of France till the general peace—our object, we say, is not to exult in those victories, but to avail ourselves of the knowledge of Spain acquired by the Duke in the course of his Peninsular campaigns, and revealed to the world in his *Despatches*. The Duke of Wellington was much more than a good soldier. He was a reflecting, and even, in his way, a reading man. He learned Spanish, and employed his incomparable common sense—which was his supreme intellectual gift—upon many different kinds of Spanish affairs. It

is instructive, then, to see to what Crown and Church, and an aristocracy of hats, had brought a people, the raw material of which had so often been turned to good account by the Roman and the Goth. The natural capability of individual Spaniards the Duke is always ready to admit ; but the Government of the nation, civil and military, its organization for any business, whether civil or military—these he found—not to mince matters—contemptibly degenerate. He soon began to suffer from it. His first great victory in Spain was at Talavera, in July, 1809. Three days after, we have him complaining to Mr. Frere, the British Minister at Madrid, that “Our half-starved army, although they have been engaged for two days, and have defeated twice their numbers, in the service of Spain, have not bread to eat. . . . There are nearly 4,000 wounded soldiers dying in the hospital in this town from want, common assistance, and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies. . . . I cannot prevail upon them even to bury the dead carcasses in the neighbourhood.”—(*Talavera de la Reyna*, 81 July, 1809.) Mr. Frère was just afterwards succeeded by the writer's brother, the Marquess Wellesley, and on him it devolved to stir up the wretched Junta to activity. “The army will be useless in Spain, and will be entirely lost, if this treatment is to continue,” the Marquess learns. “It is to be attributed to the poverty and exhausted state of the country ; to the inactivity of the magistrates and people ; to their disinclination to take any trouble, except that of packing up their property and running away when they hear of the approach of a French patrol ; and to their habits of insubordination and disobedience of, and to the want of power in, the government and their officers.”—(*Deleytosa*, 8th August, 1809.) The conduct complained of forced Wellington to retire to Badajoz, and then to Portugal ; and he was further annoyed that autumn by the Spanish General Cuesta's imprudence in risking a pitched battle with the French at Ocaña, where he was beaten by an army of half his strength. “They go to the plains to be beaten, and thus cow the troops who would otherwise defend themselves in the mountains.”—(*Badajoz*, 19th Dec., 1809.) “Nothing can be worse than the officers of the Spanish army,” had been his declaration some months before ; “and it is extraordinary that, when a nation has devoted itself to war as this nation has, by the measures it has adopted in the last two years, so little progress has been made. They are really children in the art of war, and I cannot say that they do anything as it ought to be done, with the exception of running away and assembling again in a state of nature.”—(*Merida*, 25th August, 1809.) Such was the uniform tone of the Duke during those glorious but most trying years, in which, in spite of French enemies and Spanish allies, he carried the British flag triumphantly from the lines of Torres Vedras to Ciudad Rodrigo, from Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca, and so on, through Vittoria to San Sebastian and the Pyrenees. The share of Spain in the war, as far as it was successful or important, was of the old Iberian

pattern—a pattern which immediately reappears in the Peninsula when the influence of any conquering power has waned. That is to say, Spain's real contribution was made by her gallant *guerrilleros*, particularly those of Arragon and Navarre. They had a dash of the brigand about them, and went to work *λειτουργικῶς*, “bandit-fashion,” as Strabo says. But they were stout fellows, loving their country's freedom and their own, and any cruelties they practised had been most righteously provoked by the murdering, plundering, ravishing, faithless, and godless hosts of Gaul.

During this period, the modern political history of Spain had begun by the assembling of the Cortes of Cadiz, and their adoption of a constitution; which Cortes and Constitution have been the ancestors of a numerous progeny, all bearing a family likeness, down to those created by the Revolution of 1868. It was all very well for the English army to drive French troops out of Spain, but it could not drive out French ideas; and the very Spaniards who raged against the troops were the men who carried out the ideas. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that modern France has *gallicized* the Peninsula, very much as ancient Rome *romanized* it. The Cortes of Cadiz soon showed a Republican and Democratic tendency, and were even more eager to destroy the Inquisition than to destroy the invaders. They talked endlessly, of course; and there grew up under their shadow, at Cadiz, what has since accompanied every other revolution in Spain, a licentious and even blackguard press. The machine of government that they devised was an absurd one—they had a legislative assembly, which chose the executive: a regency; but the regency was quite separate from the other body: they were jealous of each other, and a dead-lock was the result. In a country of which the chief property was in land, they made no provision for the representation of the landed interest. It was, in short, a paper constitution of the regular revolutionary type that the Cortes of Cadiz set up; but its influence has been felt in all subsequent revolutions and constitutions of the distracted land. To understand contemporary Spain and its convulsions, the reader must think of it as the scene of perpetual oscillations between old traditions of Popish bigotry, local and provincial divisions, Spanish pride, habits, and economic and industrial backwardness and barbarism, on the one hand; and, on the other, centralizing, administrative, and speculative efforts, after the example of revolutionized France.

The restoration of Ferdinand VII. in 1814 was the signal for a general reaction. The Cortes of Cadiz and their Constitution were swept away like rubbish, amidst general applause; the priests flourished once more; and the insurrections of 1820-23, for the re-establishment of the Constitution, which were followed by the easy successes of the Duke of Angoulême, only served to confirm the power of the brutal and cynical despot. He died in 1833, leaving to his country a civil war by way of legacy. But that civil war was the real beginning of the ruin of his

dynasty. For the cause of his daughter Isabella came to be identified with Liberalism during the contest, and her triumph over legitimacy, in the person of Don Carlos, virtually involved the triumph of Liberalism likewise. No doubt, there were reactionary ministries afterwards, and new revolutions and constitutions to counteract them ; but every revolution and constitution has been more democratic than its predecessor, and at last, the dynasty, supposed to represent the very principle of Constitutional Liberalism in itself, has been swept away. The Civil War of 1833-1840, though technically a War of Succession, produced like that of 1701-1718, by a royal testament, or testamentary decree, was in historical fact a renewal of the revolutionary movement contemporaneous with the War of Independence of 1808-1814. And it has determined both the character and the course of Spanish politics ever since.

Thus, the knowledge on the part of the populace that the Carlist cause was the cause of priests and monks, predisposed them to believe the worst of all religious bodies, and led to the murders and destruction of 1834 and 1835. People sometimes wonder that Spain should remain quiet while other nations are agitated ; though so exceedingly turbulent in her own good time. The explanation is simple. Spain is a belated country in the revolutionary department as in all other departments. She had her '98 in '84-5, and postponed her '48 till '68. In '84 the cholera was raging. The *populacho* of Madrid took it into their heads that the monks and Jesuits were not merely wicked politicians, but had poisoned the public fountains. They broke out in July of that year, and attacked the Jesuit college, and the religious houses, butchering all they could lay their hands on. The Government of Queen Christina, the Regent, took the alarm, and set about suppressing the unpopular foundations in a legal way. In 1835, the Jesuits, who had got back since their expulsion by Charles III. in 1767, were expelled once more ; and a decree of July 25th abolished nine-hundred *conventos*. But the rabble thought this a tame way of doing work, and in Saragossa, Reuss, and Barcelona, they brought the knife and the torch into play. Many a Capuchin, Carmelite, and Franciscan perished that summer, or escaped by the sewers or the roof from yelling ruffians eager for his blood. Many a Gothic cloister of ancient and reverent beauty was turned into a litter of smoking stones ; and many a library had its stately ecclesiastical folios and vellum-clad classics flung into the streets. Then among the vine-clad slopes of Catalonia, the vast pile of the Monastery of Poblet, the burying-place of the Kings of Arragon, saw its last day, and the bones of the good King James the Conqueror, "who loved the people well," were disturbed after a repose of more than five centuries. The scenes of the Paris of the last age were closely reproduced in that and the succeeding years. A handful of revolutionary soldiers, headed by a sergeant, burst in upon Christina in the summer-palace of La Granja in August, '36, and compelled her to proclaim the democratical Cadiz Constitution of 1812—that "foolish

Constitution," which the Duke of Wellington said the Cortes had made "as a painter paints a picture, *to be looked at.*" A change of ministry followed, and next year another Cortes made another Constitution, which was, in fact, a more democratic version of its celebrated predecessor. Meanwhile, the atrocities of the Civil War, thus complicated by revolution, were awful. In Barcelona, Carlist prisoners were dragged out of the jail and slaughtered, and their corpses dragged through the streets, or burnt in bonfires. In Tortosa (February 13, 1836), the Christinist General, Nogueras, put to death in cold blood the old mother of the Carlist, Cabrera, "to revenge his defeat by her son," as Mr. Ford not unreasonably believed.

This miserable civil war—the military history of which makes a very poor figure—had another effect besides that of prolonging and confirming barbarism, ruining an already bad finance, and filling the country with revolutionary passion. It confirmed what Spaniards call the *militarismo* of Spain, and saddled the nation permanently (to all appearance) with the rule of soldier-politicians. Most of the public men since at the head of Spanish affairs—the Narvaezes, O'Donnells, Dulces, and Prims, who are dead; the Esparteros and Serranos, still surviving—gained their first distinction in that evil time. Espartero emerged from it "Duke of Victory" and hero of the Christinist triumph. Prim, a younger man, who had begun as a private in a volunteer force, rose to be a colonel in it, also on the Christinist side. Peace was finally made in 1840, but it was far from being followed by political and social peace. During the contest, two political parties had gradually formed themselves, with the names of which Spanish history has since been filled—the *Progressistas*, who called themselves the champions of popular rights, yet without renouncing the monarchical principle; and the *Moderados*, who were for *moderating* the popular power, and regulating it, but who were neither Carlist nor Absolutist. Republicans were little heard of as yet in Spain; and the characteristic severity and isolation of the country in religious matters was still so marked that the Constitution of 1837 made no provision for the religious toleration of foreigners any more than that of 1812 had done. Whilst ceasing to respect his own belief, the Spanish Liberal could not yet make up his mind to bear with that of his neighbour.

The Peninsula, in fact, was in a simmer of faction and controversy, boiling over, occasionally, into the old Iberian savagery and outrage. The two elements of Revolution and Reaction gained the upper hand alternately; and Spain has, in truth, been knocked backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock (the battledores being held by soldiers of fortune) ever since. Espartero had his triumph over Christina. Christina came back. The Moderados reigned, with occasional breaks, some ten years. They were ousted by the Revolution of 1854. Again the reaction had its innings; and so on down to our own times. The parties were modified, no doubt. A coalition between the mildest Progressistas and

Moderados produced the *Union Liberal*, represented by O'Donnell, in one of whose successful periods Spain enjoyed five years,—1858-1863—of comparative tranquillity. But with prosperity came the Morocco and St. Domingo wars, and the quarrels with the unforgiven South American States—true daughters, in their sterile agitation, faction, and financial disorder, of their mother of Europe. The fall of O'Donnell's Union Liberal ministry in 1863 was succeeded by several attempts to form a Moderado one, and three ministries of that colour rose and fell in two years. Late in 1864, General Narvaez, taking the well-known Gonzalez Brabo for his right-hand man (that clever Andaluz had risen, not by the sword, but by using pen and tongue like a sword—the *other* way of rising in Spain), formed a Moderado ministry, which undertook to settle the difficulties of St. Domingo, Peru, and the finance. The Moderados, it cannot be denied, have produced, on the whole, the ablest public men of Spain, during the last thirty years. But by this time divisions had so multiplied, and party spirit grown so fierce, that a long-lasting ministry of any hue had become impossible. The Progressistas had not the materials of which to make one, had they been invited to try: so another failure of Moderados under Narvaez was succeeded, as the only alternative, by another attempt of Unionistas under O'Donnell. This was late in 1865: early in 1866, Prim, now, after various changes, a Progressista, rose in insurrection with some squadrons at Aranjuez; and had to fight his way, retreating, to the frontier of Portugal. In the summer, another insurrection, in the same cause as Prim's, but without his leadership, broke out in Madrid.

There was harder fighting than usual, this time; the fighting is seldom very hard in these Spanish civil brawls. But the insurrection was effectually put down by O'Donnell, Narvaez, Serrano (since Regent), the Conchas, and others. O'Donnell and his Unionists did not enjoy the fruits of this triumph over the Progressistas long. The Reaction seemed so decisively successful over the Revolution, this time, that her Majesty soon put the control of affairs again into the hands of General Narvaez, Gonzalez Brabo, and their Moderados. The shuttlecock was sent flying back with a vengeance by these gentlemen. They set up a practical dictatorship; declined to convoke the Cortes for 1866, as they were legally bound to do; and arrested and sent off a batch of deputies, who were preparing a remonstrance, to the Balearic Islands and the Canaries. Serrano himself, who had helped to save the crown six months before, and was President of the Senate and Captain-General, was despatched under arrest, first to Alicante, and then to Mahon. A law of public order was passed, by which the *alcaldes*, or mayors, throughout Spain had power given them to expel "dangerous persons" from their dwellings. Another law, on the Press, was passed, to match this. The Moderado ministry, drunk with power and blind with vanity, hit out right and left, against Unionistas and Progressistas both. Naturally,

the leaders of these parties began to conspire. The Unionistas gradually forgot that one of the elements in their mixed origin and composition had been a Moderado element. The Progressistas as gradually cooled in their monarchical leanings, and drew more towards the extreme men, whose doctrines had been gaining strength during all these years of controversy and disturbance. Now began the real importance in high politics of Prim. He had been a barrack-conspirator for many years. Starting as a Catalan private trooper on the side of the Christinos, he had turned against Espartero in 1848, and got himself made a colonel. He had been in a conspiracy to assassinate Narvaez, who not only spared his life, but sent him, as a Moderado, to be Captain-General of Puerto-Rico. O'Donnell, in the best days of the Union Liberal, gave him employment in the Morocco War, where he acquired a marquessate and the grandeeship of Spain. He was now a Progressista, and in secret league with the democrats. Another insurrection was tried in 1867, but without success. The Government took no warning from it; and pursued its usual course of violence, which it mistook for vigour. But in Spain, everything rests at bottom on the men of the sword. Unluckily, for the Moderado ministry, General Narvaez died after a short illness on the 23rd April, 1868. Gonzalez Brabo was left to be dictator in his stead, but a dictator in a black coat has hitherto been an impossibility in the Peninsula. He was a clever Andaluz, as has been observed already, who had begun his life as editor of a blackguard Madrid satirical journal, set up to abuse Queen Christina. His reign was short. The conspiracy between Unionistas and Progressistas was complete in a few months; another Revolution broke out against a Reaction which had exhausted itself; and, this time, the Reaction dragged down the dynasty along with it. Queen Isabella's political position had been a false one all through her reign. She was called a constitutional sovereign, and was supposed to have responsible ministers. But these fictions are too artificial for a country like Spain, where law and order can only be maintained by force; and where politics are a perpetual struggle between plotters in barracks and plotters in newspaper-offices, whose ultimate object is to divide power and places between themselves and their followers. Isabella could only trust to the kind of ministers whom she fancied strongest; and she was disposed by her clerical sympathies to believe that strength must be with those who called themselves the defenders of the Church as well as of the State. It is an error to suppose that she was ever generally unpopular, *personally*, in Spain; though the ideas of government which she came to confide in had gradually been sapped throughout the nation, especially in the large cities. With regard to the private faults and follies of which her enemies made a handle, there seems no doubt that they were many. But they had little to do with her downfall. Had she kept friends with Unionists and Progressistas, and shown more independence of the Church, nobody would

have much minded the peccadilloes, in which she was amply kept in countenance by other high ladies of Madrid. Does anybody suppose that those peccadilloes were not perfectly well known to Don Juan Prim y Prats, when he accepted his grandeeship from her, and swore to her on his sword that it should always be drawn against her enemies?

Well, the Revolution was effected at the end of September, '68. The novel feature of it was the expulsion of the royal family; for, essentially, it was of the same type as all others since 1810—a democratic revolt against power in State and Church. It had a *redder* tinge; and the Republicans in the new Cortes were three or four times more numerous than in any previous Cortes. But they were not masters. The central power was still carried on, according to monarchical forms, in Madrid. A coalition of Unionistas and Progressistas formed a ministry, which did things in the old way, and just as they had been done after '54. Juntas in the cities followed former precedents by abolishing octroi duties. Moderados were turned out of places, and their opponents came in. But the essential condition of Spain remained the same, and the two years which have passed over her since have made no fundamental alterations. She remains a more or less democratized despotism, in which the two principles of change and resistance gain alternate successes—abuse them, and are defeated, in regular course. There is an ebb and flow of modern European influences upon the surface of a nation, which yet does not improve its condition in proportion to the improvements of other nations; which exhausts political theory at second-hand, without arriving at peace, strength, and prosperity; and which has not yet learned to use such modern means of forwarding progress as it has borrowed from more vigorous and advanced races.

The time is come to drop romantic notions about Spain; to understand thoroughly that whatever reality there once *was* in them, has long vanished; and that Europe has to deal with a backward people, which can only be raised into civilization by a contact with other peoples. What is the one good result of all these Revolutions and Constitutions—(there have been four, at least, of each since our Reform Bill of '82)—the last of which only differs from the others by going further in destruction? We answer that they have opened Spain more and more to foreigners, till at last, under that of 1868, we are allowed to hold public worship after our own fashion, and are to be allowed (when once these reforms get organized into laws) to practise on fair terms in such professions as medicine. Spain improves slowly; but such improvements as she has made, have been made by the help of foreign capital, and foreign brains and hands.

For example, the total revenue of Spain, in the year 1822, was only six millions sterling. In 1850, it had risen to 12,722,200*l.*; and in 1860, to 18,920,000*l.* It has since increased to something like 26,000,000*l.* This improvement may be attributed to the construction of roads, and

especially of railways—the work chiefly of English engineers, paid out of the resources of French shareholders. It is also due, in part, to the *desamortization* of lands held in mortmain, both civil and clerical, which first became law in 1855, and is one of the *good* results of the victories of the Revolution over the Church. In any other country the finance would be in a healthy state, with an increasing revenue, moderate deficits, and a relatively not overwhelming amount of debt. Yet, from sheer want of management, Spain is generally on the brink of bankruptcy, and obliged to borrow, for pressing necessities, on any terms. She was driven off the London Stock Exchange, in 1851, for compelling her foreign creditors to take half the amount due as arrears on her old debt—and to take it in deferred stock newly-created. The Bourse of Paris was closed to her in 1861, because it was discovered that some of the lands which had been assigned for the amortization of debt had been sold under the more recent law of *desamortization*, without any equivalent to the creditors.* Here, a little common honesty would have been more to the purpose than all the talk about *hidalguia* inherited from the old semi-mythical days. The railways, too, though benefiting the nation, turned out as badly for the shareholders as the loans did for the bondholders. The concessions were jobbed, of course. And as the Spanish law allows railway-companies to issue an almost unlimited capital, half in shares and half in debentures, the want of markets for the shares compelled the raising of money upon debentures at high interest, and the construction of the works at a far greater expense than ought to have been necessary. Railway shares have little sale, and dividends are rarely seen in Spain—thanks, in the last result, mainly to the bad (and too often *corrupt*) administration of finance at Madrid. Spain, thus, does not get anything like the advantages she ought to do, out of the inventions and enterprises of her neighbours, which thus suffer for her faults. While on this subject, we may notice the Madrid Government's habit of borrowing money out of the Caja de Depositos, or State Savings' Bank. The last Revolution was not many months old before depositors were compelled to accept stock representing their deposits, and it is by measures of this kind that foreign confidence is shaken, and the bad state of Spanish finance perpetuated.

The foreign commerce of Spain is comparatively very limited ; and this is one of the many cardinal facts which are little affected by her turbulent and pretentious politics. In spite of her high tariff, her customs bring in less than three millions a year. Her duties on manufactures are prohibitive ; and the least talk of easy terms for Manchester goods makes the manufacturers of Catalonia foam at the mouth. Since the Revolution, Figuerola, the Finance Minister, has lowered the tariff, and diminished the differential duties in favour of foreign flags. It is too

* See, on all these subjects, the excellent reports from Cadiz (Blue Books of 1865-6-7) of Mr. Consul Dunlop, now H.M. Consul-General at the Havanna.

early, as yet, to know what improvements this may have produced ; but Figuerola's mild free-trade innovations have been met by furious opposition ; and though a well-meaning, he cannot be called a successful, Finance Minister. He was obliged to retire in the face of the overwhelming difficulty of making both ends meet. Meanwhile, this old-fashioned style of tariff, with its accompanying rules and restrictions, fines and forms, opens the way to an immense deal of smuggling and of bribery in the Spanish custom-houses. The *personnel* of Spanish Government offices is large, very poor, and very unscrupulous, and the results may be imagined. A collector of customs at Barcelona, nearly related to perhaps the most important member of the Government, was turned out of his post last year, in consequence of the universal cry raised against his corruption. The mad eagerness of the Spaniards for places under Government is due not merely to the hatred of the nation for hard work, but to the opportunities of pilfering which place affords. Otherwise, it would be hard to account for it in a country where salaries, pensions, and half-pay are constantly in arrear ; where the clergy (though the Church gave up its property under a *concordat*, in return for a settlement) have been kept for months without a dollar ; and where charitable institutions, in the same relation to the State, have been on the point, within the last twelve months, of being compelled to turn orphans and cripples into the streets. What makes all this the more disgusting to the nation generally is, that whatever money the Government has to pay its debts with is applied to the uses of Madrid before a peseta of it reaches the provinces. Centralization is carried to an unwholesome pitch in Spain. Madrid meddles with everything by telegraphing to the provinces, which are governed by captains-general, military governors, and civil governors, all appointed at the capital, and for reasons of party, faction, or family. Law-suits go up to Madrid on appeal, and a case which would be settled in France in fifteen days, occupies in Spain more than as many months. The judicial appointments are mainly political, and not permanent ; and if one may believe what one hears on all hands in Spain, a judge is sometimes as venal as a custom-house officer.

The backwardness of agriculture in Spain is due not merely to the want of capital, but to the fact that the country is under-peopled. Britain has a population twice as large in proportion to the area of geographical square miles, and France a population two-and-a-half times larger. There are districts where the land is uncultivated, or cultivated one year and left idle the next. Great part of the soil of Spain belongs to its nobility still—a nobility which performs no public services, hardly ever resides on its estates, is often out of the country altogether, and of which one never hears a good word, even from Spaniards of a conservative turn of mind. No wonder that, especially in Andalusia, a territorial socialism has been spreading for some years among the peasantry, which will some day lead to disagreeable results. Spain is governed altogether, in the absence of

an upper class, by adventurers, and nowhere are politics so thoroughly made a trade, and a trade in which the army takes a part—the last, a fact which is the real distinguishing characteristic, the *differentia*, of Spanish politics altogether. Unfortunately, too, the low state of education, whether of the higher or humbler kind, prevents the middle classes from adequately discharging the functions which their aristocracy have ceased even attempting to perform. The universities and institutes of second instruction (*segunda enseñanza*) are formed upon the French model, but are lamentably deficient. Scholarship is almost unknown, even among the clergy, who come out of the peasantry, and get barely a smattering of Latin in their *seminarios*, while of the working-classes the per-centage is small that can either read or write. Spanish literature has come to an end, and little is read, throughout the length and breadth of Spain, except translations from the French, made with very little wisdom of selection. So, while all old beliefs are in a state of decay, little is coming up to supply their place. The opposition to orthodox doctrines has not yet got beyond what may be called the Tom Paine stage; and the republicanism and socialism of the larger towns is a mere pale reflection of the ruddy effulgence of that of Lyons and Marseilles.

Such is the social condition, lying deeper than all mere political agitation ever reaches, which the Spanish Revolution has to deal with and amend, and which a Prince of the House of Savoy, with the courage of his race, has undertaken to assist and direct it in doing. We wish him God-speed with all our hearts, and hope that he will live to earn the blessings of a generation that shall have learned that the nineteenth century has glories to be won as great as any ever won by the slaughter of Moors, and wealth to be gained greater than ever came from the mines of Mexico and Peru.

Bluebeard's Keys.

OLD keys have always had a strange interest for me. There are many places where they may be found, hidden away, or openly put up for sale. They are of every size and substance. There are dream keys and real ones. This little story is written under the shadow of the great keys of St. Peter's. There is the key of the street, a dismal possession. The key of the mystery that puzzled us so long. There is the key of a heart's secret perhaps; for hearts come into the world, some locked, some flapping wide; and day by day the keys are forged that are to open them, or close them up for ever. There is the key of the cupboard, where the skeleton is hidden—how often we have heard of it—and, besides all these ghost keys, there are the real keys in the iron, and if they belong to dreamland, it is by association only. You may see them rusting in front of any old second-hand dealer's among cracked china and worm-eaten furniture, and faded stuff and torn lace. You may buy them for a few pence to dream over, to jingle, to melt away: to do anything with but to lock and unlock the doors and caskets to which they once belonged. There is the key of the old house that was burnt down long ago; the key of the spinet, where such sweet music lived and streamed out at the touch of the ladies' white fingers. The music is circling still in distant realms, philosophers tell us; the lady is dead; the spinet, too, has vanished, but here is the key! It means nothing now—no more does the key of the casket where the letters used to be locked away, that were afterwards published for a certain sum of money; or the key of the empty cellar where the good wine was once kept. . . .

A ring of old keys lay in a heap, in a work-basket once; some one had picked them up and put them away there. There was the key of a home once warm with firelight and sunlight and loving looks. The sun still shone upon the walls, the fires still burnt upon the hearth, but the warm heart was there no longer: the home was cold, for all the hot summer's sun, and the love seemed turned to dry tears and bitter salt. Nobody knows where the keys all belong to, as they lie in the work-basket, covered over with many shreds of tangled silk, with half-finished tatting and trimmings, with half-strung beads, scraps of rhyme jotted down on stray fly-leaves, or card-bobbins. There is the half-finished fillet of a silken purse: there is a Roman medal and a ribbon, and a flower stitched on a great big bit of canvas, large enough for a whole parterre of flowers. Here is some rosewater in an eastern bottle: here are some charms; and underneath everything lie the keys in a bunch. Did the owner lose them yesterday among the anemonies of the Borghese gardens, or

on last summer's lawn? Did the lady of the work-basket spy them shining in the grass, and bring them safe away to the silken nest where they have been lying for many a day? Sometimes two soft brown hands come feeling at the half-open basket, pulling out long threads of coloured silk from the tangle: they are curious quick little hands, with gentle clever fingers. The work-basket stands in a recess, where all day long Fanny Travers' bird has been chirping, piping, whistling in its cage, hanging high up above the great city, from a window out deep in the thickness of the palace wall.

The red frill of an old damask curtain catches the light, the shutters are closed, in bars of grey and gloom against the outside burning sun. In the window a couple of plants are growing: they stand on the stone ledge, dark against the chequered light and shade. A worn marble step leads up into the recess, where old Olympia has put ready a bit of carpet and two straw chairs for Fanny and her sister, who sometimes come and sit there, Roman fashion, resting their arms on the stone ledge, and looking out in the cool of the evening—out across tiles and countless casements and grey house-tops, across walled gardens and stone-yards, beyond the spires and domes of the great city to the great dome of all, that rises like a cloud against the Campagna and the distant hills: the flowing plash of a fountain sounds from below, so does the placid chip of the stone-workers under their trellis of vine, and a drone of church-bells from the distant outer world, bells that jangle strangely, like those Irish Sunday bells that Fanny and her sister can remember when she and Anne were little girls at home at Barrowbank, near Kenmare Green. It seems like a dream now, while these Italian chimes come echoing along the sunny sloping streets and broad places and stone-yards and garden-walls that lead to the old palace on the hill. The window is that of a little apartment high up in the palace, in a small side wing, leading down to the great landing of the closed and spacious suite belonging to the owner of the house. Sometimes Fanny and her sister, seeing the doors ajar down below, peep in at a great marble hall where the veiled statues seem to keep watch; everything is cool and dark and silent, though all day long the burning sun has been beating outside against the marble rocks of the old palace.

Fanny and her sister sit in a vaulted room with windows towards the front—windows that you could scarcely distinguish from below, (so hidden are they among the marble wreaths and columns which ornament the old palace,) if it were not for the birdcage and for Anne's tall lily-pots flowering in the sun. Sometimes the two girls' heads are to be seen bending over their work. They are busy with harmless magic, weaving themselves into elegant young ladies out of muslin shreds and scraps and frills. The little impetuous Fanny cuts and snips and runs along the endless breadths of tarlatan; Anne stitches on more demurely. The elegant young ladies who will come floating into the ball-room in their mother's train that evening are sitting at

work with little shabby white morning-gowns. Their evening's magnificence is concocted of very simple materials—muslins washed and ironed by their own hands, ribbons turned and re-turned. Once, poor Anne, having nothing else at hand, trimmed her old dress with bunches of parsley. . . .

Anne Travers was a sweet young creature. Fanny was very pretty, but not to compare to her; the second sister was smaller, darker, more marked in feature: she looked like a bad photograph of her beautiful elder sister.

Nature is very perverse. She will give to one sister one hair's breadth more nose, that makes all the difference, one inch more height, one semitone more voice, one grain more colouring. Here was Anne, with beautiful dark eyes and beautiful black hair, lovely smiles, picturesque frowns, smooth gliding movements, and a voice that haunted you long after it had ceased to utter; and there was Fanny, stitching away on the marble step, surrounded by white scraps, and with her black hair on end, with smaller eyes, shorter limbs, paler cheeks. She was nothing particular, most people said; not beloved, like Anne; she did not hope for much to brighten her toilsome life; she despaired and lost her temper at times; and yet there was a spirit and pathos, impetuosity about the little woman that, as one person once said, outweighed all the suave charm of her sister's grace. Every one loved Anne, she was so soft, so easily pleased, and so sure of pleasing. The life she led was not a wholesome one, but it did not spoil her. The twopenny cares that brought the purple to her mother's hair, and the sulky frown to Fanny's brow, only softened Anne's eyes to a gentle melancholy.

Poor little Fanny! how she hated the stealings and scrapings of fashionable life that fell to their share—the lifts in other people's carriages, the contrivances and mortifications. “Mamma, what is the good of it all?” she would say. “Let us go and live in a cottage, and Anne shall stand by the fountain and sell roses and violets.”

Mrs. de Travers had not much humeur for an Irishwoman.

“No children of mine, with my consent, shall ever give up appearances,” she said, testily. “Is this the language, Fanny, you use after the many many sacrifices I have made. If Lord Tortillion had behaved as common decency might have suggested, we should have been spared all this. But his conduct shall make no difference in ours; and we will do our duty in our state of life.”

Lord Tortillion was Fanny and Anne's grandfather, who, hearing of his son's marriage and conversion, had immediately cut the young couple off with a shilling. When Mr. de Travers died, he left his widow and daughters the price of his commission and an insurance on his life, which, with a small inheritance of Anne's, gave them something to live upon. The widow struggled valiantly on this slender raft to keep up her head in the fashionable whirlpool, to which she had been promoted by marriage. She acted honestly according to her lights. She thought

it was her duty : she worked away without ever asking herself to what it all tended.

People's duties are among the most curious things belonging to them. The South Kensington Museum might exhibit a collection of them. They are all-important to each of us, though others would be puzzled enough to say what they mean, or what good they are to any one else. Specimens of disciplines, of hair-shirts, and boiled fish, for some ; then for others a sort of social Jacob's ladder, with one foot on earth and the other in Belgrave Square, to be clambered only by much pains, by vigils, by mortifications, by strainings and clutchings, and presence of mind. Some people feel that a good dinner is their solemn vocation ; others try for poor soup, cheap flannel, and parochial importance ; some feel that theirs is a mission to preach disagreeable truths ; while others have a vocation for agreeable quibbles ; there are also divisions, and sermons, and letters, and protests ; some of us wish to improve ourselves, others of us, our neighbours. Mrs. de Travers had no particular ambition for herself, poor soul ! She was a lazy woman, and would have contentedly dozed away the quiet evenings by the smouldering log, but a demon of duty came flitting up the palace stairs. "Get up," it whispered to her, "get up, put on your wedding-garment" (it was a shabby old purple dyed-satin that had once been bought in hopes of an invitation to Tourniquet Castle) ; "never mind the draught, never mind the pain in your shoulder," says duty, "send old Olympia for a hack cab, shiver down the long marble flight and be off, or Lady Castleairs won't ask you again." Can one blame the poor shivering martyr as she enters Lady Castleairs' drawing-room, followed by her two votive maidens ? Anne took things placidly, accepted kindness and patronage with a certain sweet dignity that held its own ; but poor little Fanny chafed and fumed, and frowned, at the contrivances and scrapings and disputings of their makeshift existence. How she longed sometimes to forget the price of earth, air, fire, and water, of fish, flesh, and fowl. She would have liked silver pieces to give to the pretty little black-pated children who come running and dancing along the sunny streets, and peeping out of darkened doorways. She would have liked to buy the great bunches of roses that the girl with the sweet beseeching eyes would hold up to her by the fountain in the street below : great pale pink heads and white sprays flowering ; and golden and yellow buds among leaves of darkest emerald, green, and purple brown, and shining stems. But it was no use wishing ; roses, too, mean money : it is only thistles and briars that we may gather for nothing.

So Fanny and Anne stitch on in the darkened room, while Olympia glides about in the dark passage outside their sitting-room, and Mrs. de Travers dozes in the inner room. It is a birdcage-like little boudoir out of this sitting-room, with quaint dim splendours fading away, with mirrors and garlands painted on their surface, reflecting poor Mrs. de Travers' nodding head, all crowned with roses and emblems of delight ; there are lyre-backed chairs, little miniatures hanging to faded ribbons, and hooks

in the trellis wall, and an old tapestry carpet with Rebecca at the well and brown straggling camels coming up to drink. All is quite hot and silent: Mrs. de Travers snores loudly.

"Come, Nancy," says Fanny, from the inner room, "let us go for a turn in the garden."

"My head aches," says Anne; "I should like it. I suppose there will be time to finish our work."

"Everything is so tiresome," says Fanny, impetuously, "and I hate Lady Castleairs. O dear, how I wish,—I wish I was enormously rich."

A closed gateway led to the old palace garden. The girls boldly jangled the cracked bell for admittance, and one of the gardeners came down the steps of a terrace, and unlocked the bars and let them in. This was old Angelo, who was not only head-gardener, but porter and keeper of the palace. He looked very portentous, and his nose was redder than usual. "They had received the news that his Highness the Marquis was expected," he said, "and after to-day he could no longer admit the young ladies to delight themselves in the grounds. 'When the master comes,' " said he, quoting an old Italian proverb, "'the keys turn in the lock.' "

"But he won't eat us up," says Fanny, pertly.

Old Angelo smiled as he shook his head.

"No," he said; "and yet the Lady Marchioness was as young and as pretty as you." Then he hastily added, "Now I will tell the men to put a *sgabella* for the young ladies in the shade."

The girls gratefully accepted, though they did not in the least know what he meant by a *sgabella*. It was a low wooden bench, which the under-gardener placed under the Spanish chestnut-tree at the end of the avenue, just opposite the little rocky fountain. There was a great Apollo over against the fountain, with one arm outstretched against the blue waterfalls, and green, close-creeping wreaths fell over the rocks; while there are also many violets and ferns sprouting spring-like, and the iris stem of a few faint yellow flowers starting from the side of an old stone, and then a little wind stirs the many branches. . . .

"This is nicer than that endless tucking," says Fanny. "I wish one's dresses grew like leaves and flowers."

"But what should we wear in winter?" says Anne, looking about. "Hush! what is that?"

There was a strange soft commotion in the air—a flapping, crooning murmur, and two doves, flying white through the sunshine, came to alight by the rocky fountain, and began to drink. But Fanny jumped up to admire, and though she was no very terrible personage, the doves flew away.

"Silly creatures!" says Fanny, throwing a chestnut-leaf after them.

Then she started off, and went to walk on the terrace, from whence she could see the people in the street.

Anne followed slowly. How sweet and bright the fountain flowed!

How quietly the shadows shook in time to the triumphal burst of spring light. Over the wall of the garden she caught sight of an ancient church front; rows of oleanders stood by the terrace wall; and from all the bushes and branches came a sweet summer whistle of birds, and the pleasant dream and fresh perfume of branches swaying in the soft wind.

Also along the terrace there stood a colony of gods in a stony Olympus—Venus, and Ceres, and Mercury, and Theseus, the mighty hunter—ancient deities, whose perennial youth had not saved them from decay. Their fair limbs were falling off, mouldy stains were creeping along the folds and emblems and torches. Theseus's lion's skin was crumbling away. . . .

"How horrid it must be to die young!" said Fanny, stopping for an instant to look at fair Ceres, one of whose hands had fallen off, whose nose was gone, whose bountiful cornucopia was broken in the middle, scattering plaster, flowers, and morsels on the ground. "I wonder what Angelo meant by what he said about the Marchioness," said Fanny.

"I never listen to him," said Anne, walking on with a light step to a great pink stem studded with a close crop of flowers.

Some painter might have made a pretty picture of the girl bending in her white dress to admire the flower as it grew at the crumbling feet of the goddess of the forsaken altars.

Meanwhile, Fanny had sat down on the ledge of the low wall, and was peeping with her bright open eyes into the street below. The flower-girl was at her place by the fountain; the old women were at their doors; the great porches of the opposite church were thrown wide open at the close of some religious ceremony: there was a vague cloud of incense issuing with the people, who were coming from behind the heavy curtains: some monks, some Italian peasants, a soldier or two, and three or four of those Brothers of Pietà who follow the funerals and pray for the souls of the dead. Six of these latter came out two by two, with long blue silk masks veiling their faces, and walked away down the street; but a seventh, who seemed waiting for somebody or something, stood upon the step of the church, looking up and down the street.

"Fanny," cried Anne, who had been exploring the end of the terrace, "here is a staircase up into the house."

Fanny did not answer.

When Anne rejoined her sister, she found her sitting motionless on the stone wall just where she had left her, looking at something across the road.

"What is it? What are you waiting for?" cried Anne. "Come away, Fanny. How that horrible figure looks at us."

As she spoke, a monk came out of the church, and laid one hand on the shoulder of the blue-bearded figure (for the long pointed blue mask looked like nothing else). The man started, and withdrew his burning eyes, which had been fixed on Fanny, and the two walked away together down the sloping street. No one, except the sisters, looked after the

strange-looking pair : such a sight was common enough in Rome. The monk's brown skirts flapped against his heels ; the brother walked with long straight strides. He wore spurs beneath his black robe.

Fanny was quite pale. " Oh, Anne ! I was too frightened to move," said she. " What is the little staircase ? How horrid those people look."

The little staircase disappeared into the wall which abutted at the end of the terrace ; there was a small door, which had always been closed hitherto, leading to it. Halfway up a small window stood open, with a balcony (iron-fenced, with an iron coronet woven into the railing). It was just large enough for one person to stand. This person was old Angelo, waiting for them with his keys and a duster under his arm.

" This leads into the grand apartment," he said. " You may come if you like. I am going to see that all is in order for the coming of the Marquis. In the Marchioness's time it was full of company," he explained as he unlocked the heavy doors. " Now there are only the spiders and mice that we chase away."

Fanny and her sister liked nothing better than being allowed to go over the great rooms. They gladly accepted the offer ; even though the elegant young ladies should have to appear mulcted of their proper number of flounces that evening. They sprang up the narrow stairs two and three at a time, and came at once into a great bedroom, furnished with sumptuous blue satin hangings, with splendid laces covering the bed and the dressing-table, with beautiful china upon the mantel-shelf—all silent, abandoned, magnificent. The toilet-glass was wreathed with lace, the pincushion must have cost as much as Fanny's whole year's allowance. This room was more newly and modernly furnished than the rest of the suite, and yet it was more melancholy and deserted-looking than any other. Angelo took off his cap when he told them the Marchioness had died there.

" In that splendid bed ? " said Fanny, thoughtfully.

" Not in the bed," said Angelo, hurrying on to the next apartment.

The girls followed. Fanny's high heels echoed as they patted along the marble floor.

" Yes, Anne, I should like to be enormously rich. Oh ! how I like satin and velvet ! " And she sank into a great yellow satin chair.

" Ché ! ché ! " cries old Angelo ; " not on the best chairs. Farther on the young ladies shall rest."

Farther on were great rooms with closed windows, and shutters within shutters ; pictures hung from the walls. Fanny flew along the marble floor, tapping from room to room. Anne followed. The girls soon left old Angelo and his duster behind. He could hear their voices exclaiming as they travelled to the end of the long suite. Great vases stood on the mosaic tables : faded hangings, with scripture subjects, waved from the panels. They passed room after room, and they came at last to one lofty hall, bigger than any they had passed through. It was unfurnished, but straight stone seats ran all round the wall, and at one

end uprose a shadowy throne, raised beneath a dais, where great plumes and a coat-of-arms were waving. Although the glories of the house of Barbi had passed from the family to which they once belonged, the insignia of their bygone dignities still faded there in all solemnity. Some ten years before, the palace and the estates near Rome and the name had passed to a distant cousin of the grand old family, a foreigner, so people said, in humble circumstances. Since his wife's death, he had not been seen in Rome. She was Sibilla, of the great Mangiascudi family, and it was said the Marquis bought her of her brothers. This was old Angelo's story; but he was always winking and shaking his head. Fanny did not trouble herself about bygone or present Barbis, although they had numbered cardinals and ambassadors among their members. She was sliding and dancing along the polished floor, in and out among the many tables. She was less even-tempered than her sister, and she would spring from all the depths to all the heights of excitement in a few minutes. The great audience-hall opened into another vista of rooms, through which the girls turned back. They passed old windows, cabinets, and picture-frames, the "English boudoir" crammed with patchwork cushions and cheap gimcracks, with a priceless plaid paper-knife lying on a cushion beneath a glass. Then came more Italy; bare and stately, dim and grandiose. The two girls ran on, sometimes stopping short, sometimes hurrying along. At the end of all things was a little yellow room, with a vaulted ceiling, where some Cupids were flitting round an old crystal chandelier, fluttering, head downwards, in a white stucco cloud. Old Angelo had unfastened the closed shutters—for the sun at midday had passed beyond the corner of the palace—and the tall window looked out upon a faint burning city, that flashed into dazzling misty distance. Some dead flowers were standing on the little stone balcony. It looked down into the great front court of the palace. The adventurous Fanny, peeping out, declared that she could not only see St. Peter's, but her own birdcage and their old red curtains overhead.

"We ought to go back and finish our work," said Anne, remembering the unfinished frills heaped up on the work-table in the window.

"Horrid things! Anne, how can you always talk about work just when we are most happy!" said Fanny, stamping. "We haven't half looked at the things. Look at that curious old oak chest."

There were many objects displayed upon the tables and cabinets of this little room, and Fanny's frills would never have been hemmed if she had waited to examine them all. The oak chest stood upon a carved stand, with two golden harps and handles worked into some fanciful representation of hearts entwined. On the panel above hung a picture, that took the girl's fancy. It was the head of a peasant woman, painted by some great modern artist. It seemed taken in imitation of a celebrated head in the public galleries below, that people came from far and near to see. A beautiful woman, with dark imploring eyes, with a tremulous mouth that seemed ready to speak. In her hair were massive silver pins. Round

her neck she wore the heavy coral necklace of the Italian peasants, with the addition of a crystal heart. The beautiful eyes were pitiful, but very sad. While Fanny stood absorbed, old Angelo appeared at a little door which led back into the blue bedroom—for they had come round the whole suite of rooms, and reached the place from whence they started.

"Come," said Angelo, "I have prepared the apartments for the Marquis. I shall let you young ladies out the other way."

"We could go back by the garden," said Fanny.

"I have locked the garden-door," said Angelo. "The Marquis would be very angry if he chanced to see us there. He ordered it to be closed after the Lady Marchioness died."

"Angelo, is this the Marchioness?" said Fanny, pointing to the picture.

"No," said Angelo, gravely. "No one knows who it is. The Marquis bought the picture of Don Federigo, the great painter, who had taken her as she sat at the fountain. There was no such model in Rome. Poor little one! she came to a sad end: she fell into the river. Don Federigo and the Marquis would have saved her, but it was too late. Hé, some people say he has the evil eye, our Marquis! Come, come!"

Old Angelo, who had a way of suddenly losing his temper, stumped off; the girls followed, then went back to have another look at the picture.

"What is that noise? He will lock us in," said Anne, suddenly setting off running.

Fanny lingered one instant: as she looked, the pictured face seemed to change, the eyes to flash resentfully. It was a fancy, but it frightened her to be alone, and she too ran away.

All the rooms flew past again in inverse order. The girls hurried on, quickening their steps, but they took the wrong way once, and had to come back, baffled by a locked door. There are sometimes Pompeian figures painted on the walls of old Italian tombs—figures with garments flying, with wheels and caskets in their hands, or simply rushing by with veils floating on the wind. The two sisters were not unlike these dancing nymphs, as they hurried in pursuit of the old custodian. Fanny had forgotten her fears, and Anne's spirits were rising high as she darted through the door leading into the enormous sala into which both the long galleries opened, and where the followers of princes and ambassadors were supposed to wait while their masters feasted within. Anne sped through the great vaulted place with a white rush; half-way across she paused and looked back for her sister, beginning to call out that she was first. But the words died away; her heart began to beat. What was this? Was it a horrible fancy. Fanny was standing as if transfixed in the middle of the great brick area, gazing at the faded throne, upon which sat a figure also motionless, and watching them with strange dark glances. On one of the steps stood a capucin monk, with his face nearly hidden by a falling hood. It was only for an instant Fanny gave a little shuddering scream, and Anne sprang forward.

and caught her sister with two outstretched hands, while the apparition hastily rose from its seat and began descending the steps. At the same instant old Angelo appeared with his keys, exclaiming and bowing, and welcoming his excellency.—“Who would have thought of his arriving thus! Only attended by his chaplain. His excellency would find everything ready to his command. What! the young English ladies. They should not have wandered in without permission,” said old Angelo severely. “Ché! ché! What is this? Is the young lady taken with a vertigo?” The old fellow, who felt somewhat ashamed of his duplicity, tried to make up for it by assisting Anne to lead Fanny to one of the stone seats that skirted the room. He rubbed Fanny’s little cold hands and jingled his keys reassuringly in her face. Fanny, fluttering and trembling, soon recovered, and prepared to go her way, although the whole place seemed to rock beneath her.

“I am sorry to have caused you alarm,” said his excellency, in very good English. “My chaplain and I were discussing the decorations of the sala.”

“It is I who am so silly,” faltered poor Fanny, still trembling shyly, as she met the glance of those strange eyes. They were so wild, so sad, that she almost felt inclined to scream again.

“The young lady is here at home,” said Angelo, pointing to the landing.

“Will you take my arm?” said the Marquis.

Anne would have interfered, but Fanny, trembling still, put her little hand on his arm.

He was a big, heavy-made man, not very active, though strongly built: he seemed to be about forty. His hair was of that blue black that is almost peculiar to Italians; his chin, which was shaved close, was bare; his eyes were so strange and magnetic that they seemed to frighten those on whom they fell. He had a curious sarcastic smile. Anne thought him horrible, and could not bear Fanny to accept his civilities. Fanny seemed like some bird fascinated, and without will of her own. As for the monk, he followed them indifferently, seeming scarcely aware of the little passing excitement.

Mrs. de Travers made very light of Fanny’s vertigo. If it had been Anne, it would have been different. Anne was her pride, her darling, her beautiful daughter. Fanny’s vertigoes were of no consequence. She was scarcely so pretty as the other girls they met out every night—girls of fortunes and French maids: what chance had poor Fanny to compete with them? Mrs. de Travers looked to Anne to redeem the fortunes of the family. The poor woman had been stitching away at her daughters’ dresses in their absence, and preparing a scolding for their return. Barbicane left them at their door, and Anne breathed again as it was closed behind him.

When the evening came the girls were dressed and revived and ready to start for their ball. They went step by step down the great marble

staircase, carefully holding up their dresses. It was *to-day* fitting through the Past, Anne's white flounces flicked the Grecian folds of one of the stately nymphs, Fanny's bournous caught in the sandal of a classic warrior. Mrs. de Travers, who was calculating her bills, poor thing, went stolidly down, on her way to the little open carriage that old Olympia had called from the Piazza, and in which the three drove off.

"Mind you rake out the fire and put out the candles, Olympia," said Mrs. de Travers; "you can light them again when you hear us come in."

The moon was shining full up the street along which they drove. Fanny seemed silent and indifferent through it all. She was absorbed, and—instead of chattering, grumbling, laughing, keeping them all three alive by her sallies—she sat perched on the little back seat of the carriage, watching the passers-by. They came out of the star and moonlight into dazzling light and reflections. There was music floating out into the gardens, there were dancers fitting in time to the music, and people coming and going, and smiling and greeting one another. The beautiful Roman ladies passed by with their dark shining tresses and their wondrous heirlooms flashing round their necks. Fanny began to wish for a diamond tiara and necklace. "Ah, *then* I should get plenty of partners," thought poor little Fanny. She felt sad and tired, though everything was so bright and so gaily beautiful. The ball was given in a palace belonging to a great sculptor, and the statues shivered softly where the lights fell. They seemed to stir, to look with strange, far-away eyes upon the dancers. Fanny felt as if she herself belonged to the country of statues; and yet everything should have been delightful. Anne was floating by on the waves of a waltz. Marble and moonlight and music are a happy combination. Outside, in the garden, the mandolins were playing, the air came in heavy with roses; something of the serenity of the night seemed shining in Fanny's eyes, though she was so sad and this strange depression was upon her.

Fanny was standing watching the company that evening, when she happened to overhear two voices talking behind her. They were talking of ancient families and palaces; of a marquis lately returned from abroad. She could not see the people, nor could the curious little creature help listening, so deeply interesting did their conversation seem to her. The voices came through an open window, through which she could see the lights in the garden outside, where the people were strolling between the dances. Barbi's name floated in distinctly uttered by these unseen gossips.

"His father was a blacksmith," said the voice; "but he was the undoubted heir to the estate. You need only look at Ottavio to recognize the likeness to the mareschal and the great cardinal."

"Was anything ever known about that dreadful story?" asked the other voice.

"Nothing; for it happened the day before the poor Marchesa died, and all was consternation," said the second gossip. "They say she received a poisoned letter. Surely that is Don Stephano: how delighted I am to see him so recovered from his indisposition."

Fanny cared nothing for Don Stephano, and ceased to listen. She still looked through the open window at the silver shield of moonlight, star-studded and shimmering upon the roses in the mandolin-resounding garden—and then, as she looked, she saw a tall figure in the doorway, and met the glance of those strange, fierce eyes that had haunted her all the day. It was the Marquis, grandly dressed, with a ribbon and an order and a diamond star. He looked grander than ever, thought Fanny; grander even than under that dais where he had frightened her. Barbi, meeting Fanny's wistful bright eyes shining among clouds, and estranged looks, came straight up to where the little thing was standing, said a few words and passed on—passed on, leaving her all bewildered, excited. He seemed to her a sort of king and for ever under the dais. A word from him was a distinction, thought the little idiot. She watched him proceeding through the rooms. It appeared to her that people made way before him, or could it be that they avoided him? Then she remembered old Angelo's shrugs and inuendoes. Ah! how wicked people were! how malicious! There was something half-hesitating in the way hands were held out to him. If her hand—poor little brown needle-stitched hand that it was—had been worth holding out, how gladly she would have given it. He was unhappy, very unhappy, that she could see. Then she heard the voices at her elbow again. They had left Don Stephano, glanced at the state of Europe, at the new dress for the Papal Zouaves, and had now come back to Ottavio Barbi and his affairs. She heard the word "Barbi" again with a provoking cautious "hmumumhmumum."

"Poor child! if it was so, it was to escape from the Marquis," said No. 1 more distinctly.

"He will not find it easy to marry again," said No. 2.

"Oho!" said the first, with a laugh, "he will not find much difficulty. There was Henry Tudor, and the Sultan in the *Arabian Nights*."

"Who were they?" said the lady.

"Hush!" said No. 1.

There was Barbi, standing beside Fanny again, with a dark frown upon his handsome face, and the nostrils of his great hook-nose distended. The voices seemed to falter away. Mrs. de Travers simpered up and shook out her purple satin. Fanny said nothing, but her little brown face was gratefully upturned. Barbi's frowns seemed to relax at her welcome and undisguised pleasure. If Fanny had been more used to admiration, she might have hesitated before she surrendered herself so absolutely to this passing fancy for a diamond star, a blue ribbon, a blue chin.

Little Fanny, who had laughed, and scolded, and grumbled briskly through life hitherto, suddenly felt as if the old Fanny existed no longer; as if this was the most eventful evening of all the evenings of her life. Long afterwards the sound of a mandolin would bring it all back to her again, conjure up the old love-story—ah, how vivid—though the love was over, the story ended, still the tones and the words would come back and seem to repeat themselves in the empty air.

Fanny wondered if Barbi had overheard the two speakers. He said nothing; he made a grand bow, and asked to be introduced to her mother. Mrs. de Travers rose equal to the occasion: "A marquis!—that was the society she really enjoyed." As for poor little Fanny, perhaps from childish vanity she liked stars and titles, and yet her natural good taste made her blush for her mother as she paraded Lord Tortillion and Tourniquet Castle, and the Honourable John and the Honourable Joe, and all the titled splendour of the family. Then Fanny blushed again when, having gravely listened to it all, the Marquis turned to her again, with one of those curious looks. He frightened her, and yet he fascinated her, and besides it was very delightful to be talked to, and noticed, and treated with deference. One or two girls, passing by with their partners, glanced at them with some curiosity. Fanny flushed up with excitement.

"I am afraid you are not yet recovered," he said. "Why do you not dance?"

"I am tired," said Fanny, ashamed to confess that her partners were scarce.

"You danced too much this morning in my apartment," said the Marquis, smiling. "It was a pleasant surprise to find it so agreeably animated by the presence of ladies. Have you stayed long in the Palazzo Barbi?"

Mrs. de Travers gave an uneasy glance. Could he be calculating the rent. But the landlord went on courteously to say that he hoped they would command him, and that anything he could do, that would be agreeable to them, would be a sincere pleasure to him; then he asked Mrs. de Travers if she would allow him to pay his respects to her next day. "I am lonely in my empty apartments, I shall be grateful for kind neighbours."

"You," said Fanny, "grateful to us?"

The Marquis looked kindly at her.

"You will, I hope, never know," he said to Fanny, "what a sad empty world this is to some, and how soon a grave closes over one in the memories of those upon whom one has heaped benefits with open hands."

He sighed as he spoke, and walked a little way towards the window. He was certainly a grand-looking figure, stately and composed, with a haughty melancholy way, that Fanny thought perfectly irresistible. The music ceased for an instant. Anne came up beaming to join them, only her sweet face somewhat fell when she saw who had been talking to them. At that instant one of the convent bells, that are in every street and Broadway in Rome, began to strike a few quick strokes.

"Listen," said Anne's partner, a young Roman; "that is a summons to the Brothers of the Pietà. Look at those two stealing away."

The young man shrugged his shoulders as he spoke: he belonged to the advanced liberal party, and liked dancing and liberty. Fanny said

nothing, but she saw that the Marquis too had disappeared: she gave a great sigh of relief, and yet she was sorry.

The Marquis called to inquire after the ladies next day. Old Olympia said they were resting after the ball.

"You don't suppose *my* masters are common people, who would be up at this hour?" said she.

The Marquis left three small thin varnished cards, with a crown on each, and the "Marquis Barbi" engraved in finest steel. That afternoon a magnificent nosegay arrived, the most beautiful flowers set together in a silver paper zone. Anne made a little joke, and told Fanny she had charmed their neighbour, and that the bouquet was evidently meant for her.

Fanny blushed up red, and answered, "You know I charm no one, Anne. No one will ever care for me. I wish you wouldn't say such things. I'm neither pretty nor good, and not like you, who are both. I'm sure I don't know why I wasn't made one or the other," said Fanny, indignant.

"I am very glad you were made as you are," said Anne.

The two were standing at their window: it was evening time, and all the people were out in the streets, and all the sky was brightening with a white flame-like light, that seemed to shake the city into clearer and more vivid tints. As they looked the Marquis's great carriage came thundering into the courtyard, and they both ran away from the window.

Fanny was neither very pretty, nor very good, nor very patient. She was discontented for one so young, clever and warm-hearted, and almost hopeless at times. The poor little thing had grown so tired of the life they were leading, that she would have done almost anything to escape from it. She was naturally shy, except where her interest was roused; this struggle to "keep up" was misery to her. To keep up? to what—to scraping out halfpence to last weeks, to other people's days, like semi-quavers and crotchets.

"Oh, Anne, I wish I was a servant," little Fanny sometimes said. "I *am* a servant."

Anne would preach patience, but Fanny had no patience. She put her flowers into water; she looked at them with odd wistful eyes.

"You might as well tell the flowers to take patience, and they will grow again," said Fanny.

Poor Anne did not know what to say to her.

And so all day long the sun beat against the marble rocks of the great palace, and the days went on. Mrs. de Travers sat dozing in her place in society. The girls stitched on. Sometimes, coming up the long stairs with old Olympia to guard them, they would meet their neighbour descending from his rooms. He would always stop and speak to them. Sometimes when they were at their open window, he would appear on the balcony below and look up with some sign of friendly greeting, but that was all. That odd sort of silent yet reserved intimacy was established between them which exists between people living in the same house, the

circles of whose lives cross here and there and then diverge each on their way. One day old Angelo told them that the Marquis talked of returning to Florence. Fanny and Anne looked at each other in silence. They said nothing to their mother.

That very afternoon Fanny spied Barbi's back and the two soles of his feet in St. Peter's. He was kneeling in a confessional. Fanny and her sister and mother had come to listen to the singing in one of the chapels; for once they had left their cares behind them. In the cathedral all was so great, so silent, so harmonious that vexed fancies seemed stilled and quieted. Mrs. de Travers felt as if she had paid all her bills. Fanny forgets her shabby blue feather, and worn black silk. Anne wanders on quietly listening and looking. The clustering lights are burning round the shrine of St. Peter: dim columns stretch away in fire and cloud to other shrines and saints: far lights burn through a silent haze. A little family group comes across the marble aisle and goes and kneels by the golden railing of the great St. Peter's shrine; a pretty little maiden of some twelve years old, in white, with a crown of white roses with a flowing veil,—like the maiden in the *Vita Nuova*,—the mother is in black, with a black veil over her face; the father follows with a younger child; they all go and kneel together and give thanks for the first communion of the little daughter. The vesper song swells along the centre aisle, and seems spreading evening shadows of peace and rest after the labours of the day; the music travels on exquisite and tranquil, the voices run into cadence shriller yet more gentle than our own. A sense of peace, of self-abandonment, comes to one at such an hour, of dependence upon an outward and tranquillizing rule.

And yet the rule must be at the same time sorrow and burthen unendurable to hundreds who are chained down bodily to the railings of those altars which should be but the emblems and phantoms of the eternal truth.

Something of this crossed Fanny's mind as the Marquis came out of the confessional under the swinging rod, and met them full in the centre of the aisle. He seemed moved and aged, with a look of harassed suffering in his face: it might have been the shade of his black hair. He would have passed on, but Mrs. de Travers, with presence of mind, instantly stopped short, and the poor Marquis found himself suddenly in the world again, in the hands of those people in it whom, for the moment, he most wished to escape. Mrs. de Travers turned on the tap of her small talk. Anne tried to say something to set him free, but she broke down in her sentence. Fanny's face fell, and she sighed: the Marquis, hearing her sigh, hesitated, and suddenly gave up his efforts to break away.

"You have been listening to the music," he said. "I was hoping to come to pay my respects to you, and to take my leave. My stay here is at an end. I am going in another day to my house in Florence."

"Oh, Marquis! Going! I am sure we shall miss you extremely," said Mrs. de Travers, bewildered, and somewhat crestfallen.

The Marquis did not answer—he was watching Fanny's face. Little

girls of eighteen have faces that often seem to speak without speaking—perhaps they sometimes say more than there is to tell. Fanny's blushes and changing looks meant that she was sorry, very sorry. That was all. That she was disappointed, that vague, intangible dreams of riches and jewels and palaces were dispelled. The Marquis, for all his penetrating black eyes, read more than there was to read. He suddenly asked the elder lady if she was going home, and begged leave to be allowed to drive her back with her daughters. Fanny looked radiant, reproachful; Anne looked grave and silent. Mrs. de Travers said she had been accustomed to a carriage for years, and that she would gladly accept the Marquis's offer.

"I have not brought a servant," said Mrs. de Travers, as they came out together under the heavy curtain of the church.

The Marquis summoned his groom. They stood waiting for the carriage and overlooking the great piazza, that was now alight with the great last dying lights, striking on every column and passing figure.

Anne was silent and pre-occupied, so was the Marquis; but he assisted the ladies in, and jumped in himself. Mrs. de Travers was in a seventh heaven—a carriage, a coronet and springs—a Marquis sitting opposite and paying attentions to Fanny. Here was the reward of her long sacrifices.

Who that has ever been to Rome does not remember Roman streets of an evening, when the day's work is done? They are all alive in a serene and home-like fashion. The old town tells its story. Low arches cluster with life—a life humble and stately, though rags hang from the citizens and the windows. You realize it as you pass them—their temples are in ruins, their rule is over—their colonies have revolted long centuries ago. Their gates and their columns have fallen like the trees of a forest, cut down by an invading civilization.

As Barbi's carriage drove along, the evening was falling fast. They passed groups standing round their doorways; a blacksmith hammering with great straight blows at a copper pot, shouting to a friend, a young baker, naked almost, except for a great sheet flung over his shoulders, and leaning against the door of his shop—the horses tramp on—listen to the flow of fountains gleaming white against the dark marbles, to the murmur of voices. An old lady, who has apparently hung all her wardrobe out of window, in petticoats and silk handkerchiefs, is looking out from beneath these banners, at the passers in the streets. Little babies, tied up tight in swaddling-clothes, are being poised against their mothers' hips; a child is trying to raise the great knocker of some feudal-looking arch, hidden in the corner of the street. Then they cross the bridge and see the last sun's rays flaming from the angel's sacred sword. Driving on, through the tranquil streets, populous and thronged with citizens,—they see brown-faced, bronze-headed Torsos in balconies and window-frames; citizens sitting tranquilly, resting on the kerbstones, with their feet in the gutters; grand-looking women resting against their doorways. The occupants of the carriage were silent; nor was there much talk in the street, nor

shouting, such as one hears in our English street, where the people are coming and going, instead of merely resting and looking on.

They passed some priests, an old white-headed monk, with a younger friar in attendance. Barbi respectfully uncovered to the dignitary, who blessed the carriageful in return. Fanny opened her eyes, Mrs. de Travers bowed graciously. Sibyls out of the Sistine were sitting on the steps of the churches. In one stone archway sat the Fates spinning their web. There was a holy family by a lemonade-shop, and a whole heaven of little Correggio angels perching dark-eyed along the road. They gaze quietly at the carriage rolling by. Then comes a fountain falling into a marble basin, at either end of which two little girls are clinging and climbing. Here is a little lighted May altar to the Virgin, which the children have put up under the shrine at the street-corner. They don't beg clamorously, but stand leaning against the wall, waiting for a chance miraculous *baioch'* . . . Here are the gates of the Barbi Palace, and Mrs. de Travers' brief triumph is over.

"I should like to live in an open carriage," says Fanny, tripping upstairs. "Why does one want a house? One could dine at the pastry-cook's, and pay visits when it rained."

"But suppose the people were out?" said Anne.

"Don't talk such nonsense to the Marquis," said Mrs. de Travers.

But the Marquis smiled. "Should you like a carriage?" said he to Fanny.

"Good-by—thank you," said Fanny, blushing again, and not answering.

Next morning, Anne, hearing her mother scream loudly, hurried into the *salle* where the breakfast was laid. Mrs. de Travers held a letter in her hand, the teapot was overflowing, a chair was upset.

"Oh, my darling child," cries Mrs. de Travers, "come here! see what you owe to your old mother's life of sacrifice! Not you, Anne! Where is my Fanny? Where is—there, my paper! A pen, child—quick! A marquis! What am I saying?"

Mrs. de Travers rushed into Fanny's room, embraced her as she stood there, with all her hair falling over her shoulders.

"Fanny, Fanny, I knew it! I knew that I should be rewarded!" cries the silly woman. "Here! read this—read this!"

And Mrs. de Travers, who was quite over-excited, clasped her hands, shook her head, and burst into tears of rapture.

Fanny shed no tears. She was perfectly composed as she read the following letter, written in English, in a small flourishing hand, with an enormous crown and a great B at the top.

"Palazzo Barbi, April 17, 18—.

"MOST ESTEEMED MADAME,—I feel impelled to open to you an affair which interests my feelings in the highest degree, and which concerns the destiny of your most cultivated and virtuous daughter. The admirable

Miss Fanni is not aware of my project, although I imagine that it may not be displeasing to her, and that you may favour my desire to unite myself with a person so 'complished. I would make every arrangement befitting my station. She shall have four servants to her orders and a *mesatta* of 100 crowns. I would also fix for your life an annuity of 400 crowns, desiring that the mother of my spouse should enjoy all the commodities fitting her respectable station.

"I protest myself, most esteemed madame,

"Your most devoted

"ENRICO OTTAVIO BARBI."

It was certainly a very strange affair, and so everybody looked and said and thought, when it was announced that the Marquis Barbi was engaged to little Fanny de Travers, that small brown insignificant little person. To be sure she was a Catholic, and well connected; but there were about 1,000 Catholic young ladies in Rome better looking, and with grand relations. As for Fanny herself, how she could make up her mind to marry that man with all those stories about, and that well-known temper, was more than any one could imagine, except that it was what was done every day. Everybody knew that Mrs. de Travers was absolutely starving, with those two girls dependent on her. Everybody disapproved of everything; but the inhabitants of the palazzo did not trouble themselves on this account. The Marquis came every day to call upon his intended, and sat in the little birdcage room, leaning back in the arm-chair, and smiling at her lively sallies. There was no doubt about it that he was very much in love. He had tried to overcome his fancy, but a look of those bright brown eyes that day in St. Peter's had called him back just as he was escaping. One cannot account for such things. He was a solemn, changeable, violent, and haughty man: her quickness and vivacity suited and amused him, but sometimes even Fanny's sallies seemed to displease him. One day she asked him what he kept in the old oak chest in his room.

"What business is that of yours?" he thundered out, in a voice that made Mrs. de Travers jump in her shoes. Another day he had lost his keys. There never was such a scene as he made. The whole palace was searched, but finally old Angelo had to go for the locksmith. The Marquis never left him all the time he was at work, nor would he allow any one but himself to empty out the oak chest when the lock was repaired.

She looked pretty now for the first time in her life, and almost outshone her sister. Grand clothes and jewels became Fanny; and every day grand clothes and jewels were brought up the marble stairs to the little side door: if they went down again, they went down rustling upon her little person, and shining upon her neck and her fingers. The Marquis insisted upon providing her trousseau, and not only her trousseau, but Mrs. de Travers' wedding-garment and Anne's bridesmaid's dress. As for Fanny's old everyday gowns, they were much too shabby to be

given to the elegant ladies'-maid who was engaged to attend upon her. They were rolled up in a cupboard and put away. And so at first all seemed radiance and rainbows, and pink flames and flourish of trumpets. Every day the Marquis's equipage came champing and glittering to the side door of the palace. Every day Fanny and her mother, arrayed in their new splendours, stepped in, and drove off to the various shops where they made their purchases—to Bianchi's, to Castellani's, to Spillman's. Fanny had a passion for cakes and bonbons, and certain days in the week she had leave to order in an unlimited supply—on Sunday, on Monday, on Tuesday. Poor Fanny would have driven up to the pastrycook's door on Wednesday as usual, but Barbi, with a sudden frown, said,—“Not to-day, my little Fanny.” And so they went somewhere else instead. Sometimes they drove to see beautiful pictures and statues; sometimes they stood, with the rest of the carriages, on the Pincio, in a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols; sometimes they went for miles and miles across the Campagna. It would glow purple and beautiful. There was the story of the past written along the road, and the remembrance of a heroic age to make the silence of the plains more solemn than all the clattering of foreign trumpets and drums that they heard round about the fort of St. Angelo.

Anne rarely came with them. She kept to herself, and went her own way. People said she was disappointed, and that she had also hoped to secure the rich prize. They did her a cruel injustice. She shrunk from Barbi instinctively, from his bold ways and fierce wild looks. His dogged vehemence frightened her. He seemed to her unlike a gentleman at times, for all his grand courtly ways. She used to wander by herself in the garden, cry a little in secret, thinking of her sister's future, visit one or two of the poor people in the neighbourhood, go and pray in the church close by, attended by old Olympia. And yet, though Anne trembled, Fanny seemed happy. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were bright and flushed; she tried on all her clothes, and had one of the large painted pier-glasses carried up from the apartment below, the better to admire the cut of her trains.

One day a something—a nothing—happened that seemed to give substance to Anne's visions of ill. Barbi was absent. He had been summoned on business of importance. And the three ladies accepted an invitation they had received to join a party of sight-seers bent upon visiting the Coliseum by moonlight. They did not care for the people; but Fanny liked the moon, and Anne loved the old ruins; and Mrs. de Travers liked to be seen in Lady Castleairs' company, and so they went. Lady Castleairs kept them waiting, and it was a little late before they started. In one of the narrow streets they were further delayed by a long procession, of which they had heard the chanting in the distance, as they came driving along. Suddenly appeared a great dazzle of lights, at the top of the street. The two carriages drew up at a point where three streets met by a fountain; the servants uncovered, and Death,

and death in life, came slowly down between the houses; life making way for the solemn dirge to pass. Nearer and nearer came the lights and the voices of the funeral procession. They passed close by the company of sight-seers. The falling waters reflected the torches; loud and stunning came the chant; white choristers a-head, then the monks in their brown cowls carrying tapers; then the confraternity of the *Pietà* walking two by two, carrying the coffin, with their faces hidden by blue silken masks, and their bare feet in sandals. A dazzle of burning tapers followed, winding along the narrow street; people hurried to their windows to look; others crowded along the foot-way, kneeling and crossing themselves; incense and wax lights filled the air.

"How terrible it is!" said Fanny, awe-stricken. "Oh, mamma, let us go."

As she spoke she met the gaze of a tall masked brother, bearing a taper in his hand, and walking along with a somewhat freer and more stately step than the rest. Their eyes met for an instant. Fanny turned away.

"Go on! certainly, my dear," said Mrs. de Travers. "Drive on, coachman."

But the coachman, with a significant glance, raised his hat and said it would be as much as his place was worth to drive on a step until the procession had passed. And so they stood listening, as the chant echoed farther away along the slanting streets, and all was dark and silent again. But the Coliseum was lovely, and once there their spirits revived. The old place seemed alive with people, and the voices seemed to thrill more musically in the moonlight than by day. The party was so pleasant, that Fanny thought no more of the funeral. Red lights and torches were darting from one crumbling gallery to another; people were standing high among the ruins; their figures upraised against the starlight, and calling to their friends below. Fanny had sat down upon the step of the central cross. Her white dress shimmered in the clear moonlight; she was very silent for a time, then she started up and joined the others, and talked and chattered the loudest of them all. "What spirits the child has!" said Mrs. de Travers to Lady Castleairs. A pair of lovers wandering arm-in-arm in the radiance turned to look after the lady who was so soon to be the bride of the great Marchese Barbi.

"Ah, they have not to wait and work for years," said the young girl bitterly.

"Perhaps they don't care about each other as we do," said the young man, laughing; "and would not be sorry to wait."

They were all coming away, and had taken a last look at the place, and passed the sentries, but the carriages delayed, and Anne said to her sister, "Come back," and Fanny put her hand into hers with a strange gentleness, and followed her under the black arches where the sentries were pacing. The two girls hurried along, for fear their companions might be waiting. The great circle was empty now of voices and figures moving. It was not the place it had been only a moment before; but a

holy silver shrine, silent at last, deserted, intensely clear. As the sisters stood looking, still hand in hand, the two lovers, who had also lingered, passed by without seeing them in the black shadow of the archway. "Anima mia!" whispered the young man, as he passed. Anne could not hear the girl's answer, but she felt her sister's hand tremble in hers. It seemed to grow colder and colder as she held it still. That night she was awakened by a sob from Fanny's bed. Fanny said she had been dreaming. Was it so? or had she been awakening from a dream? However it might be, in the morning came a beautiful set of turquoises for Fanny's adornment, and she protested she was happy.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday went by. The Marquis came at twelve, and stayed all day till eleven o'clock at night, with the exception of the dinner-hour, for which he retired. Thursday morning Anne found her sister at half-past eleven o'clock in tears, ready dressed in one of her beautiful new dresses.

"It was nothing," Fanny said. "Why did Anne come worrying her? She must go away. The Marquis would be there. He would not like to find her." But as Anne turned away, hurt and annoyed, two arms were flung round her neck. "How can you expect me never to cry," says Fanny, with a stamp, "leaving you and my home for that great gloomy place downstairs, and that gloomy man?"

"Oh, Fanny," said Anne, horrified, "don't you love him? I—I hoped at least you loved him."

Fanny seemed to grow more angry than ever. "I love him well enough," she said, with a sudden fresh burst of tears; "only I no longer am able to do as I like. What is the good of marrying if one can't do as one likes?"

Did Fanny expect to do as she liked when she married Barbi? Jealous, narrow, exclusive,—a violent man, accustomed to rule and to dominate over all those who came in contact with him. There is nothing more curious than the dominion some persons now and then establish over others perhaps a hundred times cleverer, warmer-hearted, more tractable, wiser than themselves. A sheer strength of will seems sometimes to count for more in the commerce of life than all the grace, and accomplishment, and study, and good intention in the world. Barbi knew that there were very few people whom he could not rule. Fanny had charmed him, but that was no reason why she should not obey his wishes. Barbi had been attracted from the very moment when he first beheld her. Was it a likeness? It may have been so, and that to him Fanny was partly charming for some one else's sake. But now that she was engaged to him, she found that if she had been ruled before with rod of flax, it was a rod of iron now. She never seemed to be alone. He was always there; even when he was away, he seemed to be present,—always expecting her to be ready to talk to him, to listen to him, to admire him. Fanny, who, as we know, was an impatient and quick-witted person, found the hours grow longer and longer, the minutes turning into hours; there she sat in

her beautiful silk dress, with satin trimmings. There he sat opposite, with his blue chin, and his strangely frizzled black hair, and his dark, stupid features : yes, Anne began to grow seriously uneasy. Fanny still declared she was happy.

Mrs. de Travers was radiant, and bought a new purple satin. She somehow paid her bills, and yet had money in hand. She appeared with a nodding feather in her bonnet. People called to congratulate, although not in very great numbers. Lady Castleairs came and invited the Marquis to her evenings : he seemed pleased by the attention. An old lady who rented a quaint little apartment at the other end of the palace also called. Madame Riccabocca was her name. She had watched them with great interest, she said, from her window. Then she looked very kind and grave, and took both the girl's hands and sighed. " Oh, I hope you may be happy," she said : " I *hope* so ! " Fanny was delighted by the congratulations, and when her old grandfather heard of the great match she was making, he sent over from Tourniquet Castle a handsome cheque for her trousseau. This, as Mrs. de Travers remarked, was rendered quite unnecessary by Barbi's liberality. She therefore kept it for some future occasion. The Marquis made no objection. But he looked very black at Madame Riccabocca when he met her.

Although Catholics, they had never been very strict in their religious observances, but Fanny now took to going to mass every morning, and also, when Friday came, she fasted with a rigour which greatly disturbed her mother. Barbi, who was sitting by (he was going down to his own dinner half-an-hour later), looked on, but said nothing. Next morning, however, when he came, he brought his Frances a magnificent diamond ring, which he placed on her finger.

" This has always belonged to a Marchioness Barbi," he said, saluting Fanny's blushing cheeks.

It was bad enough that Fanny should fast on Friday. Saturday, too, she abstained, although veal cutlets were her favourite dish, and old Olympia's *frittatura* was celebrated. Barbi was again present at their meal. He had dined early, he said, and excused himself from touching anything.

On Sunday morning came a handsome gold chain, and all sorts of delicious little cakes and pasties from Spillman's. Fanny clapped her hands like a child. Anne did not know what to think. Fanny often had those dreams at night, from which she started up, sobbing. Once, in the darkness, she cried out, " Anne, Anne, what *shall* I do ? "

" Do ? " cried Anne, starting up in bed. " Break off this horrid marriage. Dearest Fanny, don't cry. Send him away, and we will go and hide ourselves, and work, and be happy, or miserable. What will it matter, so long as we are together ? " Fanny sobbed and sobbed, and did not answer.

In the morning, Anne came in to breakfast with her heart in her mouth, as people say. Fanny did not appear : her maid was curling her hair (since her engagement she had always had her breakfast sent in to

her). Mrs. de Travers was looking with some curiosity on a large smooth packet, that looked something like a nice flat loaf from the baker's, tied up in brown paper and white satin ribbon.

"What can it be?" said Mrs. de Travers. "Another splendid present, no doubt. Olympia, take them in to the Marchesa. Certainly, Fanny is a Most Fortunate girl, and I can only hope that you, my Anne, may be equally lucky."

"Oh, mamma," said Anne, "nothing would ever induce me to marry a man like the Marquis—not twice as many houses and diamonds. Oh, mamma, do you think Fanny is happy?"

"Happy!" cried Mrs. de Travers. "She is the happiest—most—most—most——"

Words failed Mrs. de Travers; but she added, severely, "I hope, Anne, you have not been putting any nonsense into her head?"

"Dear mamma," said Anne, bursting into tears and clasping her hands, "I *know* she is unhappy. Let us save her while it is time. If you had but heard the stories that I *know* to be true!"

Mrs. de Travers was so indignant that it was all she could do not to give her eldest daughter a shake.

"If ever I hear you say one word of this ungrateful, unnatural nonsense, I shall believe what people say of you, Anne, that you are jealous," cried the angry woman. "Stories, indeed! Who cares for stories? I am for deeds, not words," says Mrs. de Travers, with a glance at her new satin.

"Angelo told me of a poor peasant maiden who drowned herself," faltered Anne. "Madame Riccabocca, down below, says he deserted a girl on the eve of his marriage and broke his wife's heart. . . . Oh, mamma, question Fanny, I entreat you. She is miserable—I know she is," cried poor Anne. As she spoke, Fanny entered, radiant and resplendent, in rippling strings of great diamonds, each worth a moderate-sized house.

Fanny looked anything but miserable. She burst out into shrill laughter when her mother, also laughing, sarcastically told her of Anne's absurd nonsense. She said she must go down and thank "Ottavio" that instant for his splendid present, and she ran out of the room. Fanny knew the way, and hurrying along the endless suite, went to the door of the yellow room and tapped, without receiving an answer. But she heard some one stirring, and turning the handle of the door, she peeped in, and saw the Marquis, with his back to the door, bending over the old oak box in the window, which had once excited her curiosity. Seeing her there, he closed the lid suddenly, and came to the door. Fanny felt a little frightened when she found herself face to face with the Marquis, who came outside the door, closing it behind him. He looked agitated, pale, trembling. She could not think what was the matter with him.

"You here, Fanny?" he said, not unkindly, as he sometimes spoke, but in a hoarse, abrupt voice. "Leave me, child, leave me. I am occupied—I have business."

"I came to thank you for your splendid present," said Fanny.

"Why thank me?" said he. "I do not value those diamonds. Keep them—keep them—but leave me now."

He looked about; he seemed excited, and scarcely himself.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny, laying her hand on his arm; "something troubles you. Tell me what it is. What were you doing? You know I have a right to all your secrets now," she added, gaily.

As she spoke the thought came to her that, perhaps, if he would tell her more of himself, she might lose her fear of him. "You tell me so little," said Fanny.

"Tell you more!" said the Marquis. "You don't know what you say. My present from this date belongs to you. Do not seek to know what is past. See!" said he, pointing with some dignity, "all these things are open to you. All that is mine will be yours, Miss; but my own past," he added, "and the secrets of others, I warn you to leave them undisturbed." He had raised his voice. "I am too proud to use artifice, to conceal: I trust to your honour." The words seemed to echo from room to room.

Then he took her by the hand, conducted her in silence to the door of her mother's apartment, and left her. Fanny afterwards seemed to remember that a bell had been tolling all the time of their talk. When he joined them at the usual hour, he made no allusion to the morning; but as he took leave at night, he took her hand and held it tight and fierce in his great clasp.

"Miss Fanni," he said, "did you understand me to-day? Remember, I allow no questions concerning my private affairs." And he strode away.

No questions—how was that to be? One person and another came with scraps of gossip; hint after hint, almost wordless, perhaps, at first, but gathering shape as time went on. He had been twice four times married. He had been about to be married, and the marriage had been broken off at the last moment. He kept a death's-head and cross-bones in a box by his bed. There was no end to the stories which seemed to fall from every side, like the arrows of an unknown enemy.

Still Fanny persisted in her resolution.

Barbi had been gone three days, and since he had left the girls and their mother had come hither and thither, exploring every corner of the grand old place. They had looked at the title-deeds and patents lying in the great strong boxes, at the stores in the old cupboards. It is the custom in some Italian families, at the death of any one of the members, to carry off all their personal possessions—tapestries, china, valuable engravings—to store-rooms under the roof, where they lie unvisited and undisturbed as years go by. Barbi himself did not know of the prizes and possessions which the three ladies discovered during his absence: early Raphael drawings, sketches by Michael Angelo, a "Holy Family" by Correggio more beautiful than anything in the palace below. All

these things were waiting in the labyrinths up above for the future possessor who was to come and disinter them. Fanny tried to think of china and tapestry instead of crime and hidden mystery, and to be content with the sense of all these magnificent possessions, instead of the confidence of an undoubting heart. And yet she had rather have known the contents of a certain old oaken box than look through all these cupboards and galleries of rich possessions put together. But then she had got to think—she could not have told you why—that her betrothed had hidden his heart in that old oaken chest. One day—it was the last before Barbi's return—her mother had gone out for her daily drive, Anne was in the garden sunning and sighing,—the ladies'-maid was cross and worn out packing the enormous boxes—everything seemed like a dream and unreal, and Fanny felt dull and wandered into the great rooms below to reassure herself, I think, and to realize that Fate had indeed brought her to be mistress of this great estate.

She wandered down the marble flight, and found the great door of the great throne-room open wide, and old Angelo dusting as usual. Angelo did most of the work of the palace, for, rich as he was, the Marquis had come to Rome for a short time only; his home was in Florence, whither he proposed to take his bride. His dinner came in from the pastrycook's, his splendid saloons looked somewhat dingy and neglected, and he lived himself in the two little rooms at the very end, of which previous mention has been made.

Fanny was now more at home in the rooms below than she had been the first day she danced down them so merrily. To-day she no longer danced, but, on the contrary, walked with no little dignity with her Genoese velvet trailing half a yard after her. As she passed the great dais a foolish fancy took her to jump up and sit on the throne as she had seen the Marquis sitting that first day when they met. Here was a scene of triumph! Old Angelo looked up and bowed his old head over his duster. "Padrona," said he, respectfully. Fanny laughed, but at the same time pictured to herself all the élite of Roman society, Lady Castleairs among them, passing before her. There she would sit, and slightly bow her head. How they all would envy her and wish that they had been more kind. Then she pictured the Marquis with his diamond star sitting there beside her! Why did the thought of her future husband now always bring a chill along with it? At first it had seemed to her so great an honour to be noticed by him that a life's gratitude could scarcely repay it. And now already she began dimly to feel she had made a mistake, that a life is a terribly large sum which can only be paid by instalments—not all at once, but day by day. Fanny had begun to be afraid of herself. She loved her ease did this little woman, and to do her justice she had thought of her mother and sister as much as of herself. *Would it be ease?* thinks Fanny, leaning back among the cushions. Somehow a vision had haunted her of the young couple wandering arm-in-arm across the Coliseum, their shadows passing together over the moonlit pavement, their eyes upturned in happy ecstasy.

Was it so with her? Ah, no, no! It was no sentiment, no irresistible charm that had led her. Fanny did not dare own it to herself, she had scarcely realized it hitherto, but a bitter disappointment was hers. It was all hard, and cold, and dreary, notwithstanding the diamonds, the velvets, the four attendants promised for her use. Ah! why was this so? With a sudden impulse she tore off her beautiful diamond ring and threw it down; it did not fall farther than the cushions at her feet, where it lay sparkling.

Fanny, with a sigh, and yet ashamed of her childishness, stooped to pick it up once more, and slipped it on her finger. At the same time she saw that there was something lying beside the ring. It was a small bunch of keys on a chain made of worked steel, with a little coronet embossed. One of the keys was a quaint and old-fashioned looking specimen. Its handle was of steel, made into the pattern of two hearts entwined. No doubt the keys belonged to the Marquis, and that he had dropped them there. These were the keys about which he had been so much disturbed. Ah! how different he had seemed to her that first day from now! Why do people change? thought Fanny.—Why do we change ourselves, and grow fickle, and faithless, and then disturbed because we are travelling on with the universal progress!

"Why, Fanny, what are you doing?" said Anne, coming in.

Fanny jumped down, looking ashamed. "I am doing foolish things," she said, slipping the keys into her pocket.

She was still thoughtful: no wonder—a maiden on the eve of her marriage. She walked on along the rooms; her sister followed: they had come down the endless suite. Here was the door of the yellow room open wide, and that of the bed-room beyond. The servants left in charge had neglected to set things in order. Italian servants take their duties deliberately, and are apt to put them off till the evening. Anne fidgeted about. Fanny sat down by the table. Her heart was beating, and her cheeks were burning red, like two summer roses. Should she leave his secrets, and have done with them and with him? Should she go back and finish out the play? What was she doing? she kept asking herself: for what was she selling her youth? She had loved him a little, but her fear had overmastered her love, and now she only trembled at his coming. Would she take him if he were poor like herself? Ah! no, no, thought Fanny, wringing her hands.

Anne's back was turned, she was looking out into the courtyard from the open window.

A sudden impulse and determination to know the worst came over my heroine; like Catherine Morland, of well-known memory, she jumped up, sprang across the room, and put the key into the lock with a trembling hand. "Yes, I *will* know." Of what use were scruples when a whole life's peace was at stake? thought Fanny, desperately.

Anne turned with a little exclamation, as the old cabinet flew open. What was this—was this the mystery! The first thing that Fanny saw was a head without a body, two wild and frightened-looking eyes staring

back at her, and then two more, for Anne had come up, and was standing behind; and there was a looking-glass in the old oak lid, where the peasant maiden, to whom it had once belonged, had often smiled at herself, at her own bright eyes, and coral necklace: it only reflected her picture now hanging overhead!

Was this all! some half-dozen letters, out of one of which fell a lock of hair, some trinkets, a coral necklace, a diamond ring, with a broken coronet, a couple of cases for photographs: underneath all a peasant girl's dress neatly folded, and the blue hood of the Society of the Brothers of Piety.

Fanny pulled out the things one by one, and opened one of the photograph cases. "Oh, Anne, look here!" she said.

The case contained two pictures: one was the face of the maiden in the picture they had so often looked at, young and sweet and wistful, with great gentle beseeching eyes. Lucetta was written beneath it, with a date. The other was a wild wan wistful woman. Could it be the same? "*Addio*" was written beneath.

On the second case was a coronet, and within was a long melancholy hatchet-face, with "*Marchesa Barbi, née Mangiascudi*" written in Barbi's own handwriting. Fanny found a third portrait in this curious receptacle of the Marquis's reminiscences. It was her own: as she had given it to him, in a little oval frame; beside it lay a glove she had lost one night upon the staircase, and a long iron chain rusted in places, with spikes.

Fanny knelt absorbed in her investigations. She had forgotten that it was wrong. It seemed to her as if the one thing she cared about in all the world was the truth. There lay the packet of little, cramped, yet legibly written letters, and with trembling hands she began to open them.

"Oh, Fanny, don't," Anne said, faintly. But Anne, with all her sweetness, was human.

Fanny glanced at the letters. They seemed to be the love-letters of some village-girl. She was expecting him,—when was he coming back? life without him was not worth living. All was ready for their marriage; the parents had consented. Then came a wife's letters. She had seen him go with a failing heart; she trembled that harm might befall him: but he had been summoned by the learned doctors to claim his inheritance: he had been right to go. The third letter, dated long after, implored him with many, many loving words, to return. Where was he? had he forgotten his wife, his home? No; for money had come, precious gifts, a beautiful coral such as she had longed for; but she wanted no gifts, she wanted him—she was ill—she was anxious and foolish; she sent him her picture, was she not changed? but ever his faithful longing Lucetta.

Fanny nervously turned on to the last letter in the packet, for she seemed to hear a tramp of horses and sounds in the court below. Anne ran to the window, and came back crying that it was him, she knew it was. Fanny scarcely heard her. It was a terrible letter. It called on

Heaven to forgive him his crime. What, being married already, he had basely deserted his wife, and united himself to another unhappy woman, also deceived, also broken-hearted! He had been ashamed (perhaps it was no wonder!), in his high estate, of owning to his humble home in the village. "The thought of his sin," said Lucetta, "was more than she could bear. She had prayed, she had suffered penance. Every day she lived his sin was the greater, she said. She would live no longer. She sent him a last, last, last farewell. She would fain see him once again, and should stand at the door of his palace when he drove by, and then, she said, her life's dream would be ended. She should die for him, and she felt that it was no crime to hide herself for ever in the flowing river."

Underneath, in a different hand, was written:—"Opened by me, Sibilla di Mangiascudi—disgraced, insulted, and deceived."

Fanny had not been mistaken when she heard carriage-wheels, and voices coming along the rooms.

"Listen! they are coming. It is the Marquis," cried Anne, desperate and running to the door of the room, and pushing it.

Fanny did not lose her presence of mind.

"Go down into the garden," she said, "through the bed-room. Quick! I will follow."

She was quite calm. She felt that the crisis had come. She hastily threw back the things, closed the box, locked it, and stood there with quivering lips as the door opened and Barbi came in. He looked darker and more gloomy than ever.

"What are you doing here?" he said, abruptly. But Fanny did not answer. "What have you there?" he asked again, advancing.

Fanny answered nothing, but slowly raised her hand and gave him the keys, without a word. Then she gave a scream, for he seized her little wrist with such a grip that the blood came starting where the diamond-ring cut her fingers, and as he took the keys into his hand he saw that the double heart handle was stained.

"What is that?" he said, almost wildly. "Who gave them to you? Who are you that you pry into my secrets, and throw my sacred relics under foot?" And he pointed to the peasant's handkerchief that Fanny, in her haste, had left upon the floor. He seemed half beside himself.

"You, too, shall die," he said. "*She* did not deserve it, but another woman before you burst open my sacred past, and she died of shame and a broken heart. Ah, Fanni, Fanni, I thought you at least would have obeyed me."

His eyes were so strange that Fanny thought his reason must be affected, but it was not so—he was superstitious to an extraordinary degree, but perfectly sane.

"Your life henceforth," he said, "will be embittered as mine is, and haunted by her memory, and saddened by penance. Ah, Fanni, Fanni, what have you done? You have undone us both."

"Yes," said Fanny, trembling very much. "You are right. I cannot

marry you now. I beg your pardon. I should not have read your letters. I am an ungrateful little creature, forgive me. Good-by."

"Good-by!" shouted Barbi, who seemed half out of himself—in a sort of frenzy. "You know my secrets—you are mine! You have promised—you are mine! I do not let you go! Do you think you deserve no punishment for your treachery?"

He was in a fury, and stamped and looked so wild and so terrible that Fanny, frightened out of her wits, started away.

"I do not let you go! I do not let you out of my sight till we are married!" said Barbi, striding after her; but, with a sudden spring, she ran into the bed-room, the door of which Anne was holding open, and the two girls banged it in his face. He seemed to them capable of killing Fanny on the spot.

"Anne, Anne! What are we to do? Can we get out by the garden?" said Fanny, pointing to the staircase door.

"It is locked. The lower door is locked," said Anne, wringing her hands. A tremendous thundering blow upon the door made the two girls start again. "Let us call for help," said Fanny. "Yes, yes, I'm here," she cried to Barbi, to quiet him, for every minute she thought the door would come down. "Go to the staircase-window, Anne, and see if you can get at any help."

"Let me in!" said Barbi, with another tremendous blow.

"I beseech you be calm," cried Fanny. "I will come if you will be calm. You frighten me."

"You deserve it!" shouted Bluebeard, furiously.

"Anne, do you see any one?" said Fanny, running to the head of the stairs.

"I see a cloud of dust. They are beating carpets in the garden," said Anne. "But, oh! they won't look up."

Again the door shook on its hinges.

"Anne, I shall die," said Fanny, crying. "Do call out—scream! he will kill us."

"Here are two Brothers of the Pietà," cried Anne, "coming slowly along the terrace-walk. If I could but make them hear . . . That bell will drown my voice. Help! help!" she cried. Then she came running in, pale and trembling. "They hear me! They have got the key of the garden-door," she said.

At the sound of the bell, Barbi's blows had suddenly increased.

"Let me through, let me through!" he cried violently.

Suddenly the door opened wide—the two members of the confraternity stood before him.

"Come!" they said. "Do you not hear the summons?"

Barbi hastily pulled his blue mask over his face. And while Anne and her sister stood clinging to each other in tears, the three walked slowly away.

I Garden Reberie.

I HEAR the sweeping fitful breeze
 This early night in June ;
 I hear the rustling of the trees
 That had no voice at noon :
 Clouds brood, and rain will soon come down
 To gladden all the panting town
 With the cool melody that beats
 Upon the busy dusty streets.

But in this space of narrow ground
 We call a garden here—
 Because less loudly falls the sound
 Of traffic on the ear,
 Because its faded grass-plot shows
 One hawthorn tree, which each May blows,
 Whereon the birds in early Spring
 At sun-dawn and at sun-down sing—

I muse alone. A rose-tree twines
 About the brown brick wall,
 Which strives, when Summer's glory shines,
 To gladden at its festival,
 Yet lets upon the path beneath
 Such pale leaves drop as I would wreath
 Around a portrait that to me
 Is all my soul's divinity.

A face in no wise proud or grand,
 But strange, and sad and fair ;
 A maiden twining round her hand
 A tress of golden hair,
 While in her deep pathetic eyes
 The light of coming trouble lies,
 As on some silent sea and warm
 The shadow of a coming storm.

From those still lips shall no more flow
The tones that, in excess
Of tremulous love, touched more on woe
Than quiet happiness,
When my arms strained her in a grasp
That sought her very soul to clasp,
When my hand pressed that hand most fair
That holds but now a tress of hair.

How look, this breezy Summer night,
The places that we knew
When all the hills were flushed with light
And July seas were blue ?
Does the wind eddy through our wood
As through this garden solitude ?
Do the same trees their branches toss
The undulating wind across ?

What feet tread paths that now no more
Our feet together tread ?
How in the twilight looks the shore ?
Is still the sea outspread
Beneath the sky, a silent plain
Of silver lights that wax and wane ?
What ships go sailing by the strand
Of that fair consecrated land ?

How hard it is to realize
That I no more shall hear
The music of thy low replies,
As those deep eyes and clear
Once looked in my faint eyes until
I felt the burning colour fill
My face, because my spirit caught
In that long gaze thine inmost thought.

Alas ! what voice shall now reply ?
Not thine, arrested gale
That 'neath the dark and pregnant sky
Subsides to a wail.
On dusty city, silent plain,
And on thy village grave the rain
Comes down, while I to-night shall jest
And hide a secret in my breast.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

“Professionals” Abroad.

THERE is a strange class of roaming “artistes”—singers, players, conjurers—of whose life and adventures nothing is ever heard, though they are curious and interesting enough. These performers—they call themselves “professionals” generally—are to be met with abroad wherever the English language is spoken, and where it is not. I do not speak of those bright particular stars which, after shining over Europe, go to illuminate the Western Hemisphere. The people of the United States not only tempt our greatest singers, actors, and musicians to cross the Atlantic, but they supply us with others equally good; while in the larger cities of South America operatic and dramatic companies have been regular institutions for many years. I am not thinking of the New World but of the oldest part of the Old World, which ten years ago was scarcely ever visited by such companies, but which is now overrun by performers of every description, from the *prima donna* of European reputation down to dog and monkey troupes. Not very long ago, when people had to double the Cape, they went, before sailing, through a long round of public amusements, in the belief that they would have no such enjoyments again till they returned. The necessity for undergoing such a pleasurable penance is no longer considerable.

It was not till after the discovery of gold in Australia in 1851 that artistes (we must allow them that barbarous name) of any eminence thought it worth while to go to the antipodes to display their genius or profit by their accomplishments. Before that event, a few had made their way to California; but a popular favourite who had been lucky enough to make a little fortune in the valley of the Sacramento, did not dream of going to Botany Bay to spend it. When, however, nearly three years after the Californian discovery, news reached St. Francisco that the precious metal had also been found in New South Wales, back rushed the thousands of Australians to the more genial clime they had deserted. Then came a great time for small performers, many of whom would never have been performers at all but for the greatness of the time. The diggers, intoxicated at suddenly finding themselves in the possession of immense wealth, sought refuge from their own madness in every possible variety of amusement, recreation, dissipation. The parents of young women who had hitherto followed the useful occupations of bonnet-making, all at once discovered that their daughters had fine voices; quiet shopmen, members of serious families, suddenly developed an inimitable talent for comic singing; fifth-rate opera-singers, deserters perhaps from

a Mauritius or Batavian troupe, were delighted, if not always astonished, to find themselves stars of the first magnitude. No charge was made for admission to the singing-saloons at which these people appeared, the profits on the drink consumed by the diggers and their friends being so large that the proprietor could afford to pay his performers enormous salaries. And besides what they were paid by their employers, favourites—and everybody has his or her admirers—would frequently receive valuable presents from the diggers; for in that golden time nuggets were more plentiful than bouquets. But by-and-by, really good artistes, such as Catherine Hayes, and Miska Hauser, the Hungarian violinist, visited Australia, and made money; and soon a popular manager went to Europe, and returned not only with some good performers, but with an iron theatre for them to appear in. From that time Australia has been a profitable field for such adventure; and it is principally from that continent, not from Europe, that the East receives its supplies of musical, dramatic, and other travelling troupes, so that at the present moment there is hardly a settled Eastern port, or a place at which a company of British soldiers has been stationed, that has not been entertained at some time or another by these wanderers.

What becomes of them at last is an obscure question. Of those I have met some have passed away to other places, some to another world. These companies are often disorganized, and re-organized. A few successful men and women have retired on their gains and their laurels; some, not so successful, but more ambitious, perhaps, have returned to Europe, content to stand and wait at the great banquet of art, rather than to prosper for an hour in some distant settlement in Asia; while others, finding how good is buying and selling, have settled down to shop-keeping, auctioneering, or some other useful occupation. One of their most striking characteristics is, that they do not confine themselves to the highways of the world, as one would think travellers *with* amusement would, but roam into all sorts of by-paths, as if they only travelled *for* amusement. They are by no means always content with keeping to the seaboard, and stopping at the principal ports, but roam far away in the interior, where one would think they would find nothing more profitable than experience of the inconveniences of travel. I myself have met them picknicking on the top of Pedro-Talla-Galla; drawing sweepstakes in the Happy Valley at Hong Kong; dancing at the Queen's Birthday ball in Adelaide, and with lunatics at the Yarra Bend Asylum near Melbourne; taming horses à la Rarey and taking restorative drams afterwards at Colombo; lecturing on electro-biology to New Zealand gold-diggers at Dunedin; amusing his Siamese Majesty with performing dogs and monkeys at Bangkok; playing violin variations on "Taza ba taza" in the John Lawrence Hall at Lahore, and Gounod's "Meditation on Bach's First Prelude" in the Masonic Hall at Kurrachee; taking a constitutional on the Bund at Shanghai; gathering ferns on Mount Wellington in Tasmania; celebrating the departure of a lucky speculator in Back Bay

shares in Bombay ; camping out in the Karroo at the Cape ; trying their voices in the Taj Mahal at Agra ; drinking whisky-punch by a large wood fire on the banks of the Indus by moonlight ; smoking in Camoens' garden, at Macao ; bargaining with silk-workers in Peshawur, shawl-dealers in Loodiana, and ivory-painters in the Chundny Chowk at Delhi ; enjoying the *dolce far niente* in the Sandwich Islands ; dining with Spanish priests at Manilla, and with Swedenborgians at Graaf Reinets ; eating mangosteens in Penang, and game-pies at Tien-tsin ; feeding the sacred crocodiles at Muggar Poor in hot and sandy Scinde ; chatting with the missionaries and their wives at Foo-chow-foo ; boating in the delightful harbour of Port Jackson ; curio-hunting in Yokohama ; contemplating Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena ; conjuring for the amusement of the enthusiastic merchants of Batavia ; dancing what is called the silver-belt jig, with the thermometer at about 100 degrees Fahrenheit, at Singapore ; trying to preserve their vivacity by drinking absinthe among the savages of New Caledonia. In short, wherever I have been east of the Cape of Good Hope, I have met some kind of professionals either sojourning, or *en route*, voyaging at sea in large ships or small, or travelling on land by railroad and dak gharree, on horseback, in sampans, dandy dhoolie, palankeen, and sedan-chair ; in buggy, tent-cart, stage-coach, and omnibus ; by bullock-train and mule-waggon, and even on the back of commissariat elephants.

It is not to be supposed, however, that theirs is a careless and quite charming life. On the contrary, these roaming ministers of pleasure have many weary days, many profitless journeys, many long disappointments ; and there are certain dangers in their roving too.

Several years ago, in Shanghai, I saw an Armenian conjuror performing his tricks close to the cemetery, in the middle of the cholera season, when the man you met at breakfast was sometimes under ground before dinner. At Nagasaki, about the same time, when the residents on going to bed were not at all sure they would not be murdered before morning, the only European lady in the settlement was a vocalist. Two years ago, in the Cape Colony, two of the brethren, who professed to have crossed several oceans in their desire to gratify a Cape audience, were drowned in crossing one of the numerous bridgeless rivers in that colony ; and about the same time, in the Orange Free State, during the war between the Republicans and the Basutos, an English concert-company had a narrow escape of being massacred by the Kaffirs. At the last rebellion in Burmah, when the British Commissioner and the residents retired from Mandalay, the only Englishman who remained with the rebels was an actor. A few years before, this same man, having shot a native whom he had discovered intriguing with his wife, was tried for his life in Bombay, and being acquitted, played " Claude Melnotte " the same evening, in a house crowded to the ceiling. Once at Agra, when the cholera was decimating the garrison, a travelling circus company was engaged by the commandant to assist in cheering the spirits of the troops ; and,

accordingly, the riders, acrobats, and clowns continued their dance of death as long as a sufficient number of them survived to give a tolerable performance. When, after the storming of Kagosima, the allied fleet under Admiral Kuper returned to Yokohama, there entered the harbour a few hours afterwards a musical company, which had been caught in the typhoon on the edge of which the attack was made, and in which many vessels went down. In the height of the last fever at the Mauritius, the theatre at Port Louis was occupied on alternate nights by a French operatic and a dramatic company, when mourning was almost the only wear, and when the private boxes were engaged several days in advance, because from them visitors could see without being seen. In the accounts of the bush-fires in the Cape Colony last year, some poor harpers were said to have been amongst the sufferers. I recall many similar disasters, and more than one instance of death or disappearance in far distant, half-barbarous lands. Mere unhealthiness of climate is little considered: unhealthy climates generally pay, if you can live in them. In some this is not an easy business. A French impresario was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which by special agreement was only to include one tenor. Foreigners are usually bad sailors, and for the first few days all the members of the company were sea-sick, one of the effects of which malady is that it weakens the voice so much that people are frequently hoarse for several days after their recovery. Accordingly, as soon as the singers could crawl on deck, they commenced to try their voices, and amongst them the tenor, who, always anxious to occupy a distinguished position, went on the bridge of the steamer for the purpose. What was his surprise on hearing an echo of his own voice—another tenor. His amazement became disgust when he heard a third tenor running up the scale, a fourth, a fifth. He looked forward, and saw two men eyeing him and each other with intense hatred; he looked aft, and saw two more men similarly occupied. The five tenors simultaneously made a rush below to the manager's cabin, and demanded whether he had not expressly stipulated to each of them that *he* was to be his only tenor. "I know, I know," replied the manager; "and I will keep my word. You see, none of you have been to New Orleans before, or you would understand. When we arrive there, the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and as you are fresh from Europe, two of you will probably be carried off before you land, and two more during the rehearsals. One will probably survive; he will be my first and only tenor." Perhaps the most curious fate that ever overtook a company was that which befel a small theatrical troupe which arrived at Hong Kong from California in the winter of 1863, consisting of an actor, two actresses, and a little female dancer. One of the actresses died of cholera in Shanghai; the other died in a cab on her way to the hospital at Rangoon; the solitary actor joined the Taeping rebels at Amoy and had his head cut off by his own party on suspicion of treachery; and *la petite Cerito*, as she was called, was placed in a convent at Moulmein: which some people will perhaps consider the worst fate of all.

Considering all these risks, it may reasonably be assumed that travelling in these remote countries is found very profitable. In most instances this is probably the case. I say probably, for a manager's statements as to the business he is doing must always be received with caution. A new company is usually well received; the tickets are sold at high prices, and in most foreign settlements the first night of a company with a good reputation is a more important event than the opening of the Italian Opera House in London. Want of success is generally due to the presentation of entertainments unsuited to particular communities. Inexperienced managers, to overcome this difficulty, and with the view of pleasing varied tastes, have formed mixed companies. I remember, for instance, once meeting a "musical and magical troupe." The members of the troupe were all good in their way; but the project was a failure, for the conjuror exhausted his repertoire long before the musicians had sensibly diminished theirs. Panoramas and "entertainments," as they are called, seldom pay: few communities of Europeans abroad are numerous enough to yield a considerable number of different audiences. A circus is usually a good speculation in the last. Both the ordinary and travelling expenses are heavy, but a circus is largely supported by natives, while at other entertainments the audiences consist exclusively of Europeans and Eurasians. Perhaps the safest company to travel with is a musical company. The reason is obvious—it appeals to all sorts and conditions of men; and in limited communities the patronage of no class can be dispensed with. To dramatic performances many people object on religious grounds; besides which, a dramatic company, to be independent of amateur assistance, must consist of more members than, in countries where travelling is costly, it would be safe to engage; and if one or two of the performers are passably good, the rest are so irredeemably bad that they spoil every piece in which they take part. Dramatic companies, again, in order to appear to advantage, require a theatre, a class of building which many places in the East do not possess. For general entertainments any place will do. I have witnessed them abroad in theatres, assembly-rooms, exchanges, court-houses, an executive council-chamber, school-rooms, convents, town-halls, markets, barracks, masonic halls, libraries, officers' mess-rooms, coffee-stores, godowns, private houses, mechanics' institutes, public gardens, club-houses, rest-houses, and on board ship.

Perhaps it is a knowledge of the encouragement usually accorded to musical entertainments in the Far East that induces so many clever instrumentalists to try their fortune single-handed in those remote countries. A solitary musician may frequently be met with, and doing well; a solitary actor hardly ever, and then doing badly. The reason is obvious. The tragedy of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark would, of course, be imperfect, but not more so than *Hamlet* with nobody besides the Prince of Denmark, no king or queen, no ghost, no courtiers, no grave-diggers. Sometimes, in Europe, an eminent actor or actress forsakes the stage for the platform, and when not engaged in public

readings, undertakes to instruct clergymen, political disputants, and lawyers in elocution. No such dignified retreat is open to a disappointed actor in the East, where the European inhabitants firmly set their faces against anything of a high and dry order. Even ministers of religion must not improve the occasion too often. A ball, a good concert, or a lively dramatic performance, if you like; but no instruction, or, at any rate, not such as could be imparted by some wandering star "from the Theatres Royal Glasgow, Liverpool, and Drury Lane." The thing has been tried. Some six years ago a young English vocalist wished to give a farewell benefit concert in Shanghai, where she had already given more than a score of ordinary concerts; and as she had at various times obtained all the "patronage" which the settlement afforded as pretexts for giving "one more night," she on this occasion secured the gratuitous assistance of the only "professional" then in the place,—an actor who had formerly served under Mr. Macready, at Covent Garden. This gentleman promised to give, between the two parts of the concert, a reading from the play of *Richelieu*, and as he was well known in the settlement, his appearance on the platform was greeted with considerable applause; but when the elocutionist, at some length, prefaced his reading with an abstract of the history of France under Louis XIII., the whole audience gave way to laughter, and gradually, to a man, retired for refreshment. A similar incident occurred at Hong Kong, where a lecturer announced a magic-lantern entertainment in the mat theatre there. He never got beyond his opening sentence, which was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen,—The world is divided into four quarters—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." The novelty and suddenness of this intelligence had such a peculiar effect upon the audience, that a tremendous roar of laughter was followed by a unanimous rush to the doors.

In Great Britain and America, hundreds of people get a living by giving elocutionary entertainments, delivering literary and scientific lectures, exhibiting dissolving views, &c.; in the East the composition of society forbids success in any such undertaking. In the first place, almost everybody is educated; and in the next place, people feel little inclination to be serious about anything except dollars.

The musician is more fortunate there. Twenty years ago, some "pupil of the immortal Paganini" had only to start off for India with his fiddle, and after making himself known, his only difficulty was in deciding whose hospitality he should accept. Concerts would be organized, of which all the ladies and gentlemen of a station who did anything at all in a musical way, would assist; there would be no expenses for him; and the whole of the receipts, often amounting to hundreds of rupees, would go to the enterprising artist whose visit had been the means of enlivening, for two or three evenings, the dreary monotony of a Mofussil station. But times change. A railway connects the new and ancient capitals of India; English society has ceased to be an exclusive corporation; interlopers abound; and officers' and civilians' wives no

longer care to accompany a roving fiddler or display their vocal talent before a mixed audience. Even now, however, solitary musicians do manage to make the tour of India. Not long since I met an oboe-player at Peshawur, nearly 1,600 miles from Calcutta.

In China I came across another wanderer who could not even play the oboe or any other instrument; his entire stock in trade consisted of a coarse bass voice, great assurance, and a variety of expedients for inducing a first belief that he had a good voice, such as testing the acoustic properties of a room by bellowing in the four corners of it, suggesting the erection of a sounding-board, &c. But he never could persuade people to go and hear him a second time. This was a serious obstacle to his success. To overcome it, the eccentric basso, at every place he visited, announced a series of four concerts, the tickets for the series being at a considerably reduced price. By this plan he generally obtained a handsome sum at starting; but this was not the only gratifying result; he never had to exert himself twice for the money. Two or three loungers would drop in on the second night, to whom the unfortunate vocalist would gracefully advance, and after dilating upon the absence of musical taste amongst the English generally, would conclude by suggesting that his audience of three had better come and have a cigar. To the third concert nobody at all went, not even the basso himself.

Adventurers, however, like these are happily the exception. Artists who have been extolled in the feuilletons of the Paris press, and who have been listened to with breathless attention in German and Russian salons, occasionally go on oriental tours. Sometimes it is a violinist, or pianist, or violoncellist alone; sometimes two instrumentalists in company. But as a rule, these, no matter how accomplished they may be, seldom make money. To give a concert they must obtain amateur assistance, which, however, is not generally a difficult matter, for they usually take out with them numerous letters of introduction. These secure for them the acquaintance of the best known amateurs; and they are invited to more evening-parties, "with a little music," than is agreeable or profitable. Besides, in this way a month may pass before they have their concerts, during which time they run up a considerable hotel bill. Moreover, ability and reputation do not alone suffice to equip such adventurers in the East. They must possess other recommendations—recommendations which they may once have had, but which, through no fault of their own, they may possess no longer. One of these indispensable requisites is youth. On the stage of large European theatres a woman of sixty can often make herself look like a woman of thirty, and off the stage few people ever see her at all; but in Eastern assembly-rooms the orchestra and the auditory are frequently so close together that the visitors can shake hands with the performers, and you are continually meeting the latter at their hotel or in society. But if old or even middle-aged ladies are not welcomed enthusiastically, young ladies are received with open arms. With the exception of one troupe of Ethiopian minstrels, who enjoyed a special advantage

of another kind, I never knew a company to make money in the East that did not include one or two young female performers. And this is not astonishing. Even in Europe men often go mad about a favourite actress or vocalist—in Europe, where the sex predominates. What, then, must be the rage about such a favourite in a community where ladies form eight or ten per cent. of the population, which is sometimes the proportion in new Eastern settlements. The society in Shanghai, in its first and most prosperous days, did not include a dozen ladies; and the consequence was that female performers who then visited the place, whether singers, actresses, or equestrians, were burdened with costly presents, made the heroines of picnics and suppers, and on a benefit night have been known to receive as much as 1,500 dollars. A circus-proprietor might as well appear without horses in his troupe as without women-riders.

The difficulty, however, with respect to ladies is not so much in the engaging as in the keeping of them. A manager may start on a tour with a perfect company; but at the first place he visits his principal female performer marries, and ruin stares him in the face. To avoid such a catastrophe, managers try to engage married couples, although the lady generally continues to appear as Miss, or Mademoiselle: she is thought to "draw" better as a single person. But the manager is then liable to an inconvenience of an opposite character: instead of suffering from a diminution in his forces, his business is brought to a standstill in consequence of an increase. The "severe indisposition" of a female performer is frequently a much more serious affliction for the unfortunate manager than for the lady herself.

Ladies, too, are, of course, much more liable to be placed *hors de combat* by climatic influences than men, although the effects of climate in some countries even extend to inanimate objects. Ceylon, for instance, is a very bad climate for musical instruments. On entering a house in that lovely island, it is a common thing to see a piano standing in saucers of water. This is to prevent the white ants from getting into the instrument. But a still greater annoyance—at least, so far as the performer is concerned—is produced by the excessive dampness of the climate, which causes some of the keys to remain down when touched, so that they give no sound. To prevent an accident of this sort, the "action" of the piano is sometimes taken out and placed in the sun for a short time, when there is to be a concert or a musical party; but notwithstanding this precaution, some of the keys may stick in the evening, and the effect of a brilliant solo played under these circumstances is exceedingly comical. The consequences of extreme humidity of climate are, however, still more serious as regards stringed instruments, which literally fall to pieces in Ceylon, the common glue of Europe losing all its tenacity in those latitudes. Many a concert has had to be postponed from this cause, for, of course, an eminent violinist would laugh at the suggestion that he should perform on any instrument but his own, which has always cost a very large sum of money, and to which some romantic history is usually attached. His

violin is accordingly put together again, and as there are no competent musical instrument makers in those countries, it is often irreparably damaged in the process. To save himself from this misfortune, a fiddler on a long tour will sometimes send his instrument to Europe to be put in order, and, in the meantime, play on any fiddle procurable. To obtain the use of a really good substitute is generally impossible. It is just as difficult to replace an artiste in these distant countries; and the knowledge of this fact not seldom renders "professionals," especially ladies, still more arrogant and impracticable than they are at home.

But, in truth, the life of a roving manager is a succession of difficulties and anxieties. The worst disaster of all that can happen to him is to arrive in a place when the field is already fully occupied. But even if he is fortunate enough to find a clear field, he may have a great deal to do before he can commence operations. Instead of finding a theatre, he may obtain nothing more than a shed, without fittings of any kind. In such a case, his best course is to buy or hire everything he wants, by no means to borrow: if he once commences the latter course, it may prove very costly, as the following story shows.

A manager was once travelling in Tasmania with a "combined elocutionary and musical entertainment"—a shining light of the company being a Scotch actress. Prior to leaving Hobart Town, the company had been advised that the coach to Launceston would stop at a place called Wheatlands; and the inhabitants of Wheatlands were said to be very nice people, who would probably attend *en masse* if the company would only stop there a night. Notice was accordingly sent that the company would give an entertainment there, and on the day appointed they alighted at Wheatlands and divided themselves between the two hotels of the place. Where there are two hotels companies usually separate in this way, in order not to make an enemy of either of the hotel proprietors. Dinner was ordered, and the manager went to look at the court-house, where the concert was to be given, and which he found would contain no more than about eighty people. Having introduced himself to the clerk of the peace, that gentleman expressed the pleasure with which the justices had granted the use of the court-house to so celebrated a company; and, as for himself, he would be only too happy to do anything in his power to assist them, nor would he even accept a ticket for his trouble. "I couldn't think of such a thing," he said; "but if you will excuse my making the suggestion, I think it would be as well perhaps to send a family ticket to the stipendiary magistrate and each of the justices living in the town—there are only three of them here, the rest are on their farms. But as for myself, the court-house is so small, that I would not, for the world, take up any room. I, with my wife and family, will sit in my office. We can hear just as well there, and as for seeing the performers, why I have had that pleasure already." Now it happened that the clerk's office had already been fixed upon by the manager as the dressing or retiring room for the ladies of his company.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but (with many apologies for turning him out of his own office) to present a family ticket to the clerk, as well as to the magistrate and the three resident justices. Now in the mother-country perhaps five is about the average number of a family, but in Tasmania eight is nearer the average. At this rate here were forty people to be provided for, half the audience in fact, and this was relying upon the honour of the magistracy that they would not introduce any friends of their families. However, there was no use in thinking about it, and the manager proceeded to obtain a piano. He had not far to go. The lady next door had what she was pleased to call a piano. It was too old and dilapidated to make even a serviceable table; but the manager declared it would do admirably (it was now getting late). Its owner supposed there would be no objection to make the acknowledgment she usually received when she lent her piano. What was that? A family ticket. Certainly not. And the number of Madame's family might be —? Eight; but just then she had a friend from the country staying with her, whom of course she could not leave at home, so we would say nine. $40 + 9 = 49$. Places were being taken rapidly. It was necessary at once to provide seats, for beyond a bench at the barristers' table, and two in the jury-box, which were fixtures, there was not a seat in the place. It was understood, however, that there would be no difficulty in borrowing a supply from the boys' and the girls' school in the village. It was explained to the manager, that to prevent jealousy it would be better to borrow a few from each. He promised to do so, and he found both the master and the mistress very agreeable people. They willingly lent their benches, and refused to accept a complimentary ticket for the concert, merely stipulating that twelve of their senior scholars should be allowed to go. It was impossible to refuse the boys, for they carried the girls' forms, as well as their own, to the court-house; and, after giving tickets to the boys, it would have been cruel to refuse the girls. $49 + 12 + 12 = 73$.

The manager was standing at the door of the court-house, calculating what would probably be the profits of the evening's entertainment, when he was accosted by a stout gentleman in black, whom he rightly guessed to be a Wesleyan minister, and who, understanding that a member of the company was an admirable harmonium player, expressed his surprise at not seeing any harmonium in the court-house. The minister added that he and all his family had intended to come to the concert on purpose to hear the harmonium well played, whereas, if there was no harmonium— The manager expressed his regret, adding that he did not know there was an harmonium in the place. "I have one," said the minister, "and I shall not only have much pleasure in lending it to you, but I will send some men over with it. You can let me have tickets for my family, and I will arrange with you after the concert." The experienced manager had a shrewd idea what that arrangement would come to, and, knowing that Wesleyan ministers' families are usually above the average, he was

not surprised when, in answer to an inquiry on that head, the minister replied that his family consisted of ten. It would have been impolite to refuse the minister's handsome offer, and so the harmonium was exchanged for a family ticket for ten. $78 + 10 = 88$. The face of the manager now underwent a sudden and agreeable change. He calculated no longer. A full house was certain, and there would be no necessity to engage money-takers. He had nearly forgotten one thing—lights; but he was spared all anxiety on that point by the chief constable coming to assure him that the constables would obtain enough candles and candle-sticks if he would just let them pass into the concert with their wives. The manager replied that, not only might the entire police-force come, but that, if the superintendent would only give permission, the convicts might come too. Advantage was not taken of this liberal offer; but the house was crowded with a delighted audience, and next day the performers were pressed on all sides to repeat their charming entertainment. They said they would certainly do so—whenever they happened to pass that way again.

It is not often, however, that an audience consists entirely of the holders of complimentary tickets; but many have often to be distributed as an acknowledgment for the loan of a piano, of seats, and other less necessary apparatus. It would be difficult to hire a sufficient number of chairs for a public entertainment in the Mofussil, but there, on the other hand, it is not necessary to borrow: in India everybody sends his own chair. On the day of performance, it is customary to see native servants and coolies walking about the station with chairs on their heads; and from the larger or smaller number of these appearances visible for two or three hours before the time of commencement, the company know whether to expect a full house or not. In the same way the public's opinion of the entertainment may be learned by going down to the theatre about nine o'clock next morning. If the audience was pleased, nearly all the chairs will still be there: their owners intend to come to the next performance. If many have been sent for, then the company had better think of moving on.

In conclusion, I may state that no amusements are tolerated in the East of an indecent or immoral nature. In Australia, Catherine Hayes made a fortune; Lola Montes was a dead failure. In Calcutta, not long since, a German *danseuse* made her *début* and her farewell appearance in the Town Hall on the same evening: the authorities prohibited a second appearance, and yet she wore an amount of clothing which on the stage at home at this period would be considered abundant. In Bombay, some people declined to subscribe to the Italian opera, on the ground that it was improper for a woman to appear, for instance, as "Maffeo" in *Lucrezia*—a singular objection, as was pointed out at the time, to be taken in an Indian city, where the natives frequently go about nearly naked.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE GARDEN AT DUSK.



HEN Atlee quitted Walpole's room, he was far too full of doubt and speculation to wish to join the company in the drawing-room. He had need of time to collect his thoughts, too, and arrange his plans. This sudden departure of his would, he well knew, displease Kearney. It would savour of a degree of impertinence, in treating their hospitality so cavalierly, that Dick was certain to resent, and not less certain to attribute to a tuft-hunting weakness on Atlee's part of which he had frequently declared he detected signs in Joe's character.

"Be it so. I'll only say, you'll not see me cultivate 'swells' for the pleasure of their society, or even the charms of their cookery. If I turn them to no better uses than display, Master Dick, you may sneer freely at me. I have long wanted to make acquaintance with one of these fellows, and luck has now given me the chance. Let us see if I know how to profit by it." And thus muttering to himself, he took his way to the farm-yard, to find a messenger to despatch to Kilgobbin for post-horses.

The fact that he was not the owner of a half-crown in the world very painfully impressed itself on a negotiation which, to be prompt, should be prepaid, and which he was endeavouring to explain to two or three very idle but very incredulous listeners—not one of whom could be induced to accept a ten miles' tramp of a drizzling night without the prompting of a tip in advance.

"It's every step of eight miles," cried one.

"No; but it's ten," asseverated another with energy, "by rayson that you must go by the road. There's nobody would venture across the bog in the dark."

"Wid five shillings in my hand——"



"YOU ARE RIGHT. I SEE IT ALL," AND NOW HE SEIZED HER HAND AND KISSED IT.

"And five more when ye come back," continued another, who was terrified at the low estimate so rashly adventured.

"If one had even a shilling or two, to pay for a drink when he got in to Kilbeggan wet through and shivering——"

The speaker was not permitted to finish his ignominiously low proposal, and a low growl of disapprobation smothered his words.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Joe, angrily, "that there's not a man here will step over to the town, to order a chaise and post-horses?"

"And if yer honor will put his hand in his pocket, and tempt us with a couple of crown-pieces, there's no saying what we wouldn't do," said a little bandy old fellow, who was washing his face at a pump.

"And are crown-pieces so plentiful with you down here that you can earn them so easily?" said Atlee, with a sneer.

"Be my sowle, yer honor, it's thinkin' that they're not so easy to come at, makes us a bit lazy this evening!" said a ragged fellow, with a grin, which was quickly followed by a hearty laugh from those around him.

Something that sounded like a titter above his head made Atlee look up, and there, exactly over where he stood, was Nina, leaning over a little stone balcony in front of a window, an amused witness of the scene beneath.

"I have two words for yourself," cried he to her in Italian. "Will you come down to the garden for one moment?"

"Cannot the two words be said in the drawing-room?" asked she, half-saucily, in the same language.

"No; they cannot be said in the drawing-room," continued he, sternly.

"It's dropping rain. I should get wet."

"Take an umbrella then, but come. Mind me, Signora Nina, I am the bearer of a message for you."

There was something almost disdainful in the toss of her head as she heard these words, and she hastily retired from the balcony and entered the room.

Atlee watched her, by no means certain what her gesture might portend. Was she indignant with him for the liberty he had taken? or was she about to comply with his request, and meet him? He knew too little of her to determine which was the more likely; and he could not help feeling that, had he even known her longer, his doubt might have been just as great. Her mind, thought he, is perhaps like my own; it has many turnings, and she's never very certain which one of them she will follow. Somehow, this imputed wilfulness gave her, to his eyes, a charm scarcely second to that of her exceeding beauty. And what beauty it was! The very perfection of symmetry in every feature when at rest, while the varied expressions of her face as she spoke, or smiled, or listened, imparted a fascination which only needed the charm of her low liquid voice to be irresistible.

How she vulgarizes that pretty girl, her cousin, by mere contrast!

What subtle essence is it, apart from hair, and eyes, and skin, that spreads an atmosphere of conquest over these natures, and how is it that men have no ascendancies of this sort—nothing that imparts to their superiority the sense that worship of them is in itself an ecstasy?

"Take my message into town," said he, to a fellow near, "and you shall have a sovereign when you come back with the horses;" and with this he strolled away across a little paddock and entered the garden. It was a large, ill-cultivated space, more orchard than garden, with patches of smooth turf, through which daffodils and lilies were scattered, and little clusters of carnations occasionally showed, where 'flower-beds had once existed. "What would I not give," thought Joe, as he strolled along the velvety sward, over which a clear moonlight had painted the forms of many a straggling branch—"What would I not give to be the son of a house like this, with an old and honoured name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future pretensions, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil, and unmolested; where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, perhaps more, might achieve them! What books would I not write! What novels, in which, fashioning the hero out of my own heart, I could tell scores of impressions the world has made upon me in its aspect of religion or of politics, or of society! What essays could I not compose here—the mind elevated by that buoyancy which comes of the consciousness of being free for a great effort! Free from the vulgar interruptions that cling to poverty like a garment, free from the paltry cares of daily subsistence, free from the damaging incidents of a doubtful position and a station that must be continually asserted. That one disparagement, perhaps, worst of all," cried he, aloud: "how is a man to enjoy his estate if he is 'put upon his title' every day of the week? One might as well be a French Emperor, and go every spring to the country for a character."

"What shocking indignity is this you are dreaming of?" said a very soft voice near him, and turning, he saw Nina, who was moving across the grass, with her dress so draped as to show the most perfect instep and ankle with a very unguarded indifference.

"This is very damp for you; shall we not come out into the walk?" said he.

"It is very damp," said she, quickly, "but I came because you said you had a message for me: is this true?"

"Do you think I could deceive you?" said he, with a sort of tender reproachfulness.

"It might not be so very easy, if you were to try," replied she, laughing.

"That is not the most gracious way to answer me."

"Well, I don't believe we came here to pay compliments; certainly I did not, and my feet are very wet already—look there and see the ruin of a 'chaussure' I shall never replace in this dear land of coarse leather and hobnails."

As she spoke she showed her feet, around which her bronzed shoes hung limp and misshapen.

"Would that I could be permitted to dry them with my kisses," said he, as, stooping, he wiped them with his handkerchief, but so deferentially and so respectfully as though the homage had been tendered to a princess. Nor did she for a moment hesitate to accept the service.

"There, that will do," said she, haughtily. "Now for your message."

"We are going away, Mademoiselle," said Atlee, with a melancholy tone.

"And who are 'We,' sir?"

"By 'We,' Mademoiselle, I meant to convey Walpole and myself." And now he spoke with the irritation of one who had felt a pull-up.

"Ah, indeed!" said she, smiling, and showing her pearly teeth.

"We' meant Mr. Walpole and Mr. Atlee."

"You should never have guessed it?" cried he in question.

"Never—certainly," was her cool rejoinder.

"Well! *He* was less defiant, or mistrustful, or whatever be the name for it. We were only friends of half an hour's growth when he proposed the journey. He asked me to accompany him as a favour; and he did more, Mademoiselle: he confided to me a mission—a very delicate and confidential mission—such an office as one does not usually depute to him of whose fidelity or good faith he has a doubt, not to speak of certain smaller qualities, such as tact and good taste."

"Of whose possession Mr. Atlee is now asserting himself?" said she, quietly.

He grew crimson at a sarcasm whose impassiveness made it all the more cutting.

"My mission was in this wise, Mademoiselle," said he, with a forced calm in his manner. "I was to learn from Mademoiselle Kostalergi if she should desire to communicate with Mr. Walpole touching certain family interests in which his counsels might be of use; and in this event I was to place at her disposal an address by which her letters should reach him."

"No, sir," said she, quietly, "you have totally mistaken any instructions that were given you. Mr. Walpole never pretended that I had written or was likely to write to him; he never said that he was in any way concerned in family questions that pertained to me; least of all did he presume to suppose that if I had occasion to address him by letter, I should do so under cover to another."

"You discredit my character of envoy, then?" said he, smiling easily.

"Totally and completely, Mr. Atlee; and I only wait for you yourself to admit that I am right, to hold out my hand to you, and say let us be friends."

"I'd perjure myself twice at such a price. Now for the hand."

"Not so fast—first the confession," said she, with a faint smile.

"Well, on my honour," cried he, seriously, "he told me he hoped you

might write to him. I did not clearly understand about what, but it pointed to some matter in which a family interest was mixed up, and that you might like your communication to have the reserve of secrecy."

"All this is but a modified version of what you were to disavow."

"Well, I am only repeating it now to show you how far I am going to perjure myself."

"That is, you see, in fact, that Mr. Walpole could never have presumed to give you such instructions—that gentlemen do not send such messages to young ladies—do not presume to say that they dare do so; and last of all, if they ever should chance upon one whose nice tact and cleverness would have fitted him to be the bearer of such a commission, those same qualities of tact and cleverness would have saved him from undertaking it. That is what you see, Mr. Atlee, is it not?"

"You are right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand away, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay in sending for one, he is willing to take me as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favour, and she said, with a tone of like candour:—"You were right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he wanted his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:—

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, I know far more about you. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for this interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace everything, from the difficulties of Ireland to the puzzling embarrassments of a clever young man who has everything in his favour in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? do I

not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birthplace, we are both Bohemians!”

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said—“I seal the bargain.”

“And swear to it?”

“I swear to it,” cried he.

“There, that is enough. Let us go back, or rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have seen you, and heard of your approaching departure.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO “KEARNEYS.”

A visit to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy, required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate’s experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoyment while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life, and its amusements; and Kate was quite satisfied to accept gaiety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls, and picnics, and charming rides in the Phoenix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments, that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshipped afar off, with the “awfully jolly girls” whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the flash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick’s adventures and descriptions not only twice but tenth-told; just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy-tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling

fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowth of economy that run through every conversation, as though penuriousness was the great object of existence—but, perhaps more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at meal-times, and certainly contributing little to the pleasure of the meeting: so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelors' Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that 1,000*l.* or 1,800*l.* a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and, by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all, would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a

very long séance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick at the time of the message was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there anything up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was out, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me, 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say, I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way towards the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden-implements, and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and he motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick,—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, sir. He is often terribly hard up and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in anything dishonourable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honourable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if those nobs—or swells, I believe you call them,—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! You have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. For every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without anything in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom McKeown, of Abbey Street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use in going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. Ay, you needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think anything but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horsewhip him, sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel now-a-days; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your

feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you ; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom McKeown is one of the keenest fellows I know ; and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing Street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place : one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared,—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two sessions after, but it will be law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, sir. These would amount to a revolution."

"Well, and why not ? Ain't we always going through a sort of mild revolution ? What's parliamentary government but revolution, weakened, if you like, like watered grog, but the spirit is there all the same. Don't fancy that, because you can give it a hard name, you can destroy it. But hear what Tom is coming to. 'Be early,' says he, 'take time by the forelock ; get rid of your entail and get rid of your land. Don't wait till the Government does both for you, and have to accept whatever condition the law will cumber you with, but be before them ! Get your son to join you in docking the entail ; petition before the court for a sale, yourself or somebody for you ; and wash your hands clean of it all. It's bad property, in a very ticklish country,' says Tom—and he dashes the words,—'bad property, in a very ticklish country ; and, if you take my advice, you'll get clear of both.' You shall read it all yourself by-and-by ; I am only giving you the substance of it, and none of the reasons."

"This is a question for very grave consideration, to say the least of it. It is a bold proposal."

"So it is, and so says Tom himself ; but he adds, 'There's no time to be lost ; for once it gets about how Gladstone's going to deal with land, and what Bright has in his head for eldest sons, you might as well whistle as try to dispose of that property.' To be sure, he says," added he, after a pause—"he says, 'If you insist on holding on,—if you cling to the dirty acres because they were your father's and your great-grandfather's, and if you think that being Kearney of Kilgobbin is a sort of title, in the name of God stay where you are, but keep down your expenses. Give up some of your useless servants, reduce your saddle-horses,'—*my* saddle-horses ! Dick ! 'Try if you can live without fox-hunting.' Fox-hunting ! 'Make your daughter know that she needn't dress like a duchess,'—poor Kitty's very like a duchess ; and, above all, persuade your lazy, idle, and very self-sufficient son to take to some respectable line of life to gain his living. I wouldn't say that he mightn't be an apothecary ; but if he liked law better than physic, I might be able to do something for him in my own office.'"

"Have you done, sir?" said Dick, hastily, as his father wiped his spectacles, and seemed to prepare for another heat.

"He goes on to say that he always requires one hundred and fifty guineas fee with a young man; 'but we are old friends, Maurice Kearney,' says he, 'and we'll make it pounds.'"

"To fit me to be an attorney!" said Dick, articulating each word with a slow and almost savage determination.

"Faith! it would have been well for us if one of the family had been an attorney before now. We'd never have gone into that action about the mill-race, nor had to pay those heavy damages for levelling Moore's barn. A little law would have saved us from evicting those blackguards at Mullen-slick, or kicking Mr. Hall's bailiff before witnesses."

To arrest his father's recollection of the various occasions on which his illegality had betrayed him into loss and damage, Dick blurted out, "I'd rather break stones on the road than I'd be an attorney."

"Well, you'll not have to go far for employment, for they're just laying down new metal this moment; and you needn't lose time over it," said Kearney, with a wave of his hand, to show that the audience was over and the conference ended.

"There's just one favour I would ask, sir," said Dick, with his hand on the lock.

"You want a hammer, I suppose," said his father, with a grin—"isn't that it?"

With something that, had it been uttered aloud, sounded very like a bitter malediction, Dick rushed from the room, slamming the door violently after him as he went.

"That's the temper that helps a man to get on in life," said the old man, as he turned once more to his accounts, and set to work to see where he had blundered in his figures.

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK'S REVERIE.

WHEN Dick Kearney left his father, he walked from the house, and not knowing, or much caring, in what direction he went, turned into the garden. It was a wild, neglected sort of spot, more orchard than garden, with fruit-trees of great size, long past bearing, and close underwood in places that barred the passage. Here and there little patches of cultivation appeared, sometimes flowering plants, but oftener vegetables. One long alley, with tall hedges of box, had been preserved, which led to a little mound planted with laurels and arbutus, and known as "Laurel Hill;" here a little rustic summer-house had once stood, and still, though now in ruins, showed where, in former days, people came to taste the fresh breeze above the tree-tops, and enjoy the wide range of a view that stretched to the Slieve-Bloom mountains nearly thirty miles away.

Young Kearney reached this spot, and sat down, to gaze upon a scene every detail of which was well known to him, but of which he was utterly unconscious as he looked. "I am turned out to starve," cried he, aloud, as though there was a sense of relief in thus proclaiming his sorrow to the winds. "I am told to go and work upon the roads, to live by my daily labour. Treated like a gentleman until I am bound to that condition by every tie of feeling and kindred, and then bade to know myself as an outcast. I have not even Joe Atlee's resource—I have not imbibed the instincts of the lower orders, so as to be able to give them back to them in fiction or in song. I cannot either idealize rebellion, or make treason tuneful.

"It is not yet a week since that same Atlee envied me my station as the son and heir to this place, and owned to me that there was that in the sense of name and lineage that more than balanced personal success, and here I am now, a beggar! I can enlist, however, blessings on the noble career that ignores character and defies capacity. I don't know that I'll bring much loyalty to her Majesty's cause, but I'll lend her the aid of as broad shoulders and tough sinews as my neighbours." And here his voice grew louder and harsher, and with a ring of defiance in it. "And no cutting off the entail, my Lord Kilgobbin! no escape from that cruel necessity of an heir! I may carry my musket in the ranks, but I'll not surrender my birthright!"

The thought that he had at length determined on the path he should follow aroused his courage and made his heart lighter; and then there was that in the manner he was vindicating his station and his claim that seemed to savour of heroism. He began to fancy his comrades regarding him with a certain deference, and treating him with a respect that recognized his condition. "I know the shame my father will feel when he sees to what he has driven me. What an offence to his love of rank and station to behold his son in the coarse uniform of a private! An only son, and heir, too! I can picture to myself his shock as he reads the letter in which I shall say good-by, and then turn to tell my sister that her brother is a common soldier, and in this way lost to her for ever!

"And what is it all about? What terrible things have I done? What entanglements have I contracted? Where have I forged? Whose name have I stolen? whose daughter seduced? What is laid to my charge, beyond that I have lived like a gentleman, and striven to eat and drink and dress like one? And I'll wager my life that for one who will blame him, there will be ten—no, not ten, fifty—to condemn me. I had a kind, trustful, affectionate father, restricting himself in scores of ways to give me my education among the highest class of my contemporaries. I was largely supplied with means, indulged in every way, and if I turned my steps towards home, welcomed with love and affection."

"And fearfully spoiled by all the petting he met with," said a soft voice leaning over his shoulder, while a pair of very liquid grey eyes gazed into his own.

"What, Nina!—Mademoiselle Nina, I mean," said he, "have you been long there?"

"Long enough to hear you make a very pitiful lamentation over a condition that I, in my ignorance, used to believe was only a little short of Paradise."

"You fancied that, did you?"

"Yes, I did so fancy it."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what circumstance, though? I entreat you to tell me, what belongings of mine, what resources of luxury or pleasure, what incident of my daily life, suggested this impression of yours?"

"Perhaps, as a matter of strict reasoning, I have little to show for my conviction, but if you ask me why I thought as I did, it was simply from contrasting your condition with my own, and seeing that in everything where my lot has gloom and darkness, if not worse, yours, my ungrateful cousin, was all sunshine."

"Let us see a little of this sunshine, cousin Nina. Sit down here beside me, and show me, I pray, some of those bright tints that I am longing to gaze on."

"There's not room for both of us on that bench."

"Ample room; we shall sit the closer."

"No, cousin Dick; give me your arm and we'll take a stroll together."

"Which way shall it be?"

"You shall choose, cousin."

"If I have the choice then, I'll carry you off, Nina, for I'm thinking of bidding good-by to the old house and all within it."

"I don't think I'll consent that far," said she, smiling. "I have had my experience of what it is to be without a home, or something very nearly that. I'll not willingly recall the sensation. But what has put such gloomy thoughts in your head? What, or rather who is driving you to this?"

"My father, Nina, my father!"

"This is past my comprehending."

"I'll make it very intelligible. My father, by way of curbing my extravagance, tells me I must give up all pretension to the life of a gentleman, and go into an office as a clerk. I refuse. He insists, and tells me, moreover, a number of little pleasant traits of my unfitness to do anything, so that I interrupt him by hinting that I might possibly break stones on the highway. He seizes the project with avidity, and offers to supply me with a hammer for my work. All fact, on my honour! I am neither adding to nor concealing. I am relating what occurred little more than an hour ago, and I have forgotten nothing of the interview. He, as I said, offers to give me a stone-hammer. And now I ask you, is it for me to accept this generous offer, or would it be better to wander over that bog yonder, and take my chance of a deep pool, or the bleak world where immersion and death are just as sure, though a little slower in coming?"

"Have you told Kate of this?"

"No. I have not seen her. I don't know if I had seen her, that I should have told her. Kate has so grown to believe all my father's caprices to be absolute wisdom, that even his sudden gusts of passion seem to her like flashes of a bright intelligence, too quick and too brilliant for mere reason. She could give me no comfort nor counsel either."

"I am not of your mind," said she, slowly. "She has the great gift of what people so mistakingly call *common-sense*."

"And she'd recommend me, perhaps, not to quarrel with my father, and to go and break the stones."

"Were you ever in love, cousin Dick?" asked she, in a tone every accent of which betokened earnestness and even gravity.

"Perhaps I might say never. I have spooned or flirted, or whatever the name of it might be, but I was never seriously attached to one girl, and unable to think of anything but her. But what has your question to do with this?"

"Everything. If you really loved a girl,—that is, if she filled every corner of your heart, if she was first in every plan and project of your life, not alone her wishes and her likings, but her very words and the sound of her voice,—if you saw her in everything that was beautiful and heard her in every tone that delighted you,—if to be moving in the air she breathed was ecstasy, and that heaven itself without her was cheerless,—if——"

"Oh, don't go on, Nina. None of these ecstasies could ever be mine. I have no nature to be moved or moulded in this fashion. I might be very fond of a girl, but she'd never drive me mad if she left me for another."

"I hope she may then, if it be with such false money you would buy her," said she fiercely. "Do you know," added she, after a pause, "I was almost on the verge of saying, go and break the stones; the '*métier*' is not much beneath you after all!"

"This is scarcely civil, Mademoiselle; see what my candour has brought upon me!"

"Be as candid as you like upon the faults of your nature. Tell every wickedness that you have done or dreamed of, but don't own to cold-heartedness. For *that* there is no sympathy!"

"Let us go back a bit then," said he, "and let us suppose that I did love in the same fervent and insane manner you spoke of, what and how would it help me here?"

"Of course it would. Of all the ingenuity that plotters talk of, of all the imagination that poets dream, there is nothing to compare with love. To gain a plodding subsistence a man will do much. To win the girl he loves, to make her his own, he will do everything; he will strive, and strain, and even starve to win her. Poverty will have nothing mean if confronted for her, hardship have no suffering if endured for her sake. With her before him, all the world shows but one goal; without her, life is a mere dreary task and himself a hired labourer."

"I confess, after all this, that I don't see how breaking stones would be more palatable to me because some pretty girl that I was fond of saw me hammering away at my limestone ! "

"If you could have loved as I would wish you to love, your career had never fallen to this. The heart that loved would have stimulated the head that thought. Don't fancy that people are only better because they are in love, but they are greater, bolder, brighter, more daring in danger, and more ready in every emergency. So wonder-working is the real passion that even in the base mockery of Love, men have risen to genius. Look what it made Petrarch, and I might say Byron too, tho' he never loved worthy of the name."

"And how came you to know all this, cousin mine ? I'm really curious to know that."

"I was reared in Italy, cousin Dick, and I have made a deep study of nature through French novels." Now there was a laughing devilry in her eye as she said this, that terribly puzzled the young fellow, for just at the very moment her enthusiasm had begun to stir his breast, her merry mockery wafted it away as with a storm-wind.

"I wish I knew if you were serious," said he, gravely.

"Just as serious as you were when you spoke of being ruined."

"I was so, I pledge my honour. The conversation I reported to you really took place ; and when you joined me I was gravely deliberating with myself whether I should take a header into a deep pool or enlist as a soldier."

"Fie, fie ! how ignoble all that is. You don't know the hundreds of thousands of things one can do in life. Do you speak French or Italian ? "

"I can read them, but not freely ; but how are they to help me ? "

"You shall see : first of all, let me be your tutor. We shall take two hours, three if you like, every morning. Are you free now from all your college studies ? "

"I can be after Wednesday next. I ought to go up for my term examination."

"Well, do so ; but mind, don't bring down Mr. Atlee with you."

"My chum is no favourite of yours ? "

"That's as it may be," said she, haughtily. "I have only said let us not have the embarrassment, or, if you like it, the pleasure of his company. I'll give you a list of books to bring down, and my life be on it, but my course of study will surpass what you have been doing at Trinity. Is it agreed ? "

"Give me till to-morrow to think of it, Nina."

"That does not sound like a very warm acceptance ; but be it so ; till to-morrow."

"Here are some of Kate's dogs," cried he, angrily. "Down, Fan, down ! I say. I'll leave you now before she joins us. Mind, not a word of what I told you." And without another word he sprang over a low fence, and speedily disappeared in the copse beyond it.

"Wasn't that Dick I saw making his escape?" cried Kate, as she came up.

"Yes, we were taking a walk together, and he left me very abruptly."

"I wish I had not spoiled a *tête-à-tête*," said Kate, merrily.

"It is no great mischief: we can always renew it."

"Dear Nina," said the other, caressingly, as she drew her arm around her—"dear, dear Nina, do not, do not, I beseech you."

"Don't what, child?—you must not speak riddles."

"Don't make that poor boy in love with you. You yourself told me you could save him from it if you liked."

"And so I shall, Kate, if you don't dictate or order me. Leave me quite to myself and I shall be most merciful."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAURICE KEARNEY'S "STUDY."

HAD Maurice Kearney but read the second sheet of his correspondent's letter, it is more than likely that Dick had not taken such a gloomy view of his condition. Mr. McKeown's epistle continued in this fashion:—"That ought to do for him, Maurice, or my name ain't Tom McKeown. It is not that he is any worse or better than other young fellows of his own stamp, but he has the greatest scamp in Christendom for his daily associate. Atlee is deep in all the mischief that goes on in the national press. I believe he is a head-centre of the Fenians, and I know he has a correspondence with the French socialists, and that Rights-of-labour-knot of vagabonds who meet at Geneva. Your boy is not too wise to keep himself out of these scrapes, and he is just by name and station of consequence enough to make these fellows make up to and flatter him. Give him a sound fright then, and when he is thoroughly alarmed about his failure, send him abroad for a short tour: let him go study at Halle or Heidelberg—anything, in short, that will take him away from Ireland, and break off his intimacy with this Atlee and his companions. While he is with you at Kilgobbin, don't let him make acquaintance with those Radical fellows in the county towns. Keep him down, Maurice, keep him down; and if you find that you cannot do this, make him believe that you'll be one day lords of Kilgobbin, and the more he has to lose the more reluctant he'll be to risk it. If he'd take to farming, and marry some decent girl, even a little beneath him in life, it would save you all uneasiness; but he is just that thing now that brings all the misery on us in Ireland. He thinks he's a gentleman because he can do nothing; and to save himself from the disgrace of incapacity, he'd like to be a rebel."

If Mr. Tom McKeown's reasonings were at times somewhat abstruse and hard of comprehension to his friend Kearney, it was not that he did not bestow on them due thought and reflection; and over this private and strictly-confidential page he had now meditated for hours.

"Bad luck to me," cried he at last, "if I see what he's at. If I'm to tell the boy he is ruined to-day, and to-morrow to announce to him that he is a lord—if I'm to threaten him now with poverty, and the morning after I'm to send him to Halle or Hell, or wherever it is—I'll soon be out of my mind myself through bare confusion. As to having him 'down,' he's low enough; but so shall I be, too, if I keep him there. I'm not used to seeing my house uncomfortable, and I cannot bear it."

Such were some of his reflections over his agent's advice; and it may be imagined that the Machiavellian Mr. McKeown had fallen upon a very inept pupil.

It must be owned that Maurice Kearney was somewhat out of temper with his son even before the arrival of this letter. While the "swells," as he would persist in calling the two English visitors, were there, Dick took no trouble about them, nor to all seeming made any impression on them. As Maurice said, "He let Joe Atlee make all the running, and, signs on it! Joe Atlee was taken off to town as Walpole's companion, and Dick not so much as thought of. Joe, too, did the honours of the house as if it was his own, and talked to Lockwood about coming down for the partridge-shooting, as if he was the head of the family. The fellow was a bad lot, and McKeown was right so far—the less Dick saw of him the better."

The trouble and distress these reflections, and others like them, cost him would more than have recompensed Dick, had he been hard-hearted enough to desire a vengeance. "For a quarter of an hour, or maybe twenty minutes," said he, "I can be as angry as any man in Europe, and, if it was required of me during that time to do anything desperate—downright wicked—I could be bound to do it; and what's more, I'd stand to it afterwards if it cost me the gallows. But as for keeping up the same mind, as for being able to say to myself my heart is as hard as ever, I'm just as much bent on cruelty as I was yesterday—that's clean beyond me; and the reason, God help me, is no great comfort to me after all—for it's just this: that when I do a hard thing, whether distraining a creature out of his bit of ground, selling a widow's pig, or fining a fellow for shooting a hare, I lose my appetite and have no heart for my meals; and as sure as I go asleep, I dream of all the misfortunes in life happening to me, and my guardian angel sitting laughing all the while and saying to me, 'Didn't you bring it on yourself, Maurice Kearney? couldn't you bear a little rub without trying to make a calamity of it? Must somebody be always punished when anything goes wrong in life? Make up your mind to have six troubles every day of your life, and see how jolly you'll be the day you can only count five, or maybe four.'"

As Mr. Kearney sat brooding in this wise, Peter Gill made his entrance into the study with the formidable monthly lists and accounts, whose examination constituted a veritable doomsday to the unhappy master.

"Wouldn't next Saturday do, Peter?" asked Kearney, in a tone of almost entreaty.

"I'm ather ye since Tuesday last, and I don't think I'll be able to go on much longer."

Now as Mr. Gill meant by this speech to imply that he was obliged to trust entirely to his memory for all the details which would have been committed to writing by others, and to a notched stick for the manifold dates of a vast variety of events, it was not really a very unfair request he had made for a peremptory hearing.

"I vow to the Lord," sighed out Kearney, "I believe I'm the hardest worked man in the three kingdoms."

"Maybe you are," muttered Gill, though certainly the concurrence scarcely sounded hearty, while he meanwhile arranged the books.

"Oh, I know well enough what you mean. If a man doesn't work with a spade or follow the plough, you won't believe that he works at all. He must drive, or dig, or drain, or mow. There's no labour but what strains a man's back, and makes him weary about the loins; but I'll tell you, Peter Gill, that it's here,"—and he touched his forehead with his finger,—"*it's here is the real workshop. It's thinking and contriving; setting this against that; doing one thing that another may happen, and guessing what will come if we do this and don't do that; carrying everything in your brain, and, whether you are sitting over a glass with a friend or taking a nap after dinner, thinking away all the time! What would you call that, Peter Gill—what would you call that?*"

"Madness, begorra, or mighty near it!"

"No; it's just work—brain-work. As much above mere manual labour as the intellect, the faculty that raises us above the brutes, is above the——"

"Yes," said Gill, opening the large volume, and vaguely passing his hand over a page. "*It's somewhere there about the Conacre!*"

"You're little better than a beast!" said Kearney, angrily.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not. Let us finish this, now that we're about it."

And so saying, he deposited his other books and papers on the table, and then drew from his breast-pocket a somewhat thick roll of exceedingly dirty bank-notes, fastened with a leather thong.

"I'm glad to see some money at last, Peter," cried Kearney, as his eye caught sight of the notes.

"Faix, then, it's little good they'll do ye," muttered the other, gruffly.

"What d'ye mean by that, sir?" asked he, angrily.

"Just what I said, my lord, the divil a more nor less, and that the money you see here is no more yours nor it is mine! It belongs to the land it came from. Ay, ay, stamp away, and go red in the face: you must hear the truth, whether you like it or no. The place we're living in is going to rack and ruin out of sheer bad treatment. There's not a hedge on the estate; there isn't a gate that could be called a gate; the holes the people live in isn't good enough for badgers; there's no water for the mill

at the cross-roads ; and the Loch meadows is drowned with wet—we're dragging for the hay, like sea-weed ! And you think you've a right to these"—and he actually shook the notes at him—"to go and squander them on them 'impedint' Englishmen that was laughing at you ! Didn't I hear them myself about the tablecloth that one said was the sail of a boat."

"Will you hold your tongue ?" cried Kearney, wild with passion.

"I will not ! I'll die on the floore but I'll speak my mind."

This was not only a favourite phrase of Mr. Gill's, but it was so far significant that it always indicated he was about to give notice to leave—a menace on his part of no unfrequent occurrence.

"Yes, going, are ye ?" asked Kearney, jeeringly.

"I just am ; and I'm come to give up the books, and to get my receipts and my charac—ter."

"It won't be hard to give the last, anyway," said Kearney, with a grin.

"So much the better. It will save your honour much writing, with all that you have to do."

"Do you want me to kick you out of the office, Peter Gill ?"

"No, my lord, I'm going quiet and peaceable. I'm only asking my rights."

"You're bidding hard to be kicked out, you are ?"

"Am I to leave them here, or will your honour go over the books with me ?"

"Leave the notes, sir, and go to the devil."

"I will, my lord ; and one comfort at least I'll have—it won't be harder to put up with his temper."

Mr. Gill's head barely escaped the heavy account-book which struck the door above him as he escaped from the room, and Maurice Kearney sat back in his chair and grasped the arms of it like one threatened with a fit.

"Where's Miss Kitty—where's my daughter ?" cried he aloud, as though there was some one within hearing. "Taking the dogs a walk, I'll be bound," muttered he, "or gone to see somebody's child with the measles, devil fear her ! She has plenty on her hands to do anywhere but at home. The place might be going to rack and ruin for her if there was only a young colt to look at, or a new litter of pigs ! And so you think to frighten me, Peter Gill ! You've been doing the same thing every Easter, and every harvest, these five-and-twenty years ! I can only say I wish you had kept your threat long ago, and the property wouldn't have as many tumble-down cabins and ruined fences as it has now, and my rent-roll, too, wouldn't have been the worse. I don't believe there's a man in Ireland more cruelly robbed than myself. There isn't an estate in the county has not risen in value except my own ! There's not a landed gentleman hasn't laid by money in the barony but myself, and if you were to believe the newspapers, I'm the hardest landlord in the province of Leinster. Is that Mickey Doolan, there ? Mickey !" cried he, opening the window, "did you see Miss Kearney anywhere about ?"

"Yes, my lord. I see her coming up the Bog road with Miss O'Shea."

"The worse luck mine," muttered he as he closed the window, and leaned his head on his hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

If Maurice Kearney had been put to the question, he could not have concealed the fact, that the human being he most feared and dreaded in life was his neighbour Miss Betty O'Shea.

With two years of seniority over him, Miss Betty had bullied him as a child, snubbed him as a youth, and opposed and sneered at him ever after; and to such an extent did her influence over his character extend, according to his own belief, that there was not a single good trait of his nature she had not thwarted by ridicule, nor a single evil temptation to which he had yielded, that had not come out of sheer opposition to that lady's dictation.

Malevolent people, indeed, had said that Maurice Kearney had once had matrimonial designs on Miss Betty, or rather, on that snug place and nice property called "O'Shea's Barn" of which she was sole heiress; but he most stontly declared this story to be groundless, and in a forcible manner asseverated that had he been Robinson Crusoe and Miss Betty the only inhabitant of the island with him, he would have lived and died in celibacy rather than have contracted dearer ties.

Miss Betty, to give her the name by which she was best known, was no miracle of either tact or amiability, but she had certain qualities that could not be disparaged. She was a strict Catholic, charitable, in her own peculiar and imperious way, to the poor, very desirous to be strictly just and honest, and such a sure foe to everything that she thought pretension or humbug of any kind—which meant anything that did not square with her own habits—that she was perfectly intolerable to all who did not accept herself and her own mode of life as a model and an example.

Thus, a stout-bodied copper urn on the tea-table, a very uncouth jaunting-car, driven by an old man, whose only livery was a cockade, some very muddy port as a dinner wine, and whisky-punch afterwards on the brown mahogany, were so many articles of belief with her, to dissent from any of which was a downright heresy.

Thus, after Nina arrived at the castle, the appearance of napkins palpably affected her constitution; with the advent of finger-glasses she ceased her visits, and bluntly declined all invitations to dinner. That coffee and some indescribable liberties would follow, as post-prandial excesses, she secretly imparted to Kate Kearney, in a note, which con-

cluded with the assurance that when the day of these enormities arrived, O'Shea's Barn would be open to her as a refuge and a sanctuary ; " but not," added she, " with your cousin, for I'll not let the hussy cross my doors."

For months now this strict quarantine had lasted, and except for the interchange of some brief and very uninteresting notes, all intimacy had ceased between the two houses—a circumstance, I am loth to own, which was most ungallantly recorded every day after dinner by old Kearney, who drank " Miss Betty's health, and long absence to her." It was then with no small astonishment Kate was overtaken in the avenue by Miss Betty on her old chestnut mare Judy, a small bog-boy mounted on the croop behind, to act as groom : for in this way Paddy Walshe was accustomed to travel, without the slightest consciousness that he was not in strict conformity with the ways of Rotten Row and the " Bois."

That there was nothing " stuck-up " or pretentious about this mode of being accompanied by one's groom—a proposition scarcely assailable—was Miss Betty's declaration, delivered in a sort of challenge to the world. Indeed, certain ticklesome tendencies in Judy, particularly when touched with the heel, seemed to offer the strongest protest against the practice : for whenever pushed to any increase of speed or admonished in any way, the beast usually responded by a hoist of the haunches, which invariably compelled Paddy to clasp his mistress round the waist for safety—a situation which, however repugnant to maiden bashfulness, time, and perhaps necessity, had reconciled her to. At all events, poor Paddy's terror would have been the amplest refutation of scandal, while the stern immobility of Miss Betty during the embrace would have silenced even malevolence.

On the present occasion, a sharp canter of several miles had reduced Judy to a very quiet and decorous pace, so that Paddy and his mistress sat almost back to back—a combination that only long habit enabled Kate to witness without laughing.

" Are you alone up at the Castle, dear ? " asked Miss Betty, as she rode along at her side ; " or have you the house full of what the papers call ' distinguished company ' ? "

" We are quite alone, godmother. My brother is with us, but we have no strangers."

" I'm glad of it. I've come over to ' have it out ' with your father, and it's pleasant to know we shall be to ourselves."

Now, as this announcement of having " it out " conveyed to Kate's mind nothing short of an open declaration of war, a day of reckoning on which Miss O'Shea would come prepared with a full indictment, and a resolution to prosecute to conviction, the poor girl shuddered at a prospect so certain to end in calamity.

" Papa is very far from well, godmother," said she, in a mild way.

" So they tell me in the town," said the other, snappishly. " His brother magistrates said that the day he came in, about that supposed attack—the memorable search for arms——"

"Supposed attack! but, godmother, pray don't imagine we had invented all that. I think you know me well enough and long enough to know——"

"To know that you would not have had a young scamp of a Castle aide-de-camp on a visit during your father's absence, not to say anything about amusing your English visitor by shooting down your own tenantry."

"Will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"No, not for three."

"Two, then—one even—one minute, godmother, will convince you how you wrong me."

"I won't give you that. I didn't come over about you nor your affairs. When the father makes a fool of himself, why wouldn't the daughter? The whole country is laughing at him. His lordship indeed! a ruined estate and a tenantry in rags; and the only remedy, as Peter Gill tells me, raising the rents,—raising the rents where every one is a pauper."

"What would you have him do, Miss O'Shea?" said Kate, almost angrily.

"I'll tell you what I'd have him do. I'd have him rise of a morning before nine o'clock, and be out with his labourers at daybreak. I'd have him reform a whole lazy household of blackguards, good for nothing but waste and wickedness. I'd have him apprentice your brother to a decent trade or a light business. I'd have him declare he'd kick the first man that called him 'My lord;' and for yourself, well, it's no matter——"

"Yes, but it is, godmother, a great matter to me at least. What about myself?"

"Well, I don't wish to speak of it, but it just dropped out of my lips by accident; and perhaps, though not pleasant to talk about, it's as well it was said and done with. I meant to tell your father that it must be all over between you and my nephew, Gorman; that I won't have him back here on leave as I intended. I know it didn't go far, dear. There was none of what they call love in the case. You would probably have liked one another well enough at last; but I won't have it, and it's better we came to the right understanding at once."

"Your curb-chain is loose, godmother," said the girl; who now, pale as death and trembling all over, advanced to fasten the link.

"I declare to the Lord, he's asleep!" said Miss Betty, as the wearied head of her page dropped heavily on her shoulder. "Take the curb off, dear, or I may lose it. Put it in your pocket for me, Kate; that is, if you wear a pocket."

"Of course I do, godmother. I carry very stout keys in it, too. Look at these."

"Ay, ay. I liked all that, once on a time, well enough, and used to think you'd be a good thrifty wife for a poor man; but with the Viscount your father, and the young Princess your first-cousin, and the devil knows what of your fine brother, I believe the sooner we part good

friends the better. Not but if you like my plan for you, I'll be just as ready as ever to aid you."

"I have not heard the plan yet," said Kate, faintly.

"Just a nunnery, then—no more nor less than that. The 'Sacred Heart' at Namur, or the Sisters of Mercy here at home in Bagot Street, I believe, if you like better—eh?"

"It is soon to be able to make up one's mind on such a point. I want a little time for this, godmother."

"You would not want time if your heart were in a holy work, Kate Kearney. It's little time you'd be asking, if I said will you have Gorman O'Shea for a husband?"

"There is such a thing as insult, Miss O'Shea, and no amount of long intimacy can license that."

"I ask your pardon, godchild. I wish you could know how sorry I feel."

"Say no more, godmother, say no more, I beseech you," cried Kate, and her tears now gushed forth, and relieved her almost bursting heart. "I'll take this short path through the shrubbery, and be at the door before you," cried she, rushing away; while Miss Betty, with a sharp touch of the spur, provoked such a plunge as effectually awoke Paddy, and apprised him that his duties as groom were soon to be in request.

While earnestly assuring him that some changes in his diet should be speedily adopted against somnolency, Miss Betty rode briskly on, and reached the hall-door.

"I told you I should be first, godmother," said the girl; and the pleasant ring of her voice showed she had regained her spirits, or at least such self-control as enabled her to suppress her sorrow.

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LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

LEIPSIG: ALPHONS DÜRR. NEW YORK: WILLMER AND ROGERS.
MELBOURNE: G. ROBERTSON. SYDNEY: W. MADDOCK. ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY.
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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1871.

Gervé Riel.

1.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France !
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

2.

'T was the'squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase ;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, *Damfreville* ;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ;
And they signalled to the place
" Help the winners of a race !
" Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
" Here's the English can and will ! "

3.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board ;
" Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ? " laughed they :
" Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
" Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
" Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
" Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
" And with flow at full beside ?
" Now, 't is slackest ebb of tide.
" Reach the mooring ? Rather say,
" While rock stands or water runs,
" Not a ship will leave the bay ! "
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4.

Then was called a council straight ;
Brief and bitter the debate :

“ Here 's the English at our heels ; would you have them take in tow

“ All that 's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

“ For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

“ Better run the ships aground ! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

“ Not a minute more to wait !

“ Let the Captains all and each

“ Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach !

“ France must undergo her fate.”

5.

“ Give the word ! ” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard :

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these

—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first, second, third ?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

6.

And “ What mockery or malice have we here ? ” cries Hervé Riel :

“ Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues ?

“ Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

“ On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

“ Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues ?

“ Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the lying 's for ?

“ Morn and eve, night and day,

“ Have I piloted your bay,

“ Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

“ Burn the fleet and ruin France ? That were worse than fifty Hogues !

“ Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe me there 's a way !

“ Only let me lead the line,

“ Have the biggest ship to steer,

“ Get this *Formidable* clear,

“ Make the others follow mine,

“ And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

“ Right to Solidor past Grève,

“ And there lay them safe and sound ;

“ And if one ship misbehave,

“ —Keel so much as grate the ground,

“ Why, I 've nothing but my life,—here 's my head ! ” cries Hervé Riel.

7.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great !

"Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron ! " cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place !

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock.

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past,

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !"—sure as fate,

Up the English come, too late.

8.

So, the storm subsides to calm :

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève :

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

"Let the English rake the bay,

"Gnash their teeth and glare askance

"As they cannonade away !

"'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance ! "

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell !

"Let France, let France's King

"Thank the man that did the thing ! "

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel,"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

9.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

"I must speak out at the end,

" Though I find the speaking hard :
 " Praise is deeper than the lips :
 " You have saved the King his ships,
 " You must name your own reward.
 " 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 " Demand whate'er you will,
 " France remains your debtor still.
 " Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not Damfreville."

10.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 " Since I needs must say my say,
 " Since on board the duty's done,
 " And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run ?—
 " Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 " Since the others go ashore—
 " Come ! A good whole holiday !
 " Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore !"
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

11.

Name and deed alike are lost :
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris ; rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank ;
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Croisic, Sept. 30, 1867.



Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to extreme fading and noise. The text appears to be organized into several paragraphs, with some lines being more distinct than others. The overall structure suggests a formal document or letter.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XX.

A DOMESTIC DISCUSSION.



It is a not infrequent distress in small households, especially when some miles from a market town, to make adequate preparation for an unexpected guest at dinner; but even this is a very inferior difficulty to that experienced by those who have to order the repast in conformity with certain rigid notions of a guest who will criticise the smallest deviation from the most humble standard, and actually rebuke the slightest pretension to delicacy of food or elegance of table equipage.

No sooner, then, had Kate learned that Miss O'Shea was to remain for dinner, than she immediately set herself to think over all the possible reductions that might be made in the fare, and all the plainness and simplicity that could be imparted to the service of the meal.

Napkins had not been the sole reform suggested by the Greek cousin. She had introduced flowers on the table, and so artfully had she decked out the board with fruit and ornamental plants, that she had succeeded in effecting by artifice what would have been an egregious failure if more openly attempted—the service of the dishes one by one to the guests, without any being placed on the table. These, with finger-glasses, she had already achieved, nor had she in the recesses of her heart given up the hope of seeing the day that her uncle would rise from the table as she did, give her his arm to the drawing-room, and bow profoundly as he left her. Of the inestimable advantages, social, intellectual, and moral, of this system, she had indeed been cautious to hold forth; for, like a great reformer, she was satisfied to leave her improvements to the slow test of

time, "educating her public," as a great authority has called it, while she bided the result in patience.

Indeed, as poor Maurice Kearney was not to be indulged with the luxury of whisky-punch during his dinner, it was not easy to reply to his question, "When am I to have my tumbler?" as though he evidently believed the aforesaid "tumbler" was an institution that could not be abrogated or omitted altogether.

Coffee in the drawing-room was only a half success so long as the gentlemen sat over their wine; and as for the daily cigarette Nina smoked with it, Kate, in her simplicity, believed it was only done as a sort of protest at being deserted by those unnatural protectors who preferred poteen to ladies.

It was therefore in no small perturbation of mind that Kate rushed to her cousin's room with the awful tidings that Miss Betty had arrived and intended to remain for dinner.

"Do you mean the odious woman with the boy and handbox behind her on horseback?" asked Nina, superciliously.

"Yes, she always travels in that fashion; she is odd and eccentric in scores of things, but a fine-hearted, honest woman, generous to the poor, and true to her friends."

"I don't care for her moral qualities, but I do bargain for a little outward decency, and some respect for the world's opinion."

"You will like her, Nina, when you know her."

"I shall profit by the warning. I'll take care not to know her."

"She is one of the oldest, I believe the oldest, friend our family has in the world."

"What a sad confession, child; but I have always deplored longevity."

"Don't be supercilious or sarcastic, Nina, but help me with your own good sense and wise advice. She has not come over in the best of humours. She has, or fancies she has, some difference to settle with papa. They seldom meet without a quarrel, and I fear this occasion is to be no exception; so, do aid me to get things over pleasantly if it be possible."

"She snubbed me the only time I met her. I tried to help her off with her bonnet, and, unfortunately, I displaced, if I did not actually remove, her wig, and she muttered something 'about a rope-dancer not being a dexterous lady's-maid.'"

"Oh, Nina, surely you do not mean ——"

"Not that I was exactly a rope-dancer, Kate, but I had on a Greek jacket that morning of blue velvet and gold, and a white skirt, and perhaps these had some memories of the circus for the old lady."

"You are only jesting now, Nina."

"Don't you know me well enough to know that I never jest when I think, or even suspect, I am injured?"

"Injured!"

"It's not the word I wanted, but it will do; I used it in its French sense."

"You bear her no malice, I'm sure?" said the other, caressingly.

"No!" replied she, with a shrug that seemed to deprecate even having a thought about her.

"She will stay for dinner, and we must, as far as possible, receive her in the way she has been used to here, a very homely dinner, served as she has always seen it—no fruit or flowers on the table, no claret-cup, no finger-glasses."

"I hope no tablecloth; couldn't we have a tray on a corner table, and every one help himself as he strolled about the room?"

"Dear Nina, be reasonable just for this once."

"I'll come down just as I am, or better still, I'll take down my hair and cram it into a net; I'd oblige her with dirty hands, if I only knew how to do it."

"I see you only say these things in jest; you really do mean to help me through this difficulty."

"But why a difficulty? what reason can you offer for all this absurd submission to the whims of a very tiresome old woman? Is she very rich, and do you expect an heritage?"

"No, no; nothing of the kind."

"Does she load you with valuable presents? Is she ever ready to commemorate birthdays and family festivals?"

"No."

"Has she any especial quality or gift beyond riding double and a bad temper? Oh, I was forgetting; she is the aunt of her nephew, isn't she?—the dashing lancer that was to spend his summer over here?"

"You were indeed forgetting when you said this," said Kate, proudly, and her face grew scarlet as she spoke.

"Tell me that you like him or that he likes you; tell me that there is something, anything, between you, child, and I'll be discreet and mannerly, too; and more, I'll behave to the old lady with every regard to one who holds such dear interests in her keeping. But don't bandage my eyes, and tell me at the same time to look out and see."

"I have no confidences to make you," said Kate, coldly. "I came here to ask a favour—a very small favour, after all—and you might have accorded it, without question or ridicule."

"But which you never need have asked, Kate," said the other, gravely. "You are the mistress here; I am but a very humble guest. Your orders are obeyed, as they ought to be; my suggestions may be adopted now and then—partly in caprice, part compliment—but I know they have no permanence, no more take root here than—than myself."

"Do not say that, my dearest Nina," said Kate, as she threw herself on her neck, and kissed her affectionately again and again. "You are one of us, and we are all proud of it. Come along with me, now, and tell me all that you advise. You know what I wish, and you will forgive me even in my stupidity."

"Where's your brother?" asked Nina, hastily.

"Gone out with his gun. He'll not be back till he is certain Miss Betty has taken her departure."

"Why did he not offer to take me with him?"

"Over the bog, do you mean?"

"Anywhere; I'd not cavil about the road. Don't you know that I have days when 'don't care' masters me. When I'd do anything, go anywhere——"

"Marry any one?" said the other, laughing.

"Yes; marry any one, as irresponsibly as if I was dealing with the destiny of some other that did not regard me. On these days I do not belong to myself, and this is one of them."

"I know nothing of such humours, Nina; nor do I believe it a healthy mind that has them."

"I did not boast of my mind's health, nor tell you to trust to it. Come, let us go down to the dinner-room, and talk that pleasant leg-of-mutton talk you know you are fond of."

"And best fitted for, say that," said Kate, laughing merrily.

The other did not seem to have heard her words, for she moved slowly away, calling on Kate to follow her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SMALL DINNER-PARTY.

It is sad to have to record that all Kate's persuasions with her cousin, all her own earnest attempts at conciliation, and her ably-planned schemes to escape a difficulty, were only so much labour lost. A stern message from her father commanded her to make no change either in the house or the service of the dinner—an interference with domestic cares so novel on his part as to show that he had prepared himself for hostilities, and was resolved to meet his enemy boldly.

"It's no use, all I have been telling you, Nina," said Kate, as she re-entered her room, later in the day. "Papa orders me to have everything as usual, and won't even let me give Miss Betty an early dinner, though he knows she has nine miles of a ride to reach home."

"That explains somewhat a message he has sent myself," replied Nina, "to wear my very prettiest toilette and my Greek cap, which he admired so much the other day."

"I am almost glad that *my* wardrobe has nothing attractive," said Kate, half sadly. "I certainly shall never be rebuked for my becomingness."

"And do you mean to say that the old woman would be rude enough to extend her comments to *me*?"

"I have known her do things quite as hardy, though I hope on the present occasion the other novelties may shelter you."

"Why isn't your brother here? I should insist on his coming down in discreet black, with a white tie and that look of imposing solemnity young Englishmen assume for dinner."

"Dick guessed what was coming, and would not encounter it."

"And yet you tell me you submit to all this for no earthly reason. She can leave you no legacy, contribute in no way to your benefit. She has neither family, fortune, nor connections; and, except her atrocious manners and her indomitable temper, there is not a trait of her that claims to be recorded."

"Oh, yes; she rides capitally to hounds, and hunts her own harriers to perfection."

"I am glad she has one quality that deserves your favour."

"She has others, too, which I like better than what they call accomplishments. She is very kind to the poor, never deterred by any sickness from visiting them, and has the same stout-hearted courage for every casualty in life."

"A commendable gift for a Squaw, but what does a Gentlewoman want with this same courage?"

"Look out of the window, Nina, and see where you are living! Throw your eyes over that great expanse of dark bog, vast as one of the great campagnas you have often described to us, and bethink you how mere loneliness—desolation—needs a stout heart to bear it; how the simple fact that for the long hours of a summer's day, or the longer hours of a winter's night, a lone woman has to watch and think of all the possible casualties lives of hardship and misery may impel men to. Do you imagine that she does not mark the growing discontent of the people? see their care-worn looks, dashed with a sullen determination, and hear in their voices the rising of a hoarse defiance that was never heard before? Does she not well know that every kindness she has bestowed, every merciful act she has ministered, would weigh for nothing in the balance on the day that she will be arraigned as a landowner—the receiver of the poor man's rent! And will you tell me after this she can dispense with courage?"

"Bel paese davvero!" muttered the other.

"So it is," cried Kate; "with all its faults I'd not exchange it for the brightest land that ever glittered in a southern sun. But why should I tell you how jarred and disconcerted we are by laws that have no reference to our ways,—conferring rights where we were once contented with trustfulness, and teaching men to do everything by contract, and nothing by affection, nothing by good-will."

"No, no, tell me none of all these; but tell me shall I come down in my Suliote jacket of yellow cloth, for I know it becomes me?"

"And if we women had not courage," went on Kate, not heeding the question, "what would our men do? Should we see them lead lives of bolder daring than the stoutest wanderer in Africa?"

"And my jacket, and my Theban belt?"

"Wear them all. Be as beautiful as you like, but don't be late for dinner." And Kate hurried away before the other could speak.

When Miss O'Shea, arrayed in a scarlet poplin and a yellow gauze turban—the month being August—arrived in the drawing-room before dinner, she found no one there,—a circumstance that chagrined her so far that she had hurried her toilette and torn one of her gloves in her haste. "When they say six for the dinner-hour they might surely be in the drawing-room by that hour," was Miss Betty's reflection as she turned over some of the magazines and circulating-library books which since Nina's arrival had found their way to Kilgobbin. The contemptuous manner in which she treated *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*, and the indignant dash with which she flung Trollope's last novel down, showed that she had not been yet corrupted by the light reading of the age. An unopened county newspaper, addressed to the Viscount Kilgobbin, had however absorbed all her attention, and she was more than half disposed to possess herself of the envelope when Mr. Kearney entered.

His bright blue coat and white waistcoat, a profusion of shirt-frill, and a voluminous cravat proclaimed dinner dress, and a certain pomposity of manner showed how an unusual costume had imposed on himself, and suggested an important event.

"I hope I see Miss O'Shea in good health?" said he, advancing.

"How are you, Maurice?" replied she, drily. "When I heard that big bell thundering away, I was so afraid to be late that I came down with one bracelet, and I have torn my glove too."

"It was only the first bell—the dressing bell," he said.

"Humph! That's something new since I was here last," said she, tartly.

"You remind me of how long it is since you dined with us, Miss O'Shea."

"Well, indeed, Maurice, I meant to be longer, if I must tell the truth. I saw enough the last day I lunched here to show me Kilgobbin was not what it used to be. You were all of you what my poor father—who was always thinking of the dogs—used to call "on your hind legs," walking about very stately and very miserable. There were three or four covered dishes on the table that nobody tasted; and an old man, in red breeches, ran about in half distraction, and said, 'Sherry, my lord, or Madeira.' Many's the time I laughed over it since." And, as though to vouch for the truth of the mirthfulness, she lay back in her chair, and shook with hearty laughter.

Before Kearney could reply—for something like a passing apoplexy had arrested his words—the girls entered, and made their salutations.

"If I had the honour of knowing you longer, Miss Costigan," said Miss O'Shea—for it was thus she translated the name *Kostalergi*—"I'd ask you why you couldn't dress like your cousin Kate. It may be all very well in the house, and it's safe enough here, there's no denying it; but my name's not Betty if you'd walk down Kilbeggin without a crowd yelling

after you and calling names too, that a respectable young woman wouldn't bargain for; eh, Maurice, is that true?"

"There's the dinner-bell now," said Maurice; "may I offer my arm?"

"It's thin enough that arm is getting, Maurice Kearney," said she, as he walked along at her side. "Not but it's time, too. You were born in the September of 1809, though your mother used to deny it; and you're now a year older than your father was when he died."

"Will you take this place?" said Kearney, placing her chair for her. "We're a small party to-day. I see Dick does not dine with us."

"Maybe I hunted him away. The young gentlemen of the present day are frank enough to say what they think of old maids. That's very elegant, and I'm sure it's refined," said she, pointing to the mass of fruit and flowers so tastefully arranged before her. "But I was born in a time when people liked to see what they were going to eat, Maurice Kearney, and as I don't intend to break my fast on a stock-gilly-flower, or make a repast of raisins, I prefer the old way. Fill up my glass whenever it's empty," said she to the servant, "and don't bother me with the name of it. As long as I know the King's County, and that's more than fifty years, we've been calling Cape Madeira, Sherry!"

"If we know what we are drinking, Miss O'Shea, I don't suppose it matters much."

"Nothing at all, Maurice. Calling you the Viscount Kilgobbin, as I read a while ago, won't confuse me about an old neighbour."

"Won't you try a cutlet, godmother?" asked Kate, hurriedly.

"Indeed, I will, my dear. I don't know why I was sending the man away. I never saw this way of dining before, except at the Poorhouse, where each poor creature has his plateful given him, and pockets what he can't eat." And here she laughed long and heartily at the conceit.

Kearney's good-humour relished the absurdity, and he joined in the laugh, while Nina stared at the old woman as an object of dread and terror.

"And that boy that wouldn't dine with us. How is he turning out, Maurice? They tell me he's a bit of a scamp."

"He's no such thing, godmother. Dick is as good a fellow and as right-minded as ever lived, and you yourself would be the first to say it, if you saw him," cried Kate, angrily.

"So would the young lady yonder, if I might judge from her blushes," said Miss Betty, looking at Nina. "Not indeed but it's only now I'm remembering that you're not a boy. That little red cap and that thing you wear round your throat deceived me."

"It is not the lot of every one to be so fortunate in a head-dress as Miss O'Shea," said Nina, very calmly.

"If it's my wig you are envying me, my dear," replied she, quietly, "there's nothing easier than to have the own brother of it. It was made by Crimp, of Nassau Street, and box and all cost four pound twelve."

"Upon my life, Miss Betty," broke in Kearney, "you are tempting

me to an extravagance." And he passed his hand over his sparsely-covered head as he spoke.

"And I would not, if I was you, Maurice Kearney," said she, resolutely. "They tell me that in that House of Lords you are going to, more than half of them are bald."

There was no possible doubt that she meant by this speech to deliver a challenge, and Kate's look, at once imploring and sorrowful, appealed to her for mercy.

"No, thank you," said Miss Betty, to the servant who presented a dish, "though indeed, maybe, I'm wrong, for I don't know what's coming."

"This is the 'menu,'" said Nina, handing a card to her.

"The bill of fare, godmother," said Kate, hastily.

"Well, indeed, it's a kindness to tell me, and if there is any more novelties to follow, perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me, for I never dined in the Greek fashion before."

"The Russian, I believe, madam, not the Greek," said Nina.

"With all my heart, my dear. It's about the same, for whatever may happen to Maurice Kearney or myself, I don't suspect either of us will go to live at Moscow."

"You'll not refuse a glass of port with your cheese?" said Kearney.

"Indeed I will, then, if there's any beer in the house, though perhaps it's too vulgar a liquor to ask for."

While the beer was being brought, a solemn silence ensued, and a less comfortable party could not easily be imagined.

When the interval had been so far prolonged that Kearney himself saw the necessity to do something, he placed his napkin on the table, leaned forward with a half motion of rising, and, addressing Miss Betty, said, "Shall we adjourn to the drawing-room, and take our coffee?"

"I'd rather stay where I am, Maurice Kearney, and have that glass of port you offered me a while ago, for the beer was flat. Not that I'll detain the young people, nor keep yourself away from them very long."

When the two girls withdrew, Nina's look of insolent triumph at Kate betrayed the tone she was soon to take in treating of the old lady's good manners.

"You had a very sorry dinner, Miss Betty, but I can promise you an honest glass of wine," said Kearney, filling her glass.

"It's very nice," said she, sipping it, "though, maybe, like myself, it's just a trifle too old."

"A good fault, Miss Betty, a good fault."

"For the wine, perhaps," said she drily, "but maybe it would taste better if I had not bought it so dearly."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I was about to say that I have forfeited that young lady's esteem by the way I obtained it. She'll never forgive me, instead of retiring for my coffee, sitting here like a man—and a man of that old hard-drinking school, Maurice, that has brought all the ruin on Ireland."

"Here's to their memory, any way," said Kearney, drinking off his glass.

"I'll drink no toasts nor sentiments, Maurice Kearney; and there's no artifice or roguery will make me forget I'm a woman and an O'Shea."

"Fair, you'll not catch me forgetting either," said Maurice, with a droll twinkle of his eye, which it was just as fortunate escaped her notice.

"I doubted for a long time, Maurice Kearney, whether I'd come over myself, or whether I'd write you a letter; not that I'm good at writing, but, somehow, one can put their ideas more clear, and say things in a way that will fix them more in the mind: but at last I determined I'd come, though it's more than likely it's the last time Kilgobbin will see me here."

"I sincerely trust you are mistaken, so far."

"Well, Maurice, I'm not often mistaken! The woman that has managed an estate for more than forty years, been her own land-steward and her own law-agent, doesn't make a great many blunders; and, as I said before, if Maurice has no friend to tell him the truth among the men of his acquaintance, it's well that there is a woman to the fore, who has courage and good sense to go up and do it."

She looked fixedly at him, as though expecting some concurrence in the remark, if not some intimation to proceed; but neither came, and she continued.

"I suppose you don't read the Dublin newspapers?" said she, civilly.

"I do, and every day the post brings them."

"You see, therefore, without my telling you, what the world is saying about you. You see how they treat 'the search for arms,' as they head it, and 'the maid of Saragossa!' Oh, Maurice Kearney! Maurice Kearney! whatever happened the old stock of the land, they never made themselves ridiculous."

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" asked he, with assumed calm.

"Done! Why, it's only beginning I am," cried she. "Not but I'd bear a deal of blackguarding from the press, as the old woman said when the soldier threatened to run his bayonet through her: 'Devil thank you, it's only your trade.' But when we come to see the head of an old family making ducks and drakes of his family property, threatening the old tenants that have been on the land as long as his own people, raising the rent here, evicting there, distressing the people's minds when they've just as much as they can to bear up with—then, it's time for an old friend and neighbour to give a timely warning, and cry 'stop.'"

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" And now his voice was more stern than before.

"I have not, nor near done, Maurice Kearney. I've said nothing of the way you're bringing up your family—that son, in particular—to make him think himself a young man of fortune, when you know, in your heart, you'll leave him little more than the mortgages on the estate. I have not

told you that it's one of the jokes of the capital to call him the Honourable Dick Kearney, and to ask him after his father the viscount."

"You haven't done yet, Miss O'Shea?" said he, now with a thickened voice.

"No, not yet," replied she, calmly; "not yet; for I'd like to remind you of the way you're behaving to the best of the whole of you—the only one, indeed, that's worth much in the family—your daughter Kate."

"Well, what have I done to wrong *her*?" said he, carried beyond his prudence by so astounding a charge.

"The very worst you could do, Maurice Kearney; the only mischief it was in your power, maybe. Look at the companion you have given her! Look at the respectable young lady you've brought home to live with your decent child!"

"You'll not stop?" cried he, almost choking with passion.

"Not till I've told you why I came here, Maurice Kearney; for I'd beg you to understand it was no interest about yourself or your doings brought me. I came to tell you that I mean to be free about an old contract we once made—that I revoke it all. I was fool enough to believe that an alliance between our families would have made me entirely happy, and my nephew Gorman O'Shea was brought up to think the same. I have lived to know better, Maurice Kearney: I have lived to see that we don't suit each other at all, and I have come here to declare to you formally that it's all off. No nephew of mine shall come here for a wife. The heir to Shea's Barn shan't bring the mistress of it out of Kilgobbin Castle."

"Trust *me* for that, old lady," cried he, forgetting all his good manners in his violent passion.

"You'll be all the freer to catch a young aide-de-camp from the Castle," said she, sneeringly; "or maybe, indeed, a young lord—a rank equal to your own."

"Haven't you said enough?" screamed he, wild with rage.

"No, nor half, or you wouldn't be standing there, wringing your hands with passion, and your hair bristling like a porcupine. You'd be at my feet, Maurice Kearney—ay, at my feet."

"So I would, Miss Betty," chimed he in, with a malicious grin, "if I was only sure you'd be as cruel as the last time I knelt there. Oh dear! oh dear! and to think that I once wanted to marry that woman!"

"That you did! You'd have put your hand in the fire to win her."

"By my conscience, I'd have put myself altogether there, if I had won her."

"You understand now, sir," said she, haughtily, "that there's no more between us."

"Thank God for the same!" ejaculated he, fervently.

"And that no nephew of mine comes courting a daughter of yours?"

"For his own sake, he'd better not."

"It's for his own sake I intend it, Maurice Kearney. It's of himself

I'm thinking. And now thanking you for the pleasant evening I've passed, and your charming society, I'll take my leave."

"I hope you'll not rob us of your company till you take a dish of tea," said he, with well-feigned politeness.

"It's hard to tear one's self away, Mr. Kearney; but it's late already."

"Couldn't we induce you to stop the night, Miss Betty?" asked he, in a tone of insinuation. "Well, at least you'll let me ring to order your horse?"

"You may do that, if it amuses you, Maurice Kearney; but, meanwhile, I'll just do what I've always done in the same place—I'll just go look for my own beast and see her saddled myself; and as Peter Gill is leaving you to-morrow, I'll take him back with me to-night."

"Is he going to you?" cried he, passionately.

"He's going to *me*, Mr. Kearney, with your leave, or without it, I don't know which I like best." And with this she swept out of the room, while Kearney closed his eyes and lay back in his chair, stunned and almost stupefied.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

DICK KEARNEY walked the bog from early morning till dark without firing a shot. The snipe rose almost at his feet, and, wheeling in circles through the air, dipped again into some dark crevice of the waste, unnoticed by him! One thought only possessed, and never left him, as he went. He had overheard Nina's words to his sister, as he made his escape over the fence, and learned how she promised to "spare him;" and that if not worried about him, or asked to pledge herself, she should be "merciful," and not entangle the boy in a hopeless passion.

He would have liked to have scoffed at the insolence of this speech, and treated it as a trait of overweening vanity: he would have gladly accepted her pity as a sort of challenge, and said, "Be it so: let us see who will come safest out of this encounter," and yet he felt in his heart he could not.

First of all, her beauty had really dazzled him, and the thousand graces of a manner of which he had known nothing, captivated and almost bewildered him. He could not reply to her in the same tone he used to any other. If he fetched her a book or a chair, he gave it with a sort of deference that actually reacted on himself, and made him more gentle and more courteous, for the time. "What would this influence end in making me?" was his question to himself. "Should I gain in sentiment or feeling? Should I have higher and nobler aims? Should I be anything of that she herself described so glowingly, or should I only sink to a

weak desire to be her slave, and ask for nothing better than some slight recognition of my devotion? I take it, that she would say the choice lay with *her*, and that I should be the one or the other as she willed it, and though I would give much to believe her wrong, my heart tells me that I cannot. I came down here resolved to resist any influence she might attempt to have over me. Her likeness showed me how beautiful she was, but it could not tell me the dangerous fascination of her low liquid voice, her half playful, half-melancholy smile, and that bewitching walk, with all its stately grace, so that every fold as she moves sends its own thrill of ecstasy. And now that I know all these, see and feel them, I am told that to me they can bring no hope! That I am too poor, too ignoble, too undistinguished, to raise my eyes to such attraction. I am nothing, and must live and die nothing.

"She is candid enough, at all events. There is no rhapsody about her when she talks of poverty. She chronicles every stage of the misery, as though she had felt them all; and how unlike it she looks! There is an almost insolent well-being about her that puzzles me. She will not heed this, or suffer that, because it looks mean. Is this the subtle worship she offers Wealth, and is it thus she offers up her prayer to Fortune?

"But why should she assume I must be her slave?" cried he aloud, in a sort of defiance. "I have shown her no such preference, nor made any advances that would show I want to win her favour. Without denying that she is beautiful, is it so certain it is the kind of beauty I admire? She has scores of fascinations—I do not deny it; but should I say that I trust her? And if I should trust her, and love her too, where must it all end in? I do not believe in her theory that love will transform a fellow of my mould into a hero, not to say that I have my own doubt if she herself believes it. I wonder if Kate reads her more clearly? Girls so often understand each other by traits we have no clue to; and it was Kate who asked her, almost in tone of entreaty, 'to spare me,' to save me from a hopeless passion, just as though I were some peasant-boy who had set his affection on a princess. Is that the way, then, the world would read our respective conditions? The son of a ruined house or the guest of a beggared family leaves little to choose between! Kate—the world—would call my lot the better of the two. The man's chance is not irretrievable, at least such is the theory. Those half-dozen fellows, who in a century or so contrive to work their way up to something, make a sort of precedent, and tell the others what they might be if they but knew how.

"I'm not vain enough to suppose I am one of these, and it is quite plain that she does not think me so." He pondered long over this thought, and then suddenly cried aloud, "Is it possible she may read Joe Atlee in this fashion? is that the stuff out of which she hopes to make a hero?" There was more bitterness in this thought than he had first imagined, and there was that of jealousy in it, too, that pained him deeply.

Had she preferred either of the two Englishmen to himself, he could have understood and, in a measure, accepted it. They were, as he called them, "swells." They might become, he knew not what. The career of the Saxon in fortune was a thing incommensurable by Irish ideas; but Joe was like himself, or in reality less than himself, in worldly advantages.

This pang of jealousy was very bitter; but still it served to stimulate him and rouse him from a depression that was gaining fast upon him. It is true he remembered she had spoken slightly of Joe Atlee. Called him noisy, pretentious, even vulgar; snubbed him openly on more than one occasion, and seemed to like to turn the laugh against him; but with all that she had sung duets with him, corrected some Italian verses he wrote, and actually made a little sketch in his note-book for him as a souvenir. A souvenir! and of what? Not of the ridicule she had turned upon him! not the jest she had made upon his boastfulness. Now which of these two did this argue; was this levity, or was it falsehood? Was she so little mindful of honesty that she would show these signs of favour to one she held most cheaply, or was it that her distaste to this man was mere pretence, and only assumed to deceive others.

After all, Joe Atlee was a nobody; flattery might call him an adventurer, but he was not even so much. Amongst the men of the dangerous party he mixed with he was careful never to compromise himself. He might write the songs of rebellion, but he was little likely to tamper with treason itself. So much he would tell her when he got back. Not angrily, nor passionately, for that would betray him and disclose his jealousy, but in the tone of a man revealing something he regretted—confessing to the blemish of one he would have liked better to speak well of. There was not, he thought, anything unfair in this. He was but warning her against a man who was unworthy of her. Unworthy of her! What words could express the disparity between them. Not but if she liked him—and this he said with a certain bitterness—or thought she liked him, the disproportion already ceased to exist.

Hour after hour of that long summer day he walked, revolving such thoughts as these; all his conclusions tending to the one point, that *he* was not the easy victim she thought him, and that, come what might, *he* should not be offered up as a sacrifice to her worship of Joe Atlee.

"There is nothing would gratify the fellow's vanity," thought he, "like a successful rivalry of him! Tell him he was preferred to me, and he would be ready to fall down and worship whoever had made the choice."

By dwelling on all the possible and impossible issues of such an attachment, he had at length convinced himself of its existence, and even more, persuaded himself to fancy it was something to be regretted and grieved over for worldly considerations, but not in any way regarded as personally unpleasant.

As he came in sight of home and saw a light in the small tower where Kate's bedroom lay, he determined he would go up to his sister and tell

her so much of his mind as he believed was finally settled, and in such a way as would certainly lead her to repeat it to Nina.

"Kate shall tell her that if I have left her suddenly and gone back to Trinity to keep my term, I have not fled the field in a moment of faint-heartedness. I do not deny her beauty. I do not disparage one of her attractions, and she has scores of them. I will not even say that when I have sat beside her, heard her low soft voice, and watched the tremor of that lovely mouth vibrating with wit, or tremulous with feeling, I have been all indifference; but this I will say, she shall not number *me* amongst the victims of her fascinations; and when she counts the trinkets on her wrist that record the hearts she has broken—a pastime I once witnessed—not one of them shall record the initial of Dick Kearney."

With these brave words he mounted the narrow stair and knocked at his sister's door. No answer coming, he knocked again, and after waiting a few seconds he slowly opened the door and saw that Kate, still dressed, had thrown herself on her bed, and was sound asleep. The table was covered with account-books and papers: tax receipts, law notices, and tenants' letters lay littered about, showing what had been the task she was last engaged on; and her heavy breathing told the exhaustion which it had left behind it.

"I wish I could help her with her work," muttered he to himself, as a pang of self-reproach shot through him. This certainly should have been his own task rather than hers; the question was, however, Could he have done it? And this doubt increased as he looked over the long column of tenants' names, whose holdings varied in every imaginable quantity of acres, roods, and perches. Besides these there were innumerable small details of allowances for this and compensation for that. This one had given so many days' horse-and-car hire at the bog; that other had got advances 'in seed-potatoes;' such a one had a claim for reduced rent, because the mill-race had overflowed and deluged his wheat-crop; such another had fed two pigs of "the lord's" and fattened them, while himself and his own were nigh starving.

Through an entire column there was not one case without its complication, either in the shape of argument for increased liability, or claim for compensation. It was makeshift everywhere, and Dick could not but ask himself whether any tenant on the estate really knew how far he was hopelessly in debt or a solvent man? It only needed Peter Gill's peculiar mode of collecting the moneys due, and recording the payment by the notched stick, to make the complication perfect; and there, indeed, upon the table, amid accounts, and bills, and sale-warrants, lay the memorable bits of wood themselves, as that worthy steward had deposited them before quitting his master's service.

Peter's character, too, written out in Kate's hand, and only awaiting her father's signature, was on the table—the first intimation Dick Kearney had that old Gill had quitted his post.

"All this must have occurred to-day," thought Dick: "there were no

evidences of these changes when I left this morning! Was it the back-water of my disgrace, I wonder, that has overwhelmed poor Gill?" thought he, "or can I detect Miss Betty's fine Roman hand in this incident?"

In proportion to the little love he bore Miss O'Shea, were his convictions the stronger that she was the cause of all mischief. She was one of those who took very "utilitarian" notions of his own career, and he bore her small gratitude for the solicitude. There were short sentences in pencil along the margin of the chief book in Kate's handwriting which could not fail to strike him as he read them, indicating as they did her difficulty, if not utter incapacity, to deal with the condition of the estate. Thus:

"There is no warranty for this concession. It cannot be continued."
—"The notice in this case was duly served, and Gill knows that it was to papa's generosity they were indebted for remaining."—"These arrears have never been paid, on that point I am positive!"—"Malone's holding was not fairly measured, he has a just claim to compensation, and shall have it."—"Hannigan's right to tenancy must not be disputed, but cannot be used as a precedent by others on the same part of the estate, and I will state why."—"More of Peter Gill's conciliatory policy! The Regans, for having been twice in gaol, and once indicted, and nearly convicted of Ribbonism, have established a claim to live rent-free! This I will promise to rectify."—"I shall make no more allowances for improvements without a guarantee, and a penalty besides on non-completion."

And last of all came these ominous words:—

"It will thus be seen that our rent-roll since '64 has been progressively decreasing, and that we have only been able to supply our expenses by sales of property. Dick must be spoken to on this, and at once."

Several entries had been already rubbed out, and it was clear that she had been occupied in the task of erasion on that very night. Poor girl! her sleep was the heavy repose of one utterly exhausted; and her closely clasped lips and corrugated brow showed in what frame of intense thought she had sunk to rest. He closed the book noiselessly, as he looked at her, replaced the various objects on the table, and rose to steal quietly away.

The accidental movement of a chair, however, startled her; she turned, and leaning on her elbow, she saw him as he tried to move away. "Don't go, Dick; don't go. I'm awake, and quite fresh again. Is it late?"

"It's not far from one o'clock," said he, half-roughly, to hide his emotion; for her worn and wearied features struck him now more forcibly than when she slept.

"And are you only returned now? How hungry you must be. Poor fellow—have you dined to-day?"

"Yes; I got to Owen Molloy's as they were straining the potatoes, and sat down with them, and ate very heartily, too."

"Weren't they proud of it? Won't they tell how the young lord shared their meal with them?"

"I don't think they are as cordial as they used to be, Kate ; they did not talk so openly, nor seem at their ease, as I once knew them. And they did one thing significant enough in its way, that I did not like. They quoted the county newspaper twice or thrice when we talked of the land."

"I am aware of that, Dick ; they have got other counsellors than their landlords now," said she mournfully, "and it is our own fault if they have."

"What, are you turning nationalist, Kitty ?" said he, laughing.

"I was always a nationalist in one sense," said she, "and mean to continue so ; but let us not get upon this theme. Do you know that Peter Gill has left us ?"

"What, for America ?"

"No ; for 'O'Shea's Barn.' Miss Betty has taken him. She came here to-day to 'have it out' with papa, as she said ; and she has kept her word. Indeed, not alone with him, but with all of us—even Nina did not escape."

"Insufferable old woman. What did she dare to say to Nina ?"

"She got off the cheapest of us all, Dick," said she, laughing. "It was only some stupid remark she made her about looking like a boy, or being dressed like a rope-dancer. A small civility of this sort was her share of the general attention."

"And how did Nina take the insolence ?"

"With great good temper, or good breeding. I don't know exactly which covered the indifference she displayed, till Miss Betty, when taking her leave, renewed the impertinence in the hall, by saying something about the triumphant success such a costume would achieve in the circus, when Nina curtsied, and said,—'I am charmed to hear you say so, madam, and shall wear it for my benefit ; and, if I could only secure the appearance of yourself and your little groom, my triumph would be, indeed, complete.' I did not dare to wait for more, but hurried out to affect to busy myself with the saddle, and pretend that it was not tightly girthed."

"I'd have given twenty pounds, if I had it, to have seen the old woman's face. No one ever ventured before to pay her back with her own money."

"But I give you such a wrong version of it, Dick. I only convey the coarseness of the rejoinder, and I can give you no idea of the ineffable grace and delicacy which made her words sound like a humble apology. Her eyelids drooped as she curtsied, and when she looked up again, in a way that seemed humility itself, to have reproved her would have appeared downright cruelty."

"She is a finished coquette," said he, bitterly ; "a finished coquette."

Kate made no answer, though he evidently expected one ; and after waiting a while, he went on. "Not but her high accomplishments are clean thrown away in such a place as this, and amongst such people."

What chance of fitting exercise have they with my father or myself? Or is it on Joe Atlee she would try the range of her artillery?"

"Not so very impossible this, after all," muttered Kate, quietly.

"What, and is it to *that* her high ambitions tend? Is *he* the prize she would strive to win?"

"I can be no guide to you in this matter, Dick. She makes no confidences with me, and of myself I see nothing."

"You have, however, some influence over her."

"No; not much."

"I did not say much; but enough to induce her to yield to a strong entreaty, as when, for instance, you implored her to spare your brother—that poor fellow about to fall so hopelessly in love—"

"I'm not sure that my request did not come too late, after all," said she, with a laughing malice in her eye.

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted he, almost fiercely.

"Oh, I never bargained for what you might do in a moment of passion or resentment."

"There is neither one nor the other here. I am perfectly cool, calm, and collected, and I tell you this, that whoever your pretty Greek friend is to make a fool of, it shall not be Dick Kearney."

"It might be very nice fooling, all the same, Dick."

"I know—that is, I believe I know—what you mean. You have listened to some of those high heroics she ascends to in showing what the exaltation of a great passion can make of any man who has a breast capable of the emotion, and you want to see the experiment tried in its least favourable conditions, on a cold, soul-less, selfish fellow of my own order; but, take my word for it, Kate, it would prove a sheer loss of time to us both. Whatever she might make of me, it would not be a *hero*; and whatever I should strive for, it would not be her *love*."

"I don't think I'd say that if I were a man."

He made no answer to these words, but arose and walked the room with hasty steps. "It was not about these things I came here to talk to you, Kitty," said he earnestly. "I had my head full of other things, and now I cannot remember them. Only one occurs to me. Have you got any money? I mean a mere trifle—enough to pay my fare to town?"

"To be sure I have that much, Dick; but you are surely not going to leave us?"

"Yes. I suddenly remembered I must be up for the last day of term in Trinity. Knocking about here—I'll scarcely say amusing myself—I had forgotten all about it. Atlee used to jog my memory on these things when he was near me, and now, being away, I have contrived to let the whole escape me. You can help me, however, with a few pounds?"

"I have got five of my own, Dick; but if you want more—"

"No, no; I'll borrow the five of your own, and don't blend it with more, or I may cease to regard it as a debt of honour."

"And if you should, my poor dear Dick——"

"I'd be only pretty much what I have ever been, but scarcely wish to be any longer," and he added the last words in a whisper. "It's only to be a brief absence, Kitty," said he, kissing her; "so say good-by for me to the others, and that I shall be soon back again."

"Shall I kiss Nina for you, Dick?"

"Do; and tell her that I gave you the same commission for Miss O'Shea, and was grieved that both should have been done by deputy!"

And with this he hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAPHAZARD VICEROY.

WHEN the Government came into office, they were sorely puzzled where to find a Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. It is, unhappily, a post that the men most fitted for generally refuse, while the Cabinet is besieged by a class of applicants whose highest qualification is a taste for mock royalty combined with an encumbered estate.

Another great requisite, beside fortune and a certain amount of ability, was at this time looked for. The Premier was about, as newspapers call it, "to inaugurate a new policy," and he wanted a man who knew nothing about Ireland! Now, it might be carelessly imagined that here was one of those essentials very easily supplied. Any man frequenting club-life or dining out in town could have safely pledged himself to tell off a score or two of eligible viceroys, so far as this qualification went. The Minister, however, wanted more than mere ignorance: he wanted that sort of indifference on which a character for impartiality could so easily be constructed. Not alone a man unacquainted with Ireland, but actually incapable of being influenced by an Irish motive or affected by an Irish view of anything.

Good luck would have it that he met such a man at dinner. He was an ambassador at Constantinople, on leave from his post, and so utterly dead to Irish topics as to be uncertain whether O'Donovan Rossa was a Fenian or a Queen's counsel, and whether he whom he had read of as the "Lion of Judah" was the king of beasts or the Archbishop of Tuam!

The Minister was pleased with his new acquaintance, and talked much to him, and long. He talked well, and not the less well that his listener was a fresh audience, who heard everything for the first time, and with all the interest that attaches to a new topic. Lord Danesbury was, indeed, that "sheet of white paper" the head of the Cabinet had long been searching for, and he hastened to inscribe him with the characters he wished.

"You must go to Ireland for me, my lord," said the Minister. "I have met no one as yet so rightly imbued with the necessities of the situation. You must be our viceroy."

Now, though a very high post and with great surroundings, Lord Danesbury had no desire to exchange his position as an ambassador, even to become a Lord Lieutenant. Like most men who have passed their lives abroad, he grew to like the ways and habits of the Continent. He liked the easy indulgences in many things, he liked the cosmopolitanism that surrounds existence, and even in its littleness is not devoid of a certain breadth ; and best of all he liked the vast interests at stake, the large questions at issue, the fortunes of States, the fate of Dynasties ! To come down from the great game, as played by kings and kaisers, to the small traffic of a local government wrangling over a road-bill, or disputing over a harbour, seemed too horrible to confront, and he eagerly begged the Minister to allow him to return to his post, and not risk a hard-earned reputation on a new and untried career.

"It is precisely from the fact of its being new and untried I need you," was the reply, and his denial was not accepted.

Refusal was impossible ; and, with all the reluctance a man consents to what his convictions are more opposed to even than his reasons, Lord Danesbury gave in, and accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland.

He was deferential to humility in listening to the great aims and noble conceptions of the mighty Minister, and pledged himself—as he could safely do—to become as plastic as wax in the powerful hands which were about to remodel Ireland.

He was gazetted in due course, went over to Dublin, made a State entrance, received the usual deputations, complimented every one, from the Provost of Trinity College to the Chief Commissioner of Pipewater ; praised the coast, the corporation, and the city ; declared that he had at length reached the highest goal of his ambition ; entertained the high dignitaries at dinner, and the week after retired to his ancestral seat in North Wales, to recruit after his late fatigue, and throw off the effects of that damp, moist climate which already he fancied had affected him.

He had been sworn in with every solemnity of the occasion ; he had sat on the throne of state, named the officers of his household, made a master of the horse, and a state steward, and a grand chamberlain ; and, till stopped by hearing that he could not create ladies and maids of honour, he fancied himself every inch a king ; but now that he had got over to the tranquil quietude of his mountain home, his thoughts went away to the old channels, and he began to dream of the Russians in the Balcan and the Greeks in Thessaly. Of all the precious schemes that had taken him months to weave, what was to come of them *now* ? How and with what would his successor, whoever he should be, oppose the rogueries of Sumayloff or the chicanery of Ignatieff ; what would any man not trained to the especial watchfulness of this subtle game know of the steps by which men advanced ? Who was to watch Bulgaria and see how far Russian gold was embellishing the life of Athens ? There was not a hungry agent that lounged about

the Russian embassy in Greek petticoats and pistols whose photograph the English ambassador did not possess, with a biographical note at the back to tell the fellow's name and birthplace, what he was meant for and what he cost. Of every interview of his countrymen with the Grand Vizier, he was kept fully informed, and whether a forage magazine was established on the Pruth, or a new frigate laid down at Nickolief, the news reached him by the time it arrived at St. Petersburg. It is true he was aware how hopeless it was to write home about these things. The ambassador who writes disagreeable despatches is a bore or an old woman. He who dares to shake the security by which we daily boast we are surrounded, is an alarmist, if not worse. Notwithstanding this, he held his cards well "up," and played them shrewdly. And now he was to turn from this crafty game, with all its excitement, to pore over constabulary reports and snub justices of the peace!

But there was worse than this. There was an Albanian spy, who had been much employed by him of late, a clever fellow, with access to society, and great facilities for obtaining information. Seeing that Lord Danesbury should not return to the embassy, would this fellow go over to the enemy? If so, there were no words for the mischief he might effect. By a subordinate position in a Greek government office, he had often been selected to convey despatches to Constantinople, and it was in this way his lordship first met him; and as the fellow frankly presented himself with a very momentous piece of news, he at once showed how he trusted to British faith not to betray him. It was not alone the incalculable mischief such a man might do by change of allegiance, but the whole fabric on which Lord Danesbury's reputation rested was in this man's keeping; and of all that wondrous prescience on which he used to pride himself before the world, all the skill with which he baffled an adversary, and all the tact with which he overwhelmed a colleague, this same "Speridionides" could give the secret and show the trick.

How much more constantly, then, did his lordship's thoughts revert to the Bosphorus than the Liffy! All this home news was mean, commonplace, and vulgar. The whole drama—scenery, actors, plot—all were low and ignoble; and as for this "something that was to be done for Ireland," it would of course be some slowly germinating policy to take root now, and blossom in another half-century: one of those blessed parliamentary enactments which men who dealt in heroic remedies like himself regarded as the chronic placebo of the political Quack.

"I am well aware," cried he, aloud, "for what they are sending me over. I am to 'make a case' in Ireland for a political legislation, and the bill is already drawn and ready; and while I am demonstrating to Irish Churchmen that they will be more pious without a religion, and the landlords richer without rent, the Russians will be mounting guard at the Golden Horn, and the last British squadron steaming down the Levant."

It was in a temper kindled by these reflections he wrote this note :—

"DEAR WALPOLE,—

"Plmnuddm Castle, North Wales.

"I CAN make nothing out of the papers you have sent me ; nor am I able to discriminate between what you admit to be newspaper slander and the attack on the castle with the unspeakable name. At all events your account is far too graphic for the Treasury lords, who have less of the pictorial about them than Mr. Mudie's subscribers. If the Irish peasants are so impatient to assume their rights that they will not wait for the 'Hatt-Houmaïoun,' or Bill in Parliament that is to endow them, I suspect a little further show of energy might save us a debate and a third reading. I am, however, far more eager for news from Therapia. Tolstai has been twice over with despatches ; and Boustikoff, pretending to have sprained his ankle, cannot leave Odessa, though I have ascertained that he has laid down new lines of fortification, and walked over twelve miles per day. You may have heard of the great 'Speridionides,' a scoundrel that supplied me with intelligence. I should like much to get him over here while I am on my leave, confer with him, and, if possible, save him *from the necessity of other engagements*. It is not every one could be trusted to deal with a man of this stamp, nor would the fellow himself easily hold relations with any but a gentleman. Are you sufficiently recovered from your sprained arm to undertake this journey for me ? If so, come over at once, that I may give you all necessary indications as to the man and his whereabouts.

"Maude has been 'on the sick list,' but is better, and able to ride out to-day. I cannot fill the law appointments till I go over, nor shall I go over till I cannot help it. The Cabinet is scattered over the Scotch lakes. C. alone in town, and preparing for the War Ministry by practising the goose-step. Telegraph, if possible, that you are coming, and believe me yours,

"DANESBURY."

National Education in India.

OF the many important points connected with this great subject, not more than one or two will here be touched upon. In the year 1866—the latest for which complete statistics have been compiled—the number of educational institutions in British India, governmentally maintained or aided, was 15,165, at which instruction was given to 614,355 pupils, at an expense to the State of between 600,000*l.* and 700,000*l.* What is here proposed to be shown is, first, how little good is done by so much—by far the larger portion—of this outlay as is absorbed by vernacular instruction; and, secondly, how very much more good might be done by applying it to the teaching of English.

There is no great use in a key without some lock which it will fit, nor in being able to construe a language in which there are no books. Now, although in every hundred of Indian National Schools there may, perhaps, be one with an English class, in the remaining ninety-nine vernacular dialects alone are employed; and in no living Indian vernacular are there any books. This assertion will be no sooner heard than contradicted; but even though it be forthwith confronted with an Oordoo Bible, or a Teloo goo or Tamil primer, it need not on that account be withdrawn. If, as Johnson once remarked to his biographical satellite, I complain that there is no fruit in an orchard, what does it matter that some one comes presently, exclaiming, “Sir, you are mistaken; you said there was no fruit, and see, here are two apples and three pears?” When saying that there are no Indo-vernacular books, of course I mean none to speak of; and certainly of most of such as there are, the less said the better. In the first place, with the exception of some half-dozen classics of the Bagh-o-Bahar type, they are all translations; and in the second, these translations are the work, not of natives, but of foreigners. In quality, as in quantity, the vernacular literature of India is much what that of Wales would be if composed exclusively of works done into Welsh by English philo-Cymrians, who had learnt Welsh for the purpose; or what that of Romanized Britain would have been if it had consisted solely of Cimbric or Celtic translations from the Latin by Roman missionaries. As it happened, the Roman missionaries who crossed over by whole armies to our shores, came with pikes, not books, in their hands: stern, hard-headed propagandists they were, too, with strong sense, clear views, and no superfluous sentiment. To these it was plain that if the Britons were to learn to read, they had better learn in a language in which there was already plenty of legible material, than in one in which all such material had still to be composed. But they took no pains to teach; they contented themselves with making it the interest of the pupils to

learn. Instead of schools, they established law and police courts, custom-houses, and inland revenue and recruiting offices, where all business was transacted in Latin, without some knowledge of which, consequently, no suitor could have the satisfaction of knowing why he was cast in damages or into prison; nor any householder why the tax-gatherer's demand was raised ten per cent., or why his son, and not his neighbour's, was pressed for legionary service. The Romans, besides, were in the habit of planting colonies in all their conquered territories, sometimes putting a detachment of discharged soldiers, or civic adventurers, in possession of one-third of the houses and lands of an existing city; sometimes assigning to them an adequate area wherein to build a city for themselves. At first these colonists would constitute a patrician order, to whom the rest of the townsfolk stood in the relation of plebeians; but before long the privileges of *commercium* and *connubium* would be conveyed to the latter, and the two classes would intermarry and intertrade; whereupon the blood relations of indigenous brides would have an extra motive for acquiring the speech of the high foreign families they had become connected with; and indigenous shopkeepers, even if acquainted with any other written characters, would find it more convenient to keep their accounts in those of their wealthiest customers.

The operation of these various causes is remarkable both for the constant occurrence of certain results, where certain conditions were present, and for the absence of those results wherever the conditions were absent. Wherever there was a native literature, there also the native language had too firm a hold on the affections of the people to be displaced. Athenians and Corinthians might possibly condescend to pick up a few Latin phrases for occasional dealings with such of their conquerors as did not try to save them the trouble by learning Greek; but they had no idea of deserting Homer for his pale reflection in Virgil, or their original Menander for his travesty in Terence. So they, and Jews likewise, and Syrians and Egyptians, went on reading their own authors, and venting their scorn and spleen against Italian barbarians in their own mother-tongue; and the consequence is, that wherever any living representatives of any of these ancient peoples still abide, their ancient language abides with them. In whatever region the population was at any time chiefly Greek, Greek is still spoken; Coptic still lingers in Egypt; Hebrew in all synagogues, and Syriac in many Eastern churches. Among all the unlettered provincials, on the other hand, a complete linguistic revolution was rapidly effected. The subject barbarians, finding that they could not get on without some acquaintance with their rulers' form of speech, made acquaintance with it accordingly, and, having no patriotic reason for burdening themselves with two sets of words where one would suffice, while taking up a foreign language, let their own drop. Among Gauls and Iberians, Latin became so thoroughly naturalized, that, in spite of its frequent and copious alloy by Franks, Burgundians, and Normans, Goths, Vandals, and Arabs, it still continues the main stock and stay of French and Spanish. In Dacia, even in the brief period allowe^d

for its establishment in that last won and first lost of Roman provinces, Latin seems to have taken even deeper root, the ordinary discourse of the modern Roumans of Wallachia and Moldavia being made up so largely of Latin words inherited from their Dacian ancestors, that any tolerable Latinist is said to have little difficulty in understanding them. Nor, perhaps, would such an one's facility of intelligence have been less among descendants of the Romanized Britons, if the Angles, Frisians, and Northmen, by whom these were successively conquered, had not, by nearly exterminating them, prevented their leaving any recognizable posterity. That in India the application of like causes would have produced like effects, may be inferred from the completeness with which, in the valley of the Ganges, from Hurdwar as far as Patna, Hindee, under the domination of Persian-speaking Moguls, became supplanted by Oordoo and Hindostanee—mongrels between itself and Persian. Presumably, then, Hindostanee would in turn have been similarly supplanted, if certain parts of the policy of the Moguls had been adopted by their successors. The Anglo-Indian Government, however, has always gone upon a directly opposite tack. Although, for a lengthened period, rigidly excluding natives of India from all offices but the humblest, it from the beginning prescribed the use of the native languages for most administrative details. Instead of furnishing its native subjects with motives for learning its language, it has tried to force its English servants to learn theirs, making a certain proficiency in one or more of the native dialects an indispensable condition of promotion, civil or military. As for any imitation of Roman *municipia*, that was about the last thing to be thought of during the sway of the East India Company, whose constant bugbear was a vision of interlopers, scheming at one time to upset their commercial monopoly, and at another to build up, on the ruins of their territorial domination, an independent confederacy, modelled after that of the United States of America. Within the last thirty years, indeed, the Government has, as we have seen, established a vast number of seminaries of every degree; but in such of these as are intended for the bulk of the people, it has, with unprovoked perversity, instead of encouraging, been at considerable pains to discourage, the study of English. In a celebrated despatch, addressed by them in 1854 to their Governor-General, the late Court of East Indian Directors lay it down as a principle, that the right medium of education is the vernacular languages, the substitution for which of English they earnestly and repeatedly deprecate; and the injunctions thus conveyed have ever since been acted upon with unquestioning fidelity. A special committee, reporting in 1856 on the state of affairs in Bengal, complains of the large proportion of grant-in-aid schools that had originated "in the growing desire for English education, and were fitted only to meet the wants of those who desired to obtain" some "knowledge of English at a cheap rate, and without the inconvenience of absence from home;" and declare themselves "unanimously of opinion" that the tendency of such schools is to "aggravate a very serious evil." In 1867, an Under-Secretary to the Government of India, remark-

ing that "to secure to their children a knowledge of our tongue is the one object for which, as a rule, the people are willing to pay," infers that it is *therefore* necessary to watch lest the desire for the acquisition of English "have the *evil* tendency" apprehended by the above-quoted committee. In the North-West Provinces, according to the Education Reports for the last few years, there is a rapidly increasing desire for the acquisition of English, "which, however, is as yet chiefly taught as a language, and not made to supersede the vernacular as a medium of instruction." In the Punjab, says the local Director-General of Public Instruction in 1863, the neglect of vernacular studies for the purpose of learning English has been "specially prohibited," and "the attention of district and educational officers has been repeatedly directed to the prevention of that *evil*." "In a movement," says the same functionary in 1867, "for promoting Oriental education and vernacular literature, which was started at Lahore two years ago, and has been pressed, under the Lieutenant-Governor's patronage, on the attention of all Government officials and native chiefs and gentlemen, I, to some extent, cordially sympathize," notwithstanding that it has, as he adds, "had a bad effect on the progress of English education." In Oude, says the Director-General of that province, "in nearly all the Anglo-vernacular schools, the boys would, if permitted, give their whole time to their English lessons; and I have been repeatedly asked by pupils and parents to send an English teacher, it being generally added, that compliance with the request would double the attendance." Nevertheless, in the schools in question, the vernacular alone is still used "as a medium for imparting knowledge in general subjects, whilst English is read merely as a language." In the Central Provinces, students of English, for the avowed purpose of diminishing their number, are "required to pay a higher fee than merely vernacular scholars." Of the Madras presidency much the same story is told. A similarly increasing demand for English is observed, and opposed there. Spite of the enlightened efforts of Sir C. Trevelyan and others, to introduce a more judicious system, "in talook schools, and in the lower classes of zillah schools, English is taught merely as a language, substantive knowledge being conveyed through the medium of the vernacular." Finally, of the Bombay territories it is emphatically declared, that "English education has been starved there in the interest of vernacular." Desire for the former "manifests itself in constant applications from the people for schoolmasters able to teach English," for whose maintenance, moreover, "special subscriptions are offered;" but the people's shepherds continue indisposed to afford them access to the wished-for pasturage. "At first," says the Bombay Report for 1855-6, "there was a tendency in the local committees to seek the extension of English to the neglect of vernacular schools," but it exultingly adds, "a resolution of Government has authoritatively settled that point, and now no assignments of local funds to English education are made," unless the collector of the district can furnish a certificate that its wants "in respect of vernacular education" have been as far as possible supplied. "Probably," says the Report for

1855-6, "ten per cent. out of the whole number of boys in Government schools are learning English;" but "the acknowledged tendency to acquire the language of good appointments has been somewhat checked, partly by an order requiring a certain knowledge of his own vernacular before a boy is allowed to begin English; partly by want of sanction for the improvement or establishment of Anglo-vernacular schools, much asked for by the people, and very necessary to this department."

Three peculiarities in Anglo-Indian administration have now been noted, all of which may, by unprejudiced observers be not improbably deemed to stand in need of reversal. It would, however, be an abuse of the journalist's privilege of discursiveness to enter at all largely, under the heading of the present paper, either upon the suitableness of India for military colonization, or on the expediency of substituting, in the transaction of revenue and judicial business, the language of the rulers for that of the ruled. On one of these points be it therefore simply suggested, that to attach time-expired men of European regiments to Indian soil by grants of land on mountain slopes or elevated levels, to be held on condition of occasional military service, might be a very cheap, yet, under proper supervision, a very efficient mode of reinforcing the Anglo-Indian garrison. Whatever might be the technical aptitudes, there could at any rate be no doubt of the loyalty of such a militia, well aware, as it would be, of the sort of disembodiment awaiting it in the event of the *de facto* government being subverted. With regard to the other, let us figure to ourselves the position of an immigrant Frenchman who, after a year or two's naturalization in Leicester Square, should be commissioned to Zummerzetshire as president of a county court, or as sheriff depute to Aberdeen awa', and we may then have some faint notion of the difficulties of an Anglo-Indian, ordered as magistrate, judge, or collector, now to Rohilcund, then to the Punjab, and now recalled to Calcutta, or moved backwards and forwards between Dharwar and Sind, or between Ganjam and Trichinopoly, or settled down in that perfect Babel of tongues, the Central Provinces.

The sort of instruction, however, best fitted for adoption in Indian schools, is an affair regularly and immediately before us, and, in connection with it, we may at the outset remark that for purveyors of knowledge, as for those of any other class of wares, the surest plan for attracting customers is to be prepared to supply whatever articles are most in demand. If young Bengal, in search of a hat, enter a shop where only turbans are kept, he may, possibly, in despair, fit himself with one of the latter, but quite possibly, too, he may leave without top-gear of any sort. And as with the outer so with the inner garniture of his head. If he seek for English where only the vernacular is to be acquired, he is as likely as not to try to make shift without either. True, in respect of instruction, those who are most in want are often the least conscious of their want, and oftener still, are the least able to judge what special kind of knowledge it is they need. In India, however, native instinct would seem to have come to a juster conclusion on this last point than English ratiocination.

Early Anglo-Indian educationists, indeed, did not aim very high, and did not disproportion ends to means so much as their successors. Even Lieutenant-Governor Thomason, keen-sighted as he was, did not, when propounding his views in 1846, look beyond "enabling zemindars and cultivators to understand village accounts and the putwari's papers," for which humble purpose a moderate acquaintance with native pothooks might suffice. But a few years later, more extended views came to be entertained, for we find the East Indian Directors in 1854 dwelling on the shortcomings of Asiatic learning in respect of science, philosophy, and all modern discoveries and improvements, and on the desirableness of supplementing its deficiencies from European stores. But they at the same time evinced great anxiety that Western thought should be communicated principally through Eastern speech. They were content that in colleges and high schools European culture should continue to be imparted to the initiated by its own proper sounds and symbols; but they insisted that for popular education the principal instruments should be the vernacular dialects, which, they added, in order to be fitted for the office, should be enriched by translations from the best English elementary treatises, said translations being advertised for and liberally rewarded. These latter suggestions were worthy of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs, who, having resolved that his daughter should learn Greek, magnanimously resolved also to learn it himself first, in order to be able to teach her: nay, the "honourable Court" went considerably beyond the Beau, who is not recorded to have contemplated the composition of a new series of Greek classics, whereas they, having decided on having their subjects taught to read in vernaculars whose name was legion, shrank not from the consequent obligation of providing materials for reading in each vernacular. Some books have accordingly been manufactured to order, and no doubt are of many various degrees of merit and its opposite. But without disputing that among the half-dozen for instance, that have been written in, or translated into, Burmese, the Rev. Mr. Hough's geography, albeit "without maps," and Mr. Stilson's arithmetic, are as admirable as they have been officially pronounced to be, we may still be certain that, if so, these and all such as these cannot but be exceptions to the ordinary rule. Of what quality are the generality of the compilations and versions in question may be pretty confidently inferred from their being, as already intimated, the performances, not of natives, but of aliens, of the most accomplished of whom it can be no disparagement to say that they are, at any rate, not in their several linguistic walks more than the equals of Max Müller. Yet, if that prince of living philologists were to attempt lengthened composition in that one of the many foreign languages he understands, which he more especially and formally professes, the chances are great that he would commit not a few innovations in phraseology as puzzling to pundits as the darkest archaisms of the Vedic hymns. And even if all Indianized specimens of English literature were of unimpeachable quality, their numerical paucity would still be a serious drawback from their educational utility. Doubtless, however scanty were the literature of a language,

might possibly be worth learning that language for the sake of its literature. Few as are the publications that have been provided for the edification of the blind, any one disqualified for seeing his way through those few might do well to learn to feel it. But it would be a sad waste of labour for those to learn to read by touch who, by being taught to read by sight, would acquire equal command over books prepared for either purpose, either for manipulation or inspection. Nor would those pains be much more wisely directed which were spent in gaining access to a small fraction of any particular literature in translation, when, without much more trouble, the whole of the same literature might be rendered equally accessible in the original. Of course the applicability of this remark depends upon the relative degrees of trouble required for the two operations; but although it is no doubt easier to learn to read in one's own than in a foreign language, the difference of difficulty is much less than is commonly supposed. Time was when throughout Western Europe, whatever child was taught his A B C, was taught it out of a Latin primer, and presently afterwards had to get his grammar likewise by heart in Latin, as Eton youngsters had till almost the other day, without the faintest glimmer at first of the sense of what he was required to repeat. Here truly was pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, which yet was rapidly and eminently successful. Of the 5,000 students who, towards the close of the eleventh century, gathered round Abelard at Paris, or of the 80,000 with whom contemporaneous Oxford has been peopled by the prolific imagination of Anthony à Wood, a large proportion were literally mendicants, as absolutely dependent, as the autobiography of Thomas Platter owns him to have been, on the broken victuals they got by begging. These, having come of parents too poor to furnish them at all abundantly with educational means and appliances, had commonly learnt their rudiments at a hedge-school, presided over by the parish curate, or by a monk from a neighbouring convent. Yet without better preliminary training than was thus obtainable, numbers of youths were continually reaching the universities fully prepared to listen with keen zest to the erudite doctors they found disputing there, and to take notes of their Latin discourses. It is not, in short, too much to affirm that, during the earlier part of the Middle Ages, almost every one who had been to school was as well able to read and write in a dead foreign language as he would have been in his own living mother-tongue, if the latter, instead of the former, had been employed for his scholastic tuition. A parallel and more recent case is afforded by educational experience in the northernmost half of North Britain. When Walter Scott, some eighty years ago, was taking in the Highlands those sketches from life which he subsequently worked up into finished pictures under the names of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*, few of the aborigines, below the degree of Duinhe Wassel, were qualified to hold oral converse with the Southron. Two or three intervening generations, however, have given quite another turn to the linguistic difficulty. Where there used to be so few who could speak English, the number is now fast diminishing of those who can speak much

else, insomuch that patrons of Highland livings, notwithstanding the number of sons of small farmers and small shopkeepers bred up in Scotland to the church, are occasionally at a loss for ministers qualified for induction into their vacant benefices by that acquaintance with Gaelic which ecclesiastical ordinances prescribe. In all the primary schools, of which—thanks principally to the General Assembly—there is now a tolerable sprinkling over the whole stretch of country between the Ochil hills and the Pentland Firth, all pupils are taught English, at which many of them, before finally leaving, become little less apt than the generality of English-born boys of similar age and social standing, the English of the former being, indeed, much more of the grammar and dictionary species than that of the latter—more correct that is, and freer from colloquial vulgarisms. That these young Gaels, priding themselves on their new accomplishment, and valuing it for its extensive utility, should sport it on most occasions to the proportionate neglect of its native rival, is easily understood. Neither is there anything surprising in their acquiring it so readily. As long as initiation into the mysteries of scholastic learning is required to consist of committal to memory of a number of unmeaning sounds, it will not greatly matter what those sounds are, whether English or Latin, Gaelic or English, or yet Indo-vernacular or English. Neither, as long as the memory remains unincumbered, is much more exertion requisite for taking in two sets than one set of words, as may be seen from the facility with which, wherever four or five languages are commonly spoken, children imbibe them all—in many Levantine cities, for instance, talking Greek, Turkish, French, and Italian with equal fluency.

It need not be doubted then, that the counterpart of what takes place in the Scottish Highlands might, by corresponding arrangements, be equally brought about in India. By the adoption of suitable means, an English bent may as readily be given to the young idea of Gentoo as of Gael, and it is satisfactory to note what simple means may apparently suffice for the purpose. What the ruling powers have to do in the matter is not so much to encourage as to leave off discouraging; not so much to stimulate the already great and rapidly growing desire for specific instruction, as to cease from withholding the desired instruction from those who seek it. The alteration most needed in the present educational system is, that in all Government seminaries of every degree, in the lowest as well as in the highest, adequate provision should be made for teaching English. This being done, it might perhaps be safely left optional with parents whether their children should learn English, and whether, if they did, they should have lessons in the vernacular likewise; for, to judge from evidence already referred to, there can be little doubt what the usual decision would be. No doubt it is not in Oude only that the pupils, “if permitted, would give their whole time to their English lessons.” Still, if only for the sake of adherence to some intelligible principle, it might be better that English should be made an obligatory subject in all schools, as it is already in all colleges, the study of any vernacular being at the same time left optional, or even excluded, exc-

as an auxiliary to the study of English. Among Anglo-Indian educationists a much vexed question is, whether the national mind can be most speedily and thoroughly permeated by filtration from above or capillary attraction from below, but without venturing to decide between the two plans, we may reasonably assume that a judicious mixture of both would be better than either. If while the three Presidency Universities and their affiliated colleges were sending annually increasing numbers of native young gentlemen to shine forth as literary and scientific lights, and kindle emulative flames among their social inferiors, middle-class pupils were being prepared at zillah, tehsil, and circuit schools for entrance on a college course, and lower and lowest class pupils were being similarly prepared at corresponding schools for middle-class instruction, it may reasonably be supposed that the educational currents thus proceeding from opposite extremities of the social scale would meet half-way in about half the time that would be required for either to traverse the whole intervening distance. Some cause has already been shown for supposing that the two converging currents would require but little more time to meet in consequence of their having become streams of English knowledge, and in addition to other reasons for thinking that the whole time required would not be great, the following may be stated:—In certain districts of Lower Bengal the bulk of the native reading public are even now so far Anglicized as not only to have their book-shelves filled with English volumes, but to prefer that the *Hindoo Patriot* and other like newspapers, expressly designed to be vehicles and reflectors of native thought, should be composed in English. Now as of the educational influences which have directly contributed to this result, few have been in active operation for much more than a generation, it would seem that with better management and directer application of means to ends, the same result might be produced elsewhere within a very moderate multiple of the same period. Many improvements in educational practice might have to be made, and some educational expedients which as yet exist only in theory, might have to be adopted in order to ensure success; but if the authority on which success would mainly depend, took up the work in earnest, there is nothing very extravagant in imagining that in two or three generations hence English might become naturalised all over India in the same degree as it already is in parts of Bengal Proper. And, of course, a linguistic revolution which had proceeded so far would not stop there, but would go on advancing with continually accelerated steps, until of difference of speech, that fruitful source of graver differences, few traces should remain between Britain and her magnificent dependency.

In the prospect of the eventual supersession of all Indo-vernaculars which the supposed diffusion of English implies, there is, indeed, genuine cause for ethnological regret, in which the present writer would be sorry to be supposed not to participate. Alas! that a single one of the inter-jangling tongues, whose hubbub stopped the building of the tower on Shinar's plain, should be completely hushed, leaving no echo behind.

Alas! that there are no longer means of ascertaining whether the pigmy breed of the neolithic period talked as much like the Esquimaux of to-day as they resembled them in their habits, and in the fashion and ornamentation of their implements. Alas! that we may never hope to discover by what shibboleth Pelasgians were distinguishable from Tyrrhenians and Sikelians, or these again from Umbrians, Sabines, or Samnites. Would that the old woman, famous for having been the last to speak Cornish, could have lived for ever! Would that the United States' Government would found professorships of Sioux and Cherokee before the last representatives of the so-named tribes are irrevocably improved off the face of the earth! Almost is it to be wished that civilization may never have such complete possession of India, but that there may still remain some few barbarian hillmen faithfully adhering to the barbarous dialects of their forefathers. But if this may not be, and if comparative glossologists of a remote future, in default of living embodiments, must content themselves with fossil remains of the aboriginal tongues, and make the most of such Hindee and Tamil spelling-books as may still be extant, there will yet be abundant compensation for the ethnological loss in the miscellaneous gain, from which it will be the only drawback. For to enumerate only a few, and to begin with one of the least of the many benefits by which India will be rewarded for consenting to exchange her score of illiterate for a single literate language, how will not her whole technical industry be stimulated and promoted, when, to every industrial worker, from the ploughman to the experimental chemist, and from the blacksmith to the civil engineer, all the recorded results of England's technical experience are thrown open. How again, when the accumulated fruits of English adventure, in every field of science and literature are made equally accessible—not simply to some few hundreds of university graduates, but to every one who has made decent use of his time at school—how will not the national intellect be stirred and sharpened? how will not the moral sense be exalted and purified? With all our insular narrow-mindedness—with all our defects in taste and temperament, sensibility and sentiment—with all our snob-bishness and Philistinism, our English standards, ethic and æsthetic, our general tone of thought and feeling, are still undeniably far above those of our Eastern fellow-subjects. For the average East Indian to rise to the mental level of the average Briton would surely be an immense ascent—an immense upraising of his ideas of truth, honour, faith, and charity; and among possible aids to such self-elevation, none is more efficacious than literature. As an individual author, in so far as his subject permits, commonly sets forth in his publications the best side of his character, sketching an ideal which he would fain realize, if he could, and if indolence or infirmity of purpose did not hinder, so what the literature of every advanced people most prominently reflects are the nation's noblest characteristics, of which native readers, becoming, Narcissus-like, enamoured, strive to become more and more personally possessed, while foreign readers are all the more apt to admire them on account of their

comparative novelty. The less, too, of native literature a people possess, the greater is the benefit they are likely to derive from an adopted literature. An intelligent Hindoo, led away from the sapless leaves of his Shasters, and turned loose into the wholesomer pasturage of good English reading, could not help, by assimilation of the fresh provender he browsed upon, being partially renewed in the inner man, and getting some of his old moral tissues replaced by others of a sounder and healthier fibre. Nor would the transmutation thus commenced be readily arrested. If religion be the firmest basis of morality, morality, on the other hand, is seldom improved without reacting powerfully on religion. Perseverance for a few decades in the Anglicizing process above suggested, would do more for Christianity in India than centuries of missionary enterprise. In readiness to compass sea and land to make one proselyte, the agents of modern societies for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts may well bear comparison with the Scribes and Pharisees of old; yet how many proselytes have they made? According to the most hyperbolical accounts, the number in an East Indian population of little less than two hundred millions, is, at most, but half as many thousands. It may be a humiliating reflection, but it is at the same time a not disheartening truth, that religious conversion on a large scale is an affair much rather of example than of precept. For the most part, "even as the bell-wether moves on, the docile flock moves too." When a certain Gothic king, as Gibbon tells us, went up to be baptized, all his Goths went with him; but when he, with one foot in the font, stepped back because the officiating priests insisted that all his unbaptized ancestors were everlastingly damned, all the Goths stepped back too, sovereign and subjects harmoniously relapsing into idolatry. So in later times, which European states should become Protestant, and which remain Catholic, depended mainly on which monarchs accepted and which rejected the teachings of Luther. Again, the marked missionary success of Moravian brethren among the Hottentots and other wild tribes, is mainly due to their having, like the Jesuit fathers in Paraguay and California, endeavoured to civilize before attempting to Christianize, and to establish a secular before aiming at a religious influence. Their plan is to gather round them a little community of savages, whom they first persuade to dig and plant, and to build houses, and wear pantaloons and petticoats, and who, beginning thus by imitation of the domestic customs of their teachers, are led insensibly to similar adoption of their religious observances. Presumably, a not less effective mode of Christianizing India might be to begin by Anglicizing its language. This at any rate would be an excellent preparation for the task. Although no course of reading, however special, could be depended upon for converting East Indians to any particular creed, there is no course of English reading, however general, that would permit them to retain their present creeds. All the evidences of Paley, and of all his collaborators, might fail to make them Christians; but London newspapers alone would prevent their remaining Pagans or Mohammedans. For any one to look regularly through *The Times*, or *Daily News*, or *Spectator*, or

Saturday Review, not to speak of Monthlies or Quarterlies, or of the *Fortnightly*, and to retain his respect for the Shasters or the Koran, is not in the nature of things. The rude shocks which the Asiatic intellect would receive from many of the veriest commonplaces of English journalism, would rub off much of its traditional rust, and render it freer for the reception of whatever of genuine truth, religious or other, came in its way. And more and more of truth of all sorts would, in the circumstances supposed, be continually coming. In proportion as East Indians became internally Anglicized, and as inward change told upon outward demeanour, they would acquire at once more taste and desire for British companionship, and more congeniality for it. Mutually repelling prejudices, passing away with the occasions for them, would leave immigrant and indigenous races free to coalesce, the one to become Anglo-Indian in a more enlarged and liberal sense; the latter, to assume with equal right the correlative designation of Indo-Britons. Educated members of both would then, without scruple, mix together on equal terms, dining and dancing at each other's houses, walking, riding, picnicking together, and discoursing between whiles: frequenting, too, the same places of public resort, churches and chapels not excepted, which Orientals, we may fairly presume, would be occasionally tempted to visit by the same curiosity, if by nothing better, which attracts Occidentals to mosques and pagodas, and in which some who had come to pry, might possibly now and then remain to pray. Changes of this kind, together with their whole train of easily conjectured consequences, although commencing in the higher strata of society, would in ordinary course filtrate downwards until the lowermost layer was reached. The leaven cast in at the top would not cease working till the whole lump, from zemindar and baboo to ryot and coolie, was thoroughly leavened. Nor would the process be necessarily a very long one, provided only that evangelizing zeal did not, out of superfervid regard for truth, put up error's back by unseasonably anathematizing error. Provided only that the children of light would consent to practise in their generation somewhat of the wisdom of the children of darkness, but very few generations might perhaps be needed to exalt India to the same religious level as that of Britain—to a level at which the bulk of the population might be described as, in one fashion or another, Christian—part really so and from conviction; a larger part not less sincerely, though chiefly from habit; and a still larger residue in name only and in appearance. Whoever may be disposed to say that a metamorphosis, to be made up so largely of superficial varnish, is not much to look forward to, will do well to ask himself within what time a fiftieth part of the same result could be brought about by other means.

The picture we have been contemplating has yet another aspect—to wit, the political, which there may be more reason for declining to regard with unmingled satisfaction. Could India, it may fairly be asked, be imbued with the English spirit in so many other respects, without imbibing also too much of the English love of independence to continue

to acquiesce in English domination? To this inquiry it might be sufficient to reply, that the one sole way in which England can justify her retention of India is by availing herself of it for the benefit of the people, and doing more for them than they are capable of doing for themselves. But of the obligation thus incumbent on her she can acquit herself only in proportion as she renders India worthy of independence, and she will not have acquitted herself of it completely unless, whenever India shows herself both worthy and desirous of political freedom, she consents to set India free. There are, however, perfectly legitimate means—means which she not only may, but is in duty bound to, employ—of preventing India from desiring independence, even when at length deserving it. As yet desire in that particular has considerably outrun desert. Although governed, so far as material interests are concerned, not only infinitely better than she ever was before, but with a parental solicitude such as no conquered territory ever before experienced from a foreign stepmother, she is so little satisfied with her British King Log as to be apparently not at all unwilling to try the experiment of a Russian King Stork in his stead. Nor have we far to seek for an explanation of this anomaly. We have only to ask how we ourselves should like it, if, the British Islands happening to become outlying appendages of the new Prussian Empire, no native-born Briton were suffered to hold a commission in the army, or to rise above a second-class clerkship in the civil service, or above a county court judgeship in the law. Would any or all of the real and substantial advantages that might possibly accompany Prussian annexation—would completest reform of railway mismanagement, or fullest security against garotting, or widest diffusion of intellectual and æsthetic culture, be accepted as compensation for such blockage of all those careers which ordinary ambition most affects? Would not baffled longings turn rapidly into bitter animosity, engendered first among those ardent spirits by whom opinion is formed and directed, and gradually accepted by the docile multitudes who think and feel on all public matters as popular leaders bid them? We have only to consider how our nobility and gentry and moneyed magnates, our professional and literary men, our newspaper writers and stump orators, would, in the circumstances supposed, feel, and show their feelings, towards the powers that were, to understand the feelings of corresponding classes in India towards the powers that actually are. If British rule in India is to be permanent, it must become popular with the natives, which it plainly cannot be while continuing to seethe them, as it were, in their mother's milk, shutting them off from advancement in their own land, avowedly because they were born and bred there. We need not hope to reconcile the children of the soil to the presence amongst them of us strangers, unless we admit them to equality of privileges, and afford them equal facilities of access to, and equal chances of success in, every honourable career; unless every branch of the public service, covenanted or uncovenanted, be freely thrown open to them, and native birth and parentage cease to be disqualifications for any local dignity whatever, even for that of Governor-General or of Commander-in-

Chief. To the inevitable outcry against the mere mention of constitutional changes so radical as these, the only reply which space here permits is a slight allusion to analogous experience. When Alexander the Great had conquered Persia, he continued most of Darius's satraps in their stations, and filled up vacant satrapies quite as frequently with Persians as with Europeans. He persuaded, or rather forced, many of his Macedonian captains to marry Persian wives, and not only placed his large levies of Asiatic troops under the command of Asiatic chiliarchs and pentakosiarchs, but officered in part with Persians even his Companion Cavalry, the crack corps *par excellence* of the army which had accompanied him from Europe. The Macedonians murmured, remonstrated, mutinied, but Alexander was obstinate; and the example thus set by him was followed by the Seleucid kings who succeeded by usurpation to the greater part of his Asiatic conquests. Though all the business of their government was transacted in the Greek language, the functionaries by whom it was transacted must necessarily have been in far larger proportion Hellenized Asiatics than Asiatized Hellenes. It was thus on the support much more of the former than of the latter that the dynasty rested; yet intrusive and Greek as the dynasty was, it lasted for nearly three centuries, and its subversion at last was effected not by domestic insurrection, but by foreign invasion: for having been wise enough to make no distinction between the conquering and conquered races, it had been served as cheerfully by the one as by the other, the loyalty of the Asiatic portion of the population being probably as little affected by the European origin of their sovereign as that of Englishmen is by the fact that Queen Victoria's great-grandparents were almost pure Germans.

With little other alteration than that of the proper names, this notice of the Seleucids of Syria and Babylonia may serve equally for the Mogul and other Mahommedan dynasties of Hindostan, which similarly succeeded in completely conciliating their Hindoo subjects by the simple expedient of employing them, equally with Moslems, in every administrative grade, and whose sway was never threatened by any analogue of the Sepoy mutiny, and, but for English intermeddling, might not impossibly be still subsisting. Christian England ought not to require to learn from heathen Greeks and Mahommedan Moguls that the wisest policy for the government of dependencies is that of doing unto others as we would ourselves be done by; but if willing at length to be so instructed, and to act honestly and consistently on the lesson, she may quite possibly dissipate all that internal discontent which alone can prevent Queens and Kings of England, as long as any such there be, from continuing to be likewise Empresses and Emperors of Hindostan.

W. T. THORNTON.

Lady Isabella.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was one house in our neighbourhood which was perfect and above criticism. I do not mean to say that it was a very great house ; but the very sight of it was enough to make you feel almost bitter if you were poor, and very pleased and approving if you were well-off. Naturally it was the very next house to Mrs. Merridew's, who had heaps of children and a small income, and could not have things so very nice as might have been wished. Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella lived within sight of her, with but two holly-hedges between ; the hedge on the side of the Merridews' house was bristly and untidy, but on the other side it was trimmed and clipped till it looked like a barrier-wall of dark green Utrecht velvet ; and inside that enclosure everything was in perfection ; the lawn was mown every other day ; there was never an obtrusive daisy on it, and no fallen leaf presumed to lie for half an hour. The flower-beds which surrounded it were more brilliant than any I ever saw—not mere vulgar geraniums and calceolarias, but a continual variety, and always such masses of colour. Inside everything was just as perfect. They had such good servants, always the best trained of their class ; such soft carpets, upon which no step ever sounded harsh ; and Mrs. Spencer's ferns were the wonder of the neighbourhood ; and the flowers in the two drawing-rooms were always just at the point of perfection, with never a yellow leaf or a faded blossom. We poorer people sometimes tried to console ourselves by telling each other that such luxury was monotonous. " Nothing ever grows and nothing ever fades," said Lottie Stoke, " but always one eternal beautyfulness ; I should not like it if it was me. I should like to watch them budding, and pick off the first faded leaves." This Lottie said with confidence, though she was notoriously indifferent to such cares, and declared, on other occasions, that she could not be troubled with flowers, they required so much looking after ; but poor little Janet Merridew used to shake her head and groan with an innocent envy that would bring the tears to her eyes ; not that she wished to take anything from her neighbours, but she loved beautiful things so much, and they were so far out of her reach.

Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella lived together in this beautiful house ; they were two friends so intimately allied, that I was in the habit of saying they were more like man and wife than anything else.

It was a wonder to us all in Dinglefield how they managed their money matters in respect to housekeeping. Many a little attempt I have seen to find this out, and heard many a speculation ; whether the house was Mrs. Spencer's, whether Lady Isabella only paid for her board, which of them was at the expense of the carriage, or whether they kept a rigid account of all their expenditure and divided it at the end of the year, as some thought—nobody could make out. When they first came to Dinglefield it was universally prophesied that it would not last. "Depend upon it, these arrangements never answer," was the opinion of old Mr. Lloyd, who was Mrs. Damerel's father, and lived with them at the Rectory. "They will quarrel in three months," the Admiral said, who was not very favourable to ladies. But when seven years had come and gone, Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella still lived together and had not quarrelled. By this time Lady Isabella, who was really quite young when they came, must have been nearly five-and-thirty, and people had made up their minds she would not marry now, so that the likelihood was, as it had lasted so long, it would last all their lives. They did not, at the first glance, look like people likely to suit each other. Mrs. Spencer was a woman overflowing with activity ; she was thin, she could not have been anything else, so energetic was she, always in motion, setting everybody right. She was shortsighted, or said she was shortsighted, so far as the outer world was concerned, but in her own house, and in all that involved her own affairs, she had the eye of a lynx ; nothing escaped her. It was she who kept everything in such beautiful order, and made the lawns and the flowers the wonder of the neighbourhood. Lady Isabella's part was the passive one ; she enjoyed it. She did not worry her friend by pretending to take any trouble. She was full ten years younger than Mrs. Spencer, inclining to be stout, pretty, but undeniably inactive. I am afraid she was a little indolent, or, perhaps, in such close and constant contact with her friend's more active nature, Lady Isabella had found it expedient to seem more indolent than she was. She left all the burdens of life on Mrs. Spencer's shoulders. Except the one habitual walk in the day, which it was said Mrs. Spencer compelled her to take, lest she should grow fat, we at Dinglefield only saw Lady Isabella in her favourite easy-chair in the drawing-room, or her favourite garden-bench on the lawn. Indolent—but not so perfectly good-tempered as indolent people usually are, and fond of saying sharp things without perhaps always considering the feelings of others. Indeed she seemed to live on such a pinnacle of ease and wealth and comfort, that she must have found it difficult to enter into the feelings of such as were harassed, or care-worn, or poor. She had a way of begging everybody not to make a fuss when anything happened ; and I am afraid most of us thought that a selfish regard for her own comfort lay at the bottom of this love of tranquillity. I don't think now that we were quite right in our opinion of her. She had to go through a great deal of fuss whether she liked it or not ; and I remember now that when she uttered her favourite sentiment she used to

give a glance, half-comic, half-pathetic, to where Mrs. Spencer was. But she bore with Mrs. Spencer's "ways" as a wife bears with her husband. Mrs. Spencer had all the worry and trouble, such as it was. Plenty of money is a great sweetener of such cares; but still, to be sure, it was easy for Lady Isabella to sit and laugh and adjure everybody not to make a fuss, when she herself had no trouble about anything, never had even to scold a servant, or turn an unsatisfactory retainer away.

We were never very intimate, they and I; but it happened, one autumn evening, that I went in to call rather out of the regular order of calls which we exchanged punctiliously. When I say we were not intimate, I only mean that there was no personal individual attraction between us. Of course we knew each other very well, and met twice or thrice every week, as people do at Dinglefield. I had been calling upon Mrs. Merridew, and I cannot tell what fascination one found—coming out of that full house, which was as tidy as she could make it, but not, alas! as tidy as it might have been—in the next house, which was so wonderful a contrast, where the regions of mere tidiness were overpast, and good order had grown into beauty and grace. I suppose it was the contrast. I found myself going in at the other gate almost before I knew it; and there I found Lady Isabella alone, seated, in the twilight, for it was growing dark, in her favourite corner, not very far from the fire. She was not doing anything; and as I went in, I fancied, to my great surprise, that something like the ghost of a sigh came to greet me just half a moment in advance of Lady Isabella's laugh. She had a way of laughing, which was not disagreeable when one came to know her; though at first people were apt to think that she was laughing at them.

"Mrs. Spen is out," she said, "and I am quite fatigued, for I have been standing at my window watching the Merridew babies in their garden. They look like nice little fat puppies among the grass; but it must be damp for them at this time of the year."

"Poor little things! there are so many of them that they get hardy; they are not used to being looked after very much. Some people's children would be killed by it," said I.

"How lucky for the little Merridews that they are not those people's children!" said Lady Isabella; "and I think they must like it, for it is a great bore being looked after too much." As she spoke she leant back in her chair with something that sounded like another sigh. "I was rather fond of babies once," she added, with a laugh which quickly followed the sigh. "Absurd, was it not? but don't say a word, or Mrs. Spen will turn me out."

"It would take more than that to part you two," said I.

"Well, I suppose it would. I think sometimes it would take a great deal. Mrs. Musgrave, do you know I have been turning it over in my mind whether I could ask you to do something for me or not? and I think I have decided that I will—that is not to say that you are to do it, you know, unless you please."

"I think most likely I shall please—unless it is something very unlike you," said I.

"Well, it is unlike me," said Lady Isabella; and though I could not make out her face in the least, I felt sure, by the sound of her voice, and a certain movement she made, and an odd little laugh that accompanied her words, that she was blushing violently in the dark. "At least, it is very unlike anything you know of me. You might not think it, perhaps," she went on, with again that little constrained laugh, "but do you know I was young once?"

"My dear, I think you are young still," said I.

"Oh dear, no; that is quite out of the question. When a woman is over thirty, she ought to give up all such ideas," said Lady Isabella, with an amount of explanatoriness which I did not understand; and she began to fold hems in her handkerchief in a nervous way. "When a woman is thirty, she may just as well be fifty at once for any difference it makes."

"I don't think even fifty is anything so very dreadful," said I. "One's ideas change as one gets older; but twenty years make a wonderful difference, whatever you may think."

"Perhaps, for some things," she said hastily. "And you must know, Mrs. Musgrave, in that fabulous time when I was young other marvels existed. They always do in the fabulous period in all histories; and there was once somebody who was—or at least he said he was—in love with me. There, the murder is out," she said, pushing her chair a little further back into the dark corner; and, to my amazement, her voice was full of agitation, as if she had been telling me the secret of her life.

"My dear Lady Isabella," I said, "do you really expect me to be surprised at that?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," she said, with another laugh. "Not at the simple fact. They say every woman has such a thing happen to her some time in her life. Do you think that is true?"

"The people in the newspapers say it can't be true," said I, "nowadays: though I don't think I ever knew a woman who had not——"

"Mrs. Spen will be back directly," cried Lady Isabella, hastily, "and I don't want her to know. I need not tell you that it all came to nothing, for you can see that; but, Mrs. Musgrave, now comes the funny part of it. His regiment is coming to the barracks, and he will be within five miles of us. Is it not odd?"

"I don't think it is at all odd," said I. "I daresay it is just in the natural order. If it will be painful to you to meet him, Lady Isabella——"

"That is the funniest of all," she said. "It will not be in the least painful to me to meet him. On the contrary, I want to meet him. It is very droll, but I do. I should so like to see what he looks like now, and if his temper is improved, and a hundred things. Besides, his sister used to be a great friend of mine; and when we broke it off I lost Augusta too. I want so much to know about her. Indeed, that is my

chief reason," she went on faltering, "for wishing to meet him." The words were scarcely spoken when she burst into a little peal of laughter. "What a stupid I am," she cried, "trying to take you in. No, Mrs. Musgrave, let me be honest; it is not for Augusta I want to see him. I should so like just to make sure—you know—if I was a very great fool, or if he was worth thinking of after all. Now," with a little sigh, "when one is perfectly dispassionate—and cool——"

"To be sure," said I, glad that it was dark, and she could not see me smile; "and now that we have settled all that, tell me what I am to do."

"You are so very kind," she said; and then went off again in that agitated laugh. "I am betraying myself frightfully; but I am sure you will understand me, Mrs. Musgrave, and not think anything absurd. You are sure to get acquainted with him, you know; and if you would ask him to the cottage—and ask us to meet him—— Good heavens! what a fool you must think me," she cried: "but I should like it, I confess."

"But, my dear, I never give dinners," I said; "and to ask a man, a strange man, to tea——"

"He would be sure to come—to you," she said very quickly, as if her breath had failed her.

"But, my dear, you are just as likely as I am—more likely—to meet him at other houses. It would be impossible otherwise. Not that I should mind asking him—though it is so odd to ask a man to tea."

"Hush!" she said, suddenly leaning forward and grasping my arm. "Mrs. Spen has told Lady Denzil—she meant it for kindness—so we shall not be asked to meet him. And I do wish it, just for once. Hush, here she is coming. I don't want her to know."

"Then, my dear, I will do it," said I, grasping her hand. It trembled and was hot, and she grasped mine again in an agitated, impetuous way. Could this be Lady Isabella, who was always so calm and self-possessed? I was rather afraid of her in general, for she had the name of being satirical; and this was entirely a new light on her character. But just then Mrs. Spencer came in, and scolded us for sitting in the dark, and rang for lights; and then no more could be said.

It was curious to look at the two when the lamp came. Mrs. Spencer seated herself on her side of the fire, like the husband coming in from his day's work. She was a clever woman, but she was matter-of-fact, and notwithstanding the long years they had lived together, was never quite sure what was the meaning of her friend's jibes and jests. It was this as much as anything that gave a sort of conjugal character to their relationship. Friends who were merely friends, and were so different, would, one was inclined to suppose, have got rid of each other years ago. But these two clung together in spite of all their differences, as if there were some bond between them which they had to make the best of. Mrs. Spencer began talking the moment she came in.

"I met Mrs. Damerel on the Green and she was asking for you,

Isabella; in short, she was quite surprised to see me out alone. 'I thought Lady Isabella always walked once a day at least,' she said. 'And so she pretends to do,' said I. And I told her what I said to you before I went out about your health. Depend upon it your health will suffer. A young woman at your age getting into these chimney-corner ways! Mrs. Musgrave, don't you agree with me that it is very wrong?"

"Don't scold me, please," said Lady Isabella, out of her corner; "if you both fall upon me, I am rather nervous to-night, and I know I shall cry."

At this Mrs. Spencer laughed; just as a husband would have done, taking it for the merest nonsense; yet somewhat propitiated, for there was an inference of superior wisdom, importance, goodness on his—I mean her—part, such as mollifies the marital mind. No one could have been more utterly bewildered than she, had she known that what her friend said was literally true. Lady Isabella had drawn a little screen between her and the fire, which sheltered her also from the modest light of the lamp; and I felt by the sound of her voice, that though, no doubt, she could restrain herself, it would have been a relief to her to have shed the tears which made her eyes hot and painful. She would have laughed, probably, while she was shedding them, but that makes no difference.

"You don't do enough, and Lady Denzil does too much," said Mrs. Spencer. "She surprises *me*, and I think I am as active as most people. I can't tell why she does it, I am sure. She is an old woman; it can't be any pleasure to her. There is a dinner-party there to-night, and another on Saturday; and on Monday the dance for those young Fieldings that are staying there—enough to kill a stronger woman. But these little fragile beings get through so much. She keeps up through it all and never looks a bit the worse."

"Are you going there, to-night?" said I. I had scarcely said it when I saw a little flutter behind the screen, and felt it was a foolish question. But it was too late.

"No," said Mrs. Spencer, pointedly; and she looked straight at Lady Isabella's screen with a distinctness of intimation that this abstinence was on her account, which would have puzzled me much but for the previous explanation I had had. Words would have been much less emphatic. She nodded her head a great many times, and she gave me a look which promised further information. She was fond of her companion, and I am sure would have sheltered her from pain at almost any cost to herself; but yet she enjoyed the mystery, and the story which lay below. "All the officers from the barracks will be there," she added, after a pause. "There is a Captain Fielding, an empty-headed—but they are all empty-headed. I don't care much about soldiers in an ordinary way, and I dislike guardsmen. So does Isabella."

And then there followed one of those embarrassing pauses which come against one's will when there is any secret undercurrent which everybody

knows and nobody mentions. Lady Isabella sat perfectly silent, and I, who ought to have come to the rescue,—I ran wildly in my mind over every topic of conversation possible,—at last rose to take my leave, not finding anything to say.

“Are you going, Mrs. Musgrave?” said Lady Isabella. “I will go to the door with you. I must show you the new flowers in the hall.”

“Good gracious, something must be going to happen,” said Mrs. Spencer, “when Isabella volunteers to show you flowers. Don’t catch cold in the draught; but it is too dark: you can’t possibly see any colour in them now.”

“Never mind,” said Lady Isabella, in an undertone; and she hurried out leading the way,—a thing I had never seen her do before. She made no pretence about the flowers when we got out to the hall. It was quite dark, and of course I could see nothing. She grasped my hand in a nervous, agitated way. She was trembling,—she, who was always so steady and calm. It was partly from cold, to be sure, but then the cold was caused by emotion. “His name is Colonel Brentford,” she whispered in my ear; and then ran upstairs suddenly, leaving me to open the door for myself. I have received a great many confidences in my life, but seldom any so strange as this. I did not know whether to laugh or to be sorry, as I walked home thinking over it. Lady Isabella was the last person in the world to be involved in any romance; and yet this was romantic enough. And it was so difficult to make out how I could perform my part in it. Ask a guardsman, a strange colonel, a *man*, to tea! I could not but reflect how foolish I was, always undertaking things that were so difficult to perform. But I was pledged to do it, and I could not go back.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS to dine at Sir Thomas Denzil’s that same evening, and so no doubt would Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella have done, but for that obstacle which the elder lady had set up and in which the younger seemed determined to foil her. I dressed to go out, with my heart beating a little quicker than usual. For myself, as may be supposed, the officers from the barracks were not very much to me; but the undertaking with which I suddenly found myself burdened was very serious, and made me nervous in spite of myself; and then the man’s very name was strange to me. I thought over all my acquaintances, and everybody I had ever known; but I could not remember anybody of the name of Brentford. There were the Brentwoods of Northam, and the Bentleys, and a great many names came up to my mind which sounded like it at the first glance; but I could not recollect a single Brentford among all my acquaintance. “I wonder who his mother was?” I said to myself; for, to be sure, there might be a means of getting at him in that way; but it was impossible to find out at so short a notice. I almost felt as if I were a designing woman when I went

into Lady Denzil's drawing-room—and so I was, though I did not want to marry any of those unconscious warriors either personally or by proxy. Little did Lady Denzil suspect, as I went up to her—trying to look as innocent as possible—and little did the men of war think, of my evil projects, as they looked blandly at me, and set me down as that harmless and uninteresting being—an old lady. The one who took me in to dinner was an elderly, sober-looking, quiet gentleman. He was a Major Somebody, and I don't think he was so fine as the others. I drew breath when I had seated myself under his wing. It was a comfort to me to have escaped the young ones, who never forgive you, when they have to take you to dinner, for not being young and pretty. This was a man who had no pretensions above me—a man, probably, with a wife of his own and a large family, whom one could speak to freely and ask questions of. But before I would go so far, I made what private inspection I could. It was quite evident to me where the gap was which Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella ought to have filled. It had been hastily filled up by Lottie and Lucy Stoke, who were very much more to the taste of the guardsmen, I don't doubt, than if they had been their own grandmothers, ladies of county influence and majesty. Lucy, whose blue eyes were dancing in her head with mingled fright and delight to find herself in such a grand party, sat by a handsome dark man, to whom my eyes returned a great many times. He looked the kind of man whom a woman might be faithful to for years. Could it be *him*? He was amused with Lucy's excitement and her fright; perhaps he was flattered by it as men so often are. After a little while, I could see he took great pains to make himself agreeable; and I felt quite angry and jealous, though I am sure I could not have told why.

"Perhaps you recognize him?" my companion said to me, as he caught me watching this pair across the table. "He is one of the Elliots. His father had a place once in this neighbourhood. I am sure you must recollect his face."

"No, indeed," said I, denying by instinct. "That gentleman opposite—is his name Elliot? I was looking at the young lady by him. She is a little friend of mine, and I am petrified to find her here. I did not think she was out."

"That is why she likes it so well, I suppose," said the Major, with a little sigh.

"I am afraid you don't enjoy it much," said I. "Pray forgive me for being so very stupid. I should like to know which of these gentlemen is Colonel Brentford. I have heard his name—I should like to know which is he."

"He is sitting beside Lady Denzil," said my companion, shortly; and he said no more. His brevity startled me. I think Colonel Brentford from that moment began to lose in my opinion. I began to get frightened by the thought of what I had undertaken to do. I began to think it was a great pity Lady Isabella, a sensible woman, should waste

a thought upon the soldier, for no reason in the world but because my Major announced curtly, "He is sitting beside Lady Denzil," without adding a word to say, "I like him," or "he is a very nice fellow," or anything agreeable. I concluded he must be a bear or a brute, or something utterly frivolous and uninteresting. It never occurred to me that it might be my Major and not the unknown Colonel who was to blame. And I had pledged myself to ask such a man as this to tea!

We had gone back to the drawing-room, before I got what I could call a good look at him; and then I was even more disappointed to find that he was as far from looking a brute or a bear as he was from looking a hero. There was nothing remarkable about him; he was neither handsome nor ugly; he was neither young nor old. He stood and talked a long time to Lady Denzil, and his voice was pleasant, but the talk was about nothing—it was neither stupid nor clever. He was a man of negatives, it seemed. I was dreadfully disappointed for Lady Isabella's sake. I could not help figuring to myself what her feelings would be. No doubt he had been young when they had known each other, and youth has often a deceiving glitter about it, which never comes to anything. Chance threw my Major in my way again, at that advanced period of the evening. He said to me, "We have a long drive, and the night is chilly, and I wish I could get my young fellows into motion. These proceedings don't always agree with the taste of a man at my time of life; and my wife is always fidgety when I am out late—it is her way."

"Mrs. Bellinger is not here to-night?" I said.

"No, we are quite new to the place, and Lady Denzil has not had time to call yet—my wife, I am sure, would be delighted if you would go and see her. She is rather delicate, and far from her friends. Colonel Brentford is the only one——" And here he stopped short, with an abruptness that made me hate Colonel Brentford and repent my temerity more and more.

"I am so sorry you don't seem to have a favourable opinion of him," I said; "not that I know him, but I have heard some friends of mine—— Oh, I am sure you did not mean to say a word against him——"

"Against him!" said the Major, stammering; "why, he is my best friend! He is the kindest fellow I know! He goes and sits with my wife when nobody else thinks of her. I don't want to find fault with any one; but Brentford—he is the man I am most grateful to in all the world!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I cried. Good heavens, what a very bad manner the man must have had to give one such a false idea. "I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Bellinger early next week," I said; for, after all, it did not seem so insane to ask a man who was in the habit of going to sit with an invalid lady. And then a kind of inspiration stole into my mind. Afternoon tea! that was the thing; not an evening-party, with all its horrors, which every man hates.

I don't know what Lady Denzil could think of me that evening; but

I stayed until everybody had gone, with a determination to hear something more about him. I think she was surprised; but then she is one of those women who understand you, even when they don't in the least know what you mean. That seems foolish, but it is quite true. She saw I had a motive, and she forgave me, though she was tired, and Sir Thomas looked surprised.

"The fly has never come back for me," I said. "I must ask you to let George walk across the green with me. I have got my big shawl, and I don't mind the cold."

"Wait a little now they have all gone, and let us have a talk," said Lady Denzil. What a blessing it is to have to do with a woman who understands!

"Our new friends are very much like all the others, I think," said I. "Captain Fielding seems nice. Is he brother or cousin to those pretty girls?"

"Brother, or I should not have him here," said Lady Denzil; "I have no confidence in cousins. Colonel Brentford looks sensible. I should not have thought him likely to do anything so foolish as that business, you know. I suppose Mrs. Spencer must have told you."

"No," I said, with a little thrill running through me; for, of course, it was something about Lady Isabella that was meant,—and I was actually an agent employed in the matter, and knew, and yet did not know.

"Lady Isabella and he were once engaged to be married," said Lady Denzil, speaking low. "Don't mention this, unless Mrs. Spencer tells you; but she is sure to tell you. And they quarrelled about some silly trifle. Mrs. Spencer says he flew into a passion, and that Lady Isabella had to give him up on account of his temper. He does not look like it, does he? Mrs. Spencer is most anxious that they should not meet."

"Do you think it is right to prevent people meeting, if they wish it?" said I; "perhaps Lady Isabella might think differently."

"It is best never to interfere," said Lady Denzil; "that is my principle—unless I am sure I can be of real use. Are you going now? You must wrap up well, for the night is rather cold."

"So my Major thought," I said to myself, as I went across the green; and I could not but smile at the thought of the poor gentleman buttoning up his great-coat as he drove with all those wild young fellows on their drag. Very likely he felt they might upset him at any moment driving through the dark—and it was a very dark night. My sympathies were much attracted by this good man. He had to give in to them a great deal, and put up with their foolish ways. I could not help wondering whether he had ever had such a commission given to him as mine; and then I reflected that Lady Isabella was not even young to be humoured and have her fancies given in to. The Colonel looked a sensible commonplace sort of man, with whom nobody had any right to quarrel. And perhaps Mrs. Spencer was right in doing her utmost to keep them apart. Perhaps

Mrs. Spencer was right ; but then, on the other hand, Lady Isabella was old enough to know her own mind and decide for herself. Such were the various thoughts that passed through my mind as I took that little walk through the dark with George behind me. It was a perplexing business altogether. But that I should be mixed up in it ! I could not but take myself to task, and ask myself what call had I to be thus mixed up with every sort of foolish business,—a woman of my age ?

I saw Lady Isabella two days after. She came running in quite early, before luncheon, to my extreme surprise, and gave me a wistful look of inquiry which went to my very heart. She could not say anything, however, for the Fielding girls were with me, talking of nothing but the dance which Lady Denzil was going to give for them. They assailed Lady Isabella directly, the moment she entered.

"Oh, why are not you coming on Monday ? Oh, Lady Isabella, do change your mind and come. It will be such a pretty dance. And all the officers are coming, so that there will be no want of partners. Lady Denzil says she always asks more men than ladies. Oh, Lady Isabella, do come !"

"That is very wise of Lady Denzil," said Lady Isabella ; "but I wonder how the extra men like it. No ; I don't think I shall go. I shall see all the officers, perhaps, another time." And with that she gave me another look which made me tremble, holding me to my word.

"Perhaps you don't dance," said Emma Fielding. "Oh, it is such a pity you won't come."

"My husband won't let me," said Lady Isabella ; "and, by-the-by, she will be waiting for me now. I had something to ask, but never mind, another time will do."

She asked the question all the same with her eyes. She looked at me almost sternly, inquiring, as plainly as words, "Have you done it ? Is my commission fulfilled ?" which I could only answer by a deprecating, humble look, begging her, as it were, to have patience with me. She shook her head slightly as she shook hands with me, and smiled, and then she sighed. That was the worst of all. I read a reproach in the sound of that sigh.

"What does she mean by her husband ?" said Edith Fielding. "Is she married, and does she call her husband 'she' ? Isn't she very queer ? That sort of person always bewilders me."

I could not help saying, "I daresay she does," with a certain irritation. As if it were within the bounds of possibility that creatures like these should understand Lady Isabella. And yet, alas ! if she were entering into the lists with them, how could she ever stand against them ? She, five-and-thirty and a little stout ; they, eighteen and nineteen. Is there a man in the world that would not turn to the young ones, and leave the mature woman ? That was the question I asked myself. I don't think I am cynical ; I have not a bad opinion of my fellow-creatures in general ; but still there are some matters which one knows beforehand. The

first thing to be done, however, was to make acquaintance with Colonel Brentford as soon as possible. I had promised to go to the dance, to take Lottie and Lucy Stoke ; but then he would be dancing ; he would not want to stand in a corner and talk to an old woman like me. Lady Isabella, at five-and-thirty, had given up dancing ; but this man, though he was nearly five years older, of course did not think of giving it up. Most likely he felt himself on the level of the Fieldings and Stokes and the other girls, not on that of his old love. Men and women are so different. But, at all events, I would do nothing before Monday : and in the meantime, I had promised to go and call on Major Bellinger's invalid wife. There had been something about him that pleased me. Not that he was clever ; but he had the look of a man who was not always at his ease, who had cares and perplexities in his life, and perhaps could not always make both ends meet. I always recognize that look. I am not very rich now, and never will be ; but I once was poor, quite poor, and I know the look of it, and it goes to my heart.

Accordingly, the first day I was at liberty I drove into Royalborough to see Mrs. Bellinger. They were in a little house—one of the houses which people take for the purpose of letting them to the officers. It was opposite to a tall church, a three-storied house, with two rooms on each floor all the way up. There was a little oblong strip of garden in front and another oblong strip behind ; and everything about it gave evidence that it was let furnished. But the little garden was rather pretty, and there was a virginian creeper hanging in rich red wreaths upon the walls. The drawing-room was the front room on the ground-floor. When I was shown in, it seemed to me that I interrupted the prettiest domestic scene. A lady, who looked very fragile and weak, though not ill, lay on a sofa in the room. Of course, she was Mrs. Bellinger. She was about forty, perhaps,—not much older than Lady Isabella. She had a lovely invalid complexion, a soft, delicate flush which came and went with every movement ; her hair was beginning to get grey, and was partially covered by a cap. She looked very weak, very worn, very sweet and smiling, and cheerful. Near her, on a low chair, sat a gentleman with a book in his hand. He had been reading aloud, and had just stopped when I came to the door ; and in front of him, at a little distance, seated on a stool, just by her mother's feet, sat a girl of seventeen or so, with her head bent over her work. This was Edith, the Major's favourite child, the only one at home. And the gentleman who had been reading aloud was Colonel Brentford, the man about whom my mind had been busy night and day !

I took the chair that was given me, and I began to talk, but all the freedom and ease was taken out of me. I felt as if I had received a blow. Poor Lady Isabella ! I had already perceived that to put herself in competition with the young girls would be a hopeless notion indeed ; but it was no longer the girls in general, some of whom were empty-headed enough, but Edith Bellinger in particular. Poor Lady Isabella ! If she saw

him once like this, I said to myself, she would not wish to see him again!

"My husband told me you were going to be so good," said the invalid. "He told me how kind you had been, asking for me. I am really quite well for me, and I am sure I could do a great deal more if they would but let me. Hush, Edie! I am dreadfully petted and spoiled, Mrs. Musgrave. They make a baby of me, and Colonel Brentford is so kind as to come and read——"

"It is very good of him, I am sure," I said, mechanically; and then, without knowing what I was doing, I looked at Edith. She was quite unconscious of any meaning in my look. She smiled at me in return with all the sweet composure yet shyness of a child. Would he be equally unconscious? I raised my eyes and looked steadily at him. He bore my scrutiny very well indeed. I knew there was an angry flush on my face which I could not quite conceal, and an eager look of inquiry. It puzzled him, there was no doubt. A vague sort of wonder came into his eyes, and he smiled too. What could the old woman mean? I am sure he was thinking. Edith was very pretty, but then a great many girls are pretty. What was particular about her was her sweet look, which moved me even, though I was so hostile to her. One saw she was ready to run anywhere, to do anything, at the least little glance from her mother. She was mending stockings—the homeliest work—and she looked such a serviceable, useful creature—so different from those Fielding girls, who thought of nothing but the dance. To be sure, the stockings and the useful look were much more likely to please me than to attract a guardsman; but I did not think of that in my sudden jealousy of her. Poor, poor Lady Isabella!

And he did not go away, as he would have done had this been a chance visit. He kept his place, and joined in the conversation as if he belonged to the house. When I asked Mrs. Bellinger to come and see me, he seconded me quite eagerly. He was sure she was able, he said; while Edith put her pretty head on one side, and looked very wise and very doubtful.

"Oh, Colonel Brentford, please don't be so rash—please don't!" said Edith. "It is very, very kind of Mrs. Musgrave, but we must think it over first—we must, indeed."

"I will send my pony," said I; "he is the steadiest little fellow, and it is such a pretty drive. The weather is so mild that I am sure it would do you good."

"Now, Edith, please let me go," said the invalid. "Do not be such a little hard-hearted inexorable—Colonel Brentford is the kindest of you all. He is ready to let me have a little indulgence, and so is the Major, Mrs. Musgrave; but Edith is the most odious little tyrant——"

"Mamma dear, it is for your good," said Edith, with the deepest gravity; and the mother and the friend looked at each other and laughed. How pretty it was to see her shaking her young head, looking so serious,

so judicious, so full of care ! “ No wonder if he is fond of her,” I said to myself. I felt my own heart melting ; but, all the same, I steeled it against her, feeling that I was on the other side.

“ And I am sure,” I said, with an effort—for it seemed almost like encouraging him—“ I shall be very glad to see Colonel Brentford too ; if you will take the trouble to come so far for a cup of tea ? ”

He said it would give him the greatest pleasure, with a cordiality that made me cross, and got up and took his leave, shaking hands with me in his friendliness. Why was he so friendly, I wonder ? When he was gone, Mrs. Bellinger launched into his praises.

“ You must not think it is only me he is good to,” she said ; “ he is kind to everybody. People laugh at the guardsmen, and make fun of them ; but if they only knew George Brentford ! Because they see him everywhere in society, they think he is just as frivolous as the rest. But if they knew what kind of places he goes to when nobody sees him—as we do, Edith ! ”

“ Yes, mamma,” said Edith, as calm as any cabbage. The mother was quite moved by her gratitude and enthusiasm, but the daughter took it all very quietly. “ He means to be very kind, but he is rash,” said the little wise woman ; “ he gives the boys knives and things, though he knows they always cut themselves. He thinks so much more of pleasing people than of what is right. If Mrs. Musgrave would leave it open, mamma dear, and then we could see how you are——”

This was how it was finally decided ; indeed, before I left, even after that first visit, I could see that things were generally decided as Edith thought best. They were to come, on Saturday—the Saturday before the ball,—if Mrs. Bellinger was well enough ; and Colonel Brentford was to come too. I asked myself all the way back what Lady Isabella would think of the arrangement. That was not how she expected to meet him. She had wanted to see her old love—a man whom (I could not but feel) she had never quite put out of her heart—perhaps only to prove herself, perhaps to try if any lingerings of the old tenderness remained in him. And now that it was arranged, and she was really to see him, it was in company of a young, bright creature who, there could be little doubt, was all to him that Lady Isabella had ever been. What a shock and bitter dispelling of all dreams for her ! but yet, perhaps, to do that at once and at a blow was kindest after all.

Daniel Defoe.

DANIEL DEFOE, one of the most popular of English authors, and probably the most voluminous writer in the language, is to many readers little better than a name. They are familiar with *Robinson Crusoe*, with the *History of the Plague*, and with *Mrs. Veal's Apparition*; they know, because Pope has told them, that Defoe stood in the pillory; and they know also, because Hume has told them, that he was a party-writer; doubtless they know, too, that he was a Dissenter, in an age when Dissent was unpopular; and that, after a laborious and troubled life, he was buried in the famous burial-ground consecrated to dissenting dust in Bunhill Fields. These facts, with, perhaps, half-a-dozen more, comprise, we venture to say, the popular knowledge of Defoe. Compared with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, he is but the shadow of a shade. The author's immortal tale, translated into all languages that can boast a literature, is a household book throughout the world: but the author himself is for the most part neglected and unknown. The more we consider this anomaly the stranger does it appear.

Defoe lived and did the best part of his life's work in one of the most celebrated periods of our literary history. He was the contemporary of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior, of Atterbury and Gay. When Steele was writing his delightful *Tatler*, and the *Spectator* was winning a place upon every breakfast-table, Defoe was the busiest, and perhaps the most prominent of journalists. He commenced his *Review* in 1704, five years before the *Tatler*, and brought it to a conclusion in 1713, one year before the last volume of the *Spectator*. In 1711, when Pope wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, Defoe produced seventeen distinct publications; in 1727, when Gay electrified the town with his *Beggar's Opera*, and Swift astonished the nation with *Gulliver's Travels*, the indefatigable Defoe was still busy as ever at his trade of author. It may be useful to add that Addison, who was born eleven years later than Defoe, died two months after the appearance of *Robinson Crusoe*, in 1719; that Prior and Defoe were young men together; that Congreve, who was by several years Defoe's junior, died before him; that Gay, born more than a quarter of a century after the novelist, outlived him scarcely a year; and that Francis Atterbury and Defoe may be said to have commenced life and closed it together.

With these facts before us—and many of a like bearing might be added—it is certainly curious that when we speak of the Queen Anne men we never think of Defoe; and that historians of acknowledged reputation, in recording the literary or political history of that period, either

omit his name from their pages or allude to it with indifference. Defoe was on confidential terms with King William, yet he does not figure in Lord Macaulay's *History of England*; he was employed by Queen Anne on important missions, and took no mean part in the negotiations which preceded the union with Scotland, yet he is unnoticed by Earl Stanhope in his *History of England*, and but slightly noticed in his recent *History of the Reign of Queen Anne*. Hume alludes to him as "a scurrilous party-writer in very little reputation;" and Dr. Johnson, whose father was a country bookseller, and who in early life was forced to gain his own bread by almost servile employments, is generous enough to allow a large share of merit to a man "who, bred a tradesman, had written so variously and so well." Defoe has been well termed the father of English novelists, and his great successor, Richardson, studied his style of composition with no little assiduity; yet all Richardson has to say in his favour is, that he was "an ingenious gentleman, though a dissenter." Next to Swift, Defoe was the ablest political writer of the day, yet both Swift and his friend Pope speak of him only to sneer; and it is worth noting that while the *Examiner*, in which the Dean displayed his vigour as a journalist, is included in his works, Defoe's *Review*—a paper every whit as able, and curiously characteristic of the writer's genius—has never been reprinted. Again, it is remarkable that, although Defoe lived in an age of literary gossip, and was continually engaging the attention of the public, the facts preserved with regard to his personal career are few and comparatively unimportant. We know more of what he did than of what he was; a great deal more of his literary occupations, imperfect as our knowledge of them is, than of his home life. Pope and Swift, Addison and Steele, are as familiar to most of us as the men of letters of our own century. We know as much about Pope as about Southey, as much of Addison as of Wordsworth, and the whole story of Dick Steele can be read by us as clearly as if the innumerable notelets and messages addressed to his "dearest Prue" had been despatched in the era of the penny post, of railroads and telegraphs. On the other hand, we know so little of Defoe, apart from the productions of his versatile genius, that Mr. Henry Kingsley, in writing an admirable preface to the Globe edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, is reduced to the conclusion "that this wondrous romance is no romance at all, but a merely allegorical account of Defoe's own life for twenty-eight years." This ignorance, be it remarked, is not owing to any lack of industry on the part of biographers. Several lives of Defoe have been written, and of these Mr. Walter Wilson's *Memoir*, published in three bulky volumes about forty years ago, is undoubtedly the best that we possess. It is an honest, manly work, written without pretension, and with great knowledge and care—a trustworthy and respectable work, but, if the truth must be added, a little wearisome and dull. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when nearly two thousand pages are devoted to a subject which, considering the lack of material, might be fitly treated in two hundred?

Mr. Lee's lately published *Life* comes before the world with considerable pretensions. A few years ago, as our readers may remember, the discovery of six letters of Defoe in the State Paper Office, threw a new light upon the biography of the writer, and proved beyond all question that his career as a journalist was prolonged far beyond the period commonly supposed. Chalmers and Wilson had told us upon what seemed to be good ground, that Defoe's political labours ceased in the year 1715, and that after that date, having suffered meanwhile from an apoplectic seizure, he devoted his energies to the works which have made his name immortal. The six letters show that this statement was an error, and that Defoe's work in the newspapers of the day had not ceased in 1718. They show also that Defoe's conduct was by no means so honourable as had been hitherto supposed, and those of us who cherish a passionate admiration of this famous writer might be almost tempted to wish that so unfortunate a page of his history had never seen the light. The reasons given by Mr. Lee for a new biography of his hero, will be found in the following extract:—

The unanimous concurrence of all his previous biographers, is the dictum that his political life terminated in 1715; the accidental reappearance of his six letters in the State Paper Office, and the investigation to which they led; the exhumation of this large collection of his journalistic writings, between the years 1716 and 1731; the discovery (guided by the fact of his continued political life) that he was the author of many pamphlets and works not heretofore known to be his; and that he was not the author of many works that have been attributed to him; the rectification of the chronology of his works; the consequent alteration in sequence of the events of his life; the impossibility of interweaving all these circumstances with the extracts forming the body of this work; the previous misconception as to the moderate and conservative part of Defoe's character; and, moreover, the fact that his writings contained in this publication will be entirely new to the public,—all conducted to the necessity of re-writing the memoirs of his life.

It will be seen from this brief statement that Mr. Lee considers he had sound reasons for undertaking a new Memoir of Defoe; and when we add that the writer has discovered, or thinks he has discovered, that Defoe was a Conservative, and from first to last "a sincere, consistent upholder of the Church of England, its establishment, and its doctrines, though a dissenter from its forms of worship," it is evident that he breaks new ground with regard to the biography, and is something better than a mere book-maker. In Mr. Lee's eyes the faults of Defoe are virtues; and despite the discovery of the six letters, Mr. Lee holds to the belief that Defoe's conduct, while acting as a spy for the Government, was upright and consistent, since he has been unable to discover "any condition or stipulation, direct or implied, that he should ever write a word contrary to his conscience or to the principles which had directed his whole life; nor," he adds naïvely, "have I found that he ever did so!" For some years Defoe received the pay of the Government for secret services. He worked for Harley at the time when that Minister had drifted into Toryism, and was

supported by Swift. When Harley was superseded he worked for his enemy Godolphin. What were the services he rendered we do not know, and are therefore bound to believe them honourable; although it is difficult to see how Defoe, a Dissenter and a Whig, could have acted in conjunction with Harley, who was a persecutor of the sectaries, in heart a Tory, and in practice a Trimmer. It is possible that the connection was creditable to all the persons concerned; but the employment of Defoe by the Government, during the ministry of Lord Townshend, is a very different matter. According to Mr. Lee's own statement that nobleman proposed, in 1715, "that Defoe should be taken into the service of the Government, but that the world should not be informed of the fact, and still consider him under displeasure, and separated from the Whigs." This statement is borne out by passages in the recently discovered letters. From these it appears that, by the desire of the Government, Defoe took shares in Tory papers, wrote articles for them, and undertook an editorial supervision, with the deliberate purpose of defeating the aims of the party to which, professedly, he was allied, and of the proprietors with whom he was in partnership. Thus, of one journal, he writes, that though the property was not wholly his own—

Yet the conduct and government of the style and views was so entirely in me that I ventured to assure his lordship the sting of that mischievous paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the style should continue Tory, as it was, that the party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the design.

And of another :—

I introduced myself in the disguise of a translator of the foreign news, to be so far concerned in this weekly paper of *Mist's* as to be able to keep it within the circle of a secret management, and also prevent the mischievous part of it; and yet neither *Mist*, nor any of those concerned with him, have the least guess or suspicion by whose direction I do it.

And then in language which is perfectly unmistakable, he sums up, as follows, the shabby part he was playing :—

By this management the *Weekly Journal* and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same nature of management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory papers, and yet be disabled and enervated so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government. . . . I am, sir, for this service, posted among Papists, Jacobites, and enraged high Tories, a generation who, I profess, my very soul abhors; I am obliged to hear traitorous expressions and outrageous words against his Majesty's person and government, and his most faithful servants, and smile at it all as if I approved it. I am obliged to take all the scandalous and, indeed, villainous papers that come, and keep them by me as if I would gather materials from them to put them into the news; nay, I often venture to let things pass which are a little shocking, that I may not render myself suspected. Thus I tow in the House of Rimmon.

By what casuistry Defoe reconciled such conduct to his conscience it is impossible to say. In his earlier days his stern integrity and blunt out-spokenness had thrown him ever and again into a sea of troubles, for no sooner did he escape from the waves, than some courageous utterance,

or some clever piece of irony which his enemies could not understand, caused him to be turned adrift once more. With the enthusiasm of a young man he had taken part with Monmouth and risked his life in a foolish cause; when he wrote a humorous proposal to exterminate Dissenters, and the printer was like to suffer, Defoe came forward at once and endured the penalty of his wit; when Dissenters practised occasional conformity for the sake of worldly position, he denounced them in no measured language; when Churchmen acted with intolerance towards Dissenters, no unfrequent occurrence in an age when the name of Sacheverell was coupled with the Church, Defoe boldly maintained the freedom of religious opinion, and asserted that the violence of the High Church party was every day driving ecclesiastical sheep into dissenting pastures. So severe, indeed, was his honesty that he pleased nobody; he aimed his blows in every direction, indifferent whether at friend or foe, so long as he could strike at abuses in the State and in the Church. Controversy was his delight, and for the sake of it he made large pecuniary sacrifices and endured the most painful privations. The Grub Street hacks of the day bespattered him with Billingsgate; the men of letters abused him after their fashion, which was only a trifle less scurrilous; the Whigs called him a Jacobite; the Tories, a mercenary prostitute; and according to his own statement, made in proof of his integrity, he lived under universal contempt. Writing in 1712, Defoe says:—

I'll do and say what I think is a debt to justice and truth without the least regard to clamour and reproach. . . . In the school of affliction I have learnt more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit; in prison I have learnt to know that liberty does not consist in open doors and the free egress and regress of locomotion. I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth; and have in less than half a year tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate. . . . And now I live under universal contempt, which contempt I have learnt to contemn, and have an uninterrupted joy in my soul; not at my being condemned, but that no crime can be laid to my charge to make that contempt my due.

And then, after recounting the difficulties under which he laboured from an insupportable weight of debt and from having to maintain a wife and six children, he adds:—

Under all these circumstances, and many more too long to write, my only happiness is this: I have always been kept cheerful, easy, and quiet, enjoying a perfect calm of mind, clearness of thought, and satisfaction not to be broken in upon by whatever may happen to me. If any man ask me how I arrived to it, I answer him in short, by a constant serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work of resignation to the will of Heaven, by which let no man think I presume.

These are good and brave words, and harmonize with the divine philosophy which breathes through every chapter of *Robinson Crusoe*. In the paper from which we have quoted, Defoe says, "I have been fed more by miracle than Elijah when the ravens were his purveyors," and so he makes Crusoe declare upon his solitary island:—

I ought to consider I had been fed even by miracle, even as great as that of feeding Elijah by ravens. . . . In a word, as my life was a life of sorrow one way,

it was a life of mercy another ; and I wanted nothing to make it a life of comfort, but to be able to make my sense of God's goodness to me and care over me in this condition be my daily consolation ; and after I did make a just improvement of these things I went away and was no more sad.

Brave words again, and uttered—it were a shame to doubt it—from the heart of the writer. Yet it is passing strange to note, and we shall not attempt to reconcile the contradiction that the first passage was written a few years before Defoe “ bowed in the House of Rimmon,” and the latter at the very time when he was engaged in a course of systematic deception. Even Mr. Lee acknowledges that Defoe's position was a questionable one, and states that the secret service rendered by him to the Government is—

The key to the reproaches and calumnies that continued to be heaped upon him, to the silence with which he bore insult and scandal without deserving it, and to the anonymous publication and non-recognition by himself, subsequently, of even his most celebrated works.

Still he is not prepared to allow that this ignoble employment lowers Defoe's high character for integrity, consistency, and independence.

From his early youth, Defoe was a politician and a journalist, and it is curious to observe how often this many-sided man, with his bright vivacity of intellect, his broad tolerance and independent thought, advocated the views and started in the tracks with which the present age is familiar. He anticipated recent discoveries, suggested what we are wont to regard as modern theories, battled bravely for truths which are even now but partially established, evinced a power of grasping details as well as principles, and that practical sagacity which we are sometimes foolish enough to regard as a national characteristic. In an age when toleration was so little understood that a law was passed preventing Dissenters from acting as schoolmasters—when printers were hanged for printing treasonable pamphlets—when the frank expression of opinion led to the pillory, to confiscation, and to Newgate—Defoe, fearless and unabashed, as he is justly termed in the *Dunciad*, advocated the right of private judgment and the broadest toleration of all forms of religious belief. In an age when fashionable vices were mistaken for virtues ; when Dean Swift was on friendly terms with Mrs. Manley ; when the Countess of Suffolk was courted by the wits ; when Cabinet Ministers got drunk as a matter of course ; when bribes were openly offered and accepted, and Sir Robert Walpole declared, “ I know the price of every man in the Lords except three ;” when many of the clergy frequented ale-houses and taverns, or spent their time in hunting after preferment ; when even the dull, respectable court of the good-natured Queen Anne was sometimes notorious for its orgies ; and when, as Mr. Lee observes, the grossest vice was exhibited openly ;—Defoe, true-born Englishman as he was, spoke out boldly against the follies and sins of the time. He took upon himself the office of public censor, and performed it without flinching. His language on such occasions is rarely polite, but it is always vigorous, although not

always just. Sometimes, too, he falls into a fault he would have been the first to condemn in others, and apes the flatterer—an office that seems strangely at variance with his rough-grained democratic nature. In spite of King William's connection with Lady Orkney, Defoe declares that "he was a prince of the greatest piety, sincerity, and unfeigned religion either history relates or memory informs of in the world." Of Prince George of Denmark, who, according to Macaulay, was hardly an accountable being, and of whom Charles II. said, "I have tried Prince George sober and I have tried him drunk; and, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him," Defoe writes in the most extravagant strain of eulogy, terming him a great and good man, whose sedateness of judgment and consummate prudence commanded respect from the whole nation. Of Queen Anne, who, according to the courtier-preachers of the age, was endowed with transcendent virtues, Defoe sings, in something slightly better than his wonted doggerel :—

Our Church established and our trade restored,
 Our friends protected and our peace secured,
 France humbled, and our fleets insulting Spain,—
 These are the triumphs of a female reign.
 At home, her milder influence she imparts,
 Queen of our souls and monarch of our hearts ;
 If change of sexes thus will change our scenes,
 Grant, Heaven, we always may be ruled by queens !

And of George I., a selfish, brutal libertine, who cared infinitely more for his German mistresses and cooks than for the welfare of his kingdom, Defoe writes :—

His person is comely and grave, his countenance has majesty and sweetness so mixt that nothing can be better suited to the throne of a king. . . . His temper is goodness itself, inexpressibly obliging, to the last degree courteous and kind, yet not lowered beneath the dignity of his birth. He is steady in council, sedate in resolving, vigorous in executing, brave and gallant in the field, wise and politick in the camp, enterprising in the matter of action, and yet of so calm a courage that he who dares do anything that is fit to do, can never be in danger of precipitating into what is impracticable to be done. In short, if it may be said of any man in Europe, it may be said of his Majesty, that he is born for council and fitted to command the world.

This flattery of monarchs was carried so far in that day as to reach, in many cases, to sheer blasphemy. Few writers of the century are without traces of the complaint, and, compared with some of his contemporaries, Defoe may be said to have had it in a mild form.

If Defoe had lived only as long as Shakspeare, he would have been unknown to the world as a great imaginative writer. His reputation, if it had survived, would have rested on his achievements as a journalist and on his sufferings in the cause of political freedom. He called himself a poet, indeed, and the assumption was scarcely arrogant in an age when Nahum Tate was laureate ; but, richly endowed as he was in other ways, when he attempted to put on his singing robes he presented a sorry figure.

Only a few familiar couplets are likely to survive the wreck of Defoe's verse. His deeds as a social and political reformer will be more readily remembered. Mr. Lee observes that he was the first and foremost advocate of free trade; and he points out that the chief supporters of the doctrine were Tories—"the Whigs espousing the principles of protection and prohibition." Defoe, too, may be said to have originated what we are now accustomed to call leading articles, and he was, we believe, the first to issue a penny paper. When every gentleman was expected to defend his honour by duelling, he denounced the custom as a folly and a sin; he saw the necessity of prison reform before John Howard set about the task of his life; he anticipated Whately in his arguments against mendicancy, and Dr. Andrew Reed in projecting an asylum for idiots; he advocated an academy for literature; and the ladies and gentlemen who have lately been so zealous in promoting the foundation of a college for women, might have gathered arguments in its favour from the writings of Defoe. "I would have them take women for companions," he said, "and educate them to be fit for it;" and he adds, "I cannot think that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same enjoyments as men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves." Defoe, moreover, favoured perfect freedom of the press; he suggested a plan for the prevention of street robberies; a plan for the proper management of the insane, and the licensing of private asylums, so that no person might be sent to them "without due reason, inquiry, and authority;" a plan for the safe establishment of friendly societies and savings'-banks; a plan for the improvement of the high-roads; and a plan for the establishment of a university in London.

It was as an old man—for a man so buffeted with the storms of fortune may be reckoned old at fifty-nine—and it was, as we have said, after a fit of apoplexy, that Defoe produced his unrivalled story. Like Richardson, he won his fame at a period when, in most men, the imaginative faculty becomes dormant. Defoe was in his staid Dutch fashion a consummate literary artist. There have been greater novelists, but not one, we think, who has shown more skill in the management of his materials, or produced so fine an effect from the accumulation of prosaic details. *Robinson Crusoe* became famous immediately, has been famous ever since, and is likely to continue popular so long as literature endures. In this tale Defoe exhibits an intense imagination which at times leads him to the verge of poetry. All his fictions display an infinite amount of invention, and of practical experience; but the first and best of them is perhaps the only one in which the supreme faculty comes into play, the only one that awakens strong emotion in the reader and carries him, despite the homely, colloquial style of narrative, into a region of high romance. "Crusoe's lonely isle" has a more familiar hold upon our boys than any historic site with which they are

acquainted. Few spots distinguished in geography have a greater interest than this. It is something to discover an island, but it is better to create one, and Defoe's freehold is more precious, and bids fair to be more permanent than any possessed by duke or marquis. "This man could have founded a colony as well as governed it," said a statesman after reading Defoe's great novel. Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, said that *Robinson Crusoe* was one of the few books a reader would wish longer. Marmontel observed that it was the first book he ever read with exquisite pleasure; and Rousseau wrote: "Since we must have books, this is one which in my opinion is a most excellent treatise on natural education. This is the first my Emilius shall read; his whole library shall long consist of this work." Similar quotations might of course be multiplied by scores, but a tale that has been accepted by the world needs not the commendation of men of letters. Yet those of us who still rejoice in this book of our boyhood, must have heard or read with no common pleasure, the remarks made some time ago at the banquet of the Royal Geographical Society by one of the most illustrious of our scientific men. Professor Owen, in alluding to "the most popular of all records of geographical discovery and adventure" made by "the adventurous mariner, Robinson Crusoe," said:—

It is unfortunate that lack of instruments for lunar observations prevented the determination of the precise locality of the most celebrated of the islands which he discovered. But when we reflect on the influence of the literary results of his expeditions in stimulating the youth of all nations to geographical exploration and adventure, we may hope in that noble hall, which the prophetic vision of our president doubtless sees rising in the future, that a statue of Crusoe may be raised from the sole remaining authentic portrait which adorns the frontispiece of the first edition of his famous geographical work.

One more remark suggested by *Robinson Crusoe* will not be inappropriate. When a man produces an incomparable work, we are content to solve all difficulties regarding it, by saying that it is a work of genius. That Defoe's novel merits this distinction none will question, although it may not rank with the noblest creations of literature; for the story is not, like Shakspeare's *Tempest*, a splendid effort of the imagination, but is rather the fruit of a life's experience, and of accumulated stores of knowledge. We cannot accept Mr. Henry Kingsley's theory, that "this wondrous romance of *Robinson Crusoe* is no romance at all, but a merely allegorical account of Defoe's own life for twenty-eight years;" and when he says there is no doubt at all that by the cannibal Caribbees, Defoe meant the Tories, and that the name of the first savage he killed with his gun was called Sacheverell, we can but smile at the ingenious discovery. It is evident, no doubt, that in this his wisest and most beautiful work, the author records much that he himself had learnt and suffered during a troubled life. In all his fictions, indeed, he identifies himself with his characters; and even his villains—women as well as men—bear a family likeness to their literary father. It seems hard to say this of such characters as Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Colonel Jack; but while com-

mitting hateful sins and crimes, and relating what they have done, they moralize upon their evil deeds with the seriousness and sobriety of a sedate old gentleman whose one object in life is the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Yet the descent from the light and purity of the great romance to the oppressive and noxious atmosphere of the minor novels is great indeed. *Robinson Crusoe* stands out from its companions like a noble mountain amidst a range of stunted hillocks; it is a book so manly in tone, so feminine in sweetness, so Christian in feeling, that it deserves a place on the same shelf with the *Faery Queene* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But on what shelf, and with what companions, shall we place *Roxana* and *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, and *Captain Singleton*? Not certainly with books in which splendid powers are perverted to evil, and vice is tricked out to wear the semblance of virtue; but among books that display, with the fidelity of a photograph, human nature at its worst, vice in all its grossness, and the low aims of low people in all their vulgarity. Love, in the highest meaning of the word, was unknown to Defoe, and is not, therefore, portrayed in his novels. He wrote only of what he knew, and of this he knew nothing. His women are without grace, without purity, without dignity, they are even without passion; and when led astray, are not influenced by their affections, but by a love of greed. Their aims are mercenary, their manners loose, their language commonplace; they are wholly destitute of sentiment and of the charm of poetry. But they act and speak like living beings, instead of moving like puppets. The truth of the likenesses reconciles us to their coarseness. They interest us, because of the one touch of nature, and as specimens of our common humanity.

Defoe professes to write always with a moral, and even with a religious purpose. He was an honest and severe Presbyterian, who regarded actors as the "sons of hell," and was so thorough a Sabbatarian that he considered the licensing of a certain number of hackney-coaches to ply on Sundays as the worst blemish of King William's reign, and we suppose, therefore, a greater slur upon his memory than the massacre of Glencoe. He had from his youth belonged to a strait sect, and had shown himself willing to suffer persecution for his creed. When his minor fictions were published Defoe was more than sixty years of age, and had just produced one of the wholesomest and most beautiful tales we possess in the language. Is it possible that these far inferior books were written years before, when he was immured in Newgate, and when, doubtless, he acquired much of the special knowledge they exhibit, and that the extraordinary popularity of *Robinson Crusoe*, which gained its high position at a bound, induced him to give them also to the world? It would be a satisfaction to think that such novels as *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana* were not among the last works of an old man. His aim, it may be admitted, was to portray the ugliness of vice and the divine beauty of virtue, and certainly he displays vice after a very undraped fashion. If people don't dislike it, he says it is their own fault; and their fault, too, if they do not gain

instruction from the inevitable moral which follows the representation. But the first object of fiction is amusement ; and this, in the novels we are speaking of, can only be gathered from the vicious or criminal adventures of the characters described. Books such as these are not taken up for the sake of instruction. It is impossible, therefore, to accept Defoe's asseverations that his sole object in writing his fictions was didactic, and we agree with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lee, that they cannot be recommended for indiscriminate perusal.

Of Defoe the man—apart from Defoe the politician, the polemist, the social reformer, and the novelist—there is so little to be said that the biographer who attempts a portrait on a large scale is almost forced to write a history of his times and of his works. The times are interesting, the works manifold, and what with chronicle and criticism, abundant extracts and minute historical details, such a memoir easily swells out into goodly proportions. Still it may be questioned whether the little we know accurately of Defoe is not to some extent obscured by these extraneous details. From the midst of them, however, it is certainly possible to form a portrait which, at least in its broader features, will be tolerably well defined.

How clear-sighted this man was, what abundant energy he possessed, how willingly he sacrificed private emolument for the public good, with what cheerfulness he turned the most adverse circumstances to practical account, how strong he was in the invincible ardour of an heroic soul—all this is duly set forth in Mr. Lee's biography. Forget the six fatal letters, and you will acknowledge that a braver and nobler specimen of English manhood never walked this island ; remembering them sorrowfully, as you needs must, and while perplexed at the unrighteous conduct of a righteous man, you are content to confess you do not understand the inconsistency, and to accept, as compensation, the virtues of a life.

J. T. Field

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I.

I AM sitting opposite the likeness of the rarest genius America has yet given to literature,—a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

Wandered lonely as a cloud,—

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude.

The portrait, an exquisite drawing by Rowse, is a very truthful representation of the head of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. But, although he was several times painted and photographed, the light and beauty of his eyes were never faithfully rendered by painter or photographer. I remember to have heard, in literary circles of London, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. During his consular residence in England, I was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody.

There is a charming old lady, now living two doors from me, who dwelt in Salem when Hawthorne was born, and being his mother's neighbour at that time (Mrs. Hawthorne then lived in Union Street), she went in, and saw the little winking thing in its mother's arms. She is very clear as to the beauty of the infant, even when only a week old, and remembers that "he was a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls." She also tells me that Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman, with remarkable eyes, full of sensibility and expression, and that she was a person of singular purity of mind. Hawthorne's father, whom my friend knew well, she describes as a warm-hearted and kindly man, very fond of children. He was somewhat inclined to melancholy, and of a reserved disposition. He was a great reader, employing all his leisure-time over books.

Hawthorne's father died when Nathaniel was four years old, and from that time his uncle, Robert Manning, took charge of his education, sending him to the best schools, and afterwards to college. When the lad was about nine years old, while playing bat and ball at school, he lamed his foot so badly that he used crutches for more than a year. His foot ceased to grow like the other, and the doctors of the town were called in to examine the little lame boy. He was not perfectly restored till he was twelve years old. His kind-hearted schoolmaster, Joseph Worcester, the author of the Dictionary, came every day to the house to hear the boy's

lessons, so that he should not fall behind in his studies. He used to lie flat upon the carpet, and read and study the long days through. Some time after he recovered from this lameness he had an illness causing him to lose the use of his limbs, and he was obliged to seek again the aid of his old crutches, which were then pieced out at the ends to make them longer. While a little child, and as soon almost as he began to read, the authors he most affected were Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. The *Castle of Indolence* was an especial favourite with him during boyhood. The first book he bought with his own money was a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*.

One who watched him during his childhood tells me that "when he was six years old his favourite book was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; and that whenever he went to visit his grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the old family copy to a large chair in a corner of the room near a window, and read it by the hour, without once speaking. No one ever thought of asking how much of it he understood. His mind developed itself. . . . He used to invent long stories, wild and fanciful, and tell where he was going when he grew up, and of the wonderful adventures he was to meet with, always ending with, in quite a solemn tone, 'And I'm never coming back again.'"

When he could scarcely speak plainly, it is related by members of the family that the little fellow would go about the house, repeating with vehement emphasis and gestures certain striking passages from *Richard III.*, which he had overheard from older persons about him. One line, in particular, made a great impression upon him, and he would start up on the most unexpected occasions, and exclaim, in his loudest tones,—

"Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass!"

When Hawthorne was a little more than twelve, the family moved to Raymond, in the State of Maine; here his out-of-door life did him great service, for he grew tall and strong, and became a good shot and an excellent fisherman. At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College, and after his graduation returned again to live in Salem. During his youth he had an impression that he should die before the age of twenty-five; but the Mannings, his ever-watchful and kind relations, did everything possible for the care of his health, and he was tided safely over the period when he was most delicate.

When a youth he made a journey into New Hampshire with one of his relatives. They travelled by waggon, and met with many adventures, which the young man chronicled in his letters home. Some of the touches in these epistles were very characteristic and amusing, and they showed in those early years his quick observation and descriptive power. The travellers "put up" at Farmington, in order to rest over Sunday. Hawthorne writes to a member of the family in Salem: "As we were wearied with rapid travelling, we found it impossible to attend divine service, which was, of course, very grievous to us both. In the evening,

however, I went to a Bible class, with a very polite and agreeable gentleman, whom I afterwards discovered to be a strolling tailor, of very questionable habits."

When the travellers arrived in the Shaker village of Canterbury, Hawthorne at once made the acquaintance of the community there, and the account which he sent home was to the effect that the brothers and sisters led a good and comfortable life, and he wrote: "If it were not for the ridiculous ceremonies, a man might do a worse thing than to join them." Indeed, he spoke to them about becoming a member of their Society, and was evidently much impressed with the thrift and peace of the establishment.

This visit in early life to the Shakers is interesting as suggesting to Hawthorne his beautiful story of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," to be found in his volume of *The Snow-Image, and other Twice-Told Tales*.

A lady of my acquaintance, the identical "Little Annie" of the "Ramble," in *Twice-Told Tales*, remembers the young man "when he returned home after his collegiate studies." "He was even then," she says, "a most noticeable person, never going into society, and deeply engaged in reading everything he could lay his hands on. It was said in those days that he had read every book in the 'Athenæum Library' in Salem. This lady relates that when she was a child, and before Hawthorne had printed any of his stories, she used to sit on his knee and lean her head on his shoulder, while by the hour he would fascinate her with delightful legends, much more wonderful and beautiful than any she has ever read since in printed books.

The traits of the Hawthorne character were stern probity and truthfulness. Hawthorne's mother had many characteristics in common with her distinguished son, she also being a reserved and thoughtful person. Those who knew the family describe the son's affection for her as of the deepest and tenderest nature, and they remember that when she died his grief was almost insupportable.

I first saw Hawthorne when he was about thirty-five years old. He had then published a collection of his sketches, the now famous *Twice-Told Tales*. Longfellow, ever alive to what is excellent, and eager to do a brother author opportune and substantial service, at once came before the public with a generous estimate of the work in the *North American Review*; but the choice little volume, the most promising addition to American literature that had appeared for many years, made little impression on the public mind. Discerning readers, however, recognized the supreme beauty of this new writer, and never afterwards lost sight of him.

In 1892 Hawthorne published a short anonymous romance called *Fanshawe*. I once asked him about this disowned publication, and he spoke of it with great disgust, and afterwards he thus referred to the subject in a letter written to me in 1851:—

You make an inquiry about some supposed former publication of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct answers as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage ;

and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward. Anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal ; and so far from assisting your researches in that direction, I especially enjoin it on you, my dear friend, not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine.

When Mr. George Bancroft, then collector of the Port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger in the custom-house, he did a wise thing, for no public officer ever performed his disagreeable duties better. I have before me a tattered little official document signed by Hawthorne : it certifies his attendance at the unlading of a brig, then lying at Long Wharf in Boston. I keep this precious relic side by side with one of a similar custom-house character, signed *Robert Burns*.

I came to know Hawthorne very intimately after the Whigs displaced the Democratic novelist from office. In my ardent desire to have him retained in the public service, his salary at that time being his sole dependence,—not foreseeing that his withdrawal from that sort of employment would be the best thing for American letters that could possibly happen,—I called, in his behalf, on several influential politicians of the day, and I well remember the rebuffs I received in my enthusiasm for the author of the *Twice-Told Tales*. One pompous little gentleman in authority, after hearing my appeal, quite astounded me by his ignorance of the claims of a literary man on his country. "Yes, yes," he sarcastically croaked, "I see through it all, I see through it all. This Hawthorne is one of them 'ere visionists, and we don't want no such a man as him round." In the winter of 1849, after he had been ejected from the custom-house, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering. He was then living in a modest wooden house in Oliver Street, if I remember rightly. I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling ; and as the day was cold, he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood. "Now," said I, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press." "Nonsense," said he ; "what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers (M. and Company) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the *Twice-Told Tales* ?" I still pressed upon him the good chance he would have now with something new. "Who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America ?" "I would," said I, "and would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write." "What madness !" he exclaimed ; "your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no," he continued ; "I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account." I looked at my watch and found that the train would soon be starting for Boston, and I knew there was not much time to lose in trying to discover what had been his literary work during these last few years in Salem. I

pressed him to tell me what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau or set of drawers near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that, hidden away there, might possibly be a story or stories by the author of the *Twice-Told Tales*, and I said as much. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave. I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me from the chamber, asking me to stop a moment. Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said: "How in heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad,—I don't know which." On my way up to Boston I read the germ of *The Scarlet Letter*; before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvellous story he had put into my hands, and telling him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I was in such a state of excitement when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed at my enthusiasm. However, we soon arranged for his again appearing before the public as an author.

I have here a quarto volume, containing numerous letters written by him from 1850 down to the month of his death. The first one refers to *The Scarlet Letter*, and is dated in January, 1850. At my suggestion he had altered the plan of that story. It was his intention to make *The Scarlet Letter* one of several short stories, all to be included in one volume, and to be called *Old-Time Legends; together with Sketches, Experimental and Ideal*. His first design was to make *The Scarlet Letter* occupy about two hundred pages in his new book; but I persuaded him, after reading the first chapters of the story, to elaborate it, and publish it as a separate work. After this was settled, he wrote to me:—

I am truly glad that you like the Introduction, for I was rather afraid that it might appear absurd and impertinent to be talking about myself, when nobody, that I know of, has requested any information on that subject.

As regards the size of the book, I have been thinking a good deal about it. Considered merely as a matter of taste and beauty, the form of publication which you recommend seems to me much preferable to that of the *Mosses*.

In the present case, however, I have some doubts of the expediency, because, if the book is made up entirely of *The Scarlet Letter*, it will be too sombre. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it will weary very many people, and disgust some. Is it safe, then, to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance? A hunter loads his gun with a bullet and several buckshot; and, following his sagacious example, it was my purpose to conjoin the one long story with half-a-dozen shorter ones, so that, failing to kill the public outright with my biggest and heaviest lump of lead, I might have other chances with the smaller bits individually and in the aggregate. However, I am willing to leave

these considerations to your judgment, and should not be sorry to have you decide for the separate publication.

In this latter event it appears to me that the only proper title for the book would be *The Scarlet Letter*, for *The Custom-House* is merely introductory,—an entrance-hall to the magnificent edifice which I throw open to my guests. It would be funny if, seeing the further passages so dark and dismal, they should all choose to stop there! If *The Scarlet Letter* is to be the title, would it not be well to print it on the title-page in red ink? I am not quite sure about the good taste of so doing, but it would certainly be piquant and appropriate, and, I think, attractive to the great gull whom we are endeavouring to circumvent.

Often and often I have seen him sitting in the chair I am now occupying by the window, looking out into the twilight. He liked to watch the vessels dropping down the stream, and nothing pleased him more than to go on board a newly arrived bark from Down East, as she was just moored at the wharf. One night we made the acquaintance of a cabin-boy on board a brig, whom we found off duty and reading a large subscription volume, which proved, on inquiry, to be a Commentary on the Bible. When Hawthorne questioned him why he was reading, then and there, that particular book, he replied with a knowing wink at both of us, "There's consider'ble her'sy in our place, and I'm a studying up for 'em."

He liked on Sunday to wander among the books, and there are few volumes in this room that he has not handled or read. He knew that he was never free from intrusion of any kind. He always slept in the same room,—the one looking on the water; and many a night I have heard his solemn footsteps over my head, long after the rest of the house had gone to sleep. He was a light sleeper, and he liked to be up and about early; but it was only for a ramble among the books again. One summer morning I found him as early as four o'clock reading a favourite poem, Grainger's *Ode on Solitude*, which he very much admired. That morning I shall not soon forget, for he was in the vein for autobiographical talk, and he gave me a most interesting account of his father, the sea captain, who died of the yellow fever in Havana, and of his beautiful mother, who dwelt a secluded mourner ever after the death of her husband. Then he drew a picture of his college life, and of his one sole intimate, Franklin Pierce, whom he loved devotedly.

In the early period of our acquaintance he much affected the old Boston Exchange Coffee-house in Devonshire Street, and once I remember finding him shut up there before a blazing coal-fire, in the "tumultuous privacy" of a great snow-storm, reading with apparent interest the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, which he had picked up about the house. He also delighted in the Old Province House, at that time an inn, kept by one Thomas Waite, whom he has immortalized. After he was chosen a member of the Saturday Club he came frequently to dinner with Felton, Longfellow, Holmes, and the rest of his friends, who assembled once a month to dine together. At the table, on these occasions, he was rather reserved than conversational, but when he chose to talk it was observed that the best things said that day came from him.

As I turn over his letters, the old days, delightful to recall, come back again with added interest.

I sha'n't have the new story [he says in one of them, dated from Lenox on the 1st of October, 1850,] ready by November, for I am never good for anything in the literary way till after the first autumnal frost, which has somewhat such an effect on my imagination that it does on the foliage here about me,—multiplying and brightening its hues; though they are likely to be sober and shabby enough after all.

I am beginning to puzzle myself about a title for the book. The scene of it is in one of those old projecting-storied houses, familiar to my eye in Salem; and the story, horrible to say, is a little less than two hundred years long; though all but thirty or forty pages of it refer to the present time. I think of such titles as *The House of the Seven Gables*, there being that number of gable-ends to the old shanty; or *The Seven-Gabled House*; or simply, *The Seven Gables*. Tell me how these strike you. It appears to me that the latter is rather the best, and has the great advantage that it would puzzle the devil to tell what it means.

A month afterwards he writes further with regard to *The House of the Seven Gables*, concerning the title to which he was still in doubt:—

The Old Pyncheon House: A Romance; The Old Pyncheon Family; or, the House of the Seven Gables: A Romance;—choose between them. I have rather a distaste to a double title; otherwise, I think I should prefer the second. Is it any matter under which title it is announced? If a better should occur hereafter, we can substitute. Of these two, on the whole, I judge the first to be the better.

I write diligently, but not so rapidly as I had hoped. I find the book requires more care and thought than *The Scarlet Letter*; also, I have to wait oftener for a mood. *The Scarlet Letter* being all in one tone, I had only to get my pitch, and could then go on interminably. Many passages of this book ought to be finished with the minuteness of a Dutch picture, in order to give them their proper effect. Sometimes, when tired of it, it strikes me that the whole is an absurdity, from beginning to end; but the fact is, in writing a romance, a man is always, or always ought to be, careering on the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity, and the skill lies in coming as close as possible, without actually tumbling over. My prevailing idea is, that the book ought to succeed better than *The Scarlet Letter*, though I have no idea that it will.

On the 9th of December he was still at work on the new romance and writes: "My desire and prayer is to get through with the business in hand. I have been in a Slough of Despond for some days past, having written so fiercely that I came to a stand-still. There are points where a writer gets bewildered and cannot form any judgment of what he has done, or tell what to do next. In these cases it is best to keep quiet."

On the 12th of January, 1851, he is still busy over his new book, and writes: "My *House of the Seven Gables* is, so to speak, finished; only I am hammering away a little on the roof, and doing up a few odd jobs, that were left incomplete."

At the end of the month of January, 1851, the manuscript of his second great romance was despatched to me. On the 27th he writes:—

If you do not soon receive it, you may conclude that it has miscarried; in which case, I shall not consent to the universe existing a moment longer. I have no copy of it, except the wildest scribble of a first draught, so that it could never be restored.

It has met with extraordinary success from that portion of the public to whose judgment it has been submitted, viz. from my wife. I likewise prefer it to *The*

Scarlet Letter; but an author's opinion of his book just after completing it is worth little or nothing, he being then in the hot or cold fit of a fever, and certain to rate it too high or too low.

It has undoubtedly one disadvantage in being brought so close to the present time; whereby its romantic improbabilities become more glaring.

I deem it indispensable that the proof-sheets should be sent me for correction. It will cause some delay, no doubt, but probably not much more than if I lived in Salem. At all events, I don't see how it can be helped. My autography is sometimes villanously blind; and it is odd enough that whenever the printers do mistake a word, it is just the very jewel of a word, worth all the rest of the dictionary.

I well remember with what anxiety I awaited the arrival of the precious parcel, and with what keen delight I read every word of the new story before I slept. Here is the original manuscript, just as it came that day, twenty years ago, fresh from the author's hand. The printers carefully preserved it for me; and Hawthorne once, in this very room, made a formal presentation of it to me, with great mock solemnity of manner.

After the book came out he wrote:—

I have by no means an inconvenient multitude of friends; but if they ever do appear a little too numerous, it is when I am making a list of those to whom presentation copies are to be sent. Please send one to General Pierce, Horatio Bridge, R. W. Emerson, W. E. Channing, Longfellow, Hillard, Sumner, Holmes, Lowell, and Thompson the artist. You will yourself give one to Whipple, whereby I shall make a saving. I presume you won't put the portrait into the book. It appears to me an improper accompaniment to a new work. Nevertheless, if it be ready, I should be glad to have each of these presentation copies accompanied by a copy of the engraving put loosely between the leaves. Good-by. I must now trudge two miles to the village, through rain and mud knee-deep, after that accursed proof-sheet. The book reads very well in proofs, but I don't believe it will take like the former one. The preliminary chapter was what gave *The Scarlet Letter* its vogue.

The engraving he refers to in this letter was made from a portrait by Mr. C. G. Thompson, and at that time, 1851, was an admirable likeness. On the 6th of March he writes:—

The package, with my five heads, arrived yesterday afternoon, and we are truly obliged to you for putting so many at our disposal. They are admirably done. The children recognized their venerable sire with great delight. My wife complains somewhat of a want of cheerfulness in the face; and, to say the truth, it does appear to be afflicted with a bedevilled melancholy; but it will do all the better for the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. In the expression there is a singular resemblance (which I do not remember in Thompson's picture) to a miniature of my father.

His letters to me, during the summer of 1851, were frequent. *The House of the Seven Gables* was warmly welcomed both at home and abroad. On the 28rd of May he writes:—

Whipple's notices have done more than pleased me, for they have helped me to see my book. Much of the censure I recognize as just; I wish I could feel the praise to be so fully deserved. Being better (which I insist it is) than *The Scarlet Letter*, I have never expected it to be so popular (this steel pen makes me write awfully). — — — Esq., of Boston, has written to me, complaining that I have made his grandfather infamous! It seems there was actually a Pyncheon (or Pynchon, as he spells it) family resident in Salem, and that their representative, at the period of the Revolution, was a certain Judge Pynchon, a Tory and a refugee. This was Mr. —'s

grandfather, and (at least, so he dutifully describes him) the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. There are several touches in my account of the Pyncheons which, he says, make it probable that I had this actual family in my eye, and he considers himself infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thinks it monstrous that the "virtuous dead" cannot be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. He further complains that I speak disrespectfully of the ——'s in *Grandfather's Chair*. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, though there is quite enough of the latter quality to give piquancy to his epistle. The joke of the matter is, that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book, and was as much my property, for fictitious purposes, as that of Smith. I have pacified him by a very polite and gentlemanly letter, and if ever you publish any more of the *Seven Gables*, I should like to write a brief preface, expressive of my anguish for this unintentional wrong, and making the best reparation possible; else these wretched old Pyncheons will have no peace in the other world, nor in this. Furthermore, there is a Rev. Mr. ——, resident within four miles of me, and a cousin of Mr. ——, who states that he likewise is highly indignant. Who would have dreamed of claimants starting up for such an inheritance as the House of the Seven Gables!

I mean to write, within six weeks or two months next ensuing, a book of stories made up of classical myths. The subjects are: The Story of Midas, with his Golden Touch, Pandora's Box, The Adventure of Hercules in quest of the Golden Apples, Bellerophon and the Chimera, Baneis and Philemon, Perseus and Medusa; these, I think, will be enough to make up a volume. As a framework, I shall have a young college student telling these stories to his cousins and brothers and sisters, during his vacations, sometimes at the fireside, sometimes in the woods and dells. Unless I greatly mistake, these old fictions will work up admirably for the purpose; and I shall aim at substituting a tone in some degree Gothic or romantic, or any such tone as may best please myself, instead of the classic coldness, which is as repellent as the touch of marble.

I give you these hints of my plan, because you will perhaps think it advisable to employ Billings to prepare some illustrations. There is a good scope in the above subjects for fanciful designs. Bellerophon and the Chimera, for instance: the Chimera a fantastic monster with three heads, and Bellerophon fighting him, mounted on Pegasus; Pandora opening the box; Hercules talking with Atlas, an enormous giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders, or, sailing across the sea in an immense bowl; Perseus transforming a king and all his subjects to stone, by exhibiting the Gorgon's head. No particular accuracy in costume need be aimed at. My stories will bear out the artist in any liberties he may be inclined to take. Billings would do these things well enough, though his characteristics are grace and delicacy rather than wildness of fancy. The book, if it comes out of my mind as I see it now, ought to have a pretty wide success amongst young people; and, of course, I shall purge out all the old heathen wickedness, and put in a moral wherever practicable. For a title how would this do: *A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*; or, *The Wonder Book of Old Stories*? I prefer the former. Or, *Myths Modernized for my Children*; that won't do.

I need a little change of scene, and meant to have come to Boston and elsewhere before writing this book; but I cannot leave home at present.

Throughout the summer Hawthorne was much annoyed by people who insisted that they, or their families in the present or past generations, had been deeply wronged in *The House of the Seven Gables*. In a note received from him on the 5th of June, he says:—

I have just received a letter from still another claimant of the Pyncheon estate. I wonder if ever, and how soon, I shall get a just estimate of how many jackasses

there are in this ridiculous world. My correspondent, by the way, estimates the number of these Pyncheon jackasses at about twenty ; I am doubtless to be remonstrated with by each individual. After exchanging shots with all of them, I shall get you to publish the whole correspondence, in a style to match that of my other works, and I anticipate a great run for the volume.

P.S.—My last correspondent demands that another name be substituted, instead of that of the family ; to which I assent, in case the publishers can be prevailed on to cancel the stereotype plates. Of course you will consent ! Pray do !

Praise now poured in upon him from all quarters. Hosts of critics, both in England and America, gallantly came forward to do him honour, and his fame was assured. On the 15th of July he sends me a jubilant letter from Lenox, in which occur these passages :—

Mrs. Kemble writes very good accounts from London of the reception my two romances have met with there. She says they have made a greater sensation than any book since *Jane Eyre* ; but probably she is a little or a good deal too emphatic in her representation of the matter. At any rate, she advises that the sheets of any future book be sent to Moxon, and such an arrangement made that a copyright may be secured in England as well as here. Could this be done with the *Wonder Book* ? And do you think it would be worth while ? I must see the proof-sheets of this book. It is a cursed bore ; for I want to be done with it from this moment. Can't you arrange it so that two or three or more sheets may be sent at once, on stated days, and so my journeys to the village be fewer ?

That review which you sent me is a remarkable production. There is praise enough to satisfy a greedier author than myself. I set it aside, as not being able to estimate how far it is deserved. I can better judge of the censure, much of which is undoubtedly just ; and I shall profit by it if I can. But, after all, there would be no great use in attempting it. There are weeds enough in my mind, to be sure, and I might pluck them up by the handful ; but in so doing I should root up the few flowers along with them. It is also to be considered, that what one man calls weeds another classifies among the choicest flowers in the garden. But this reviewer is certainly a man of sense, and sometimes tickles me under the fifth rib. I beg you to observe, however, that I do not acknowledge his justice in cutting and slashing among the characters of the two books, at the rate he does ; sparing nobody, I think, except Pearl and Phoebe. Yet I think he is right as to my tendency as respects individual character.

I am going to begin to enjoy the summer now, and to read foolish novels, if I can get any, and smoke cigars, and think of nothing at all : which is equivalent to thinking of all manner of things.

The composition of the *Tanglewood Tales* gave him great pleasure, and all his letters, during the period he was writing them, overflow with evidences of his felicitous mood. He requests that Billings should pay especial attention to the drawings, and is very anxious that the porch of Tanglewood "should be well supplied with shrubbery." He seemed greatly pleased that Mary Russell Mitford had fallen in with his books and had written to me about them. "Her sketches," he said, "long ago as I read them, are as sweet in my memory as the scent of new hay." On the 18th of August he writes :—

You are going to publish another thousand of the *Seven Gables*. I promise those Pyncheons a preface. What if you insert the following ?

"(The author is pained to learn that, in selecting a name for the fictitious inhabitants of a castle in the air, he has wounded the feelings of more than one respectable

descendant of an old Pyncheon family. He begs leave to say that he intended no reference to any individual of the name, now or heretofore extant ; and further, that, at the time of writing his book, he was wholly unaware of the existence of such a family in New England for two hundred years back, and that whatever he may have since learned of them is altogether to their credit)."

Insert it or not, as you like. I have done with the matter.

I advised him to let the Pyncheons rest as they were, and omit any addition, either as note or preface, to the romance.

Near the close of 1851 his health seemed unsettled, and he asked me to look over certain proofs "carefully," for he did not feel well enough to manage them himself. In one of his notes, written from Lenox at that time, he says :—

Please God, I mean to look you in the face towards the end of next week ; at all events, within ten days. I have stayed here too long and too constantly. To tell you a secret, I am sick to death of Berkshire, and hate to think of spending another winter here. But I must. The air and climate do not agree with my health at all ; and, for the first time since I was a boy, I have felt languid and dispirited during almost my whole residence here. O that Providence would build me the merest little shanty, and mark me out a rood or two of garden-ground, near the sea-coast. I thank you for the two volumes of De Quincey. If it were not for your kindness in supplying me with books now and then, I should quite forget how to read.

Hawthorne was a great devourer of books, and in certain moods it made very little difference to him what the volume before him happened to be. An old play or an old newspaper sometimes gave him wondrous content. He once told me he found such delight in old advertisements in the newspaper files at the Boston Athenæum, that he had passed delicious hours among them. At other times he was very fastidious, and threw aside book after book until he found the right one. De Quincey was a special favourite with him, and the Sermons of Laurence Sterne he once commended to me as the best sermons ever written. In his library was an old copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, which had floated down to him from a remote ancestry, and which he had read so industriously for forty years that it was nearly worn out of its thick leathern cover. Hearing him say once that the old English *State Trials* were enchanting reading, and knowing that he did not possess a copy of those heavy old folios, I picked up a set at a book-stall and sent them to him. He often told me that he spent more hours over them and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell, and he said, if five lives were vouchsafed to him, he could employ them all in writing stories out of those books. He had sketched, in his mind, several romances founded on the remarkable trials reported in the old volumes ; and one day, I remember, he made my blood tingle by relating some of the situations he intended, if his life was spared, to weave into future romances. Sir Walter Scott's novels he continued almost to worship, and was accustomed to read them aloud in his family. The novels of G. P. R. James, both the early and the later ones, he insisted were admirable stories, admirably told, and he had high praise to bestow on the novels of

Anthony Trollope. "Have you ever read these novels?" he wrote to me in a letter from England, some time before Trollope began to be much known in America. "They precisely suit my taste; solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of. And these books are as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that the human nature in them would give them success anywhere."

The humorous side of Hawthorne was not, perhaps, easily or often discoverable, yet have I seen him marvellously moved to fun, and no man laughed more heartily in his way over a good story. Wise and witty, Professor Holmes always had the talismanic faculty of breaking up that thoughtfully sad face into mirthful waves; and I remember how Hawthorne writhed with hilarious delight over Professor Lowell's account of a butcher who remarked that, "Idees had got afloat in the public mind with respect to sassingers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I'm so filled with *mammoth thoughts*." A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.

He had an inexhaustible store of amusing anecdotes to relate of people and things he had observed on the road. One day he described to us, in his inimitable and quietly ludicrous manner, being *watched*, while on a visit to a distant city, by a friend who called, and thought he needed a protector, his health being at that time not so good as usual. "He stuck by me," said Hawthorne, "as if he were afraid to leave me alone; he stayed past the dinner-hour, and when I began to wonder if he never took meals himself, he departed and set another man to *watch* me till he should return. That man *watched* me so, in his unwearying kindness, that when I left the house I forgot half my luggage, and left behind, among other things, a beautiful pair of slippers. They *watched* me so, among them, I swear to you I forgot nearly everything I owned."

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said: "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story, based upon a legend of Acadie, and still current there; the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and, moreover, promised not to treat the subject in prose, till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so

we have *Evangeline*. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both European and American, of this now world-renowned poem.

In 1852 I went to Europe, and while absent had frequent most welcome letters from him. He had finished the *Blithedale Romance* during my wanderings, and I was fortunate enough to arrange for its publication in London simultaneously with its appearance in Boston. One of his letters (dated from his new residence in Concord, June 17, 1852) runs thus :—

You have succeeded admirably in regard to the *Blithedale Romance*, and have got just 150*l.* more than I expected to receive. It will come in good time, too; for my drafts have been pretty heavy of late, in consequence of buying an estate !!! and fitting up my house. What a truant you re from the Corner! I wish, before leaving London, you would obtain for me copies of any English editions of my writings not already in my possession. I have Routledge's edition of the *Scarlet Letter*, the *Mosses*, and *Twice-Told Tales*; Bohn's edition of the *House of the Seven Gables*, the *Snow-Image*, and the *Wonder Book*; and Bogue's edition of the *Scarlet Letter*. These are all, and I should be glad of the rest. I meant to have written another *Wonder Book* this summer, but another task has unexpectedly intervened. General Pierce of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was a college friend of mine, as you know, and we have been intimate through life. He wishes me to write his biography, and I have consented to do so: somewhat reluctantly, however, for Pierce has now reached that altitude when a man, careful of his personal dignity, will begin to think of cutting his acquaintance. But I seek nothing from him, and therefore need not be ashamed to tell the truth of an old friend. . . . I have written to Barry Cornwall, and shall probably enclose the letter along with this. I don't more than half believe what you tell me of my reputation in England, and am only so far credulous on the strength of the 200*l.*, and shall have a somewhat stronger sense of this latter reality when I finger the cash. Do come home in season to preside over the publication of the *Romance*.

He had christened his estate "The Wayside," and in a postscript to the above letter he begs me to consider the name, and tell him how I like it.

Another letter, evidently foreshadowing a foreign appointment from the newly-elected President, contains this passage: "Do make some inquiries about Portugal; as, for instance, in what part of the world it lies, and whether it is an empire, a kingdom, or a republic. Also, and more particularly, the expenses of living there, and whether the Minister would be likely to be much pestered with his own countrymen. Also, any other information about foreign countries would be acceptable to an inquiring mind."

When I returned from abroad, I found him getting matters in readiness to leave the country for a consulship in Liverpool. He seemed very happy at the thought of flitting, but I wondered if he could possibly be so contented across the water as he seemed in Concord. I remember walking with him to the Old Manse, a mile or so away from "The Wayside," his new residence, and talking over England and his proposed absence of several years. We strolled round the house, where he spent the first years of his married life, and he pointed from the outside to the

windows, out of which he had looked and seen supernatural and other visions. We walked up and down the avenue, the memory of which he had embalmed in *Mosses*, and he discoursed most pleasantly of all that had befallen him since he led a lonely, secluded life in Salem. It was a sleepy, warm afternoon, and he proposed that we should wander up the banks of the river and watch the clouds float above the quiet stream. I recall his lounging, easy air as he drew me along until we came to a very secluded spot, when he bade me lie down on the grass and hear the birds sing. Presently he began to murmur some half-forgotten lines from Thomson's *Seasons*, which he said had been favourites of his from boyhood. While we lay there, half-hidden in the grass, we heard approaching footsteps, and Hawthorne hurriedly whispered, "Duck! or we shall be interrupted by somebody!" The solemnity of his manner, and the thought of the strange position in which we had both placed ourselves to avoid being seen, threw me into a foolish half-hysterical fit of laughter; and when he nudged me, and again whispered, more gravely than ever, "Heaven help me, Mr. — is close upon us!" I felt convinced that if the thing went on any further, suffocation, in my case at least, must ensue.

He kept me constantly informed, after he went to Liverpool, of how he was passing his time. His charming *English Note-Books* show that he was not idle. There were touches, however, in his private letters which escaped daily record in his journal. In one of the first he gives me an account of a dinner where he was obliged to make a speech. He says, "I tickled up John Bull's self-conceit (which is very easily done) with a few sentences of most outrageous flattery, and sat down in a general puddle of good feeling." In another he says:—

I have taken a house in Rock Park, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and am as snug as a bug in a rug. Next year you must come and see how I live. Give my regards to everybody, and my love to half-a-dozen. . . . I wish you would call on Mr. Savage, the antiquarian, if you know him, and ask whether he can inform me what part of England the original William Hawthorne came from. He came over, I think, in 1634. . . . It would really be a great obligation if he could answer the above query. Or, if the fact is not within his own knowledge, he might perhaps indicate some place where such information may be obtained here in England. I presume there are records still extant somewhere of all the passengers by those early ships, with their English localities annexed to their names. Of all things, I should like to find a gravestone in one of these old churchyards with my own name upon it, although, for myself, I should wish to be buried in America. The graves are too devilish damp here.

The hedgerows of England, the grassy meadows, and the picturesque old cottages delighted him. While roaming over the country, he was often deeply touched by meeting among the wild-flowers many of his old New England favourites,—bluebells, crocuses, primroses, foxglove, and others which are cultivated in our gardens, and which had long been familiar to him in America. I can imagine him, in his quiet, musing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning and hearing the

distant church bells chiming to service. His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as *inside* a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the *sexton* than with the *rector*.

He was constantly demanding longer letters from home ; and nothing gave him more pleasure than monthly news from the "Saturday Club," and detailed accounts of what was going forward in literature. One of his letters dated in January, 1854, starts off thus :

I wish your epistolary propensities were stronger than they are. All your letters to me since I left America might be squeezed into one. . . . I send T—— a big cheese which I long ago promised him ; and my advice is, that he keep it in the shop and daily, between eleven and one o'clock, distribute slices of it to your half-starved authors, together with crackers and something to drink. . . . I thank you for the books you send me, and more especially for Mrs. Mowatt's *Autobiography*, which seems to me an admirable book. Of all things I delight in autobiographies ; and I hardly ever read one that interested me so much. She must be a remarkable woman, and I cannot but lament my ill-fortune in never having seen her on the stage or elsewhere. . . . I count strongly upon your promise to be with us in May. Can't you bring Whipple with you ?

One of his favourite resorts in Liverpool was the boarding-house of good Mrs. Blodgett, in Duke Street : a house where many Americans have found comfortable quarters, after being tossed on the stormy Atlantic. "I have never known a better woman," Hawthorne used to say, "and her motherly kindness to me and mine I can never forget."

On the 13th of April, 1854, Hawthorne wrote to me this characteristic letter from the consular office in Liverpool :—

I am very glad that the *Mosses* have come into the hands of our firm ; and I return the copy sent me, after a careful revision. When I wrote those dreamy sketches, I little thought that I should ever preface an edition for the press amidst the bustling life of a Liverpool consul. Upon my honour, I am not quite sure that I entirely comprehend my own meaning, in some of these allegories ; but I remember that I always had a meaning, or, at least, thought I had. I am a good deal changed since those times ; and to tell you the truth, my past self is not very much to my taste, as I see myself in this book. Yet certainly there is more in it than the public generally gave me credit for at the time it was written.

But I don't think myself worthy of very much more credit than I got. It has been a very disagreeable task to read the book. The story of *Rappacini's Daughter* was published in the *Democratic Review*, about the year 1844 ; and it was prefaced by some remarks on the celebrated French author (a certain M. de l'Aubepine), from whose works it was translated. I left out this preface when the story was republished ; but I wish you would turn to it in the *Democratic*, and see whether it is worth while to insert it in the new edition. I leave it altogether to your judgment.

A young poet named — has called on me, and has sent me some copies of his works to be transmitted to America. It seems to me there is good in him ; and he is recognized by Tennyson, by Carlyle, by Kingsley, and others of the best people here. He writes me that this edition of his poems is nearly exhausted, and that Routledge is going to publish another, enlarged and in better style.

Perhaps it might be well for you to take him up in America. At all events, try to bring him into notice ; and some day or other you may be glad to have helped a famous poet in his obscurity. The poor fellow has left a good post in the customs to cultivate literature in London !

We shall begin to look for you now by every steamer from Boston. You must make up your mind to spend a good while with us before going to see your London friends.

Did you read the article on your friend De Quincey in the last *Westminster* ? It was written by Mr. — of this city, who was in America a year or two ago. The article is pretty well, but does nothing like adequate justice to De Quincey ; and in fact no Englishman cares a pin for him. We are ten times as good readers and critics as they.

Is not Whipple coming here soon ?

Hawthorne's first visit to London afforded him great pleasure, but he kept out of the way of literary people as much as possible. He introduced himself to nobody, except Mr. —, whose assistance he needed, in order to be identified at the bank. He wrote to me from 24, George Street, Hanover Square, and told me he delighted in London, and wished he could spend a year there. He was greatly amused at being told (his informants meaning to be complimentary) "that he would never be taken for anything but an Englishman." He writes : "John Bull is in high spirits just now at the taking of Sevastopol. What an absurd personage John is ! I find that my liking for him grows stronger the more I see of him, but that my admiration and respect have constantly decreased."

During all those long years, while Hawthorne was absent in Europe, he was anything but an idle man. On the contrary, he was an eminently busy one, in the best sense of that term ; and if his life had been prolonged, the public would have been a great gainer for his residence abroad. His brain teemed with romances, and once I remember he told me he had no less than five stories, well thought out, any one of which he could finish and publish whenever he chose.

Christian Names in England and Wales.

IN a former article * we made some observations upon the surnames of England and Wales, regarded in the light of that comprehensive system of civil registration which came into force in the year 1837. We propose, in the following pages, to discuss the Christian names in use amongst us; and we shall, as before, rely for much of our information upon the indexes prepared and preserved at the office of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in London. These indexes, reckoning up to the close of the year 1869, cover a period of thirty-two years and six months, and embrace nearly forty-four millions of names—each name being that of an individual born, married, or deceased; while the entries themselves to which the alphabetical lists refer contain a vast number of additional titles—those of parents, friends, attendants, witnesses, &c.—many of them attributable to an earlier date than that of the commencement of Government registration. The records, therefore, furnish testimony as to our personal, no less than our family nomenclature, of a very complete kind. We shall find, as we proceed, that the histories of Christian and surnames are closely interwoven. As we previously reminded our readers, the latter are often merely patronymics, or the baptismal names of fathers in some modified shape, borne by the sons as permanent and hereditary titles; while, on the other hand, since the Reformation, surnames have been freely used at baptism for the purposes of personal distinction. But, notwithstanding the intimate connection subsisting between the two classes of denominations, there will present themselves for consideration, in dealing more particularly with Christian names, many matters which own a separate and peculiar interest.

A word may be said at the outset by way of apology for the title of this paper. It might not unreasonably be objected that the phrase "Christian Names" is scarcely justified, seeing that the records on which we are about to depend for our facts have been prepared by a civil process wholly unconnected with the Christian Sacrament of Baptism, to which the expression is of course primarily to be ascribed. But, in common parlance, no one thinks of calling his own distinguishing appellation anything but his *Christian* name. There is, moreover, no sort of antagonism between baptism and registration. In a large number of cases where the former has not preceded the latter, the name recorded by the civil officer is solemnly confirmed at the font on some early succeeding day. The Registration Act was so framed as in no way to clash

* See the *Cornhill Magazine* for April, 1868.

with religious practice ; and by a special clause provides for the addition or substitution, in the record made by the Government Registrar, of names newly conferred, or after deliberation altered, at the time of the baptismal ceremony.*

We will now briefly glance over the leading epochs of English history, with the object of ascertaining how far the titles which had their origin in each are represented amongst us in the nineteenth century.

To the Cymric stock of the Keltic race, and to the somewhat hazy days when our land was peopled by this now declining family, we must first turn our thoughts. Have the warlike, impetuous, and imaginative tribes, whom Caesar found in possession here just before the Christian era, handed down to our age any titular reminiscences of themselves and of their times ? Of the ancient Keltic titles not a few continued to be used after the Britons had embraced Christianity, and not a few remain in use at the present day. We need scarcely say that they are mainly to be found amongst those western mountains to which, when the appointed time had arrived, their earlier bearers were driven by the Teuton invader. A notable example of this family of names is *Rhys* (warrior), or, as the word now generally appears, *Rees*—which long ago became a family title, but which is still a good deal used for personal distinction in Wales. *Cadwallader* (Battle-arranger), often to be met with amongst the wilds of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, is another name of the same class. So is *Gwalchmai* (Hawk-of-battle), which is found recurring from time to time in Anglesey and some of the neighbouring districts. Then there is *Gwen* (White), with various compounds and diminutives, as *Gwendoline*, *Gwenifread*, *Gweny*, &c., much used in the neighbourhoods of Bangor, Carnarvon, Conway, Llanrwst, Festiniog, Bala, Ruthin, and some other parts of North Wales ; and also appearing, but less frequently, in connection with Brecknockshire and the more southern counties of the Principality. (*Gwenllian* is a very favourite name about Bedwelty, Merthyr-Tydfil, Neath, Pontypridd, and adjacent towns.) *Myfanwy*, a female title of doubtful meaning, which must be classed with the above, is shown by the registration indexes to be employed not unfrequently in Anglesey and other of the more Welsh parts of Wales ; while *Llewellyn* (Lightning), which also falls under the same category, is well known as a name of general although not very abundant distribution throughout the Principality. Many other old Keltic titles often appear in the registers ; but of these some do not point to continuous usage from ancient times downwards, but simply to revivals affected by people of education in our own day.

The Roman occupation of Britain has left behind it but few traces that are now prominent. It is difficult to realize that London, Bath, and many other of our cities were once designed and adorned by Roman art, and that even the remote little Caerleon-upon-Usk was formerly a splendid

* See the Act 6 & 7 Wm. IV. cap. 86, § 24.

town of Roman temples and palaces. As, however, some slight and scattered architectural remains corroborate the testimony of history and tradition upon these points, so in our personal nomenclature certain vestiges exist which similarly bear witness to the ancient presence and influence of the Latins amongst us. To mention a single instance: *Gryffydd*, or, as we spell it in English, *Griffith*—an appellation formerly of such frequency in Wales as to have originated a patronymic which stands No. 50 in the Registrar-General's list of the most common surnames*—is the Keltic version of *Rufus*, the Ruddy.† The black-haired Roman, struck with the auburn locks occasionally occurring amongst the normally swarthy Kelts, gave a nickname to their owners: the Briton, as nearly as his Keltic tongue would suffer him, echoed the nickname from his conqueror's lips, and so often afterwards applied it that the *Gryffydds* grew into a mighty family, which, however, amidst the vicissitudes of nomenclature, at length ceased to own any necessary connection with red hair. *Griffith* is still largely used as a Christian name, more particularly in the county of Carnarvon.

To the various Teutonic tribes—the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes—which came over to this country in the fifth and sixth centuries, and which were at length fused into the Anglo-Saxon race, we owe our really national names. A great variety of personal titles existed among the Anglo-Saxons; for, while their language in general became in course of time accommodated to a common standard, the names applied to individuals amongst them retained all their original dialectic varieties. These older Teuton titles are now, however, to be sought rather in the lists of our surnames than in those of our personal appellations. But of the names which were of strictly *Anglo-Saxon* origin, and which were mostly compound words, many have continued to be employed largely at baptism down to our own time; and these, too, in their transit across the period when surnames were gradually spreading downwards from the higher to the lower classes, passed freely into family denominations. *Edward* will at once occur to the reader as amongst the foremost names of the division we are now considering. *Edward* seems to have been unfailingly popular ever since the period of Saxon rule. It has originated several surnames, one of which, viz. *Edwards*, has belonged to great numbers of persons. The Registrar-General has shown that this cognomen stands No. 20 as regards commonness amongst the surnames of England and Wales. The family names *Tedd*, *Edson*, *Edkins*, and *Edwardson* are also derivatives of the baptismal name *Edward*; so again, perhaps, are *Eddison*, *Eddy*, and others. *Edward*, as a personal title, is now proportionately much more frequent in Wales than in England, just as the surname *Edwards* is far commoner there than here. To cite other cases in which Anglo-Saxon

* See the Registrar-General's Annual Report for 1853, p. xx.

† See Miss Yonge's *History of Christian Names*, vol. i. p. 353. To this interesting work we have frequently had recourse in writing the present article.

titles have come down to us in a probably unbroken line of usage—there is *Alfred*, with its corresponding surnames, *Alfred*, *Alfrey*, *Alfry*, *Alverd*, *Alvert*; *Edmund*, with a still larger family of derivatives; *Cuthbert*, which is represented in at least three forms amongst hereditary titles; and *Edgar*, appearing, we believe, only in its original shape in the lists of surnames. To these many others might of course be added; but we need not multiply examples.

The Normans made popular in England an entirely new set of Teutonic * Christian names; and amongst them are to be found many that are now oftenest employed as personal designations. Most prominent of all is the name *William*—that of the Norman Conqueror himself. We shall presently give the reader a notion of the relations in which some of our more ordinary Christian names stand to each other in the matter of frequency; for the present it is sufficient to say that of men's names *William* is in all probability borne by a larger number of persons in England and Wales than any other. It is not uninteresting to note the meaning of the word on which this, our principal male title, is based. *Wili* was one of the three primeval Teuton deities who together performed the creation of mankind. He was a personification of *will*; not only of inclination (*voluntas*) but of *impetus* also. † Among an enterprising and determined race such as ours, therefore, the name *William* is fittingly conspicuous. But, unfortunately, it must be confessed that its frequency in England denotes no general reference at the time of its importation to the original signification of its root; on the contrary, that frequency merely represents an inclination universally shown amongst the vanquished Anglo-Saxons to imitate the titles that were fashionable in the families of their victors. *Henry* is another still common name of Norman introduction; *Harry* being, as Miss Yonge says, “its right native shape;” and the surnames derived from this form of the word (*viz.* *Harries*, *Harris*, *Harrison*, *Parry*) belonging to a much larger number of people than the derivatives of *Henry*, which latter way of spelling is only an imitation of the French mode *Henri*. *Robert* is also a title imported at the time of the Conquest, and one which continues to be prominent. *Walter*, again, dates from the same era as to its introduction amongst us, but is now considerably less used than the preceding name; while *Gilbert*, and many other Norman titles which are of common occurrence in *Doomsday Book*, have in our day fallen into the background as Christian names.

The crusading period gave us *John*, which now competes, and in some years it would seem successfully, with *William* for predominance among the baptismal names of men. As a patronymic (*i.e.* in the form of *Jones*) it has outrun *William* (or *Williams*) completely; and dares to dispute with *Smith* the honour of naming more individuals amongst our country-

* We are apt to overlook the fact that the *Normans*, however French in manners, were by descent, and in all their more essential characteristics *Norsemen*—therefore Teutons. Their nomenclature was mainly Teutonic.

† See *The Teutonic Name-System*, by ROBERT FERGUSON. London, 1864.

men than any other family cognomen. *John* was of course, in the first instance, employed in reference to its saintly associations; but, once naturalized in this connection, it soon ceased to express religious feeling, and was simply given to the son because his father bore it.

Passing on through the later middle-ages we come upon another saintly title which now appears to be more prevalent in this country than any other, either male or female. This is *Mary*. The adoration of the Virgin Mother in pre-Reformation days, has made a mark upon our nomenclature which no subsequent sentiment, whether Puritanic or otherwise, has been able to efface. *Mary* is an existing surname; and the baptismal title *appears*, at least, to have created other surnames, as *Marrian*, *Marriott*, *Marryat*, *Maryon*, &c.: but some doubt hangs over the derivation of these words; and it has been supposed, indeed, that *Mary* as a family title owns no connection with the personal name, but that it may be identical with the ancient Anglo-Saxon word *mare*, signifying a horse.

We may here state that, besides the seeming derivatives of *Mary*, there are several other surnames which appear to have had their origin in the Christian names of women. "These," writes Mr. Ferguson, "have been supposed to indicate illegitimacy; and if any of them have been given in comparatively modern times, this may be the case. But with regard to such surnames as *Anne*, *Betty*, *Moll*, *Pegg*, *Sall*, *Lucy*, I . . . suppose them not to be women's names at all, but ancient men's names. That we have some names of female origin I do not doubt; and in the origin of surnames I can see no reason why they might not in some cases, without any injurious imputation, be taken from the mother." This conclusion appears to be perfectly just. We have only to imagine that, at the time when surnames were coming into use, there were in existence—as there undoubtedly are now—good wives of strong character, and decisive action, who were virtually the masters of their households, and the main promoters of their children's interests in life. Under such conditions as these, what more probable than that the neighbours should fall into the habit of calling the young folks by the name of the mother, rather than by that of the superseded sire? Would not the family title originated amidst such circumstances more naturally be *Margerison* (son of Margaret), or *Betts* (son of Elizabeth), than *Watts* (son of Walter) or *Robinson* (son of Robert)? The author of the book *Patronymica Britannica* gives a considerable list of surnames, which he believes to have been derived from the baptismal names of mothers: amongst them he mentions some which Mr. Ferguson ejects from this class of titles.*

The Reformation effected an extensive change in the character of our Christian names. The patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament, rather than the saints and martyrs of Christian story, now lent their titles to the baptized. This was the time when the *Davids*, the *Hannahs*, the *Daniels*, *Samuels*, and *Sarahs* became numerous; and many such appel-

* See LOWER'S *Patronymica Britannica*, Art. "Female Christian Names."

lations have never since receded from the positions of favour then accorded to them. Names of this class are probably still often used in a directly religious sense. On referring to the registers from those neighbourhoods which have been the scenes of recent revivals, we at once find the Old Testament nomenclature prevalent. At Haworth in Yorkshire, for instance, where Grimshaw preached, and where Wesleyanism has since gained a great hold upon the people, we meet with many *Abels, Cabels, Enochs, Hiram, Jesses, Seths, &c.*; while *Elkanahs, Ichabods, and Zerrubbabels* are not wanting. The Puritan custom of using abstract qualities as Christian names still also obtains in a limited degree. This is a class of denominations little likely perhaps to have been often handed on in families through many successive generations. Persons possessing such appellations may be expected frequently to grow disgusted with their singularity or pretension, and to avoid them in choosing names for their own infants. Such titles, however, constantly recur; and the registration indexes yield many examples of them, and of words which may be classed with them, as *Affability, Charity, Comfort, Deliverance, Equality, Grace, Gratitude, Hope, Industry, Mercy, Modesty, Patience, Prudence, Repentance, Sobriety, Temperance, Truth, Unity, and Virtue.*

At the time of the Reformation, too, arose the practice of adopting surnames at baptism. "Reader," says Thomas Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, "I am confident an instance can hardly be produced of a surname made Christian in England, save since the Reformation; before which time the priests were scrupulous to admit any at the font except they were baptized with the name of a scripture or legendary saint. Since, it hath been common." How general the practice here referred to has now become we need scarcely note. It is often followed out of compliment to god-parents and other connections and friends; but it is, perhaps, as commonly resorted to by reason of a wish to perpetuate in families the maiden surname of the mother.

We may pause a moment in the troublous and revolutionary seventeenth century, to ascribe to it the popularization of one now common name. The present frequency of the title *Charles* seems to be unmistakably owing to the loyal spirit evoked during and after the civil war.

"The love of a finish in *a*," says Miss Yonge, "was coming in with Queen Anne's Augustan age. The soft *e*, affectionate *ie* or *y*, that had been natural to our tongues since they had been smoothed by Norman-French, was twisted up into an Italian *ia*." It is curious to see what different treatment the female names exemplifying the various fashions here alluded to have met with in our times. From a table before us, we are enabled to judge with approximate correctness of their fates. Thus, *Amelia* is shown to have held its own, and appears as a still common name. *Olivia* has fallen into the background; while *Olive*, the earlier and more English form of the title, is not seldom used. On the other hand, *Letitia* occupies a conspicuous place amongst our personal names; but *Lettice*, its representative in previous days, has dropped far towards

disuse. *Maria* stands forward, but is yet remote from *Mary*; *Anna*, too, is considerably less employed than *Anne*. *Lucinda* and *Alicia* are rare; but *Lucy* meets with extensive acceptance, and *Alice*, save three others, is the most popular woman's name amongst us.

Of the male titles which the last century brought to the fore *George* is the most prominent. *Frederick* and *Augustus* are also names attributable to the period, the former having obtained a firm and lasting hold upon English taste. *Augustus* has proved much less attractive to the masses; but it nevertheless maintains a respectable place in the registration indexes, and its feminine *Augusta* prevails to about an equal extent.

Before proceeding to consider some of the influences which have operated in an interesting manner upon Christian names in this present age, we will give the exact positions of a few of our commonest personal titles, as shown in a table which has been prepared at the General Register Office. This table is based on the first or leading names of 100,000 children—50,000 males, and 50,000 females—who were registered in 1866-7. It shows the 500 commonest of these names; exhibiting them in an order which is according to the frequency of their application. We will quote the first 25 out of the 500, with the numbers of infants registered under each. They stand thus:—

Order.	Names.	Numbers.	Order.	Names.	Numbers.
1	Mary	6,819	16	Emily	1,615
2	William	6,590	17	Frederick	1,604
3	John	6,230	18	Annie	1,580
4	Elizabeth	4,617	19	Margaret	1,546
5	Thomas	3,876	20	Emma	1,540
6	George	3,620	21	Eliza	1,507
7	Sarah	3,602	22	Robert	1,323
8	James	3,060	23	Arthur	1,237
9	Charles	2,323	24	Alfred	1,232
10	Henry	2,060	25	Edward	1,170
11	Alice	1,925	Total number of children (out of 100,000) regis- tered under the above 25 names		65,892
12	Joseph	1,780			
13	Ann	1,718			
14	Jane	1,697			
15	Ellen	1,621			

To render the foregoing table perfectly intelligible to the reader, we may explain, by way of example, that *Mary*, which heads the list, was given as a first title to 6,819 girls out of 50,000; and that of all the names, whether masculine or feminine, bestowed on the entire 100,000 children who were called as witnesses, it served to designate the largest number of individuals. Again, *John* was conferred on 6,280 out of 50,000 boys; but of the various titles distinguishing the total 100,000 infants, two proved to have been more often given than *John*, and these two were the female name *Mary* above mentioned, and the male name *William*.

It will be observed that the 25 titles belonged to about two-thirds

of the 100,000 children ; it is also evident on examination that, however great the variety of the names divided amongst the remaining third, there was, so far as our quotation has extended, but one name to every 2,685 persons. There is good reason for supposing that the table cited affords a fair sample of the proportions in which personal titles are distributed among the population in general ; and we are not likely to be far wrong in concluding that something like two-thirds of the children registered in England and Wales receive, as a first name, one or other of the 25 appellations above mentioned. To apply this conclusion to the total number of births recorded during one of the years which furnished the facts of our table :—In 1867 the births of 768,849 children were registered. We should expect, therefore, to find about 512,232 of the number dividing between them the foregoing 25 names ; and, supposing that the 25 titles had been equally distributed amongst their 512,232 bearers, each name must have served to distinguish 20,489 infants. These, however, are but rough calculations, as the reader will readily perceive.

We may here briefly advert to the character, and to the period and causes of introduction amongst us of each of the twenty-five names which we have found good reason for believing to be the commonest in England and Wales.

Mary (1)—We have already spoken of this name. There can be no doubt that its pre-eminence is a relic of the religious feeling of the middle-ages. As the mother of Christ then came to receive the principal homage and adoration of English Christians, so was her name a supreme favourite at the font, where it was used, doubtless, from motives in which superstition was largely concerned. It is a strong proof of the immovability of a once-established title, that our leading appellation of to-day should owe its prominent position to Mariolatry. *William* (2), the name of the Norman conqueror, has also been previously mentioned. Mr. Lower says that this title has become the parent of a greater number of family cognomina than any other baptismal name ; and if, when surnames were becoming fixed, it occupied its present position of supremacy amongst the personal titles of men, we should naturally look for some such result ; although it does not necessarily follow that a name which is most abundantly applied shall assume the largest variety of shapes. *John* (3) is of Norman importation. It became popular at the time of the Crusades, and took the lead amongst the saint-names of men. The great frequency of the patronymic Jones (*i. e.* John's, or the son of John) testifies to the enormous favour which this title found in Wales before surnames were settled there. It was estimated by the Registrar-General in his Annual Report for 1858 (p. xxiii.) that there were then 51,000 families of Joneses in England and Wales, or a little less than 250,000 individuals. *John* is still proportionately much more employed as a Christian name in Wales than it is in England. *Elizabeth* (4)—This Hebrew title seems, in a great degree, to owe the general acceptance it has met with amongst us to the prestige imparted to it by good Queen Bess, although it was an

English name long prior to her time. Miss Yonge shows that *Elizabeth* and *Isabel* are the same, and that *Jezebel* also probably shares with the two a community of derivation. It is a name that has a great variety of forms and abbreviations, as *Bess*, *Bessie*, *Bet*, *Betsey*, *Betty*, *Eliza*, *Elspeth*, *Elspy*, *Lilly*,* and *Lizzy*; the list might be much lengthened by adding the different shapes of *Isabel*. *Thomas* (5) was not known in England prior to the Norman Conquest, and much of its subsequent popularity appears to be attributable to Thomas à Becket. *George* (6) is the title of the patron saint of England; but we must look to the four royal personages of the name for the explanation of its frequency now. *Sarah* (7) is one of the Old Testament titles that were brought into common use in England at the time of the Reformation. *James* (8) is a name that makes its appearance in *Doomsday Book*; and as it has since given rise to several surnames, which distinguish no inconsiderable numbers, it must have been frequently employed in baptism towards the close of the middle-ages. As being a royal title in England during the seventeenth century, it would then acquire additional favour and usage. We have seen *Charles* (9) to be indebted for its present popularity to the Royalist sentiment of the Civil War. *Henry* (10) takes us back again to the eleventh century. It is one of the many names imported from Normandy. Seeing that it has belonged to a larger number of our sovereigns than any other title, its wide acceptance cannot be wondered at. *Alice* (11) is not, so far as we are informed, traceable to any one prominent individual for its original popularity. It is the truly English form of *Adelaide*, and seems to have been freely used from the commencement of purely *English* history. That it is so eminent a favourite now may be owing in some degree to the fact that her Majesty's second daughter bears it. We shall presently show that the interest of the people in contemporary royalty is clearly traceable in our nomenclature. *Joseph* (12) may be classed amongst the names of Old Testament worthies to which the Puritans so freely had recourse; but it was well known and not a little used in England long before the days of Puritanism. It is a common surname amongst the Jews, but is by no means confined to them. Various derivatives, as *Jose*, *Josephs*, *Josey*, *Joskin*, *Joskyn*, which appear not unfrequently in the national registers, show that the personal name was in vogue when surnames were in course of adoption. *Ann* (13)—This title is distinguished, in the table from which we have given an extract, from *Anne* and from *Annie*, the diminutive of both. Added together, the numbers attributable to the three forms (out of 50,000 females) would be 3,893. Miss Yonge says of the name:—"It was from Prague (of which St. Anne had been the patron saint) that the Bohemian princess, Anne of Luxemburg, brought it to England, and gave it to her name-child, Anne Mortimer, by whom it was carried to the House of York, then to the Howards,

* The attractive name *Lillie*, *Lilly*, or *Lily*, is now a great favourite; it is, perhaps, more often used in a directly floral sense, than as a diminutive of *Elizabeth*; but it is probably not seldom employed with reference to both meanings at once.

from them to Anne Boleyn, and thereby became an almost party word in England." Several surnames are seemingly derived from this title, as *Ann*, *Annis*, *Annison*, *Anns*, *Anson*, &c.; but an old Scandinavian male name disputes with the genuine female appellation the distinction of having originated them. *Jane* (14) is one of the many feminine forms of *John*. It is to be ascribed to the Tudor period for its adoption in England. Like several others of our simplest names, it has specially commended itself to Welsh taste; and it now finds its most ready acceptance westward of the Wye. *Jane* occurs as a surname; but, so presenting itself, it is identified with an ancient Norse word, *Gagn*, gain or victory.* *Ellen* (15)—or *Ellin*, as we find it commonly spelt in Carnarvonshire—is the same name as *Helen*, *Elayne*, and *Eleanor*. It appears to owe its adoption in England to Plantagenet royalty; but in Wales it was common from the early days of Keltic history. *Emily* (16)—In this name the Teutonic Eve (*Embla*) is represented; † although the Latin *Emilia* is liable to intermix with it. The title is said to have acquired its popularity in our times through the daughter of George II., who was known as the Princess *Emily*, although she signed herself *Amelia*. *Frederick* (17) we have had occasion to speak of before: it is one of the appellations brought to us from Hanover during the last century. Of *Annie* (18) we have also made mention as being merely a diminutive of *Ann*. We now come to *Margaret* (19), a name which is extremely common in Wales, but by no means proportionately so in other parts of the country. The daughter of Henry III. was the first English *Margaret*. *Emma* (20) is properly attributable, says Miss Yonge, to the Normans. She adds that it often appears in the parish registers of Yorkshire and Durham down to the seventeenth century. The Welsh now use the name a good deal; but with them it seems to be a corruption of *Ermin*, from the Latin *Herminius*. *Eliza* (21) is merely an abbreviation of the multiform *Elizabeth*. The leaning towards a termination in *a*, before spoken of as characteristic of denominational taste during the reign of Queen Anne, appears to be answerable for the curtailment. *Robert* (22) takes us back for its origin to early Teutonic history, and for its settlement in this country to the time of the Conquest. According to one theory of derivation it has originated above fifty of our surnames. ‡ *Arthur* (23)—We should expect, perhaps, to find this famous title most abundant among the Welsh, who, by frequent usage of it, might gracefully do homage still to the saintly British sovereign of old time. But such hero-worship does not appear in the Principality. It is in England that *Arthur* prevails; and the hero worshipped here is not "*Flos Regum Arthurus*," but Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. *Alfred* (24) we have touched upon before. Of all our Anglo-Saxon names it is most dignified by association. It has continuously held a high place in popular esteem, despite the expulsive forces of Norman and other fashions. It is found in *Doomsday Book* as *Alured*;

* See *The Teutonic Name-System*, p. 174.

† *Ibid.* pp. 142, 143.

‡ For a list of them, see *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1868, p. 413.

and we have already noted that it is distinguishable among surnames in several different forms. With *Edward* (No. 25)—the last name on our list—we have also previously dealt.

Remembering how long a space of time has elapsed since most of the foregoing titles first came into use in England, and how large is the proportion of persons bearing them now, we cannot fail to see clearly that the principle of mere *repetition* is that upon which our personal nomenclature mainly proceeds. If the father's name be *William*, it is most likely that the name of the firstborn son will be *William* too; and when more children appear, the chances are that their titles will be borrowed from other relatives. This principle is manifestly the denominational *vis inertia*, against which the active forces of current sentiment and fashion invariably contend in the first instance at a disadvantage. But such forces do offer, to the conservatism of nomenclature, a continuous although not always triumphant opposition; and those of them which appear to be amongst the most speedy and successful in modifying the old-established stock of appellations, are such as arise out of the tendencies to copy the titles of existing royalty and greatness, and to confer names suggested by religious feeling.

Let us now turn to that remaining one-third of the people which we suppose to be unrepresented in the antecedent table; and let us see what evidences of modern taste and feeling are to be discovered amongst the multitudinous titles thus brought under our notice.

The fancy for royal names still continues in full force. We may remark, indeed, that the name *Victoria* has become but moderately popular. It certainly does not hold a place among our titles even remotely representing the amount of loyalty generally evinced towards its bearer; possibly the un-English form of the word may partially account for the comparative hesitation with which it has been adopted. Far different, at any rate, is the treatment that has been accorded to another conspicuous royal name of our times. *Albert* has rapidly worked its way into prominence, and still seems to be increasingly employed. This name, identical with *Ethelbert*, which we improperly rejected from pre-Norman times till the late Prince Consort brought it back from Germany in a new shape, is found only just beyond the limits of that portion of the registration-table which we have lately quoted; occupying the twenty-seventh place in the table as it stands entire. *Albert*, therefore, may be mentioned as foremost amongst the names of quite recent importation which promise to rival the older titles already dealt with, in the extent of their popularity. We cannot doubt that the favour with which the name has been received, principally results from its having been chosen as a first title for the heir-apparent to the throne; but, probably, the position it occupies also indicates a posthumous respect and admiration for the late Prince.

We find all the children of the Queen making upon the national registers a titular impress more or less distinct. Such an event as the marriage of the Prince of Wales was sure to leave an especial mark upon

the indexes. During the year in which this wedding took place, about 1,500 female children received the name of *Alexandra*, and nearly 8,000 boys were registered *Albert Edward*. The *Albert Alexanders* were also numerous; and the birth registers for the period abound in other indications as to the interest taken in the young couple at the time. The following are some of the combinations which we have noticed that were then conferred as personal names:—*Regina Alexandra*, *Prince Albert Edward*, *Alberta Alexandra*, *Alexander Albert*, *Alexandra Victoria*, *Alexander Denmark*, &c.

We pass on to show how public events of another kind will exhibit themselves in registration. On September 20, 1854, the battle of the *Alma* was fought and won. Traces of the victory forthwith appear in the birth registers: in the indexes for the quarter ended December 31 of the year in question, we discover that 519 children, many of whom prove on further inquiry to have been the infants of soldiers, received the name of *Alma*. It is true, indeed, that this appellation had not been entirely unknown in England before. In relation, doubtless, to its sense as a Latin adjective the word had occasionally already made its appearance in the register-books as a female title. But it was now given to boys and girls alike; and it was also often employed in conjunction with other words which serve additionally to recall the circumstances that led to its frequency. Thus, there are in the indexes many instances of such combinations as the following:—*Alma Balaklava*, *Alma Eugénie*, *Alma Inkerman*, *Alma Inkerman Sebastopol*, *Alma Raglan*, *Alma Raglan Arnaud*, *Alma Victoria*. We have once met with the name *Alma Heights*. Ever since 1854 the appellation *Alma* has continued to hold a respectable place on the pages of the national registers.

But the Russian war has left a more pleasing denominational record behind it than that which consists merely in the titles of generals and of battles. The name *Florence* now stands high among the names of English women. In our table already consulted it occupies among female appellations—taken separately from those of males—the twenty-third place. There can be no doubt that this prominence is to be understood as to a great extent representing public respect for, and individual gratitude towards Miss Florence Nightingale. It was about 1855-56 that the name *Florence* began to spread itself amongst the people; and it has now become an universally favourite title. The couplet *Florence Nightingale* is often to be met with entire amongst the Christian names of children born about this period. If we mistake not, however, *Florence* had received a previous, though lesser impulse about the years 1846-7, when Mr. Dickens's *Dombey and Son* was in course of publication. Florence Dombey excited much sympathetic admiration, and we believe that she gave her name to large numbers of young ladies. But we are now speaking from personal remembrance rather than from statistical information.

This brings us to the subject of the influence exercised on Christian

names by fictitious literature. Now that reading has greatly increased amongst all classes, we may expect to find this influence manifesting itself with growing clearness. Unfortunately the sort of fiction which most readily finds its way to the masses, and consequently the titles derivable therefrom, are not always, or indeed generally, distinguished by a high degree of taste. The ambitious but ill-selected names introduced into inferior novels are already too often reproduced as the appellations of the children of artisans. Of the titles now established among us which are attributable to literary works of a better order we may mention *Evangeline*, which, invented by Mr. Longfellow for the heroine of his pathetic and popular metrical romance, has, as our indexes prove, met with a considerable degree of acceptance in England as a Christian name. *Lancelot*, also, has frequently been used of late, probably not without reference to the "Knight of Arthur's court," whom Mr. Tennyson has rendered so famous.

We have said something already as to that remarkable branch of our personal nomenclature which appears to represent religious feeling. In adding a few words on the subject, we will speak at the same time of all titles derived from the Bible, although many of them can scarcely be traced to a devotional spirit or to holy aspiration. The Welsh Calvinists indulge in eccentric names, borrowed from Scriptural words and titles as largely as any body of religionists. We lately found at Bridgend a *Mahershalalhashbaz*. At Tremadoc we came across an *Hosanna*. There was a *Sinai* at Llanidan, in Anglesey; and a *Selah*, near Monmouth. The oddities of Old Testament nomenclature are clearly attractive to some for their own sakes; we have twins in the registers named respectively *Huz* and *Buz*. But, further, the titles of the *bad characters* of the Bible are not unfrequently selected and given to children. Mr. Ferguson, in an effort to show that certain surnames, sounding like the titles of different Scripture personages, are in reality mere corruptions of other words, asks:—"Who, for instance, would be called *Herod*, after the child-slayer; or *Pharaoh*, after the stiff-necked king; or *Judas*, after the arch-apostate; or *Cain*, after the first murderer?"* Such titles are undoubtedly given. We have found in the registers an *Absalom*, a *Cain*, a *Delilah*, a *Herod*, and a *Pharaoh*;† and we have every reason to believe that had we extended our search we should have been able considerably to add to the list. The most preposterous title taken from the Bible which we have ever lighted upon, occurs in the registers as belonging to the father of a child whose birth was recorded not long after civil registration commenced. It must, therefore, we presume, have been given by some minister of religion at baptism; or, at any rate, it was *not* bestowed under the auspices of a government officer. It is no less painful an appellation than *Eli lama sabachthani*. An *Acts Apostles* is

* See *The Teutonic Name-System*, p. 482.

† It is true, however, that some of these may be corrupted surnames used as Christian names.

also to be found in the registers, and a *Talitha Cumi*. A request was recently made to a Norfolk registrar to enter a child's name as *Verily*. On inquiry it turned out that the parent, ignorantly familiar with the scripture expression, "Verily, I say unto you," believed that *verily* was the title of the person addressed! In this case the advice of the registration officer was followed, and a more sensible name selected.

Probably there is often, if not always, some reason, held to be sufficient, for bestowing on infants these distressing or ridiculous prænomena. Not many years ago a mother brought her child to a registrar in Manchester that its birth might be recorded. When asked what name she intended to give her baby she answered *Alpha Omega*. The registrar properly inquired whether she had duly considered the matter, and whether it was her deliberate intention to inflict upon the infant such extraordinary titles. "Certainly," she replied, "the child is my first, and I hope it may be my last."

The multiplication of Christian names is a modern and growing practice. In the course of five-and-twenty years the number of titles conferred at registration has been found to have increased at the rate of about fifty per cent. There are circumstances, of course, under which it may be excusable and convenient to give a child several names; but the mere heaping up of titles for the sake of a sounding combination would seem plainly to point to bad taste, and is apt to call to mind the aristocratic Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. The largest number of names which we have ever known to be given to a child at registration is fifteen. We have ascertained that in this case the appellations were those of fifteen aunts! It is to be remarked that in Wales, where the number of surnames is so limited as to be a cause of frequent mistake and inconvenience, and where the custom of adhering closely to a few hackneyed Christian names further increases the difficulty, the resort to a second title for appellative purposes is not so general as in England. Of late years, however, there is some improvement on this point. But it may be observed that personal distinction in the Principality is often but little aided either by the personal or the family name. If in some country village there you inquire, let us suppose, for a farmer bearing the title *David Davies*, the answer may probably be to the following effect:—"Do you mean *David Davies Pistilleinon*, or *David Davies Bulchyddwyallt*?" Here *Pistilleinon* and *Bulchyddwyallt*—the titles of the farms occupied by the men referred to—become virtually the names of the men themselves; and if surnames were now coming into use, these would probably supply the cognomina to be handed down to the posterity of the two Davieses. The present excessive monotony of the Welsh nomenclature is in its way as awkward as the cumbersome old system—not long exploded—of heaping upon a man's head the names of his fathers for several generations back; under which system John Jones might have been known as *Evan-ap-Evan-ap-Howell-ap-Hugh-ap-Rhys*, i.e. John, the son of John, the son of Howell, the son of Hugh, the son of Rees. Every

Welshman who revives or imports a good and unworn name for bestowal upon his child, confers a benefit, not upon his child only, but on his country as well.

Beyond the general tendency to use an increased number of Christian names, it is not easy to discover that the fashion of the present day in nomenclature sets conspicuously in any one direction. We have shown that the old denominational forces are still in operation ; and amongst the minority there is undoubtedly a considerable movement going on in favour of mere novelty. Some other lesser tendencies which appear to be at work are not, we think, to be approved. For instance, in the middle classes there is what we hold to be an undignified inclination towards the adoption of the surnames of noble families. We have *Percys, Cecils, Stanleys, Villierses, Howards, Spencers, &c.*, in rather oppressive abundance. There are, of course, frequently other reasons than that to which we refer, for the employment of these and similar titles ; but such reasons are also often wanting. It is a mistake to appropriate a name merely because it is aristocratic : we should rather incite our sons to the task of dignifying one that is plebeian. The practice indeed is only the old denominational worship of greatness in a new form ; but the form is one of the least attractive. The working-classes in our great manufacturing towns, again, are falling into the somewhat opposite error of vulgarising good plain names, by registering them in their nicked or abbreviated shapes. *Dan, Dick, Jack, Poll, Sall* and *Tom* appear too often in the register-books.

One of the most frequent causes of the bestowal of strange Christian names, is the existence of a singular or suggestive surname. This affords a temptation to the display of a denominational jocularly which often proves too strong to be resisted. It happens indeed, not seldom, that such surname is in reality far from denoting what it appears to denote. But this is of no consequence : the sound or look of the word is enough. We have not far to go for examples ; and we will take a few as they present themselves. We notice, in the first place, the name *Sea Gull*. Here the surname *Gull* owns no allusion to the bird which is so familiar upon our shores, although its owners facetiously turn it to account in that sense. *Gull* is likely to be from a Norse word meaning *gold* ; or it may simply denote a dupe or fool. Then the registration indexes also give us *River Jordan*. In this instance the family name, which has its representative in France (as we remember from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) and in other European countries, and which makes its appearance among our own surnames under several different aspects, is, in all probability, what it seems to be. The waters of the sacred stream were often brought here in crusading times to be used for baptismal purposes ; and in these cases the baptized may sometimes have received the name of the river, which name would be liable, like all other personal titles, to become hereditary. Thus the conjunction *River Jordan* may be much more appropriate than its facetious inventors supposed. Some consider, however,

that *Jordan* is a travesty of the word *Hodiernus*—a not unfrequent personal name in former days. *Arch Bishop*, again, is a couplet to be found in the indexes. It is at least doubtful whether the surname has any reference to the ecclesiastical office. Amongst other combinations of the same class, we find in our lists a *Cardinal Wolsey Church*, a *Green Leaf*, a *Christmas * Day*, a *Lucky Day*, a *Sing Song*, a *Rose Budd*, a *Seaman Skipper*, a *Trial Palmer*, a *Valentine Orson*, a *Shooting Gallery*, a *Royal King*, a *Smart Natty*, and a *Tempest Sleet*. Probably a true explanation of the etymology of most of these surnames would entirely dispel the jocular illusion of the conjunctions.

One extraordinary fancy is shown in the employment of adjectives as names, which, it seems, are often intended as descriptions of the infants to whom they are applied, but which sometimes appear simply to represent the desires of the parents on their children's account. *Amorous*, *Dear*, *Familiar*, *Gracious*, *Marvellous*, *Pleasant*,* *Righteous*, *Urgent*, *Wonderful*, are all to be found in the registers. Under the same head, too, must be included the following remarkable and sometimes puzzling combinations, which we have selected for quotation from amongst many others of a similar description:—*Amiable Reading*, *Celestial Miller*, *Charming Nancy Wiltshire*, *Choice Pickrel*, *Dirty King*, *Enough Pearson*, *Giddy Edwards*, *Holy Davies*, *Illustrious Sarah Hendry*, *Modern Leggs*, *Original Bigot Peele*, *Paramount Pye*, *Perfect Sparrow*, *Singular Onion Gallehawk*, *Stubborn Porter*, and *Tempestuous Stinger*. In these we can trace sometimes the disposition of the infant, sometimes the aspirations of the parents on its behalf, but other of the titles baffle comprehension. *Enough* seems one of the strangest: we think, however, that we understand it. It is not improbably an indication that the father who conferred it found his family increasing more rapidly than his income.

But such anomalies and absurdities are but the spray from the great sea of our names. The valuable principle of allowing the titles given at registration to be the direct and unrestrained expression of the parents' wishes must necessarily result in a few extravagances, and these are some of them. Meanwhile, the great mass of our personal nomenclature is, as we have seen, even undesirably wanting in diversity; and in Wales particularly a larger variety of Christian names would be a public benefit.

* *Christmas* and *Easter* are often given as Christian names to children born on those festivals. We have known a child named *Conception* on the same principle.



The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TIME OF ROSES.



I SAT and thrilled from head to foot with a deeper emotion than joy. Not I but a detached self allied to the careering universe and having life in it.

‘Violets are over.’

The first strenuous effort of my mind was to grasp the mean-

ing, subtle as odour, in these words. Innumerable meanings wreathed away unattainable to thought. The finer senses could just perceive them ere they vanished. Then as I grew material two camps were pitched and two armies prepared to fight to establish one distinct meaning. ‘Violets are over, so I send you roses;’ she writes you simple fact. Nay, ‘Our time of violets is over, now for us the roses;’ she gives you heavenly symbolism.

‘From violets to roses, so run the seasons.’

Or is it—

‘From violets to roses, thus far have we two travelled?’

But would she merely say, ‘I have not this kind of flower, and I send you another?’

True, but would she dare to say, ‘The violets no longer express my heart, take the roses?’

‘Maidenly, and a Princess, yet sweet and grateful, she gives you the gracefulest good speed.’

‘Noble above all human distinctions, she binds you to herself, if you will it.’

The two armies came into collision, the luck of the day going to the one I sided with.

But it was curiously observable that the opposing force recovered energy from defeat, while mine languished in victory. I headed them alternately, and it invariably happened so.

'She cannot mean so much as this.'

'She must mean more than that.'

Thus the Absolute and the Symbolical factions struggled on. A Princess drew them as the moon the tides.

By degrees they subsided and united, each reserving its view ; a point at which I imagined myself to have regained my proper humility. 'The princess has sent you these flowers out of her homely friendliness ; not seeing you to speak her farewell, she, for the very reason that she can do it innocent of any meaning whatsoever, bids you be sure you carry her esteem with you. Is the sun of blue heavens guilty of the shadow it casts ? Clear your mind. She means nothing. Warmth and beauty come from her, and are on you for the moment.—But full surely she is a thing to be won : she is human : did not her hand like a gentle snake seek yours, and detain it, and bear it away into the heart of her sleep ? —Be moderate. Let not a thought or a dream spring from her condescension, lest you do outrage to her noble simplicity. Look on that high Hohenzollern hill-top : she also is of the line of those who help to found illustrious houses : what are you ?'

I turned to my father and stared him in the face. What was he ? Were we not losing precious time in not prosecuting his suit ? I put this question to him, believing that it would sound as too remote from my thoughts to betray them. He glanced at the roses, and answered gladly,—

"Yes ! no, no ! we must have our holiday. Mr. Peterborough is for exploring a battle-field in the neighbourhood of Munich. He shall. I wish him to see the Salzkammergut, and have a taste of German Court-life. Allow me to be captain, Richie, will you ? I will show you how battles are gained and mountains are scaled. That young Prince Otto of Eisenberg is a fine young fellow. Those Austrian cavalry regiments are good training-schools for the carriage of a young man's head and limbs. I would match my boy against him in the exercises—fencing, shooting, riding."

"As you did at Bath," said I.

He replied promptly : "We might give him Anna Penrhys to marry. English wives are liked here—adored if they fetch a dowry. Concerning my suit, Richie, enough if it keeps pace with us ; and we are not going slow. It is a thing certain. Dettermain and Newson have repeatedly said, 'Money, money ! hand us money, and we guarantee you a public recognition.' Money we now have. But we cannot be in two fields at once. Is it your desire to return to England ?"

"Not at all," said I, with a chill at the prospect.

"If it is——?" he pressed me, and relenting added : "I confess I enjoy this Suabian land as much as you do. Indolence is occasionally

charming. I am at work, nevertheless. But, Richie, determine not to think little of yourself: there is the main point; believe me, that is half the battle. You, sir, are one of the wealthiest gentlemen in Europe. You are pronouncedly a gentleman. That is what we can say of you at present, as you appear in the world's eye. And you are by descent illustrious. Well, no more of that, but consider if you kneel down, who will decline to put a foot on you? Princes have the habit, and they do it as a matter of course. *Challenge* them. And they, Richie, are particularly susceptible to pity for the misfortunes of their class—kind, I should say, for class it is not; now I have done. All I tell you is, I intend you, under my guidance, to be happy."

I thought his remarks the acutest worldly wisdom I had ever heard,—his veiled method of treating my case the shrewdest, delicatest, and most consoling, most inspiring. It had something of the mystical power of the Oracles,—the power which belongs to anonymous writing. Had he disposed of my apparent rival, and exalted me to the level of a princely family, in open speech, he would have conveyed no balm to me—I should have classed it as one confident man's opinion. Disguised and vague, but emphatic, and interpreted by the fine beam of his eye, it was intoxicating; and when he said subsequently, "Our majority burgundy was good emperor wine, Richie. You approved it? I laid that vintage down to give you a lesson to show you that my plans come safe to maturity,"—I credited him with a large share of foresight, though I well knew his habit of antedating his sagacity, and could not but smile at the illustration of it.

You perceive my state without rendering it necessary for me to label myself.

I saw her next in a pinewood between Ischl and the Traun. I had climbed the steep hill alone, while my father and Mr. Peterborough drove round the carriage-road to the margravine's white villa. Ottilia was leaning on the arm of Baroness Turckerns, walking—a miracle that disentangled her cruelly from my net of fancies. The baroness placed a second hand upon her as soon as I was seen standing in the path. Ottilia's face coloured like the cyclamen at her feet.

"You!" she said.

"I might ask, is it you, princess?"

"Some wonder has been worked, you see."

"I thank heaven."

"You had a part in it."

"The poorest possible."

"Yet I shall presume to call you Doctor Oceanus."

"Will you repeat his medicine? The yacht awaits you always."

"When I am well I study. Do not you?"

"I have never studied in my life."

"Ah, lose no more time! The yacht is delicious idleness, but it is idleness. I am longing for it now, I am still so very weak. My dear

Sibley has left me to be married. She marries a Hanoverian officer. We change countries—I mean,” the princess caught back her tongue, “she will become German, not compatriot of your ships of war. My English rebukes me. I cease to express. . . It is like my walking, done half for pride, I think. Baroness, lower me, and let me rest.”

The baroness laid her gently on the dry brown pine-sheddings, and blew a whistle that hung at her girdle, by which old Schwartz, kept out of sight to encourage the princess's delusion of pride in her walking, was summoned. Ottilia had fainted. The baroness shot a suspicious glance at me. “It comes of this everlasting English talk,” I heard her mutter. She was quick to interpose between me and the form I had once raised and borne indisputably.

“Schwartz is the princess's attendant, sir,” she said. “In future, may I request you to talk German?”

The Prince of Eppeuvelzen and Prince Otto were shooting in the mountains. The margravine, after conversing with the baroness, received me stiffly. She seemed eager to be rid of us; was barely hospitable. My mind was too confused to take much note of words and signs. I made an appointment to meet my father the day following, and walked away and returned at night, encountered Schwartz and fed on the crumbs of tidings I got from him, a good, rough old faithful fellow, far past the age for sympathy, but he had carried Ottilia when she was an infant, and meant to die in her service. I thought him enviable above most creatures. His principal anxiety was about my finding sleeping quarters. When he had delivered himself three times over of all that I could lead him to say, I left him still puffing at his pipe. He continued on guard to be in readiness to run for a doctor, should one be wanted. Twice in the night I came across his path. The night was quiet, dark blue, and starry; the morning soft and fragrant. The burden of the night was bearable, but that of daylight I fled from, and all day I was like one expecting a crisis. Laughter, with so much to arouse it, hardly had any foothold within me to stir my wits. For if I said “Folly!” I did not feel it, and what I felt I did not understand. My heart and head were positively divided. Days and weeks were spent in reconciling them a little; days passed with a pencil and scribbled slips of paper—the lines written with regular commencements and irregular terminations; you know them. Why had Ottilia fainted? She recommended hard study, thinks me idle, worthless; she has a grave intelligence, a serious estimation of life; she thinks me intrinsically of the value of a summer fly. But why did she say, “We change countries,” and immediately flush, break and falter, lose command of her English, grow pale and swoon; why? With this question my disastrous big heart came thundering up to the closed doors of comprehension. It was unanswerable. “We change countries.” That is, she and Miss Sibley change countries, because the Englishwoman marries a German, and the German princess—oh! enormous folly. Pierce it, slay it, trample it under. Is that what the insane heart is big with? Through-

out my night-watch I had been free of it, as one who walks meditating in cloisters on a sentence that once issued from divine lips. There was no relief, save in those pencilled lines which gave honest laughter a chance, they stood like such a hasty levy of raw recruits raised for war, going through the goose-step, with pretty accurate shoulders, and feet of distracting degrees of extension, enough to craze a rhythmical drill-sergeant. I exulted at the first reading, shuddered at the second, at the third felt desperate, destroyed them and sat staring at vacancy as if I had now lost the power of speech.

At last I flung away idleness and came to a good resolution; and I carried it through. I studied at a famous German University, not far from Hanover. My father, after discussing my project with me from the point of view of amazement, settled himself in the University town, a place of hopeless dulness, where the stones of the streets and the houses seemed to have got their knotty problem to brood over, and never knew holiday. A fire for acquisition possessed me, and soon an ungovernable scorn for English systems of teaching—sound enough for the producing of gentlemen, and perhaps of merchants; but gentlemen rather bare of graces, and merchants not too scientific in finance. Mr. Peterborough conducted the argument against me until my stout display of facts, or it may have been my insolence, combined with the ponderous pressure of the atmosphere upon one who was not imbibing a counteracting force, drove him on a tour among German cathedrals. Letters from Riversley informed me that my proceedings were approved, though the squire wanted me near him. We offered entertainments to the students on a vast scale. The local newspaper spoke of my father as the great Lord Roy. So it happened that the margravine at Sarkeld heard of us. Returning from a visit to the prince's palace, my father told me that he saw an opportunity for our being useful to the prince, who wanted money to work a newly discovered coal-mine in his narrow dominions, and he suggested that I might induce the squire to supply it; as a last extremity I could advance the money. Meanwhile he had engaged to accompany the prince in mufti to England to examine into the working of coal-mines, and hire an overseer and workmen to commence operations on the Sarkeld property. It would be obligatory to entertain him fitly in London.

"Certainly," said I.

"During our absence the margravine will do her best to console you, Richie. The prince chafes at his poverty. We give him a display of wealth in England; here we are particularly discreet. We shall be surer of our ground in time. I set Dettermain and Newson at work. I have written for them to hire a furnished mansion for a couple of months, carriages, horses, lacqueys. But over here we must really be—goodness me! I know how hard it is!—we must hold the reins on ourselves tight. Baroness Turckems is a most estimable person on the side of her duty. Why, the Dragon of Wantley sat on its eggs, you may be

convinced! She is a praiseworthy dragon. The side she presents to us is horny, and not so agreeable. Talk German when she is on guard. Further I need not counsel a clever old son. Counsel me, Richie. Would it be advisable to run the prince down to Riversley?—a Prince!

"Oh! decidedly not," was my advice.

"Well, well," he assented.

I empowered him to sell out Bank stock.

He wrote word from England of a very successful expedition. The prince, travelling under the title of Count Delzenburg, had been suitably entertained, received by Lady Wilts, Serena Marchioness of Edbury, Lady Denewdney, Lady Sampleman, and others. He had visited my grandfather's mine, and that of Miss Penrhys, and was astounded; had said of me that I wanted but a title to be as brilliant a *parti* as any in Europe.

The margravine must have received orders from her brother to be civil to me; she sent me an imperious invitation from her villa, and for this fruit of my father's diplomacy I yielded him up my daintier feelings, my judgment into the bargain.

Snows of early spring were on the pinewood country I had traversed with Temple. Ottilia greeted me in health and vivacity. The margravine led me up to her in the very saloon where Temple, my father, and I had sat after the finale of the statue scene, saying,—

"Our sea-lieutenant."

"It delights me to hear he has turned University student," she said; and in English: "You have made friends of your books?"

She was dressed in blue velvet to the throat; the hair was brushed from the temples and bound in a simple knot. Her face and speech, fair and unconstrained, had neither shadow nor beam directed specially for me. I replied,—

"At least I have been taught to despise idleness."

"My professor tells me it is strange for any of your countrymen to love books."

"We have some good scholars, princess."

"You have your Bentley and Porson. Oh! I know many of the world's men have grown in England. Who can deny that? What we mean is, your society is not penetrated with learning. But my professor shall dispute with you. Now you are facile in our German you can defend yourself. He is a deep scholar, broad over tongues and dialects, European, Asiatic—a lion to me, poor little mouse! I am speaking of Herr Professor von Karsteg, lady aunt."

"Speak intelligibly, and don't drum on my ear with that hybrid language," rejoined the margravine.

"Hybrid! It is my Herr Professor's word. But English is the choice gathering of languages, and honey is hybrid, unless you condemn the bee to suck at a single flower."

"Ha! you strain compliments like the poet Fretzel," the margravine

exclaimed. "Luckily they're not addressed to human creatures. You will find the villa dull, Herr Harry Richmond. For my part every place is dull to me that your father does not enliven. We receive no company in the prince's absence, so we are utterly cut off from fools; we have simply none about us."

"The deprivation is one we are immensely sensible of!" said the princess.

"Laugh on! you will some day be aware of their importance in daily life, Ottilia."

The princess answered: "If I could hate it would be such persons." A sentence that hung in the memory of one knowing himself to be animated by the wildest genius of folly.

We drove to the statue of Prince Albrecht Wohlgemuth, overlooking leagues of snow-roofed branches. Again Ottilia reverted to Temple,—

"That dear little friend of yours who wandered out with you to seek your father, and is now a sailor! I cannot forget him. It strikes me as a beautiful piece of the heroism of boys. You both crossed the sea to travel over the whole Continent until you should find him, did you not? What is hard to understand, is your father's not writing to you while he did us the favour to reside at the palace."

"Roy is a butterfly," said the margravine.

"That I cannot think."

"Roy was busy, he was occupied. I won't have him abused. Besides, one can't be always caressing and cajoling one's pretty brats."

"He is an intensely loving father."

"Very well; establish that, and what does it matter whether he wrote or not? A good reputation is the best vindication."

The princess smiled. "See here, dearest aunty, the two boys passed half the night here, until my Aennchen's father gave them shelter."

"Apparently he passes half or all the night in the open air everywhere," said the margravine.

I glanced hurriedly over both faces. The margravine was snuffing her nostrils up contemptuously. The princess had vividly reddened. Her face was luminous over the nest of white fur folding her neck.

"Yes, I must have the taste for it; for when I was a child," said I, plunging at anything to catch a careless topic, "I was out in my father's arms through a winter night, and I still look back on it as one of the most delightful I have ever known. I wish I could describe the effect it had on me. A track of blood in the snow could not be brighter."

The margravine repeated,—

"A track of blood in the snow! My good young man, you have excited forms of speech."

I shuddered. Ottilia divined that her burning blush had involved me. Divination is fiery in the season of blushes, and I too fell on the track of her fair spirit, setting out from the transparent betrayal by

Schwartz of my night-watch in the pine-wood near the Traun river-falls. My feelings were as if a wave had rolled me helpless to land, at the margravine's mercy should she put another question. She startled us with a loud outburst of laughter.

"No! no man upon this earth but Roy could have sat that horse I don't know how many minutes by the clock, as a figure of bronze," she exclaimed.

Ottilia and I exchanged a grave look. The gentleness of the old time was sweet to us both; but we had the wish that my father's extravagant prominence in it might be forgotten.

At the dinner-table I made the acquaintance of the Herr Professor Dr. Julius von Karsteg, tutor to the princess, a grey broad-headed man, whose chin remained imbedded in his neckcloth when his eyelids were raised on a speaker. The first impression of him was that he was chiefly neckcloth, coat-collar, grand head, and gruffness. He had not joined the ceremonial step from the reception to the dining saloon, but had shuffled in from a side-door. No one paid him any deference save the princess. The margravine had the habit of thrumming the table thrice as soon as she heard his voice; nor was I displeased by such an exhibition of impatience, considering that he spoke merely for the purpose of snubbing me. His powers were placed in evidence by her not daring to utter a sarcasm, which was possibly the main cause of her burning fretfulness. I believe there was not a word uttered by me throughout the dinner that escaped him. Nevertheless he did his business of catching and worrying my poor unwary sentences too neatly for me, an admirer of real force and aptitude, to feel vindictive. I behaved to him like a gentleman, as we phrase it, and obtained once an encouraging nod from the margravine. She leaned to me to say that they were accustomed to think themselves lucky if no learned talk came on between the professor and his pupil. The truth was that his residence in Sarkeld was an honour to the prince, and his acceptance of the tutorship a signal condescension, accounted for by his appreciation of the princess's intelligence. He was a man distinguished even in Germany for scholarship, rather notorious for his political and social opinions too. The margravine, with infinite humour in her countenance, informed me that he wished to fit the princess for the dignity of a Doctor of Laws.

"It says much for her that he has not spoilt her manners; her health, you know, he succeeded in almost totally destroying, and he is at it again. The man is, I suspect, at heart arrant Republican. He may teach a girl whatever nonsensical politics he likes—it goes at the lifting of the bridegroom's little finger. We could not permit him to be near a young prince. Alas! we have none."

The professor allowed himself extraordinary liberties with strangers, the guests of the margravine. I met him crossing an inner court next day. He interrupted me in the middle of a commonplace remark, and to this effect:—

"You are either a most fortunate or a most unfortunate young man!"

So profoundly penetrated with thoughtfulness was the tone of his voice that I could not take umbrage. The attempt to analyze his signification cost me an aching forehead, perhaps because I knew it too acutely.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OTTILIA.

SHE was on horseback, I on foot, Schwartz for sole witness, and a wide space of rolling silent white country around us.

We had met in the fall of the winter noon by accident.

"You like my professor?" said Ottilia.

"I do: I respect him for his learning."

"You forgive him his irony? It is not meant to be personal to you. England is the object; and partly, I may tell you, it springs from jealousy. You have such wealth! You embrace half the world: you are such a little island! All this is wonderful. The bitterness is, you are such a mindless people—I do but quote to explain my professor's ideas. 'Mindless,' he says, 'and arrogant, and neither in the material nor in the spiritual kingdom of noble or gracious stature, and ceasing to have a brave aspect.' He calls you squat Goths. Can you bear to hear me?"

"Princess!"

"And to his conception, you, who were pioneers when the earth had to be shaped for implements and dug for gold, will turn upon us and stop our march; you are to be overthrown and left behind, there to gain humility from the only teacher you can understand—from poverty. Will you defend yourself?"

"Well, no, frankly, I will not. The proper defence for a nation is its history."

"For an individual?"

"For a man, his readiness to abide by his word."

"For a woman—what?"

"For a princess, her ancestry."

"Ah! but I spoke of women. There, there is my ground of love for my professor! I meet my equals, princes, princesses, and the man, the woman, is out of them, gone, flown! They are out of the tide of humanity; they are walking titles. 'Now,' says my professor, 'that tide is the blood of our being; the blood is the life-giver; and to be cut off from it is to perish.' Our princely houses he esteems as dead wood. Not near so much say I: yet I hear my equals talk, and I think, 'Oh! my professor, they testify to your wisdom.' I love him because he has given my every sense a face-forward attitude (you will complain of my

feebleness of speech) towards exterior existence. There is a princely view of life which is a true one ; but it is a false one if it is the sole one. In your Parliament your House of Commons shows us real princes, your Throne merely titled ones. I speak what everybody knows, and you, I am sure, are astonished to hear me."

"I am," said I.

"It is owing to my professor, my mind's father and mother. They say it is the pleasure of low-born people to feel themselves princes ; mine it is to share their natural feelings. 'For a princess, her ancestry.' Yes ; but for a princess who is no more than princess, her ancestors are a bundle of faggots, and she, with her mind and heart tied fast to them, is, at least a good half of her, dead wood. This is our opinion. May I guess at your thoughts ?"

"It's more than I could dare to do myself, princess !"

How different from the Ottilia I had known, or could have imagined ! That was one thought.

"Out of the number, then, this," she resumed : "you think that your English young ladies have command over their tongues : is it not so ?"

"There are prattlers among them."

"Are they educated strictly ?"

"I know little of them. They seem to me to be educated to conceal their education."

"They reject ideas ?"

"It is uncertain whether they have had the offer."

Ottilia smiled. "Would it be a home in their midst ?"

Something moved my soul to lift wings, but the passion sank.

"I questioned you of English ladies," she resumed, "because we read your writings of us. Your kindness towards us is that which passes from nurse to infant ; your criticism reminds one of pedagogue and urchin. You make us sorry for our manners and habits, if they are so bad ; but most of all you are merry at our simplicity. Not only we say what we feel, we display it. Now, I am so German, this offence is especially mine."

I touched her horse's neck, and said, "I have not seen it."

"Yet you understand me. You know me well. How is that ?"

The murmur of honest confession came from me : "I *have* seen it !"

She laughed. "I bring you to be German, you see. Could you forsake your England ?"

"Instantly, though not willingly."

"Not regrettingly ?"

"Cheerfully, if I had my work and my—my friend."

"No ; but well I know a man's field of labour is his country. You have your ambition."

"Yes, now I have."

She struck a fir-branch with her riding-whip, scattering flakes on my head. "Would that extinguish it ?"

"In the form of an avalanche perhaps it would."

"Then you make your aims a part of your life?"

"I do."

"Then you win! or it is written of you that you never knew failure! So with me. I set my life upon my aim when I feel that the object is of true worth. I win, or death hides from me my missing it. This I look to; this obtains my professor's nod, and the approval of my conscience. Worthiness, however!—the mind must be trained to discern it. We can err very easily in youth; and to find ourselves shooting at a false mark uncontrollably must be a cruel thing. I cannot say it is undeserving the scourge of derision. Do you know yourself? I do not; and I am told by my professor that it is the sole subject to which you should not give a close attention. I can believe him. For who beguiles so much as Self? Tell her to play, she plays her sweetest. Lurk to surprise her, and what a serpent she becomes! She is not to be aware that you are watching her. You have to review her acts, observe her methods. Always be above her; then by-and-by you catch her hesitating at cross roads; then she is bare: you catch her bewailing or exulting; then she can no longer pretend she is other than she seems. I make self the feminine, for she is the weaker, and the soul has to purify and raise her. On that point my professor and I disagree. Dr. Julius, unlike our modern Germans, esteems women over men, or it is a further stroke of his irony. He does not think your English ladies have heads: of us he is proud as a laurelled poet. Have I talked you dumb?"

"Princess, you have given me matter to think upon."

She shook her head, smiling with closed eyelids.

I, now that speech had been summoned to my lips, could not restrain it, and proceeded, scarcely governing the words, quite without ideas:—"For you to be indifferent to rank—yes, you may well be; you have intellect; you are high above me in both——" So on, against good taste and common sense.

She cried: "Oh! no compliments from you to me. I will receive them, if you please, by deputy. Let my professor hear your immense admiration for his pupil's accomplishments. Hear him then in return! He will beat at me like the rainy west wind on a lily. 'See,' he will say, when I am broken and bespattered, 'she is fair, she is stately, is she not!' And really I feel at the sound of praise, though I like it, that the opposite, satire, condemnation, has its good right to pelt me. Look; there is the tower, there's the statue, and under that line of pine-trees the path we ran up;—'dear English boys!' as I remember saying to myself; and what did you say of me?"

Her hand was hanging loose. I grasped it. She drew a sudden long breath, and murmured, without fretting to disengage herself,—

"My friend, not that!"

Her voice carried an unmistakable command. I kissed the fingers and released them.

"Are you still able to run?" said she, leading with an easy canter, face averted. She put on fresh speed; I was utterly outstripped.

Had she quitted me in anger? Had she parted from me out of view of the villa windows to make it possible for us to meet accidentally again in the shadow of her old protecting Warhead, as we named him from his appearance, gaunt Schwartz?

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EVENING WITH DR. JULIUS VON KARSTEG.

In my perplexity I thought of the professor's saying: "A most fortunate or a most unfortunate young man." These words began to strike me as having a prophetic depth that I had not fathomed. I felt myself fast becoming bound in every limb, every branch of my soul. Otilia met me smiling. She moved free as air. She could pursue her studies, and argue and discuss and quote, keep unclouded eyes, and laugh and play, and be her whole living self, unfettered, as if the pressure of my lips on her hand implied nothing. Perhaps for that reason I had her pardon. "My friend, not that!" Her imperishably delicious English rang me awake, and lulled me asleep. Was it not too securely friendly? Or was it not her natural voice to the best beloved, bidding him respect her that they might meet with the sanction of her trained discretion? The professor would invite me to his room after the 'sleep well' of the ladies, and I sat with him much like his pipe-bowl, which burned bright a moment at one sturdy puff, but generally gave out smoke in fantastical wreaths. He told me frankly he had a poor idea of my erudition. My fancifulness he commended as something to be turned to use in writing stories. "Give me time, and I'll do better things," I groaned. He rarely spoke of the princess; with grave affection always when he did. He was evidently observing me comprehensively. The result was beyond my guessing.

One night he asked me what my scheme of life was.

On the point of improvising one of an impressive character, I stopped and confessed: "I have so many that I may say I have none." Expecting reproof, I begged him not to think the worse of me for that.

"Quite otherwise," said he. "I have never cared to read deliberately in the book you open to me, my good young man."

"The book, Herr Professor?"

"Collect your wits. We will call it Shakspeare's book; or Göthe's, in the minor issues. No, not minor, but a narrower volume. You were about to give me the answer of a hypocrite. Was it not so?"

I admitted it, feeling that it was easily to have been perceived. He was elated.

"Good. Then I apprehend that you wait for the shifting of a tide to carry you on?"

"I try to strengthen my mind."

"So I hear," said he, drily.

"Well, as far as your schools of teaching will allow."

"That is, you read and commit to memory like other young scholars. Whereunto? Have you no aim? You have, or I am told you are to have, fabulous wealth—a dragon's heap. You are one of the main drain-pipes of English gold. What is your object? To spend it?"

"I shall hope to do good with it."

"To do good! There is hardly a prince or millionaire, in history or alive, who has not in his young days hugged that notion. Pleasure swarms, he has the pick of his market. You English live for pleasure."

"We are the hardest workers in the world."

"That you may live for pleasure! Deny it!"

He puffed his tobacco-smoke zealously, and resumed: "Yes, you work hard for money. You eat and drink, and boast of your exercises; they sharpen your appetites. So goes the round. We strive, we fail; you are our frog-chorus of critics, and you suppose that your brek-ek-koax affects us. I say we strive and fail, but we strive on, while you remain in a past age, and are proud of it. You reproach us with lack of common sense, as if the belly were its seat. Now I ask you whether you have a scheme of life, that I may know whether you are to be another of those huge human pumpkins called rich men, who cover your country and drain its blood and intellect—those impoverishers of nature! Here we have our princes; but they are rulers, they are responsible, they have their tasks, and if they also run to gourds, the scandal punishes them and their order, all in seasonable time. They stand eminent. Do you mark me? They are not a community, and are not—bad enough! bad enough!—but they are not protected by laws in their right to do nothing for what they receive. That system is an invention of the commercial genius and the English."

"We have our aristocracy, Herr Professor."

"Your nobles are nothing but rich men inflated with empty traditions of insufferable, because unwarrantable, pride, and drawing substance from alliances with the merchant class. Are they your leaders? Do they lead you in letters? in the arts? ay, or in government? No, not, I am informed, not even in military service! and there our titled wittlings do manage to hold up their brainless pates. You are all in one mass struggling in the stream to get out and lie and wallow and belch on the banks. You work so hard that you have all but one aim, and that is fatness and ease!"

"Pardon me, Herr Professor," I interposed, "I see your drift. Still I think we are the only people on earth who have shown mankind a representation of freedom. And as to our aristocracy, I must, with due deference to you, maintain that it is widely respected."

I could not conceive why he went on worrying me in this manner with his jealous outburst of continental bile.

"Widely!" he repeated. "It is widely respected; and you respect it: and why do you respect it?"

"We have illustrious names in our aristocracy."

"We beat you in illustrious names and in the age of the lines, my good young man."

"But not in a race of nobles who have stood for the country's liberties."

"So long as it imperilled their own! Any longer?"

"Well, they have known how to yield. They have helped to build our Constitution."

"Reverence their ancestors, then! The worse for such descendants. But you have touched the exact stamp of the English mind:—it is, to accept whatsoever is bequeathed it without inquiry whether there is any change in the matter. Nobles in very fact you would not let them be if they could. Nobles in name, with a remote recommendation to posterity—that suits you!"

He sat himself up to stuff a fresh bowl of tobacco, while he pursued: "Yes, yes; you worship your aristocracy. It is notorious. You have a sort of sagacity. I am not prepared to contest the statement that you have a political instinct. Here it is chiefly social. You worship your so-called aristocracy perforce in order to preserve an ideal of contrast to the vulgarity of the nation."

This was downright insolence.

It was intolerable. I jumped on my feet. "The weapons I would use in reply to such remarks I cannot address to you, Herr Professor. Therefore, excuse me."

He sent out quick spirits of smoke rolling into big volumes. "Nay, my good young Englishman, but on the other hand you have not answered me. And hear me: yes, you have shown us a representation of freedom. True. But you are content with it in a world that moves by computation some considerable sum upwards of sixty thousand miles an hour."

"Not on a fresh journey—a recurring course!" said I.

"Good!" he applauded, and I was flattered.

"I grant you the physical illustration," the Professor continued, and with a warm gaze on me, I thought. "The mind journeys somewhat in that way, and we in our old Germany hold that the mind advances notwithstanding. Astronomers condescending to earthly philosophy may admit that advance in the physical universe is computable, though not perceptible. Somewhither we tend, shell and spirit. You English fighting your little battles of domestic policy, and sneering at us for flying at higher game,—you unimpressionable English, who won't believe in the existence of aims that don't drop on the ground before your eyes, and squat and stare at you, you assert that man's labour is completed when the poor are kept from crying out. Now my question is, have you a scheme of life consonant with the spirit of modern philosophy—with the views of intelligent, moral, humane human beings of this period? Or are you one of

your robust English brotherhood worthy of a Caligula in his prime, lions in gymnastics—for a time; sheep always in the dominions of mind; and all of one pattern, all in a rut! Favour me with an outline of your ideas. Pour them out pell-mell, intelligibly or not, no matter. I undertake to catch you somewhere. I mean to know you, hark you, rather with your assistance than without it."

We were deep in the night. I had not a single idea ready for delivery. I could have told him that washing was a good thing, excess of tobacco a bad, moderation in speech one of the outward evidences of wisdom; but Otilia's master in the humanities exacted civility from me.

"Indeed," I said, "I have few thoughts to communicate at present, Herr Professor. My German will fail me as soon as I quit common ground. I love my country, and I do not reckon it as perfect. We are swillers, possibly gluttons; we have a large prosperous middle class; many good men are to be found in it."

His discharges of smoke grew stifling. My advocacy was certainly of a miserable sort.

"Yes, Herr Professor, on my way when a boy to this very place I met a thorough good man."

Here I relate the tale of my encounter with Captain Welsh.

Dr. Julius nodded rapidly for continuations. Further! further!

He refused to dig at the mine within me, and seemed to expect it to unboosom its riches by explosion.

"Well, Herr Professor, we have conquered India, and hold it as no other people could."

"Vide the articles in the last file of English newspapers!" said he.

"Suppose we boast of it——"

"Can you?" he simulated wonderment.

"Why, surely it's something!"

"Something for non-commissioned officers to boast of; not for statesmen. However, say that you are fit to govern Asiatics. Go on."

"I would endeavour to equalize ranks at home, encourage the growth of ideas——"

"Supporting a non-celibate clergy, and an intermingled aristocracy? Your endeavours, my good young man, will lessen like those of the man who employed a spade to uproot a rock. It wants blasting. Your married clergy and merchandised aristocracy are coils: they are the ivy about your social tree: you would resemble Laocoon in the throes, if one could imagine you anything of a heroic figure. Forward."

In desperation I exclaimed, "It's useless! I have not thought at all. I have been barely educated. I only know that I do desire with all my heart to know more, to be of some service."

"Now we are at the bottom, then, and it's sound!" said he.

But I cried, "Stay; let me beg you to tell me what you meant by calling me a most fortunate, or a most unfortunate young man."

He chuckled over his pipe-stem, "Aha!"

"How am I one or the other?"

"By the weight of what you carry in your head."

"How, by the weight?"

He shot a keen look at me. "The case, I suspect, is singular, and does not often happen to a youth. You are fortunate if you have a solid and adventurous mind; most unfortunate if you are a mere sensational whipster. There's an explanation that covers the whole. I am as much in the dark as you are. I do not say which of us two has the convex eye."

Protesting that I was unable to read riddles, though the heat of the one in hand made my frame glow, I entreated to have explicit words. He might be in Ottilia's confidence, probing me—why not? Any question he chose to put to me, I said, I was ready to answer.

"But it's the questioner who unmasks," said he.

"Are we masked, Herr Professor? I was not aware of it."

"Look within, and avoid lying."

He stood up. "My nights," he remarked, "are not commonly wasted in this manner. We Germans use the night for work."

After a struggle to fling myself on his mercy and win his aid or counsel, I took his hand respectfully, and holding it, said, "I am unable to speak out. I would if it involved myself alone."

"Yes, yes, I comprehend; your country breeds honourable men, chivalrous youngsters," he replied. "It's not enough—not enough. I want to see a mental force, energy of brain. If you had that, you might look as high as you liked for the match for it, with my consent. Do you hear? What I won't have is, flat robbery! Mark me, Germany or England, it's one to me if I see vital powers in the field running to a grand career. It's a fine field over there. As well there as here, then! But better here than there if it's to be a wasp's life. Do you understand me?"

I replied, "I think I do, if I may dare to;" and catching breath: "Herr Professor, dear friend, forgive my boldness; grant me time to try me; don't judge of me at once; take me for your pupil—am I presumptuous in asking it?—make of me what you will, what you can; examine me; you may find there's more in me than I or anybody may know. I have thoughts and aims, feeble at present—Good God! I see nothing for me but a choice of the two—'most unfortunate' seems likeliest. You read at a glance that I had no other choice. Rather the extremes!—I would rather grasp the limits of life and be swung to the pits below, be the most unfortunate of human beings, than never to have aimed at a star. You laugh at me? An Englishman must be horribly in earnest to talk as I do now. But it is a star!" (The image of Ottilia sprang fountain-like into blue night heavens before my eyes memorably.) "She," was my next word. I swallowed it, and with a burning face, petitioned for help in my studies.

To such sight as I had at that instant he appeared laughing outrage-

ously. It was a composed smile. "Right," he said; "you shall have help in a settled course. Certain professors, friends of mine, at your University, will see you through it. Aim your head at a star—your head!—and even if you miss it you don't fall. It's that light dancer, the gambler, the heart in you, my good young man, which aims itself at inaccessible heights, and has the fall—somewhat icy to reflect on! Give that organ full play, and you may make sure of a handful of dust. Do you hear? It's a mind that wins a mind. That is why I warn you of being most unfortunate if you are a sensational whipster. Good night. Shut my door fast that I may not have the trouble to rise."

I left him with the warm lamplight falling on his forehead, and books piled and sloped, shut and open; an enviable picture to one in my condition. The peacefulness it indicated made scholarship seem beautiful, attainable, I hoped. I had the sense to tell myself that it would give me unrotting grain, though it should fail of being a practicable road to my bright star; and when I spurned at consolations for failure, I could still delight to think that she shone over these harvests and the reapers.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SUMMER STORM, AND LOVE.

THE foregoing conversations with Ottilia and her teacher, hard as they were for passion to digest, grew luminous on a relapsing heart. Without apprehending either their exact purport or the characters of the speakers, I was transformed by them from a state of craving to one of intense quietude. I thought neither of winning her, nor of aiming to win her, but of a foothold on the heights she gazed at reverently. And if, sometimes, seeing and hearing her, I thought, Oh, rarest soul! the wish was that brother and sisterhood of spirit might be ours. My other eager thirstful self I shook off like a thing worn out. Men in my confidence would have supposed me more rational; I was simply possessed.

My desire was to go into harness, buried in books, and for recreation to chase visions of original ideas for benefiting mankind. A clear-witted friend at my elbow, my dear Temple, perhaps, could have hit on the track of all this mental vagueness, but it is doubtful that he would have pushed me out of the strange mood, half stupor, half the folding-in of passion; it was such magical happiness. Not to be awake, yet vividly sensible; to lie calm and reflect, and only to reflect; be satisfied with each succeeding hour and the privations of the hour, and, as if in the depths of a smooth water, to gather fold over patient fold of the submerged self, safe from wounds: the happiness was not noble, but it breathed and was harmless, and it gave me rest when the alternative was folly and bitterness.

Visitors were coming to the palace to meet the prince, on his return with my father from England. I went back to the University, jealous of

the invasion of my ecstatic calm by new faces, and jealous when there of the privileges those new faces would enjoy; and then, how my recent deadness of life cried out against me as worse than a spendthrift, a destroyer! a nerveless absorbent of the bliss showered on me—the light of her morning presence when, just before embracing, she made her obeisance to the margravine, and kindly saluted me, and stooped her forehead for the baroness to kiss it; her gestures and her voice; her figure on horseback, with old Warhead following, and I meeting her but once!—her walk with the professor, listening to his instructions—I used to see them walking up and down the cypress path of the villa garden, her ear given to him wholly as she continued her grave-trained step, and he shuffling and treading out of his line across bars, or on the path-borders, and never apologizing, nor she noticing it. At night she sang, sometimes mountain ditties to the accompaniment of the zither, leaning on the table and sweeping the wires between snatches of talk. Nothing haunted me so much as those tones of her zither, which were little louder than summer gnats when fireflies are at their brightest and storm impends.

My father brought horses from England, and a couple of English grooms, and so busy an air of cheerfulness that I had, like a sick invalid, to beg him to keep away from me and prolong unlimitedly his visit to Sarkeld; the rather so, as he said he had now become indispensable to the prince besides the margravine. “Only, no more bronze statues!” I adjured him. He nodded. He had hired Count Fretzel’s château, in the immediate neighbourhood, and was absolutely independent, he said. His lawyers were busy procuring evidence. He had impressed Prince Ernest with a due appreciation of the wealth of a young English gentleman by taking him over my grandfather’s mine.

“And, Richie, we have advanced him a trifle of thousands towards the working of this coal discovery of his. In six weeks our schooner yacht will be in the Elbe to offer him entertainment. He graciously deigns to accept a couple of English hunters at our hands; we shall improve his breed of horses, I suspect. Now, Richie, have I done well? I flatter myself I have been attentive to your interests, have I not?”

He hung waiting for confidential communications on my part, but did not press for them; he preserved an unvarying delicacy in that respect.

“You have nothing to tell?” he asked.

“Nothing,” I said. “I have only to thank you.”

He left me. At no other period of our lives were we so disunited. I felt in myself the reverse of everything I perceived in him, and such letters as I wrote to the squire consequently had a homelier tone. It seems that I wrote of the pleasures of simple living—of living for learning’s sake. Mr. Peterborough at the same time despatched praises of my sobriety of behaviour and diligent studiousness, confessing that I began to outstrip him in some of the higher branches. The squire’s brief reply breathed satisfaction, but too evidently on the point where he had been led to misconceive the state of affairs. “He wanted to have me near

him, as did another person whom I appeared to be forgetting ; he granted me another year's leave of absence, bidding me bluffly not to be a book-worm and forget I was an Englishman." The idea that I was deceiving him never entered my mind.

I was deceiving everybody, myself in the bargain, as a man must do when in chase of a woman above him in rank. The chase necessitates deceit—who knows ? chicanery of a sort as well ; it brings inevitable humiliations ; such that ever since the commencement of it at speed I could barely think of my father with comfort, and rarely met him with pleasure. With what manner of face could I go before the prince or the margravine, and say, I am an English commoner, the son of a man of doubtful birth, and I claim the hand of the princess ? What contortions were not in store for these features of mine ! Even as affairs stood now, could I make a confidant of Temple and let him see me through the stages of the adventure ? My jingling of verses, my fretting about the signification of flowers, and trifling with symbols, haunted me excruciatingly, taunting me with I know not what abject vileness of spirit.

In the midst of these tortures an arrow struck me, in the shape of an anonymous letter, containing one brief line : "The princess is in need of help."

I threw my books aside, and repaired to Count Fretzel's château, from which, happily, my father was absent ; but the countenance of the princess gave me no encouragement to dream I could be of help to her ; yet a second unsigned note, worded in a quaint blunt manner, insisted that it was to me she looked. I chanced to hear the margravine, addressing Baroness Turckems, say : "The princess's betrothal," what further escaped me. Soon after, I heard that Prince Otto was a visitor at the lake-palace. My unknown correspondent plied me a third time.

I pasted the scrap in my neglected book of notes and reflections, where it had ample space and about equal lucidity. It drew me to the book, nearly driving me desperate ; I was now credulous of anything, except that the princess cared for help from me. I resolved to go home ; I had no longer any zeal for study. The desolation of the picture of England in my mind grew congenial. It became imperative that I should go somewhere, for news arrived of my father's approach with a French company of actors, and deafening entertainments were at hand. On the whole I thought it decent to finish my course at the University, if I had not quite lost the power of getting into the heart of books. One who studies is not being a fool : that is an established truth. I thanked Dr. Julius for planting it among my recollections. The bone and marrow of study form the surest antidote to the madness of that light gambler, the heart, and distasteful as books were, I had gained the habit of sitting down to them, which was as good as an instinct towards the right medicine, if it would but work.

On an afternoon of great heat I rode out for a gaze at the lake-palace, that I chose to fancy might be the last, foreseeing the possibility of

one of my fits of movement coming on me before sunset. My very pulses throbbed "away!" Transferring the sense of overwhelming heat to my moral condition, I thought it the despair of silliness to stay baking in that stagnant place, where the sky did nothing but shine, gave nothing forth. The sky was bronze, a vast furnace dome. The folds of light and shadow everywhere were satin-rich; shadows perforce of blackness had light in them, and the light a sword-like sharpness over their edges. It was inanimate radiance. The laurels sparkled as with frost-points: the denser foliage drooped burning brown: a sickly saint's-ring was round the heads of the pines. That afternoon the bee hummed of thunder, and refreshed the ear.

I pitied the horse I rode, and the dog at his heels, but for me the intensity was inspiriting. Nothing lay in the light, I had the land to myself. "What hurts *me*?" I thought. My physical pride was up, and I looked on the cattle in black corners of the fields, and here and there a man tumbled anyhow, a wreck of limbs, out of the insupportable glare, with an even glance. Not an eye was lifted on me.

I saw nothing that moved until a boat shot out of the bight of sultry lake-water, lying close below the dark promontory where I had drawn rein. The rower was old Schwartz Warhead. How my gorge rose at the impartial brute! He was rowing the princess and a young man in uniform across the lake.

That they should cross from unsheltered paths to close covert, was reasonable conduct at a time when the vertical rays of the sun were fiery arrow-heads. As soon as they were swallowed in the gloom I sprang in my saddle with torture, transfixed by one of the coarsest shafts of hideous jealousy. Off I flew, tearing through dry underwood, and round the bend of the lake, determined to confront her, wave the man aside, and have my last word with the false woman. Of the real Ottilia I had lost conception. Blood was inflamed, brain bare of vision: "He takes her hand, she jumps from the boat; he keeps her hand, she feigns to withdraw it, all woman to him in her eyes: they pass out of sight." A groan burst from me. I strained my crazy imagination to catch a view of them under cover of the wood and torture myself trebly, but it was now blank, shut fast. Sitting bolt upright, panting on horseback in the yellow green of one of the open woodways, I saw the young officer raise a branch of chestnut and come out. He walked moodily up to within a yard of my horse; looked up at me, and with an angry stare that grew to be one of astonishment, said,—*"Ah? I think I have had the pleasure—somewhere? in Würtemberg, if I recollect."*

It was Prince Otto. I dismounted. He stood alone. The spontaneous question on my lips would have been "Where is she?" but I was unable to speak a word.

"English?" he said, patting the horse's neck.

"Yes—the horse? an English hunter. How are you, Prince Otto? Do you like the look of him

"Immensely. You know we have a passion of English thorough-breds. Pardon me, you look as if you had been close on a sunstroke. Do you generally take rides in this weather?"

"I was out by chance. If you like him, pray take him; take him. Mount him and try him. He is yours if you care to have him; and if he doesn't suit you send him up to Count Fretzel's. I've had riding enough in the light."

"Perhaps you have," said he, and hesitated. "It's difficult to resist the offer of such a horse. If you want to dispose of him, mention it when we meet again. Shall I try him? I have a slight inclination to go as hard as you have been going, but he shall have good grooming in the prince's stables, and that's less than half as near again as Count Fretzel's place; and a horse like this ought not to be out in this weather, if you will permit me the remark."

"No; I'm ashamed of bringing him out, and shan't look on him with satisfaction," said I. "Take him and try him, and then take him from me, if you don't mind."

"Do you know, I would advise your lying down in the shade awhile?" he observed, solicitously. "I have seen men on the march in Hungary and Italy. An hour's rest under cover would have saved them."

I thanked him.

"Ice is the thing!" he ejaculated. "I'll ride and have some fetched to you. Rest here."

With visible pleasure he swung to the saddle. I saw him fix his cavalry thighs and bound off as if he meant to take a gate. Had he glanced behind him he would have fancied that the sun had done its worst. I ran at full speed down the footpath, mad to think she might have returned homeward by the lake. The two had parted—why? He this way, she that. They would not have parted but for a division of the will. I came on the empty boat. Schwartz lay near it beneath heavy boughs, smoking and perspiring in peace. Neither of us spoke. And it was now tempered by a fit of alarm that I renewed my search. So when I beheld her, intense gratitude broke my passion; when I touched her hand it was trembling for absolute assurance of her safety. She was leaning against a tree, gazing on the ground, a white figure in that iron-moted gloom.

"Otto!" she cried, shrinking from the touch; but at sight of me, all softly as a sight in the heavens, her face melted in a suffusion of wavering smiles, and deep colour shot over them, heavenly to see. She pressed her bosom while I spoke:—a lover's speech, breathless.

"You love me?" she said.

My fingers tightened on her wrist,—

"You have known it!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Forgiven me? Speak, princess."

"Call me by my name."

"My own soul! Otilia!"

She disengaged her arms tenderly.

"I have known it by my knowledge of myself," she said, breathing with her lips dissevered. "My weakness has come upon me. Yes, I love you. It is spoken. It is too true. Is it a fate that brings us together when I have just lost my little remaining strength—all power? You hear me! I pretend to wisdom, and talk of fate!"

She tried to laugh in scorn of herself, and looked at me with almost a bitter smile on her features, made beautiful by her soft eyes. I feared from the helpless hanging of her underlip that she would swoon; a shudder convulsed her; and at the same time I became aware of the blotting out of sunlight, and a strange bowing and shore-like noising of the forest.

"Do not heed me," she said in happy undertones. "I think I am going to cry like a girl. One cannot see one's pride die like this, without—but it is not anguish of any kind. Since we are here together, I would have no other change."

She spoke till the tears came thick.

I told her of the letters I had received, warning me of a trouble besetting her. They were, perhaps, the excuse for my conduct, if I had any.

Schwartz burst on us with his drill-sergeant's shout for the princess. Standing grey in big rain-drops he was an object of curiosity to us both. He came to take her orders.

"The thunder," he announced, raising a telegraphic arm, "rolls. It rains. We have a storm. Command me, princess! your highness!"

Otilia's eyelids were set blinking by one look aloft. Rain and lightning filled heaven and earth.

"Direct us, you!" she said to me gently.

The natural proposition was to despatch her giant by the direct way down the lake to fetch a carriage from the stables, or matting from the boathouse. I mentioned it, but did not press it.

She meditated an instant. "I believe I may stay with my beloved?"

Schwartz and I ran to the boat, hauled it on land, and set it keel upwards against a low leafy dripping branch. To this place of shelter, protecting her as securely as I could, I led the princess, while Schwartz hopped a rough trench around it with one of the sculls. We started him on foot to do the best thing possible; for the storm gave no promise that it was a passing one. In truth, I knew that I should have been the emissary and he the guard; but the storm overhead was not fuller of its mighty burden than I of mine. I looked on her as mine for the hour, and well won.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PRINCESS OTTILIA'S LETTER.

THAT hour of tempest went swift as one of its flashes over our little nest of peace where we crouched like insects. The lightning and the deluge seemed gloriously endless. Ottilia's harbouring nook was dry within an inch of rushing floods and pattered mire. On me the torrents descended, and her gentle efforts drew me to her side, as with a maternal claim to protect me, or to perish in my arms if the lightning found us. We had for prospect an ever-outbursting flame of foliage, and the hubbub of the hissing lake, crimson, purple, dusky grey, like the face of a passionate creature scourged. It was useless to speak. Her lips were shut, but I had the intent kindness of her eyes on me almost unceasingly.

The good hour slipped away. Old Warhead's splashed knees on the level of our heads were seen by us when the thunder had abated. Ottilia prepared to rise.

"You shall hear from me," she said, bending with brows measuring the boat-roof, like a bird about to fly.

"Shall I see you?"

"Ultimately you surely will. Ah! still be patient."

"Am I not? have I not been?"

"Yes; and can you regret it?"

"No; but we separate!"

"Would you have us be two feet high for ever?" she answered smiling.

"One foot high, or under earth, if it might be together!"

"Poor little gnomes!" said she.

The homeliness of our resting-place arrested her for an instant, and perhaps a touch of comic pity for things of such diminutive size as to see nothing but knees where a man stood. Our heads were hidden.

"Adieu! no pledge is needed," she said tenderly.

"None!" I replied, and gained it by abnegation.

She returned to the upper world with a burning blush.

Schwartz had borne himself with extraordinary discretion by forbearing to spread alarm at the palace. He saluted his young mistress in the regulation manner while receiving her beneath a vast umbrella, the holiday peasant's invariable companions in these parts. A forester was in attendance carrying shawls, clogs, and matting. The boat was turned and launched.

"Adieu, Harry Richmond. Will you be quite patient till you hear from me?" said Ottilia, and added, "It is my question!" delightfully recalling old times.

I was soon gazing at the track of the boat in rough water.

Shouts were being raised somewhere about the forest, and were replied to by hearty bellow of the rower's lungs. She was now at liberty to join

my name to her own or not, as she willed. I had to wait. But how much richer was I than all the world! The future owed me nothing. I would have registered a vow to ask nothing of it. Among the many determined purposes framing which I walked home, was one to obtain a grant of that bit of land where we had sat together, and build a temple on it. The fear that it might be trodden by feet of men before I had enclosed it, beset me with anguish. The most absolute pain I suffered sprang from a bewildering incapacity to conjure up a vision of Ottilia free of the glittering accessories of her high birth; and that was the pain of shame; but it came only at intervals, when pride stood too loftily and the shadow of possible mischance threatened it with the axe.

She did not condemn me to long waiting. Her favourite Aennchen brought me her first letter. The girl's face beamed, and had a look as if she commended me for a worthy deed.

"An answer, Aennchen?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes!" said she anxiously; "but it will take more time than I can spare." She appointed a meeting near the palace garden-gates at night.

I chose a roof of limes to read under.

"Noblest and best beloved!" the princess addressed me in her own tongue, doubting, I perceived, as her training had taught her, that my English eyes would tolerate apostrophes of open-hearted affection. The rest was her English confided to a critic who would have good reason to be merciful:—

"The night has come that writes the chapter of the day. My father has had his interview with his head-forester to learn what has befallen from the storm in the forest. All has not been told him! That shall not be delayed beyond to-morrow.

"I am hurried to it. And I had the thought that it hung perhaps at the very end of my life among the coloured leaves, the strokes of sunset—that then it would be known! or if earlier, distant from this strange imperative Now. But we have our personal freedom now, and I have learnt from minutes what I did mean to seek from years, and from our forest what I hoped that change of scene, travel, experience, would teach me.—*Ne te quæsiveris extra!*—Yet I was right in my intention. It was a discreet and a just meaning I had. For things will not go smoothly for him at once: he will have his hard battle. *He* is proved: *he* has passed his most brave ordeal. But I! Shall I see him put to it and not certainly know myself? Even thus I reasoned. One cannot study without knowing that our human nature is most frail. Daily the body changes, daily the mind—why not the heart? I did design to travel and converse with various persons.

"Pardon it to one who knew that she would require superfeminine power of decision to resolve that she would dispose of herself!

"I heard of Harry Richmond before I saw him. My curiosity to behold the two fair boys of the sailor kingdom set me whipping my pony

after them that day so remote, which is always yesterday. My thoughts followed you, and I wondered—does he mean to be a distinguished countryman of his Nelson? or a man of learning? Then many an argument with ‘my professor,’ until—for so it will ever be—the weaker creature did succumb in the open controversy, and thought her thoughts to herself. Contempt of England gained on me still. But when I lay withered, though so young, by the sea-shore, his country’s ancient grandeur insisted, and I dreamed of Harry Richmond, imagining that I had been false to my childhood. You stood before me, dearest. You were kind: you were strong, and had a gentle voice. Our souls were caught together on the sea. Do you recollect my slip in the speaking of Lucy Sibley’s marriage?—‘We change countries.’ At that moment I smelt salt air, which would bring you to my sight and touch were you and I divided let me not think how far.

“To-morrow I tell the prince, my father, that I am a plighted woman. Then for us the struggle, for him the grief. I have to look on him and deal it.

“I can refer him to Dr. Julius for my estimate of my husband’s worth.

“‘My professor’ was won by it. He once did incline to be the young bold Englishman’s enemy. ‘Why is he here? what seeks he among us?’ It was his jealousy, not of the man, but of the nation, which would send one to break and bear away his carefully cultivated German lily. No eye but his did read me through. And you endured the trial that was forced on you. You made no claim for recompence when it was over. No, there is no pure love but strong love! It belongs to our original elements, and of its purity should never be question, only of its strength.

“I could not help you when you were put under scrutiny before the margravine and the baroness. Help from me would have been the betrayal of both. The world has accurate eyes, if they are not very penetrating. The world will see a want of balance immediately, and also too true a balance, but it will not detect a depth of concord between two souls that do not show some fretfulness on the surface.

“So it was considered that in refusing my cousin Otto and other proposed alliances, I was heart-free. An instructed princess, they thought, was of the woeful species of woman. You left us: I lost you. I heard you praised for civil indifference to me—the one great quality you do not possess! Then it was the fancy of people that I, being very cold, might be suffered to hear my cousin plead for himself. The majority of our family favour Otto. He was permitted to woo me as though I had been a simple maid; and henceforth shall I have pity for all poor little feminine things who are so persecuted, asked to inflict cruelty—to take a sword and strike with it. But I—who look on marriage as more than a surrender—I could well withstand surpassing eloquence. It was easy to me to be inflexible in speech and will when I stood there, entreated to change myself.

But when came magically the other, who is my heart, my voice, my mate, the half of me, and broke into illumination of things long hidden—oh! then did I say to you that it was my weakness had come upon me? It was my last outcry of self—the ‘I’ expiring. I am now yours, ‘We’ has long overshadowed ‘I,’ and now engulphs it. We are one. If it were new to me to find myself interrogating the mind of my beloved, relying on his courage, taking many proofs of his devotion, I might pause to re-peruse my words here, without scruple, written. I sign it, before heaven, your Ottilia.

“OTTILIA FREDERIKA WILHELMINA HEDWIG,
“Princess of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE ERNEST AND A MEETING WITH PRINCE OTTO.

A MESSENGER from Prince Ernest commanding my immediate attendance at the palace, signified that the battle had begun. I could have waited for my father, whose return from one of his expeditions in the prince's service, was expected every instant; but though I knew I should have had a powerful coadjutor in him to assist me through such a conference, I preferred to go down alone. Prince Otto met me in the hall. He passed by, glancing an eye sharply, and said over his shoulder,—

“We shall have a word together presently!”

The library door was flung open. Prince Ernest and the margravine were in the room. She walked out with angry majesty. The prince held his figure in the stiff attitude of reception. He could look imposing.

The character of the interview was perceptible at once.

“Be seated,” he said.

I bowed my head, and sat—a disadvantageous thing to do before an irritated man, erect and prepared to put harsh questions. My deliberate method of obeying him served for a reminder of what was due from him to me in courtesy, and he placed a chair in front of me, but could not persuade himself to occupy it immediately.

“You have not, I presume, to be informed of the business in hand, Mr. Richmond!”

“Your highness, I believe I can guess it.”

This started him pacing the floor.

“An impossibility! a monstrous extravagance! a thing unheard of! mania! mania!” he muttered. “You are aware, sir, that you have been doing your worst to destroy the settled arrangements of my family? What does it mean? In common reason you cannot indulge any legitimate hope of succeeding. Taking you as a foreigner, you must know that. Judge of the case by your own reigning Families. Such events

never happen amongst them. Do you suppose that the possession of immense wealth entitles you to the immeasurable presumption of aspiring to equality of position with reigning Houses? Such folly is more frequently castigated than reasoned with. Why, now—now, were it published that I had condescended—condescend as I am doing, I should be the laughing-stock of every Court in Europe. You English want many lessons. You are taught by your scribes to despise the dignity which is not supported by a multitude of bayonets, guns, and gold. I heard of it when I travelled incognito. You make merry over little potentates. Good. But do not cross their paths. Their dominion may be circumscribed, but they have it; and where we are now, my power equals that of the Kaiser and the Czar. You will do me the favour to understand that I am not boasting, not menacing; I attempt, since it is extraordinarily imposed on me, to instruct you. I have cause to be offended; I waive it. I meet you on common ground, and address myself to your good sense. Have you anything to say?"

I rose. "Much, your highness."

"Then, pray, be seated."

He set me the example, repeating "Much?"

From the excitement he was quite unable to conceal it was evident to me that the princess had done her part bravely and fully. I could not suffer myself to be beaten down.

"Much?" he said again, with affected incredulity.

The painful hardship for me was to reply in the vague terms he had been pleased to use.

"I have much to say, your highness. First, to ask pardon of you, without excusing myself."

"A condition, apparently, that absolves the necessity for the grant. Speak precisely."

But I was as careful as he in abstaining from any direct indication of his daughter's complicity, and said, "I have offended your highness. You have done me the honour to suggest that it is owing to my English training. You will credit my assurance that the offence was not intentional, not preconceived."

"You charge it upon your having been trained among a nation of shopkeepers?"

"My countrymen are not illiterate or unmannerly, your highness."

"I have not spoken it; I may add, I do not think it."

"I feared that your highness entertained what I find to be a very general, perhaps here and there wilful, error with regard to England."

"When I was in the service I had a comrade, a gallant gentleman, deeply beloved by me, and he was an Englishman. He died in the uniform and under the flag I reverence."

"I rejoice that your highness has had this experience of us. I have to imagine that I expressed myself badly. My English training certainly does not preclude the respect due to exalted rank. Your highness will

I trust humbly, pardon my offence. I do not excuse myself because I cannot withdraw, and I am incapable of saying that I regret it."

"In cool blood you utter that?" exclaimed the prince.

His amazement was unfeigned.

"What are the impossible, monstrous ideas you?—where—? Who leads you to fancy there is one earthly chance for you when you say you cannot withdraw? Cannot? Are you requested? Are you consulted? It is a question to be decided in the imperative: you must. What wheel it is you think you have sufficient vigour to stop I am profoundly unaware, but I am prepared to affirm that it is not the wheel of my household. I would declare it, were I a plain citizen. You are a nullity in the case in point of your individual will—a nullity swept away with one wave of the hand. You can do this, and nothing else: you can apologize, recognize your station, repair a degree of mischief that I will not say was preconceived or plotted. So for awhile pursue your studies, your travels. In time it will give me pleasure to receive you. Mr. Richmond," he added, smiling and rising; "even the head of a little German principality has to give numberless audiences." His features took a more cordial smile to convince me that the dismissing sentence was merely playful.

As for me, my mind was confused by the visible fact that the father's features resembled the daughter's. I mention it that my mind's condition may be understood.

Hardly had I been bowed out of the room when my father embraced me, and some minutes later I heard Prince Otto talking to me and demanding answers. That he or any one else should have hostile sentiments towards a poor devil like me seemed strange. My gift of the horse appeared to anger him most. I reached the château without once looking back, a dispirited wretch. I shut myself up; I tried to read. The singular brevity of my interview with the prince, from which I had expected great if not favourable issues, affected me as though I had been struck by a cannon-shot: my brains were nowhere. His perfect courtesy was confounding. I was tormented by the delusion that I had behaved pusillanimously.

My father rushed up to me after dark. Embracing me and holding me by the hand, he congratulated me with his whole heart. The desire of his life was accomplished; the thing he had plotted for ages had come to pass. He praised me infinitely. My glorious future, he said, was to carry a princess to England and sit among the highest there, the husband of a lady peerless in beauty and in birth, who, in addition to what she was able to do for me by way of elevation in my country, could ennoble in her own territory. I had the option of being the father of English nobles or of German princes; so forth. I did not like the strain; yet I clung to him. I was compelled to ask him whether he had news of any sort worth hearing.

"None," said he, calmly; "none. I have everything to hear,

nothing to relate; and, happily, I can hardly speak for joy." He wept.

He guaranteed to have the margravine at the château within a week, which seemed to me a sufficient miracle. The prince, he said, might require three months of discretionary treatment. Three further months to bring the family round, and the princess would be mine. "But she is yours! she is yours already!" he cried authoritatively. "She is the reigning intellect there. I dreaded her very intellect would give us all the trouble, and behold, it is our ally! The prince lives with an elbow out of his income. But for me, it would be other parts of his person as well, I assure you, and the world would see such a princely tatterdemalion as would astonish it. Money to him is important. He must carry on his mine. He can carry on nothing without my help. By the way, we have to deal out cheques?"

I assented.

In spite of myself, I caught the contagion of his exuberant happiness, and faith in his genius. The prince had applauded his energetic management of the affairs of the mine two or three times in my hearing. It struck me that he had really found his vocation, and would turn the sneer on those who had called him volatile and reckless. This led me to a luxurious sense of dependence on him, and I was willing to live on dreaming and amused, though all around me seemed phantoms, especially the French troupe, the flower of the Parisian stage: Regnault, Carigny, Desbarolles, Mesdames Blanche Bignet and Dupertuy, and Mdlle. Jenny Chassediane, the most spirituelle of Frenchwomen. "They are a part of our enginery, Richie," my father said. They proved to be an irresistible attraction to the margravine. She sent word to my father that she meant to come on a particular day when, as she evidently knew, I should not be present. Two or three hours later I had Prince Otto's cartel in my hands. Jorian DeWitt, our guest at this season, told me subsequently, and with the utmost seriousness, that I was largely indebted to Mdlle. Jenny for a touching French song of a beau chevalier she sang before Ottilia in my absence. Both he and my father believed in the efficacy of this kind of enginery, but as the case happened the beau chevalier was down low enough at the moment his high-born lady listened to the song.

It appeared that when Prince Otto met me after my interview with Prince Ernest, he did his best to provoke a rencontre, and failing to get anything but a nod from my stunned head, betook himself to my University. A friendly young fellow there, Eckart vom Hof, offered to fight him on my behalf, should I think proper to refuse. Eckart and two or three others made a spirited stand against the aristocratic party siding with Prince Otto, whose case was that I had played him a dishonourable trick to laugh at him. I had, in truth, persuaded him to relieve me at once of horse and rival at the moment when he was suffering the tortures of a rejection, and I was rushing to take the hand he coveted; I was so far guilty. But to how great a degree guiltless, how could I

possibly explain to the satisfaction of an angry man? I had the vision of him leaping on the horse, while I perused his challenge; saw him fix to the saddle, and smile hard, and away to do me of all services the last he would have performed wittingly. The situation was exactly of a sort for one of his German fantasy-writers to image the forest jeering at him as he flew, blind, deaf, and unreasonable, vehement for one fierce draught of speed. We are all dogged by the humour of following events when we start on a wind of passion. I could almost fancy myself an accomplice, I realised the scene with such intensity in the light running at his heels: it may be quite true that I laughed in the hearing of his messenger as I folded up the letter. That was the man's report. I am not commonly one to be forgetful of due observances. If I did laugh it was involuntarily.

The prospect of the possible eternal separation from my beloved pricked my mechanical wits and set them tracing the consequent line by which I had been brought to this pass as to a natural result. Had not my father succeeded in inspiring the idea that I was something more than something? The tendency of young men is to conceive it for themselves without assistance; a prolonged puff from the breath of another is nearly sure to make them mad as kings, and not so pardonably.

I see that I might have acted wisely, and did not; but that is a speculation taken apart from my capabilities. If a man's fate were as a forbidden fruit, detached from him, and in front of him, he might hesitate fortunately before plucking it; but, as most of us are aware, the vital half of it lies in the seed-paths he has traversed. We are sons of yesterday, not of the morning. The past is our mortal mother, no dead thing. Our future constantly reflects her to the soul. Nor is it ever the new man of to-day which grasps his fortune, good or ill. We are pushed to it by the hundreds of days we have buried, eager ghosts. And if you have not the habit of taking counsel with them, you are but an instrument in their hands.

My English tongue admonishes me that I have fallen upon a tone resembling one who uplifts the finger of piety in a salon of conversation. A man's review of the course of his life grows for a moment stringently serious when he beholds the stream first broadening perchance under the light interpenetrating mine just now.

My seconds were young Eckart vom Hof, and the barely much older, though already famous, Gregorius Bandelmeyer, a noted mathematician, a savage Republican, lean-faced, spectacled, and long, soft-fingered, a cat to look at, a tiger to touch. Both of them were animated by detestation of the Imperial uniform. They distrusted my skill in the management of the weapon I had chosen; for reasons of their own they carried a case of pistols to the field. Prince Otto was attended by Count Loepel and a Major Edelsheim of his army, fresh from the garrison fortress of Mainz, gentlemen perfectly conversant with the laws of the game, which my worthy comrades were not. Several minutes were spent in an altercation

between Edelsheim and Bandelmeyer. The major might have had an affair of his own had he pleased. My feelings were concentrated within the immediate ring where I stood ; I can compare them only to those of a gambler determined to throw his largest stake and abide the issue. I was not open to any distinct impression of the surrounding scenery ; the hills and leafage seemed to wear an iron aspect. My darling, my saint's face was shut up in my heart, and with it a little inaudible cry of love and pain. The prince declined to listen to apologies. "He meant to teach me that this was not a laughing matter." Major Edelsheim had misunderstood Bandelmeyer ; no offer of an apology had been made. A momentary human sensation of an unworthy sort beset me when I saw them standing together again, and contrasted the collectedness and good-humour of my adversary's representative with the vexatious and unnecessary nagging of mine, the sight of whose yard-long pipe scandalized me.

At last the practical word was given. The prince did not reply to my salute. He was smoking, and kept his cigar in one corner of his mouth, as if he were a master fencer bidding his pupil to come on. He assumed that he had to do with a bourgeois Briton unused to arms, such as we are generally held to be on the Continent. After feeling my wrist for a while he shook the cigar out of his teeth.

The 'cliquetis' of the crossed steel must be very distant in memory, and yourself in a most dilettante frame of mind, for you to be accessible to the music of that thin skeleton's clank. Nevertheless it is better and finer even at the time of action, than the abominable hollow ogre's eye of the pistol-muzzle. We exchanged passes, the prince chiefly attacking. Of all things to strike my thoughts, can you credit me that the vividest was the picture of the old woman Temple and I had seen in our boyhood on the night of the fire dropping askew, like forks of brown flame, from the burning house in London city ! I must have smiled. The prince cried out in French : " Laugh, sir ; you shall have it ! " He had nothing but his impetuousness for an assurance of his promise, and was never able to force me back beyond a foot. I touched him on the arm and the shoulder, and finally pierced his arm above the elbow. I could have done nearly what I liked with him ; his skill was that of a common regimental sabreur.

"Ludere qui nescit campestribus abstinet armis !" Bandelmeyer sung out.

"You observed ?" said Major Edelsheim, and received another disconcerting discharge of a Latin line. The prince frowned and made use of some military slang. Was his honour now satisfied ? Not a whit. He certainly could not have kept his sword-point straight, and yet he clamoured to fight on, stamped, and summoned me to assault him, proposed to fight me with his left hand after his right had failed ; in short, he was beside himself, an example of the predicament of a man who has given all the provocation and finds himself disabled. My seconds could have stopped it had they been equal to their duties ; instead of

which Bandelmeyer, hearing what he deemed an insult to the order of student and scholar, retorted furiously and offensively, and Eckart, out of good-fellowship, joined him. Thereat Major Edelsheim, in the act of bandaging the prince's arm, warned them that he could not pass by an outrage on his uniform. Count Loepel stepped politely forward, and gave Eckart a significant bow. The latter remarked mockingly, "With pleasure and condescension!" At a murmur of the name of doctor from Edelsheim, the prince damned the doctor until he or I were food for him. Irritated by the whole scene, and his extravagant vindictiveness, in which light I regarded the cloak of fury he had flung over the shame of his defeat, I called to Bandelmeyer to open his case of pistols and offer them for a settlement. As the proposal came from me it was found acceptable. The major remonstrated with the prince, and expressed to me his regrets and *et cæteras* of well-meant civility. He had a hard task to keep out of the hands of Bandelmeyer, who had seized my sword, and wanted *vi et armis* to defend the cause of Learning and the People against military brigands on the spot. If I had not fallen we should have had one or two other prostrate bodies. I walked my part of the twenty-five paces' interval at a quick step, showing a parade front, irresolute about employing the disgusting little instrument I had in my clutch at all. Suddenly I felt a shock as of ice-cold water upon heated lungs. I remember staring at Bandelmeyer's spectacles and nodding like a bul-rush. Eckart caught me. "Give it him off the ground," he cried in a frenzy. "You have a shot! a shot! a shot!" screamed Bandelmeyer, jumping. I could plainly see Prince Otto standing ready to receive my fire. I looked up, and was invited by the swimming branch of a tree to take aim in that direction. Down came the sky. I made several attempts to speak for the purpose of telling Bandelmeyer that it was foolish of him in the open air to smoke a pipe half as long as himself, but nothing seemed to matter much.



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Three ounces (or three full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour to a quart of milk. Mix and boil in the same manner as for Blanc-mange. When cool add two eggs, previously well beaten, stir them well together, and bake for about half an hour.

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Mix a full-sized dessert-spoonful of the Flour with half a pint of milk, a lump of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Boil for eight minutes (stirring it all the time), and then add one egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly and pour into a buttered cup, tie up in a cloth, and again boil for about ten minutes. Serve it hot.

BOILED CUSTARD.

Take two full-sized table-spoonfuls of the Flour and a quart of milk, sweetened to the taste. Mix a little of the milk cold with the Flour; flavour it, and add the eggs, beaten up, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a small piece of butter. Add the remainder of the milk hot, and boil altogether for three minutes stirring quickly.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1871.

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LONDON:

H, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

TRIPZIG: ALPHONS DÜRR. NEW YORK: WILLMER AND ROGERS.
S. ROBERTSON. SYDNEY: W. MADDOCK. ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY.
TASMANIA: WALCH AND SONS.

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"THE LAMP'S FULL GLOW ILLUMINED AND SHADOWED HER."

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1871.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHAT CAME OF A SHILLING.



TTO'S bullet found its way right through me, as harmless as a comet in our atmosphere — the most considerate of intruders. The surgeon, who attended us both, loudly admired our mutual delicacy in sparing arteries and vital organs ; but a bullet cuts a rougher pathway than the neat steel blade, and I was still prostrate when the prince came to press my

hand on his departure for his quarters at Laibach. The utterly unreasonable nature of a duel was manifested by his declaring to me that he was now satisfied I did not mean to insult him and then laugh at him. We must regard it rather as a sudorific for feverish blood and brains. I felt my wound acutely, seeing his brisk step when he retired. Having overthrown me bodily, it threw my heart back to its first emotions, and I yearned to set eyes on my father, with a haunting sense that I had of late injured

him and owed him reparation. It vanished after he had been in my room an hour, to return when he had quitted it, and incessantly and inexplicably it went and came in this manner. He was depressed. I longed for drollery, relieved only by chance allusions to my beloved one, whereas he could not conceal his wish to turn the stupid duel to account.

"Pencil a line to her," he entreated me, and dictated his idea of a moving line, adding urgently that the crippled letters would be affecting to her, as to the Great Frederick his last review of his invalid veterans. "Your name—the signature of your name alone, darling Richie," and he traced a crooked scrawl with a forefinger,—"'Still, dearest angel, in contempt of death and blood, I am yours to eternity, Harry Lepel Richmond, sometime called Roy—a point for your decision in the future, should the breath everlastingly devoted to the most celestial of her sex, continue to animate the frame that would rise on wings to say adieu! adieu!'—Richie, just a sentence?"

He was distracting.

His natural tenderness and neatness of hand qualified him for spreading peace in a sick room; but he was too full of life and his scheme, and knowing me out of danger, he could not forbear giving his despondency an outlet. I heard him exclaim in big sighs: "Heavens! how near!" and again, "She must hear of it!" by-and-by. "But the means?" Never was a man so incorrigibly dramatic.

He would walk up to a bookcase and take down a volume, when the interjectional fit waxed violent, flip the pages, affecting a perplexity he would assuredly have been struck by had he perused them, and read, as he did once,—"'Italy, the land of the sun! and she is to be hurried away there, and we are left to groan. The conspiracy is infamous! One of the Family takes it upon himself to murder us! and she is to be hurried out of hearing! And so we are to have the blood of the Roys spilt for nothing?—no!" and he shut up the book with a report, and bounded to my side to beg pardon of me. From his particular abuse of the margravine, the iteration of certain phrases, which he uttered to denounce and defy them, I gathered that an interview had passed between the two, and that she had notified a blockade against all letters addressed to the princess. He half admitted having rushed to the palace on his road to me.

"But, Richie," said he, pressing me again to write the moving line, "a letter with a broad black border addressed by me might pass." He looked mournfully astute. "The margravine might say to herself,—'Here's Doctor Death in full diploma come to cure the wench of her infatuation.' I am but quoting the coarse old woman, Richie; confusion on her and me! for I like her. It might pass in my handwriting, with a smudge for paternal grief—it might. 'To Her Serene Highness the Margravine of Rippan, &c. &c. &c., in trust for the Most Exalted the Princess of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld.' I transpose or omit a title or so. 'Aha!' says she, 'there's *verwirrung* in Roy's poor head, poor fellow; the boy has sunk to a certainty. Here (to the princess), it seems, my

dear, this is for you. Pray do not communicate the contents for a day or so or a month.' "

His imitation of the margravine was the pleasantest thing I heard from him. The princess's maid and confidante, he regretted to state, was incorruptible, which I knew. That line of Ottilia's writing, "Violets are over," read by me in view of the root-mountain of the Royal House of Princes, scoffed at me insufferably whenever my father showed me these openings of his mind, until I was dragged down to think almost that I had not loved the woman and noble soul, but only the glorified princess—the carved gilt frame instead of the divine portrait! a shameful acrid suspicion, ransacking my conscience with the thrusting in of a foul torch here and there. For why had I shunned him of late? How was it that he tortured me now? Did I in no degree participate in the poignant savour of his scheme? Such questionings set me flushing in deadly chills. My brain was weak, my heart exhausted, my body seemed truthful perforce and confessed on the rack. I could not deny that I had partly, insensibly clung to the vain glitter of hereditary distinction, my father's pitfall; taking it for a substantial foothold, when a young man of wit and sensibility and, mark you, true pride, would have made it his first care to trample that under heel. Excellent is pride; but oh! be sure of its foundations before you go on building monument high. I know nothing to equal the anguish of an examination of the basis of one's pride that discovers it not solidly fixed; an imposing, self-imposing structure, piled upon empty cellarage. It will inevitably, like a tree striking bad soil, betray itself at the top with time. And the anguish I speak of will be the sole healthy sign about you. Whether in the middle of life it is advisable to descend the pedestal altogether, I dare not say. Few take the precaution to build a flight of steps inside—it is not a labour to be proud of; fewer like to let themselves down in the public eye—it amounts to a castigation; you must, I fear, remain up there, and accept your chance in toppling over. But in any case, delude yourself as you please, your lofty baldness will assuredly be seen with time. Meanwhile, you cannot escape the internal intimations of your unsoundness. A man's pride is the front and head-piece of his character, his soul's support or snare. Look to it in youth. I have to thank the interminable hours on my wretched sick-bed for a singularly beneficial investigation of the ledger of my deeds and omissions and moral stock. Perhaps it has already struck you that one who takes the trouble to sit and write his history for as large a world as he can obtain, and shape his style to harmonize with every development of his nature, can no longer have much of the hard grain of pride in him. A proud puppet-showman blowing into Pandæan pipes, is an inconceivable object, except to those who judge of characteristics from posture.

It began to be observed by others that my father was not the most comforting of nurses to me. My landlady brought a young girl up to my room, and introduced her under the name of Lieschen, saying that she

She supped at her father's table, and amused the margravine and him alternately with cards and a sonata. Before twelve at midnight she was driving on the road to the University, saying farewell to what her mind revered, so that her lover might but have sight of her. She imagined I had been assassinated. For a long time, and most pertinaciously, this idea dwelt with her. I could not dispossess her of it, even after uttering the word 'duel' I know not how often. I had flatly to relate the whole of the circumstances.

"But Otto is no assassin," she cried out.

What was that she revered? It was what she jeopardised—her state, her rank, her dignity as princess and daughter of an ancient house, things typical to her of sovereign duties, and the high seclusion of her name. To her the escapades of foolish damsels were abominable. The laws of society as well as of her exalted station were in harmony with her intelligence. She thought them good, but obeyed them as a subject, not slavishly: she claimed the right to exercise her trained reason. The modestest, humblest, sweetest of women, undervaluing nothing that she possessed, least of all what was due from her to others, she could go whithersoever her reason directed her, putting anything aside to act justly according to her light. Nor would she have had cause to repent had I been the man she held me to be. Even with me she had not behaved precipitately. My course of probation was severe and long before she allowed her heart to speak. My devotion and qualities of mind were not tested by herself only. It was not because she thought lightly of the treasure, but highly of the vessel that she embarked in it. And how much she had prepared herself to cast away I had still to learn.

Pale from a sleepless night and her heart's weariful eagerness to be near me, she sat by my chair, holding my hand, and sometimes looking into my eyes to find the life reflecting hers as in a sunken well that has once been a spring. My books and poor bachelor comforts caught her attention betweenwhiles. We talked of the day of storm by the lake; we read the unsigned letter. With her hand in mine I slept some minutes, and awoke grasping it, doubting and terrified, so great a wave of life lifted me up.

"No! you are not gone," I sighed.

"Only come," said she.

The nature of the step she had taken began to dawn on me.

"But when they miss you at the palace? Prince Ernest?"

"Hush! they have missed me already. It is done." She said it smiling.

"Ottilia, will he take you away?"

"Us, dear, us."

"Can you meet his anger?"

"Our aunt will be the executioner. We have a day of sweet hours before she can arrive."

"May I see her first?"

"We will both see her as we are now."

"We must have prompt answers for the margravine!"

"None, Harry. I do not defend myself ever."

Distant hills, and folds of receding clouds and skies beyond them, were visible from my window, and beyond the skies I felt her soul.

"Ottilia, you were going to Italy?"

"Yes; or whither they pleased, for as long as they pleased. I wished once to go, I have told you why. One of the series" (she touched the letter lying on a reading-table beside her) "turned the channel of all wishes and intentions. My friends left me to fall at the mercy of this one. I consented to the injunction that I should neither write nor receive letters. Do I argue ill in saying that a trust was implied? Surely it was a breach of the trust to keep me ignorant of the danger of him I love! Now they know it. I dared not consult them—not my dear father!—about any design of mine when I had read this odd copybook writing, all in brief sentences, each beginning 'he' and 'he.'" It struck me like thrusts of a sword; it illuminated me like lightning. That 'he' was the heart within my heart. The writer must be some clever woman or simple friend, who feels for us very strongly. My lover assassinated, where could I be but with him?"

Her little Ann coming in with chocolate and strips of fine white bread to dip in it stopped my efforts to explain the distinction between an assassination and a duel. I noticed then the likeness of Aennchen to Lieschen.

"She has a sister here," said Ottilia; "and let her bring Lieschen to visit me here this afternoon."

Aennchen, in a burning blush, murmured that she heard and would obey. I had a memorable pleasure in watching my beloved eat and drink under my roof.

The duel remained incomprehensible to her. She first frightened me by remarking that duels were the pastime of brainless young men. Her next remark, in answer to my repeated attempts to shield my antagonist from a capital charge: "But only military men and Frenchmen fight duels!" accompanied by a slightly investigating glance of timid surprise, gave me pain, together with a flashing apprehension of what she had forfeited, whom offended, to rush to the succour of a duellist. I had to repeat to her who my enemy was, so that there should be no further mention of assassination. Prince Otto's name seemed to entangle her understanding completely.

"Otto! Otto!" she murmured; "he has, I have heard, been obliged by some so-called laws of honour once or twice to—to—he is above suspicion of treachery! To my mind it is one and the same, but I would not harshly exclude the view the world puts on things; and I use the world's language in saying that he could not do a dishonourable deed. How far he honours himself is a question apart. That may be low enough, while the world is full of a man's praises."

She knew the nature of a duel. "It is the work of soulless creatures!" she broke through my stammered explanations with unwonted impatience, and pressing my hand: "Ah! You are safe. I have you still. Do you know, Harry, I am not yet able to endure accidents and misadventures: I have not fortitude to meet them, or intelligence to account for them. They are little ironical laughter. Say we build so high: the lightning strikes us:—why build at all? The summer fly is happier. If I had lost you! I can almost imagine that I should have asked for revenge. For why should the bravest and purest soul of my worship be snatched away? I am not talking wisdom, only my shaken self will speak just now! I pardon Otto though he has behaved basely."

"No, not basely," I felt bound to plead on his behalf, thinking, in spite of a veritable anguish of gathering dread, that she had become enlightened and would soon take the common view of our case; "not basely. He was excessively irritated, without cause in my opinion; he simply misunderstood certain matters. Dearest, you have nations fighting: a war is only an exaggerated form of duelling."

"Nations at war are wild beasts," she replied. "The passions of these hordes of men are not an example for a living soul. Our souls grow up to the light: we must keep eye on the light, and look no lower. Nations appear to me to have no worse than a soiled mirror of themselves in mobs. They are still uncivilized: they still bear a resemblance to the old monsters of the mud. Do you not see their claws and fangs, Harry? Do you find an apology in their acts for intemperate conduct? Men who fight duels appear in my sight no nobler than the first desperate creatures spelling the cruel A B C of the passions."

"No, nor in mine," I assented hastily. "We are not perfect. But hear me. Yes! the passions are cruel. Circumstances however—I mean, there are social usages—Ay! if one were always looking up. But should we not be gentle with our comparisons if we would have our views in proportion?"

She hung studiously silent, and I pursued:

"I trust you so much as my helper and my friend that I tell you what we do not usually tell to women—the facts, and the names connected with them. Sooner or later you would have learnt everything. Beloved, I do not wait to let you hear it by degrees, to be reconciled to it piecemeal."

"And I forgive him," she sighed. "I scarcely bring myself to believe that Harry has bled from Otto's hand."

"It was the accident of the case, Ottilia. We had to meet."

"To meet?"

"There are circumstances when men will not accept apologies; they—we—heaven knows, I was ready to do all that a man could do to avoid this folly—wickedness; give it the worst of titles!"

"It did not occur—accidentally?" she inquired. Her voice sounded strange, half withheld in the utterance.

"It occurred," said I, feeling my strength ebb and despair set in, "it occurred—the prince compelled me to meet him."

"But my cousin Otto is no assassin?"

"Compelled, I say: that is, he conceived I had injured him, and left me no other way of making amends."

Her defence of Otto was in reality the vehement cherishing of her idea of me. This caused her bewilderment, and like a barrier to the flowing of her mind it resisted and resisted. She could not suffer herself to realize that I was one of the brainless young savages, creatures with claws and fangs.

Her face was unchanged to me. The homeliness of her large mild eyes embraced me unshadowed, and took me to its inner fire unreservedly. Leaning towards her in my roomy chair, I contemplated her at leisure while my heart kept saying "Mine! mine!" to awaken an active belief in its possession. Her face was like the quiet morning of a winter day when cloud and sun intermix and make an ardent silver, with lights of blue and faint fresh rose; and over them the beautiful fold of her full eyebrow on the eyelid like a bending upper heaven. Those winter mornings are divine. They move on noiselessly. The earth is still as if awaiting. A wren warbles, and flits through the lank drenched brambles; hill-side opens green; elsewhere is mist, everywhere expectancy. They bear the veiled sun like a sangreal aloft to the wavy marble flooring of stainless cloud.

She was as fair. Gazing across her shoulder's gentle depression, I could have desired to have the couchant brow, and round cheek, and rounding chin no more than a young man's dream of women, a picture alive, without the animating individual awful mind to judge of me by my acts. I chafed at the thought that one so young and lovely should meditate on human affairs at all. She was of an age to be maidenly romantic: our situation favoured it. But she turned to me, and I was glad of the eyes I knew. She kissed me on the forehead.

"Sleep," she whispered.

I feigned sleep to catch my happiness about me.

Some disenchanting thunder was coming, I was sure, and I was right. My father entered.

"Princess!" He did amazed and delighted homage, and forthwith uncontrollably poured out the history of my heroism, a hundred words for one;—my promptitude in picking the prince's glove up on my sword's point, my fine play with the steel, my scornful magnanimity, the admiration of my fellow-students;—every line of it; in stupendous language; an artillery celebration of victory. I tried to stop him. Ottilia rose, continually assenting, with short affirmatives, to his glorifying interrogations—a method he had of recapitulating the main points. She glanced to right and left, as if she felt caged.

"Is it known?" I heard her ask, in the half audible strange voice which had previously made me tremble.

"Known? I certify to you, princess,"—the unhappy man spouted his withering fountain of interjections over us anew; known in every Court and garrison of Germany! Known by this time in Old England! And what was more, the correct version of it was known! It was known that the young Englishman had vanquished his adversary with the small sword, and had allowed him, because he raged demoniacally on account of his lamed limb, to have a shot in revenge.

"The honour done me by the princess in visiting me is not to be known," I summoned energy enough to say.

She shook her head.

My father pledged himself to the hottest secrecy, equivalent to a calm denial of the fact, if necessary.

"Pray, be at no trouble," she addressed him.

The 'Where am I?' look was painful in her aspect.

It led me to perceive the difference of her published position in visiting a duellist lover instead of one assassinated. In the latter case, the rashness of an hereditary virgin princess avowing her attachment might pass condoned or cloaked by general compassion. How stood it in the former? I had dragged her down to the duellist's level! And as she was not of a nature to practise concealments, and scorned to sanction them, she was condemned, seeing that concealment as far as possible was imperative, to suffer bitterly in her own esteem. This, the cruellest, was the least of the evils. To keep our names disjoined I feared was hopeless. My weakened frame and mental misery coined tears when thoughts were needed.

Presently I found the room empty of our poor unconscious tormentor. Ottilia had fastened her hand to mine again.

"Be generous," I surprised her by saying. "Go back at once. I have seen you! Let my father escort you on the road. You will meet the margravine, or some one. I think, with you, it will be the margravine, and my father puts her in good humour. Pardon a wretched little scheme to save you from annoyance! So thus you return within a day, and the margravine shelters you. Your name will not be spoken. But go at once, for the sake of Prince Ernest. I have hurt him already; help me to avoid doing him a mortal injury. It was Schwartz who drove you? Our old Schwartz! old Warhead! You see, we may be safe; only every fresh minute adds to the danger. And another reason for going—another—"

"Ah!" she breathed, "my Harry will talk himself into a fever."

"I shall have it if the margravine comes here."

"She shall not be admitted."

"Or if I hear her, or hear that she has come! Consent at once, and revive me. Oh, good God! I am begging you to leave me, and wishing it with all my soul. Think over what I have done. Do not write to me. I shall see the compulsion of mere kindness between the lines. You consent. Your wisdom I never doubt—I doubt my own."

"When it is yours you would persuade me to confide in?" said she, with some sorrowful archness.

Wits clear as hers could see that I had advised well, except in proposing my father for escort. It was evidently better that she should go as she came.

I refrained from asking her what she thought of me now. Suing for immediate pardon would have been like the applying of a lancet to a vein for blood: it would have burst forth, meaning mere words coloured by commiseration, kindness, desperate affection, anything but her soul's survey of herself and me; and though I yearned for the comfort passion could give me, I knew the mind I was dealing with, or, rather, I knew I was dealing with a mind; and I kept my tongue silent. The talk between us was of the possible date of my recovery, the hour of her return to the palace, the writer of the unsigned letters, books we had read apart or peeped into together. She was a little quicker in speech, less meditative. My sensitive watchfulness caught no other indication of a change.

My father drove away an hour in advance of the princess to encounter the margravine.

"By," said he, rehearsing his exclamation of astonishment and delight at meeting her, "the most miraculous piece of good fortune conceivable, dear madam. And now comes the question, since you have condescended to notice a solitary atom of your acquaintance on the public high-road, whether I am to have the honour of doubling the freight of your carriage, or you will deign to embark in mine? But the direction of the horses' heads must be reversed, absolutely it must, if your highness would repose in a bed to-night. Good. So. And now, at a conversational trot, we may happen to be overtaken by acquaintances."

I had no doubt of his drawing on his rarely-abandoned seven-league boots of jargon, once so delicious to me, for the margravine's entertainment. His lack of discernment in treating the princess to it, ruined my patience.

The sisters Aennchen and Lieschen presented themselves a few minutes before his departure. Lieschen dropped at her feet.

"My child," said the princess, quite maternally, "could you be quit of your service with the Mährlens for two weeks, think you, to do duty here?"

"The professor grants her six hours out of the twenty-four already," said I.

"To go where?" she asked, alarmed.

"To come here."

"Here? She knows you? She did not curtsy to you."

"Nurses do not usually do that."

The appearance of both girls was pitiable; but having no suspicion of the cause for it, I superadded,—

"She was here this morning."

"Ah! we owe her more than we were aware of."

The princess looked on her kindly, though with suspense in the expression.

"She told me of my approaching visitor," I said.

"Oh ! not told !" Lieschen burst out.

"Did you,"—the princess questioned her, and murmured to me, "These children cannot speak falsehoods,"—they shone miserably under the burden of uprightness—"did you make sure that I should come ?"

Lieschen thought—she supposed. But why ? Why did she think and suppose ? What made her anticipate the princess's arrival ? This inveterate why communicated its terrors to Aennchen, upon whom the princess turned scrutinizing eyes, saying,—“You write of me to your sister ?”

"Yes, princess."

"And she to you ?"

Lieschen answered : "Forgive me, your highness, dearest lady !"

"You offered yourself here unasked ?"

"Yes, princess."

"Have you written to others besides your sister ?"

"Seldom, princess ; I do not remember."

"You know the obligation of signatures to letters ?"

"Ah !"

"You have been remiss in not writing to me, child."

"Oh, princess ! I did not dare to."

"You have not written to me ?"

"Ah ! princess, how dared I ?"

"Are you speaking truthfully ?"

The unhappy girls stood trembling. Otilia spared them the leap into the gulfs of confession. Her intuitive glance, assisted by a combination of minor facts, had read the story of their misdeeds in a minute. She sent them down to the carriage, suffering her culprits to kiss her fingers, while she said to one : "This might be a fable of a pair of mice."

When she was gone, after many fits of musing, the signification of it was revealed to my slower brain. I felt that it could not but be an additional shock to the regal pride of such a woman that these little maidens should have been permitted to act forcibly on her destiny. The mystery of the letters was easily explained as soon as a direct suspicion fell on one of the girls who lived in my neighbourhood and the other who was near the princess's person. Doubtless the revelation of their effective mouse plot had its humiliating bitterness for her on a day of heavy oppression, smile at it as she subsequently might. The torture of heart with which I twisted the meaning of her words about the pair of mice to imply that the pair had conspired to make a net for an eagle and had enmeshed her, may have struck a vein of the truth. I could see no other antithesis to the laudable performance of the single mouse of fable. Lieschen, when she next appeared in the character of nurse, met my inquiries by supplicating me to imitate her sister's generous mistress, and be merciful.

She remarked by-and-by, of her own accord : "Princess Otilia does not regret that she had us educated."

A tender warmth crept round me in thinking that a mind thus lofty would surely be, however severe in its insight, above regrets and recantations.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

I GAIN A PERCEPTION OF PRINCELY STATE.

I HAD a visit from Prince Ernest, nominally one of congratulation on my escape. I was never in my life so much at any man's mercy: he might have fevered me to death with reproaches, and I expected them on hearing his name pronounced at the door. I had forgotten the ways of the world. For some minutes I listened guardedly to his affable talk. My thanks for the honour done me were awkward, as if they came upon reflection. The prince was particularly civil and cheerful. His relative, he said, had written of me in high terms—the very highest, declaring that I was blameless in the matter, and that, though he had sent the horse back to my stables, he fully believed in the fine qualities of the animal, and acknowledged his fault in making it a cause of provocation. To all which I assented with easy nods.

"Your Shakspeare, I think," said the prince, "has a scene of young Frenchmen praising their horses. I myself am no stranger to the enthusiasm: one could not stake life and honour on a nobler brute. Pardon me if I state my opinion that you young Englishmen of to-day are sometimes rather overbearing in your assumption of a superior knowledge of horseflesh. We Germans in the Baltic provinces and in the Austrian cavalry think we have a right to a remark or two; and if we have not suborned the testimony of modern history, the value of our Hanoverian troopers is not unknown to one at least of your generals. However, the odds are that you were right and Otto wrong, and he certainly put himself in the wrong to defend his ground."

I begged him to pass a lenient sentence upon fiery youth. He assured me that he remembered his own. Our interchange of courtesies was cordially commonplace: we walked, as it were, arm-in-arm on thin ice, rivalling one another's gentlemanly composure. Satisfied with my discretion, the prince invited me to the lake palace, and then a week's shooting in Styria to recruit. I thanked him in as clear a voice as I could command: "Your highness, the mine flourishes, I trust?"

"It does; I think I may say it does," he replied. "There is always the want of capital. What can be accomplished, in the present state of affairs, your father performs, on the whole, well. You smile—but I mean extraordinarily well. He has, with an accountant at his elbow, really the genius of management. He serves me busily, and, I repeat, well. A better employment for him than the direction of Court theatricals?"

"Undoubtedly it is."

"Or than bestriding a bronze horse, personifying my good ancestor! Are you acquainted with the Chancellor von Redwitz?"

"All I know of him, sir, is that he is fortunate to enjoy the particular confidence of his master."

"He has a long head. But, now, *he* is a disappointing man in action; responsibility overturns him. He is the reverse of Roy, whose advice I do not take, though I'm glad to set him running. Von Redwitz is in the town. He shall call on you, and amuse an hour or so of your convalescence."

I confessed that I began to feel longings for society.

Prince Ernest was kind enough to quit me without unmasking. I had not to learn that the simplest visits and observations of ruling princes signify more than lies on the surface. Interests so highly personal as theirs demand from them a decent insincerity.

Chancellor von Redwitz called on me, and amused me with secret anecdotes of all the royal houses of Germany, amusing chiefly through the veneration he still entertained for them. The grave senior was doing his utmost to divert one of my years. The immoralities of blue blood, like the amours of the gods, were to his mind tolerable, if not beneficial to mankind, and he presumed I should find them toothsome. Nay, he besought me to coincide in his excuses of a widely charming young arch-duchess, for whom no estimable husband of a fitting rank could anywhere be discovered, so she had to be bestowed upon an archducal imbecile; and hence—and hence—Oh, certainly! Generous youth and benevolent age joined hands of exoneration over her. The Princess of Sattenberg actually married, under covert, a colonel of Uhlans at the age of seventeen; the marriage was quashed, the colonel vanished, the princess became the scandalous Duchess of Ilm-Ilm, and was surprised one infamous night in the outer court of the castle by a soldier on guard, who dragged her into the guard-room and unveiled her there, and would have been summarily shot for his pains but for the locket on his breast, which proved him to be his sovereign's son.—A perfect romance, Mr. Chancellor. We will say the soldier son loved a delicate young countess in attendance on the duchess. The countess spies the locket, takes it to the duchess, is reprimanded, when behold! the locket opens, and Colonel von Bein appears as in his blooming youth, in Lancer uniform.—Young sir, your piece of romance has exaggerated history to caricature. Romances are the destruction of human interest. The moment you begin to move the individuals, they are puppets. "Nothing but poetry, and I say it who do not read it"—(Chancellor von Redwitz is the speaker)—"nothing but poetry makes romances passable: for poetry is the everlastingly and embracingly human. Without it your fictions are flat foolishness, non-nourishing substance—a species of brandy and gruel!—diet for craving stomachs that can support nothing solidier, and must have the weak stuff stiffened. Talking of poetry, there was an independent hereditary princess of Leiterstein in love with a poet—a Leonora d'Este!—This was no Tasso.

Nevertheless, she proposed to come to nuptials. *Good*, you observe? I confine myself to the relation of historical circumstances; in other words, facts; and of good or bad I know not."

Chancellor von Redwitz smoothed the black silk stocking of his crossed leg, and set his bunch of seals and watch-key swinging. He resumed, entirely to amuse me,—

"The Princess Elizabeth of Leiterstein promised all the qualities which the most solicitous of paternal princes could desire as a guarantee for the judicious government of the territory to be bequeathed to her at his demise. But, as there is no romance to be extracted from her story, I may as well tell you at once that she did not espouse the poet."

"On the contrary, dear Mr. Chancellor, I am interested in the princess. Proceed, and be as minute as you please."

"It is but a commonplace excerpt of secret historical narrative buried among the archives of the Family, my good Mr. Richmond. The Princess Elizabeth thoughtlessly pledged her hand to the young sonneteer. Of course, she could not fulfil her engagement."

"Why not?"

"You see, you are impatient for romance, young gentleman."

"Not at all, Mr. Chancellor. I do but ask a question."

"You fence. Your question was dictated by impatience."

"Yes, for the facts and elucidations."

"For the romance, that is. You wish me to depict emotions."

Hereupon this destroyer of temper embrowned his nostrils with snuff, adding,—"I am unable to."

"Then one is not to learn why the princess could not fulfil her engagement?"

"Judged from the point of view of the pretender to the supreme honour of the splendid alliance, the fault was none of hers. She overlooked his humble, his peculiarly dubious, birth."

"Her father interposed?"

"No."

"The Family?"

"Quite inefficacious to arrest her determinations."

"What then—what was in her way?"

"Germany."

"What?"

"Great Germany, young gentleman. I should have premised that, besides mental, she had eminent moral dispositions,—I might term it the conscience of her illustrious rank. She would have raised the poet to equal rank beside her had she possessed the power. She could and did defy the Family, and subdue her worshipping father, the most noble prince, to a form of paralysis of acquiescence—if I make myself understood. But she was unsuccessful in her application for the sanction of the Diet."

"The Diet?"

"The German Diet. Have you not lived among us long enough to know that the German Diet is the seat of domestic legislation for the princely houses of Germany? A prince or a princess may say, 'I will this or that.' The Diet says, 'Thou shalt not;' pre-eminently, 'Thou shalt not mix thy blood with that of an impure race, nor with blood of inferiors.' Hence, we have it what we see it, a translucent flood down from the topmost founts of time. So we revere it. 'Quâ man and woman,' the Diet says, by implication, 'do as you like, marry in the ditches, spawn plentifully. Quâ prince and princess, No! Your nuptials are nought. Or would you maintain them a legal ceremony, and be bound by them, you descend, you go forth; you are no reigning sovereign, you are a private person.' His Serene Highness the prince was thus prohibited from affording help to his daughter. The princess was reduced to the decision either that she, the sole child born of him in legal wedlock, would render him quâ Prince childless, or that she would—in short, would have her woman's way. The sovereignty of Leiterstein continued uninterruptedly with the elder branch. She was a true princess."

"A true woman," said I, thinking the sneer weighty.

The Chancellor begged me to recollect that he had warned me there was no romance to be expected.

I bowed; and bowed during the remainder of the interview.

Chancellor von Redwitz had performed his mission. The hours of my convalescence were furnished with food for amusement sufficient to sustain a year's blockade; I had no further longing for society, but I craved for fresh air intensely.

Did Otilia know that this iron law, enforced with the might of a whole empire, environed her, held her fast from any motion of heart and will? I could not get to mind that the prince had hinted at the existence of such a law. Yet why should he have done so? The word impossible, in which he had not been sparing when he deigned to speak distinctly, comprised everything. More profitable than shooting empty questions at the sky was the speculation on his project in receiving me at the palace, and that was dark. My father, who might now have helped me, was off on duty again.

I found myself driving into Sarkeld with a sense of a whirlwind round my head; wheels in multitudes were spinning inside, striking sparks for thoughts. I met an orderly in hussar uniform of blue and silver, trotting on his errand. There he was; and whether many were behind him or he stood for the army in its might, he wore the trappings of an old princely House that nestled proudly in the bosom of its great jealous Fatherland. Previously in Sarkeld I had noticed members of the diminutive army to smile down on them. I saw the princely arms and colours on various houses and in the windows of shops. Emblems of a small State, they belonged to the history of the Empire. The Court-physician passed with a bit of ribbon in his button-hole. A lady driving in an open carriage

encouraged me to salute her. She was the wife of the Prince's Minister of Justice. Upon what foundation had I been building? A reflection of the ideas possessing me showed Riversley, my undecorated home of rough red brick, in the middle of barren heaths. I entered the palace, I sent my respects to the prince. In return, the hour of dinner was ceremoniously named to me: ceremony damped the air. I had been insensible to it before, or so I thought, the weight was now so crushing. Arms, emblems, colours, liveries, portraits of princes and princesses of the House, of this the warrior, that the seductress, burst into sudden light. What had I to do among them?

The presence of the living members of the Family was an extreme physical relief.

For the moment, beholding Ottilia, I counted her but as one of them. She welcomed me without restraint.

We chatter pleasantly at the dinner-table.

"Ah! you missed our French troupe," said the margravine.

"Yes," said I, resigning them to her. She nodded:

"And one very pretty little woman they had, I can tell you—for a Frenchwoman."

"You thought her pretty? Frenchwomen know what to do with their brains and their pins, somebody has said."

"And exceedingly well said, too. Where is that man Roy? Good things always remind me of him."

The question was addressed to no one in particular. The man happened to be my father, I remembered. A second allusion to him was answered by Prince Ernest:

"Roy is off to Croatia to enrol some dozens of cheap workmen. The strength of those Croats is prodigious, and well looked after they work. He will be back in three or four or more days."

"You have spoilt a good man," rejoined the margravine; "and that reminds me of a bad one—a cutthroat. Have you heard of that creature, the princess's tutor? Happily cut loose from us, though! He has published a book—a horror! all against Scripture and Divine right! Is there any one to defend him now, I should like to ask?"

"I," said Ottilia.

"Gracious me! you have not read the book?"

"Right through, dear aunt, with all respect to you."

"It's in the house?"

"It is in my study."

"Then I don't wonder! I don't wonder!" the margravine exclaimed.

"Best hear what the enemy has to say," Prince Ernest observed.

"Excellently argued, papa, supposing that he be an enemy."

"An enemy as much as the fox is the enemy of the poultry-yard, and the hound is the enemy of the fox!" said the margravine.

"I take your illustration, auntie," said Ottilia. "He is the enemy of

chickens, and only does not run before the numbers who bark at him. My noble old professor is a resolute truth-seeker : he raises a light to show you the ground you walk on. How is it that you, adoring heroes as you do, cannot admire him when he stands alone to support his view of the truth ! I would I were by him ! But I am, whenever I hear him abused."

"I daresay you discard nothing that the wretch has taught you !"

"Nothing ! nothing !" said Ottilia, and made my heart live.

The grim and taciturn Baroness Turekems, sitting opposite to her, sighed audibly.

"Has the princess been trying to convert you ?" the margravine asked her.

"Trying ? no, madam. Reading ? yes."

"My good Turekems ! you do not get your share of sleep ?"

"It is her highness the princess who despises sleep."

"See there the way with your free-thinkers ! They commence by treading under foot the pleasantest half of life, and then they impose their bad habits on their victims. Ottilia ! Ernest ! I do insist upon having lights extinguished in the child's apartments by twelve o'clock at midnight."

"Twelve o'clock is an extraordinary latitude for children," said Ottilia, smiling.

The prince, with a scarce perceptible degree of emphasis, said,—

"Women born to rule must be held exempt from nursery restrictions."

Here the conversation opened to let me in. More than once the margravine informed me that I was not the equal of my father.

"Why," said she, "why can't you undertake this detestable coal-mine, and let your father disport himself ?"

I suggested that it might be because I was not his equal. She complimented me for inheriting a spark of Roy's brilliancy.

I fancied there was a conspiracy to force me back from my pretensions by subjecting me to the contemplation of my bare self and actual condition. Had there been I should have suffered from less measured strokes. The unconcerted design to humiliate inferiors is commonly successfuller than conspiracy.

The prince invited me to smoke with him, and talked of our gradual subsidence in England to one broad level of rank through the intermixture by marriage of our aristocracy, squirearchy, and merchants.

"Here it is not so," he said ; "and no democratic ragings will make it so. Rank, with us, is a principle. I suppose you have not read the professor's book ? It is powerful—he is a powerful man. It can do no damage to the minds of persons destined by birth to wield authority—none, therefore, to the princess. I would say to you—avoid it. For those who have to carve their way it is bad. You will enter your Parliament, of course ? There you have a fine career."

He asked me what I had made of Chancellor von Redwitz.

I perceived that Prince Ernest could be cool and sagacious in repairing what his imprudence or blindness had left to occur: that he must have enlightened his daughter as to her actual position, and was most dexterously and devilishly flattering her worldly good sense by letting it struggle and grow, instead of opposing her. His appreciation of her intellect was an idolatry; he really confided in it, I knew; and this reacted upon her. Did it? My hesitations and doubts, my fantastic raptures and despair, my loss of the power to appreciate anything at its right value, revealed the madness of loving a princess.

There were preparations for the arrival of an important visitor. The margravine spoke of him emphatically. I thought it might be her farcically pompous way of announcing my father's return, and looked pleased, I suppose, for she added, "Do you know Prince Hermann? He spends most of his time in Eberhardstadt. He is cousin of the King, a wealthy branch; *tant soit peu philosophe, à ce qu'on dit*; a traveller. They say he has a South American complexion. I knew him a boy; and his passion is to put together what Nature has unpieced, bones of fishes and animals. *Il faut passer le temps*. He adores the Deluge. Anything antediluvian excites him. He can tell us the 'modes' of those days; and, if I am not very much misinformed, he still expects us to show him the very latest of these. Happily, my milliner is back from Paris. Ay, and we have fossils in our neighbourhood, though, on my honour, I don't know where—somewhere; the princess can guide him, and you can help at the excavations. I am told he would go through the crust of earth for the backbone of an *idio—ilio—something—saurus*."

I scrutinized Prince Hermann as rarely my observation had dwelt on any man. He had the German head, wide, so as seemingly to force out the ears; honest, ready, interested eyes in conversation; parched lips; a rather tropically-coloured skin; and decidedly the manners of a gentleman to all, excepting his retinue of secretaries, valets, and chasseurs—his "blacks," he called them. They liked him. One could not help liking him.

"You study much?" he addressed the princess at table.

She answered: "I throw aside books, now you have come to open the earth and the sea."

From that time the topics started on every occasion were theirs; the rest of us ran at their heels, giving tongue or not.

To me Prince Hermann was perfectly-courteous. He had made English friends on his travels; he preferred English comrades in adventure to any other: thought our East Indian empire the most marvellous thing the world had seen, and our Indian Government cigars very smokeable upon acquaintance. When stirred, he bubbled with anecdote. "Not been there," was his reply to the margravine's tentatives for gossip of this and that of the German Courts. His museum, hunting, and the opera absorbed and divided his hours. I guessed his age to be mounting forty.

He seemed robust; he ate vigorously. Drinking he conscientiously performed as an accompanying duty, and was flushed after dinner, burning for tobacco and a couch for his length. Then he talked of the littleness of Europe and the greatness of Germany; logical postulates fell in collapse before him. America to America, North and South: India to Europe. India was for the land with the largest sea-board. Mistress of the Baltic, of the North Sea and the East, as eventually she must be, Germany would claim to take India as a matter of course, and find an outlet for the energies of the most prolific and the toughest of the races of mankind,—the purest, in fact the only true race, properly so called, out of India, to which it would return as to its source, and there create an empire magnificent in force and solidity, the actual wedding of East and West; an empire firm on the ground and in the blood of the people, instead of an empire of aliens, that would bear comparison to a finely fretted cotton-hung palanquin balanced on an elephant's back, all depending on the docility of the elephant (his description of Great Britain's Indian Empire). "And mind me," he said, "the masses of India are in character elephant all over, tail to proboscis! servile till they trample you, and not so stupid as they look. But you've done wonders in India, and we can't forget it. Your administration of justice is worth all your battles there."

This was the man: a milder one after the evaporation of his wine in speech, and peculiarly moderate on his return, exhaling sandal-wood, to the society of the ladies.

Otilia danced with Prince Hermann at the grand ball given in honour of him. The wives and daughters of the notables present kept up a buzz of comment on his personal advantages, in which, I heard it said, you saw his German heart, though he *had* spent the best years of his life abroad. Much court was paid to him by the men. Sarkeld visibly expressed satisfaction. One remark, "We shall have his museum in the town!" left me no doubt upon the presumed object of his visit: it was uttered and responded to with a depth of sentiment that showed how lively would be the general gratitude towards one who should exhilarate the place by introducing cases of fish-bones.

So little did he think of my presence that, returning from a ride one day, he seized and detained the princess's hand. She frowned with pained surprise, but unresistingly, as became a young gentlewoman's dignity. Her hand was rudely caught and kept in the manner of a boisterous wooer—a Harry the Fifth or lusty Petruchio. She pushed her horse on at a bound, and I reversed my hold of my riding-whip. Prince Hermann rode up head to head with her gallantly, having now both hands free of the reins, like an Indian spearing the buffalo:—it was buffalo courtship; and his shout of rallying astonishment at her resistance, "What? What?" rang wildly to heighten the scene, she leaning constrained on one side and he bending half his body's length; a strange scene for me to witness. I raced up closer, but I had to await the lady's orders before I dared strike between them.

Ottilia drew rein. "Now!" she said, and her hand was suffered to fall.

Then to me: "Mr. Richmond, I have my servant."

This was enough. They proceeded with old Schwartz at their heels doglike. It became a question for me whether I should follow in the bitter track, and further the question whether I could let them escape from sight. They wound up the roadway, two figures and one following, now dots against the sky, now a single movement in the valley, now concealed, buried under billows of forest, making the low noising of the leaves an intolerable whisper of secrecy, and forward I rushed again to see them rounding a belt of firs or shadowed by rocks, solitary on shorn fields, once more dipping to the forest, and once more emerging, vanishing. When I had grown sure of their reappearance from some point of view or other, I spied for them in vain. My destiny, whatever it might be, fluttered over them; to see them seemed near the knowing of it, and not to see them, deadly. I galloped, so intent on the three in the distance, that I did not observe a horseman face towards me, on the road: it was Prince Hermann. He raised his hat; I stopped short, and he spoke:—

"Mr. Richmond, permit me to apologize to you. I have to congratulate you, it appears. I was not aware.—However, the princess has done me the favour to enlighten me. How you will manage I can't guess, but that is not my affair. I am a man of honour; and, *on* my honour, I conceived that I was invited here to decide, as my habit is, on the spot, if I would, or if I would not. I speak clearly to you, no doubt. There could be no hesitation in the mind of a man of sense. My way is prompt and blunt; I am sorry I gave you occasion to reflect on it. There! I have been deceived—deceived myself, let's say. Sharp methods play the devil with you now and then. To speak the truth,—perhaps you won't care to listen to it,—family arrangements are the best; take my word for it, they are the best. And in the case of princesses of the Blood!—Why, look you, *I* happen to be suitable. It's a matter of chance, like your height, complexion, constitution. One is just what one is born to be, eh? You have your English notions, I my German; but as a man of the world in the bargain, and 'gentleman,' I hope, I should say that to take a young princess's fancy and drag her from her station, is not—of course, you know that the actual value of the title goes if she steps down? Very well. But enough said; I thought I was in a clear field. We are used to having our way cleared for us, *nous autres*. I will not detain you."

We saluted gravely, and I rode on at a mechanical pace, discerning by glimpses the purport of what I had heard, without drawing warmth from it. The man's outrageously royal way of wooing, in contempt of minor presences and flimsy sentiments, made me jealous of him, notwithstanding his overthrow.

I was in the mood to fall entirely into my father's hands, as I did by

unbosoming myself to him for the first time since my heart had been under the charm. Fresh from a rapid course of travel, and with the sense of laying the prince under weighty obligations, he made light of my perplexity, and at once delivered himself bluntly: "She plights her hand to you in the presence of our good Peterborough." His plans were shaped on the spot. "We start for England the day after to-morrow to urge on the suit, Richie. Our Peterborough is up at the château. The Frau Feldmarschall honours him with a farewell invitation: you have a private interview with the princess at midnight in the library, where you are accustomed to read, as a student of books should, my boy: at a touch of the bell, or mere opening of the door, I see that Peterborough comes to you. It will not be a ceremony, but a binding of you both by your word of honour before a ghostly gentleman." He informed me that his foresight had enlisted and detained Peterborough for this particular moment and identical piece of duty, which seemed possible, and in a singular manner incited me to make use of Peterborough. For the princess still denied me the look of love's intelligence, she avoided me, she still kept to the riddle, and my delicacy went so far that I was restrained from writing. I agreed with my father that we could not remain in Germany; but how could I quit the field and fly to England on such terms? I composed the flattest letter ever written, requesting the princess to meet me about midnight in the library, that I might have the satisfaction of taking my leave of her; and this done, my spirits rose, and it struck me my father was practically wise, and I looked on Peterborough as an almost supernatural being. If Ottilia refused to come, at least I should know my fate. Was I not bound in manly honour to be to some degree adventurous? So I reasoned in exclamations, being, to tell truth, tired of seeming to be what I was not quite, of striving to become what I must have divined that I never could quite attain to. So my worthier, or ideal, self fell away from me. I was no longer devoted to be worthy of a woman's love, but consenting to the plot to entrap a princess. I was somewhat influenced, too, by the consideration, which I regarded as a glimpse of practical wisdom, that Prince Ernest was guilty of cynical astuteness in retaining me as his guest under manifold disadvantages. Personal pride stood up in arms, and my father's exuberant spirits fanned it. He dwelt loudly on his services to the prince, and his own importance and my heirship to mighty riches. He made me almost believe that Prince Ernest hesitated about rejecting me; nor did it appear altogether foolish to think so, or why was I at the palace? I had no head for reflections.

My father diverted me by levelling the whole battery of his comic mind upon Peterborough, who had a heap of manuscript, directed against heretical German theologians, to pack up for publication in his more congenial country:—how different, he ejaculated, from this nest—this forest of heresy, where pamphlets and critical essays were issued without let or hindrance, and as far as he could see, no general reprobation of

the Press, such as would most undoubtedly, with one voice, hail *any* strange opinions in our happy land at home! Whether he really understood the function my father prepared him for, I cannot say. The invitation to dine and pass a night at the lake palace flattered him immensely.

We went up to the château to fetch him.

A look of woe was on Peterborough's countenance when we descended at the palace portals: he had forgotten his pipe.

"You shall smoke one of the prince's," my father said.

Peterborough remarked to me,—“We shall have many things to talk over in England.”

“No tobacco allowed on the premises at Riversley, I'm afraid,” said I.

He sighed, and bade me jocosely to know that he regarded tobacco as just one of the consolations of exiles and bachelors.

“Peterborough, my good friend, you are a hero!” cried my father. “He divorces tobacco to marry!”

“Permit me,” Peterborough interposed, with an ingenuous pretension to subtle waggery, in itself very comical,—“permit me; no legitimate union has taken place between myself and tobacco!”

“He puts an end to the illegitimate union between himself and tobacco that he may marry according to form!” cried my father.

We entered the palace merrily, and presently Peterborough, who had worn a studious forehead in the midst of his consenting laughter, observed, “Well, you know, there is more in that than appears on the surface.”

His sweet simpleton air of profundity convulsed me. I handed my father the letter addressed to the princess to entrust it to the charge of one of the domestics, thinking carelessly at the time that Ottilia now stood free to make appointments and receive communications, and moreover that I was too proud to condescend to subterfuge, except this minor one, in consideration for her, of making it appear that my father, and not I, was in communication with her. My fit of laughter clung. I dressed chuckling. The margravine was not slow to notice and comment on my hilarious readiness.

“Roy,” she said, “you have given your son spirit. One sees he has your blood when you have been with him an hour.”

“The season has returned, if your highness will let it be spring,” said my father.

“Far fetched!—from the Lower Danube!” she ejaculated in mock scorn to excite his sprightliness, and they fell upon a duologue as good as wit for the occasion.

Prince Hermann had gone. His departure was mentioned with the ordinary commonplaces of regret. Ottilia was unembarrassed, both in speaking of him and looking at me. We had the Court-physician and his wife at table, Chancellor von Redwitz and his daughter, and General Happenwyll, chief of the prince's contingent, a Prussian at heart, said to

be a good officer on the strength of a military book of some sort that he had full leisure to compose. The Chancellor's daughter and Baroness Turckems enclosed me.

I was questioned by the baroness as to the cause of my father's unexpected return. "He is generally opportune," she remarked.

"He goes with me to England," I said.

"Oh! he goes," said she; and asked why we were honoured with the presence of Mr. Peterborough that evening. There had always been a smouldering hostility between her and my father.

To my surprise the baroness spoke of Ottilia by her name.

"Ottilia must have mountain air. These late hours destroy her complexion. Active exercise by day and proper fatigue by night time—that is my prescription."

"The princess," I replied, envying Peterborough, who was placed on one side of her, "will benefit, I am sure, from mountain air. Does she read excessively? The sea——"

"The sea I pronounce bad for her—unwholesome," returned the baroness. "It is damp."

I laughed.

"Damp," she reiterated. "The vapours, I am convinced, affect mind and body. That excursion in the yacht did her infinite mischief. The mountains restored her. They will again, take my word for it. Now take you my word for it, they will again. She is not too strong in constitution, but in order to prescribe accurately one must find out whether there is a seated malady. To ride out in the night instead of reposing! To drive on and on, and not reappear till the night of the next day! I ask you, is it sensible? Does it not approach mania?"

"The princess?——" said I.

"Ottilia has done that."

"Baroness, can I believe you?—and alone?"

A marvellous twinkle or shuffle appeared in the small slate-coloured eyes I looked at under their roofing of thick black eyebrows.

"Alone," she said. "That is, she was precautions to have her giant to protect her from violence. There you have a glimmering of reason in her; and all of it that I can see."

"Old Schwartz is a very faithful servant," said I, thinking that she resembled the old Warhead in visage.

"A dog's obedience to the master's whims you call faithfulness! Hem!" The baroness coughed drily.

I whispered: "Does Prince Ernest——is he aware?"

"You are aware," retorted the baroness, "that what a man idolises he won't see flaw in. Remember, I am something here, or I am nothing."

The enigmatical remark was received by me decorously as a piece of merited chastisement. Nodding with gravity, I expressed regrets that the sea did not please her, otherwise I could have offered her a yacht for a

cruise. She nodded stiffly. Her mouth shut up a smile, showing more of the door than the ray. The dinner, virtually a German supper, ended in general conversation on political affairs, preceded and supported by a discussion between the Prussian-hearted general and the Austrian-hearted margravine. Prince Ernest, true to his view that diplomacy was the weapon of minor sovereigns, held the balance, with now a foot in one scale, now in the other, a politic proceeding, so long as the rival powers passively consent to be weighed.

We trifled with music, made our bow to the ladies, and changed garments for the smoking-room. Prince Ernest smoked his one cigar among guests. The general, the chancellor, and the doctor, knew the signal for retirement, and rose simultaneously with the discharge of his cigar-end in sparks on the unlit logwood pile. My father and Mr. Peterborough kept their chairs.

There was, I felt with relief, no plot, for nothing had been definitely assented to by me. I received Prince Ernest's proffer of his hand, on making my adieux to him, with a passably clear conscience.

I went out to the library. A man came in for orders; I had none to give. He saw that the shutters were fixed and the curtains down, examined my hand-lamp, and placed lamps on the reading-desk and mantel-piece. Bronze busts of sages became my solitary companions. The room was long, low and dusky, voluminously and richly hung with draperies at the farther end, where a table stood for the prince to jot down memoranda, and a sofa to incline him to the relaxation of romance-reading. A door at this end led to the sleeping apartments of the west wing of the palace. Where I sat the student had ranges of classical volumes in prospect and classic heads; no other decoration to the walls. I paced to and fro and should have flung myself on the sofa, but for a heap of books there covered from dust, perhaps concealed, that the yellow Parisian volumes, of which I caught sight of some new dozen, might not be an attraction to the eyes of chance-comers. At the lake palace the prince frequently gave audience here. He had said to me, when I stated my wish to read in the library, "You keep to the classical department?" I thought it possible he might not like the coloured volumes to be inspected; I had no taste for a perusal of them. I picked up one that fell during my walk, and flung it back, and disturbed a heap under cover, for more fell, and there I let them lie.

Ottilia did not keep me waiting.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SCENE IN THE LAKE-PALACE LIBRARY.

I WAS humming the burden of Göthe's Zigeunerlied, a favourite one with me whenever I had too much to think of, or nothing. A low rush of sound from the hall-doorway swung me on my heel, and I saw her

standing with a silver lamp raised in her right hand to the level of her head, as if she expected to meet obscurity. A thin blue Indian scarf muffled her throat and shoulders. Her hair was loosely knotted. The lamp's full glow illumined and shadowed her. She was like a statue of Twilight.

I went up to her quickly, and closed the door, saying, "You have come;" my voice was not much above a breath.

She looked distrustfully down the length of the room: "You were speaking to some one?"

"No."

"You were speaking."

"To myself, then, I suppose."

I remembered and repeated the gipsy burden.

She smiled faintly and said it was the hour for Anna and Ursel and Kuth and Liese to be out.

Her hands were gloved, a small matter to tell of.

We heard the portico-sentinel challenged and relieved.

"Midnight," I said.

She replied: "You were not definite in your directions about the minutes."

"I feared to name midnight."

"Why?"

"Lest the appointment of midnight—I lose my knowledge of you!—should make you reflect, frighten you. You see, I am inventing a reason; I really cannot tell why, if it was not that I hoped to have just those few minutes more of you. And now they're gone. I would not have asked you but that I thought you free to act."

"I am."

"And you come freely?"

"A 'therefore' belongs to every grant of freedom."

"I understand: your judgment was against it."

"Be comforted," she said; "it is your right to bid me come, if you think fit."

One of the sofa-volumes fell. She caught her breath; and smiled at her foolish alarm.

I told her that it was my intention to start for England in the morning; that this was the only moment I had, and would be the last interview: my rights, if I possessed any, and I was not aware that I did, I threw down.

"You throw down one end of the chain," she said.

"In the name of heaven, then," cried I, "release yourself."

She shook her head. "That is not my meaning."

Note the predicament of a lover who has a piece of dishonesty lurking in him. My chilled self-love had certainly the right to demand the explanation of her coldness, and I could very well guess that a word or two drawn from the neighbourhood of the heart would fetch a warmer

current to unlock the ice between us, but feeling the coldness I complained of to be probably a suspicion, I fixed on the suspicion as a new and deeper injury done to my loyal love for her, and armed against that I dared not take an initiative for fear of unexpectedly justifying it by betraying myself.

Yet, supposing her inclination to have become diverted, I was ready frankly to release her with one squeeze of hands, and take all the pain, and I said: "Pray do not speak of chains."

"But they exist. Things cannot be undone for us two by words."

The tremble as of a strung wire in the strenuous pitch of her voice seemed to say she was not cold, though her gloved hand resting its finger-ends on the table, her restrained attitude, her very calm eyes, declared the reverse. This and that sensation beset me in turns.

We shrank oddly from uttering one another's Christian name. I was the first with it; my "Ottilia!" brought soon after "Harry" on her lips, and an atmosphere about us much less Arctic.

"Ottilia, you have told me you wish me to go to England."

"I have."

"We shall be friends."

"Yes, Harry; we cannot be quite divided; we have that knowledge for our present happiness."

"The happy knowledge that we may have our bone to gnaw when food's denied. It is something. One would like possibly, after expulsion out of Eden, to climb the gates to see how the trees grow there. What I cannot imagine is the forecasting of any joy in the privilege."

"By nature or system, then, you are more impatient than I, for I can," said Ottilia. She added: "So much of your character I divined early. It was part of my reason for wishing you to work. You will find that hard work in England—but why should I preach to you! Harry, you have called me here for some purpose?"

"I must have detained you already too long."

"Time is not the offender. Since I have come, the evil——"

"Evil? Are not your actions free?"

"Patience, my friend. The freer my actions, the more am I bound to deliberate on them. I have the habit of thinking that my deliberations are not in my sex's fashion of taking counsel of the nerves and the blood. In truth, Harry, I should not have come but for my acknowledgment of your right to bid me come."

"You know, princess, that in honouring me with your attachment, you imperil your sovereign rank?"

"I do."

"What next?"

"Except that it is grievously in peril, nothing!"

"Have you known it all along?"

"Dimly—scarcely. To some extent I knew it, but it did not stand out in broad daylight. I have been learning the world's wisdom recently.

Would you have had me neglect it? Surely much is due to my father? My relatives have claims on me. Our princely Houses have. My country has."

"Oh, princess, if you are pleading——"

"Can you think that I am?"

The splendour of her high nature burst on me with a shock.

I could have fallen to kiss her feet, and I said indifferently; "Not pleading, only it is evident the claims—I hate myself for bringing you in antagonism with them. Yes, and I have been learning some worldly wisdom; I wish for your sake it had not been so late. What made me overleap the proper estimate of your rank! I can't tell; but now that I know better the kind of creature—the man who won your esteem when you knew less of the world!"

"Hush! I have an interest in him, and do not suffer him to be spurned," Otilia checked me. "I too know him better, and still, if he is dragged down I am in the dust; if he is abused the shame is mine." Her face bloomed.

Her sweet warmth of colour was transfused through my veins.

"We shall part in a few minutes. I have a mind to beg a gift of you."

"Name it."

"That glove."

She made her hand bare and gave me, not the glove, but the hand.

"Ah! but this I cannot keep."

"Will you have everything spoken?" she said, in a tone that would have been reproachful had not tenderness melted it. "There should be a spirit between us, Harry, to spare the task. You do keep it, if you choose. I have some little dread of being taken for a madwoman, and more—an actual horror of behaving ungratefully to my generous father. He has proved that he can be indulgent, most trusting and considerate for his daughter, though he is a prince; my duty is to show him that I do not forget I am a princess. I owe my rank allegiance when he forgets his on my behalf, my friend! You are young. None but an inexperienced girl hoodwinked by her tricks of intuition, would have dreamed you superior to the passions of other men. I was blind; I am regretful—take my word as you do my hand—for no one's sake but my father's. You and I are bound fast; only, help me that the blow may be lighter for him; if I descend from the place I was born to, let me tell him it is to occupy one I am fitted for, or should not at least feel my Family's deep blush in filling. To be in the midst of life in your foremost England is, in my imagination, very glorious. Harry, I remember picturing to myself when I reflected upon your country's history—perhaps a year after I had seen the 'two young English gentlemen,'—that you touch the morning and evening star, and wear them in your coronet, and walk with the sun west and east! child's imagery; but the impression does not wear off. If I

rail at England, it is the anger of love. I fancy I have good and great things to speak to the people through you."

There she stopped. The fervour she repressed in speech threw a glow over her face, like that on a frosty bare autumn sky after sunset.

I pressed my lips to her hand.

In our silence another of the fatal yellow volumes thumped the floor.

She looked into my eyes and asked,—

"Have we been speaking before a witness?"

So thoroughly had she renovated me, that I accused and reproved the lurking suspicion with a soft laugh.

"Beloved! I wish we had been."

"If it might be," she said, divining me, and musing.

"Why not?"

She stared.

"How? What do you ask?"

The look of my face alarmed her. I was breathless and colourless, with the heart of a hawk eyeing his bird—a fox, would be the truer comparison, but the bird was noble, not one that cowered. Her beauty and courage lifted me into high air, in spite of myself, and it was a huge weight of greed that fell away from me when I said,—

"I would not urge it for an instant. Consider—if you had just plighted your hand in mine before a witness!"

"My hand is in yours; my word to you is enough."

"Enough. My thanks to heaven for it! But consider—a pledge of fidelity that should be my secret angel about me in trouble and trial; my wedded soul! She cannot falter, she is mine for ever, she guides me, holds me to work, inspirits me!—she is secure from temptation, from threats, from everything—nothing can touch, nothing move her, she is mine! I mean, an attested word, a form, that is—a betrothal. For me to say—my beloved and my betrothed! You hear that? Beloved! is a lonely word—betrothed! carries us joined up to death. Would you?—I do but ask to know that you would. To-morrow I am loose in the world, and there's a darkness in the thought of it almost too terrible. Would you?—one sworn word that gives me my bride, let men do what they may! I go then singing to battle—sure!—Remember, it is but the question whether you would."

"Harry, I would, and will," she said, her lips shuddering—"wait"—for a cry of joy escaped me—"I will—look you me in the eyes and tell me you have a doubt of me."

I looked: she swam in a mist.

We had our full draught of the divine self-oblivion which floated those ghosts of the two immortal lovers through the bounds of their purgatorial circle, and for us to whom the minutes were ages, as for them to whom all time was unmarked, the power of supreme love swept out circumstance. Such embraces cast the soul beyond happiness, into no known region of

sadness, but we drew apart sadly, even as that involved pair of bleeding recollections looked on the life lost to them. I knew well what a height she dropped from when the senses took fire. She raised me to learn how little of fretful thirst and its reputed voracity remains with love when it has been met midway in air by a winged mate able to sustain, unable to descend farther.

And it was before a witness, though unviewed by us.

The farewell had come. Her voice was humbled.

Never, I said, delighting in the now conscious bravery of her eyes, engaging mine, shadowy with the struggle, I would never doubt of her, and I renounced all pledges. To be clear in my own sight as well as in hers, I made mention of the half-formed conspiracy to obtain her plighted troth in a binding manner. It was not necessary for me to excuse myself; she did that, saying, "Could there be a greater proof of my darling's unhappiness? I am to blame."

We closed hands for parting. She hesitated and asked if my father was awake; then promptly to my answer: "I will see him. I have treated you ill. I have exacted too much patience. The suspicion was owing to a warning I had this evening, Harry; a silly warning to beware of snares; and I had no fear of them, believe me, though for some moments, and without the slightest real desire to be guarded, I fancied Harry's father was overhearing me. He is your father, dearest: fetch him to me. My father will hear of this from my lips—why not he? Ah! did I suspect you ever so little? I will atone for it; not atone, I will make it my pleasure; it is my pride that has hurt you both. O my lover! my lover! Dear head, dear eyes! Delicate and noble that you are! my own stronger soul! Where was my heart? Is it sometimes dead, or sleeping? But you can touch it to life. Look at me—I am yours. I consent, I desire it; I will see him. I *will* be bound. The heavier the chains, oh! the better for me. What am I to be proud of anything not yours, Harry? and I that have passed over to you! I will see him at once."

A third in the room cried out,—

"No, not that—you do not!"

The tongue was German and struck on us like a roll of unfriendly musketry before we perceived the enemy.

"Princess Ottilia! you remember your dignity or I defend you and it, think of me what you will!"

Baroness Turckems, desperately entangled by the sofa-covering, rushed into the ray of the lamps and laid her hand on the bell-rope. In a minute we had an alarm sounding, my father was among us, there was a mad play of chatter, and we stood in the strangest nightmare-light that ever ended an interview of lovers.

The Census.

WITHIN a day or two of the publication of this article, every householder and every occupier of a separate tenement in England and Wales will be called upon to perform an important public duty. By an Act passed during the last session of Parliament,* the eighth census of England is to be taken on the 3rd of April next; and it will rest with the head of each family in the country, and, under certain circumstances, with other individuals also, to assist the officers of the Government in carrying out the provisions of the enactment. It may prove not unacceptable to the readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* if, at a time when the census is necessarily engaging their attention, we offer some brief observations upon the subject. With a few preliminary remarks as to the utility of these periodical inquiries, we will recite succinctly the history of census-taking, so far as our own country is concerned; and we will then proceed to explain the machinery employed, and to consider some of the difficulties which have to be surmounted, in the process of executing this decennial enumeration of the people.

Upon the value of the information which is collected by means of the census, it will, we apprehend, be needless for us to dwell argumentatively; for, in the present day, that value is seldom, if ever, disputed. We will simply remind our readers that, by common consent, reliable records of the numbers, degrees, and distribution of a people are absolutely indispensable to the just consideration and effectual framing of measures affecting the general interests of that people; and that, as a matter of fact, there is no book of reference to which statesmen, philanthropists, and others who desire to ameliorate the condition of the masses are more often compelled to turn for guidance and enlightenment than to that in which the results of the *last census* are set forth. The necessity for methodical and comprehensive examinations into the growth and state of populations has, indeed, been perceived, and the perception acted upon, in every civilized community of modern times. In some countries these inquiries are prosecuted more frequently than in England—as in France, where a census is taken every five years. And it is observable that those states which are most backward in civilization give least attention to the matter; as Turkey, in which country but two enumerations of the population—one, namely, in 1844, and one in 1856, both of which are known to have been seriously defective—have taken place. The more progressive communities, on the other hand, have long investigated the numbers and conditions of

* 33 & 34 Vict. cap. 107.

their people with laborious care and with unvaried regularity. In the United States, for instance, the census, which is held decennially, as with us, has already taken place nine times, the earliest enumeration having occurred in 1790 and the latest in 1870, while the results of the various inquiries have been most elaborately worked out.

The first census of Great Britain was taken in the year 1801. At that time the department of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages—who is now the English *Censor*—was not in existence; and in England and Wales the overseers of the poor in the several parishes were the local authorities to whom was entrusted the duty of furnishing to the central office in London the population returns. The agency thus employed was, doubtless, to a great extent an efficient one; but in some places it was found that, from lack of education and from other causes, the parochial officers were but ill fitted for the work entrusted to them. The tables which were framed from the results of this first general enumeration showed the number of persons of both sexes in the different counties, hundreds, and parishes, with the number of houses and of families occupying them; they further displayed, although in a rough and unsatisfactory manner, the occupations of the people. An abstract of the parish registers, respecting which returns had been furnished by the parochial clergy under a provision of the Census Act, also formed part of the published report. The population of England and Wales as ascertained on this occasion was 8,892,536.

In 1811 the census was taken through the same instrumentality as before, and the particulars which it supplied were but little fuller than those yielded by the returns of 1801. Some change was now made in reference to the extent of the information collected concerning occupations; entire families (and not persons, as before) being attributed to the different classes of pursuits, in consequence of the failure of the previous inquiry in so far as it had related to females. The inhabitants of England and Wales were found at this census to have increased to 10,164,256.

In 1821 the parish officers were again called on to supply the population returns. A slight advance was made this year in the compass of the inquiry. It was now for the first time attempted to gain information respecting the *ages* of the people; but since it was left optional both with the public in general and with the census officers how far any questioning upon the point should be pursued, no very definite or valuable results were secured by the effort. The individuals enumerated at this census in England and Wales numbered 12,000,236.

In 1831 the scrutiny was once more conducted by the same means as the investigations which had preceded it. The former endeavour to learn the ages of the people was now to a great extent abandoned; but, on the other hand, a much more detailed examination than had previously been attempted was prosecuted in reference to occupations. The inquiry under this head again became *personal*; and whereas employments had on former occasions been expressed in three general classes only, they were

now subdivided into seven lesser categories, under one of which every male person over twenty years of age appeared. In some other unimportant respects also the census of 1881 was more searching than those which had gone before it. It exhibited the population of England and Wales as amounting to 18,896,797 persons.

Before the year 1841 had arrived the Registrar-General's department had been constituted. By this means a more convenient machinery for the execution of the census inquiry, as well as a more authoritative director of the entire work, had been brought into existence. The registrars of births and deaths throughout England and Wales, acting under the supervision of their local superintendents, who were again responsible to the chief of the department in London, henceforth became the agents for the taking of the census; and with them, subject to the approval of their superior officers, rested the subdivision of their districts for enumeration purposes, and the nomination of enumerators. By this completer and better disciplined instrumentality the decennial examination into the state of the population was now carried out with greater care and accuracy than in former cases. There were, in the first place, material alterations as to the method of obtaining from the public the necessary information. Under the old system, a series of questions had been delivered to the enumerating officers, to which they had themselves been required to furnish replies from collected facts; while the investigations needed for the completion of those replies had been allowed to proceed from day to day until they were finished. Now, a schedule was supplied to every householder, to be filled up either by himself or at his dictation; and the collection of those schedules by the enumerator was to be made the work of a *single day*. Several valuable additions augmented the items of information obtained. The published tables exhibited the ages of the entire population in quinquennial periods; they set forth in an extensive and detailed classification the employments of the persons enumerated; and while observing the local divisions previously maintained, they also distinguished the populations of parliamentary boroughs, according to their limits as laid down in the Reform Bill of 1882. The general result of this census was the discovery that the population of England and Wales had in ten years' time been increased by more than two millions. The figures now stood at 15,914,148.

In 1851 arrangements were made for specifications still more extensive and various. Certain large towns were singled out for separate statistical mention in the report, and ecclesiastical subdivisions were for the first time similarly recognized. Some new features were also introduced into the information to be sought directly from the people. It was resolved to learn the relationships subsisting between the different individuals who should be enumerated; the condition of each in reference to celibacy, marriage, or widowhood; and the numbers of persons blind and deaf-and-dumb. Two important supplementary inquiries, moreover, were instituted in connection with this census. It was thought desirable

to procure accurate information respecting the number, variety, and extent, firstly of the religious, and secondly of the educational establishments throughout the country. Inasmuch, however, as some doubts were entertained whether, under the recent Census Act, these last-mentioned investigations could be compulsorily pursued—doubts which were corroborated by the opinion of the Crown lawyers—they were conducted upon a different principle from the rest; it being made known that the information sought in reference to them was less claimed than invited. The returns obtained upon the two points were nevertheless so near an approximation to completeness as to prove of great value. During the ten years which had last expired, it was now discovered that another two millions had been added to the population of England and Wales; the number of persons counted being 17,927,609.

We now come to the census of 1861. In this year the enumeration of the people of Scotland was for the first time conducted separately from that of the inhabitants of England and Wales. During the decennary just completed, the northern division of Great Britain had become possessed of a registration system of its own; and hence the management of the census in that portion of the kingdom now devolved upon the Registrar-General in Edinburgh. The matters of investigation on this occasion were substantially similar to those which had been dealt with ten years before; but some additional geographical subdivisions were observed, which tended greatly to enhance the usefulness of the tables. There was no repetition of the supplementary inquiries of 1851 with reference to the religious denominations and educational institutions of the country. The population of England and Wales was now found to have reached the startling figure—20,066,224.

In the inquiry which is impending at the present time, the intelligence required from the public will deviate but slightly from that which they have supplied at the later censuses; and we believe that the abstracts to be subsequently framed will not be essentially different from those published after the investigation of 1861. The *Householder's Schedule*, in the filling up of which our readers will shortly be concerned, demands the following information in respect of every member of every household: (1), the name and surname; (2), the relationship to the head of the family; (3), the condition, *i. e.* whether that of celibacy, marriage, or widowhood; (4), the sex; (5), the age at the last birthday; (6), the rank, profession, or occupation; and (7), the place of birth. The last column of the schedule is reserved for specification of cases of blindness and of other infirmities, whether mental or physical. The objects of the investigation are summarily stated by the Registrar-General to be: "to show the exact numbers, ages, and conditions of the people; their arrangement by families in different ranks, professions, and trades; their distribution over the country in villages, towns, or cities; their increase and progress during the last ten years."

The various local officers who will be employed in obtaining this infor-

mation are the 627 superintendent registrars whose districts together make up the area of England and Wales, and the 2,197 registrars of births and deaths acting in subordination to these superintendents. The number of enumerators who, under the direction of the above-named officers, will distribute and collect the householders' schedules, cannot, at the time of the writing of this paper, be exactly stated; but in the year 1861, these functionaries amounted to 80,862 individuals, and their number will necessarily be increased on the present occasion. Such is the general instrumentality to be made use of for the taking of the approaching census. With reference to the army and navy, to merchant seamen abroad and on board vessels in home ports, special returns will be furnished to the Registrar-General by the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Registrar-General of Seamen, and the Board of Customs respectively. The numbers of British subjects in foreign states, and of the British population in India and the Colonies, will also be returned to the Census Office for publication with the tables relating to the mother country. The inhabitants of the Channel Islands and of the Isle of Man will not fail to figure amongst the other populations, arrangements having been made that the dwellers in these regions shall be enumerated under the direction of the different lieutenant-governors, according to instructions from the Registrar-General, and that to the Registrar-General the results of the several inquiries shall be returned.

It will readily be understood that preparations for the complete enumeration of so manifold a people as that of England and Wales cannot be effected without an expenditure of considerable time and labour; and the preliminary arrangements for taking the census of 1871 have necessarily been in progress for many weeks past, and have supplied a large amount of work to the entire staff of registration officers. The first task allotted to each local registrar, in connection with the census, was that of drawing up a careful plan for the division of his registration sub-district into districts for enumeration purposes; and upon this task the registrars all entered during the month of January. In those localities which had undergone but few changes during the last ten years, the preparation of the plan of division was less difficult than elsewhere, since the plan employed in 1861 was, with some modification, available for re-adoption. But there were many cases in which an entirely new scheme of partition was necessary. Upon the outskirts of our great cities and towns vast labyrinths of dwellings have within the last decade arisen; and an area ten years since allotted to one enumerator, in such neighbourhoods as Kensington or Battersea,* would at the present time, in many instances, be far too populous for enumeration by a single officer. It necessarily added to the trouble of preparing the plans of division that the enumeration districts were required for statistical purposes to be, so far as practic-

* In Battersea, where twenty enumerators sufficed in 1861, forty-four will now be needed.

able, coincident as to their boundaries with parishes, ecclesiastical districts, parochial wards, and other local subdivisions; while it was farther desirable that they should be simple and intelligible in outline, in order that they might impose no needlessly complicated figure upon the memory of the enumerators who should be called upon to traverse them at the time of the census. Extensive clearances in some formerly populous city districts, alterations in street nomenclature, &c., tended to increase the difficulty of drawing up the plans in certain neighbourhoods.

It is calculated that two hundred houses in a town district may ordinarily be undertaken by a single enumerator; this, therefore, was the number of dwellings to which registrars were instructed approximately to restrict the enumeration districts in preparing their plans. Many special circumstances will, however, in particular instances, have rendered necessary the reduction of this number. In such places as St. Giles's, Marylebone, and Holborn, for example, not only are the people much more closely packed than in the majority of districts, but they are much less capable of filling up the census schedules for themselves; so that one house in these localities often represents both several families to be enumerated, and several schedules to be written by the enumerator upon the day of the census. Under such conditions, the collection of the schedules from two hundred houses would assuredly be more than a single officer could properly get through on the 3rd of April. Again, in some suburban neighbourhoods where there is a long strip of garden before each residence, and often an obstruction at the outer gate and a bell to be rung, the consequent additional walking and waiting would be so considerable that the enumerator might here also be expected to find the two hundred houses beyond his powers. These and many other kindred contingencies have had to be considered in the constitution of the enumeration divisions. In country places the limitation of the districts has been for the most part determined by distances. It has been decided that the enumerators must not usually be called upon to travel more than fifteen miles in the process of collecting their schedules; in rural neighbourhoods, therefore, this rule has been ordinarily observed.

According to a provision of the Census Act, the master or keeper of every gaol, prison, or house of correction, workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum, and of every public or charitable institution which should be determined on by the Registrar-General, was to be made the enumerator of the inmates thereof. At the same time, accordingly, that the registrars despatched their plans of division to be revised by their superior officers, they were required to furnish a list of those institutions within their districts which, in obedience to the regulation laid down for their guidance, would be set apart for this separate enumeration. They were also charged to make due provision in their plans for securing returns concerning all persons who, on the morning of the 3rd of April, might be found inhabiting canal-boats or barges upon any inland waters within their jurisdiction. They were further called upon to transmit, when sending in their plans for

approval, a list of persons proposed by them to act as enumerators; and the directions previously given them for their guidance in making the selection had been stringent and explicit, in order that the engagement of respectable and competent individuals might be secured. But little difficulty was experienced in most places in meeting with suitable persons, and in some neighbourhoods the supply greatly exceeded the demand. The Census Act before cited (§ 11) provides, that, failing the necessary number of volunteer enumerators, parochial officers, police constables, and others may be called upon, under a penalty of not less than 5*l.* in case of refusal, to supply the deficiency.

The above-mentioned preliminary duties were in the main well and promptly discharged by the registrars throughout the country. The plans were for the most part creditably prepared, and a general anxiety was exhibited to carry out the approaching inquiry with that zeal which alone can render it effectual. The instruction of the enumerators as to the precise limits of their districts forms a portion of the registrar's duty which is in progress as we write. In order to make sure that no corner-house or alley in towns, no outlying lodge or hovel in the country, is overlooked, much painstaking will have been necessary; and in all cases where it may have been possible, the registrar will himself have conducted his enumerators over their different districts.

The enumerators have been instructed to deliver during the week commencing on the 27th of March, for each occupier and lodger within their domain, a copy of the *Householder's Schedule* above quoted. The number of these copies, distributed at the census of 1861, was nearly 6,000,000; of which about 80,000 were printed in the Welsh language, for the convenience of the lower classes in the Principality. The weight of these and other census forms, despatched from the central office at that time, exceeded fifty tons; * and a still more considerable issue has now been necessary. It will be found that the form ordinarily delivered to householders contains space for the insertion of particulars relative to fifteen persons; but for the convenience of the heads of large establishments, such as hotels, inns, and licensed lodging-houses, a larger schedule has been prepared. Such public institutions as, according to the regulation referred to above, have been selected for separate enumeration by the various masters, will be furnished with special books for the purpose. It is recommended that the distribution of the ordinary forms—more particularly in those quarters principally inhabited by the poor—should take place, as far as possible, towards the close of the prescribed week, that opportunities for mislaying the document may be curtailed.

The enumeration is to include every person living at midnight, on Sunday the 2nd of April; and the process of collecting the information will commence on the morning of Monday the 8rd. A word may be said as to the time of year which has been chosen for the inquiry. It is

* See *Census General Report* for 1861. Note, p. 2.

probably as convenient a one as could have been selected. During the summer and autumn months there is a general displacement of the inhabitants of the country, through the departure of tourists for their holiday rambles, the removal of families to the sea-coast, the immigrations of labourers from Ireland, and the migrations of others from place to place in England, to obtain employment on harvest work. The seasons at which the population is exposed to these disturbing influences are as much as possible to be avoided in the choosing of the enumeration period; and, on the other hand, the brief dark days of winter must be eschewed, although, during their continuance, the people are more stationary than at other times. The last two censuses were taken at about the time prescribed for the forthcoming investigation; the enumeration of 1861 having been effected on the 8th of April, and that of 1851 on the 31st of March. The *night of Sunday* is more likely than any other in the week to find families in their entirety, and travellers at their fewest; it is that, consequently, during which the due populations of particular places may be expected to exhibit the least derangement: hence, we presume, its selection as the night to which the inquiries of the census are to refer.

Upon the 3rd of April those enumerators will probably be soonest on the alert whose districts comprise the haunts of migratory families. There are, even in the midst of this great capital, certain waste lands which are wont to be occupied by numerous vans, inhabited by gipsies, hawkers, and other roving characters—classes of persons who frequently begin their travels at early hours of the morning. Such a vacant space occurs in Golden Lane, St. Lukes, where we are informed as many as two hundred vans may sometimes be counted at once. The enumerator must be vigilant, in cases of this kind, to secure his record of the wanderers before their matutinal decampment. He must use a similar alacrity in dealing with those poor creatures who, as we grieve to remember, are too often to be found crouching for rest in nooks and corners which were never designed for human shelter. Considering that the “houseless people,” of which the census reports give intelligence, must needs include many of the last-mentioned class—of that class, namely, who are houseless from destitution and not from choice—it is a comfort to observe that at each successive census since that of 1841 the persons enumerated as “houseless” have been fewer than before. In 1841, 20,848 individuals were counted who came under this general description; in 1851 the number was 15,764; and in 1861, 11,444. In the first of these years, however, the census was taken at a much later season than in the others; a circumstance which modifies the completeness of the comparison, as the summer always attracts to a roving life a certain proportion of people who, during the winter months are able to dwell comfortably under roofs. The vaults beneath the Adelphi were formerly a stronghold of the destitute of London at night; but the police now have orders to prevent any one from sleeping there, and those who formerly congregated in that dismal shelter betake themselves, we are told, to the empty cellars of St. Giles’s, where the

enumerators will find them in companies more scattered, but we fear no less miserable, than at the last census.

While speaking of the *vagrant* population, we may properly refer to those ordinary travellers who will be prosecuting their various journeys during the night of Sunday, the 2nd of April. These, as we have already seen, will probably be less numerous than they would have been supposing the census to have been allotted to any other day in the week than that selected for it. They will, however, in all probability, collectively form a numerous body. In every case they will be enumerated as belonging to those establishments at which they may arrive on the Monday morning. At some of the large hotels, therefore, the business of obtaining the necessary information from these travellers will assume important dimensions; it will devolve upon the proprietor or manager of the hotel, who will as respects the census stand in the same relation to his guests as that which the householder in ordinary cases occupies with respect to the different inmates of his dwelling. A rule similar to the one above mentioned will be observed in the case of persons who may be out at work during the Sunday night; their names will appear in the schedules relating to the houses or lodgings to which they may return in the morning.

But to go back to the enumerators, and to consider some few of the difficulties with which, in the due fulfilment of their functions, they will be called upon to contend when the 3rd of April arrives:—There can be little doubt that their principal trials of patience and temper will arise in those neighbourhoods where the lowest and least educated of the populace are located. It has been found especially difficult on past occasions to deal with the colonies of Irish people who are established in certain quarters of our large towns; and this is not to be wondered at, considering the singular incapacity which exists amongst the lower classes of our Hibernian fellow-subjects for giving a definite account of themselves. Such incapacity is often amusingly illustrated in the process of registering births and deaths. "And how do you spell your surname?" asks the registrar, dismayed at the sound of the word as Paddy utters it. "Just as your honour pleases," or, "Sure you're a gentleman, and you ought to know better than I," is likely enough to be the reply, which, with all its *naïveté*, is frequently not quite wanting in irony. In the end the priest is generally applied to for the necessary information. It will be highly advantageous if, in prospect of the coming inquiry, the Roman Catholic clergy will use their powerful influence to prepare the Irish poor for the enumerator's visit, by explaining to them its objects, and by inducing them to impart the facts which will be required from them, with as little delay and as much clearness as possible. The process of enumeration will also present exceptional difficulties in those places which are the resort of Italians and other foreigners of a low class, as for instance in that nest of narrow courts off Holborn, where the organ-grinders have their headquarters. Here, and in other similar neighbourhoods, the necessity for finding interpreters, and the entire inability of the people to fill up their

own schedules, will obviously add to the trouble of the enumerator ; and he must address himself to his task in such places with especial determination and painstaking. It is not at all to be apprehended that amongst any classes of the community direct opposition to the Government officers will be offered ; but we understand that the aid of the police has been secured for enumerators who may have to act amongst such members of society as are not entirely to be relied on.

In his intercourse with the middle and upper classes, the enumerator may occasionally be subjected to hindrances of a different kind from those which are likely to beset him in his transactions with the poor—hindrances arising from reluctance to furnish the particulars needed for the due completion of the schedules. Past censuses have borne testimony to the fact that a few over-sensitive and narrow-minded persons are always to be found who at first object to state their age, or their occupation, or to supply some other item of the requisite information. Sometimes the schedules have been delivered to the enumerator enclosed in sealed packets, addressed to the Registrar-General, with a demand that no eye but his may peruse the weighty records within. Occasionally the local registrar's wife has been appealed to to receive the mysterious document, and to guarantee the inviolability of its contents ! It may briefly be said that the anxieties which these ridiculous and useless precautions express are totally unfounded. Not only are the census officials directly prohibited from making use of the facts which may come under their cognizance in the fulfilment of their duty, but they have something else to do than to busy themselves about them. We will venture to say that enumerators will (generally speaking) be likely to regard a schedule with undue curiosity under one condition only : but that condition will be fulfilled when the writer of the schedule makes a mystery of it. Such anxiety for concealment, like the *mauvaise honte* of the shy man, can produce no better result than that of attracting the very notice which it most seeks to escape.

But the cases of obstruction to the enumerator, such as those to which we have last adverted, will doubtless arise but seldom ; and experience has shown that they are likely generally to yield to courteous explanation. Rarely has it been found necessary in taking previous censuses to call attention to the compulsory nature and penal causes of the Census Acts ; and it may fairly be hoped that the reluctance of which we have spoken to comply with a necessary Government requisition will now be less exhibited than ever. We are confident that the approaching inquiry will be cordially met by all sensible people, and that every intelligent householder will endeavour to render his own share of the reply to it as explicit and as perfect as possible ; for he will reflect that the investigation is neither conducted in any inquisitorial spirit, nor encumbered by a single irrelevant query, and that the ends for which it is instituted are those only of utility and beneficence.

Lady Isabella.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

As I drove home, strangely enough, I met the ladies on their afternoon walk. Mrs. Spencer was in advance as usual, talking rapidly and with animation, while Lady Isabella lagged a step behind, pausing to look at the ripe brambles and the beautiful ruddy autumn leaves.

"Just look what a bit of colour," she was saying when I came up; but Mrs. Spencer's mind, it was evident, was full of other things.

"I wonder how you can care for such nonsense," she said; "I never saw any one so unexcitable. After me fussing myself into a fever, to preserve you from this annoyance! and I knew it would be too much for you —"

"Hush!" said Lady Isabella, emphatically, and then Mrs. Spencer perceived the pony carriage for the first time, and restrained herself. She changed her tone in a moment, and came up to me with her alert step when I drew the pony up.

"What a nice afternoon for a drive," she said; "have you been at Royalborough—is there anything going on? I have dragged Isabella out for a walk, as usual much against her will."

"I have been to make a call," I said, "on a poor invalid, the wife of Major Bellinger."

"Oh, yes! I know, I know," said Mrs. Spencer; "he is to be the barrackmaster. He rose from the ranks I think, or something,—very poor, and a large family. I know quite what sort of person she would be. The kind of woman that has been pretty, and has quite broken down with children and trouble—I know. It was very good of you; quite like yourself."

"If it was very good of me, I have met with a speedy reward," said I, "for I have quite fallen in love with her—and her daughter. They are coming to me on Saturday—if Mrs. Bellinger is able—for afternoon tea."

"I know exactly the kind of person," said Mrs. Spencer, nodding her head. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Musgrave, you are always so good, and so —"

"Easily taken in," she was going to say, but I suppose I looked very grave, for she stopped.

"Is the daughter pretty, too?" said Lady Isabella: a flush had come upon her face, and she looked at me intently, waiting, I could see, for a sign. She understood that this had something to do with the commission

she had given me. And I was so foolish as to think she had divined my thoughts, and had fixed upon Edith, by instinct, as an obstacle in her way.

"Never mind the daughter," I said, hastily, "but do come on Saturday afternoon, and see if I am not justified in liking the mother. I daresay they are not very rich, but they are not unpleasantly poor, or, if they are, they don't make a show of it; and a little society, I am sure, would do her all the good in the world."

This time Lady Isabella looked so intently at me, that I ventured to give the smallest little nod just to show her that I meant her to come. She took it up in a moment. Her face brightened all over. She made me a little gesture of thanks and satisfaction. And she put on instantly her old laughing, lively, satirical air.

"Of course we shall come," she said, "even if this lady were not sick and poor. These qualities are great temptations to us, you are aware; but even if she were just like other people, we should come."

"Well, Isabella!" said Mrs. Spencer, "you who are so unwilling to go anywhere!" but of course she could not help adding a civil acceptance of my invitation; and so that matter was settled more easily than I could have hoped.

I saw them the next day—once more by accident. We were both calling at the same house, and Lady Isabella seized the opportunity to speak to me. She drew me apart into a corner, on pretence of showing me something. "Look here," she said, with a flush on her face, "tell me, do you think me a fool—or worse? That is about my own opinion of myself."

"No," I said, "indeed I don't. I think you are doing what is quite right. This is not a matter which concerns other people, that you should be guided by them, but yourself."

"Oh, it does not concern any one very much," she said, with a forced laugh. "I am not so foolish as to think *that*. It is a mere piece of curiosity—folly. The fact is, one does not grow wise as one grows old, though of course we ought. And—he is—really to be there on Saturday? Despise me, laugh at me, make fun of me!—I deserve it, I know."

"He is really to come—I hope," I said it faltering, with a sense of fright at my own temerity: and Lady Isabella gave me a doubtful half-suspicious look as she left me. Now that it had come so near I grew alarmed, and doubted much whether I should have meddled. It is very troublesome, having to do with other people's affairs. It spoiled my rest that night, and my comfort all day. I almost prayed that Saturday might be wet, that Mrs. Bellinger might not be able to come. But, alas, Saturday morning was the brightest, loveliest autumn morning, all wrapped in a lovely golden haze, warm and soft as summer, yet subdued and chastened and sweet, as summer in its heyday never is: and the first post brought me a note from Edith, saying that her mamma felt so well, and was so anxious to come. Accordingly, I had to make up my mind to it. I sent the pony carriage off by twelve o'clock, that the pony might have a rest before he came back, and I got out my best china, and had my little lawn

carefully swept clean of faded leaves, and my flower-beds trimmed a little. They were rather untidy with the mignonette, which had begun to grow bushy, but then it was very sweet; and the asters and red geraniums looked quite gay and bright. My monthly rose, too, was covered with flowers. I am very fond of monthly roses; they are so sweet and so pathetic in autumn, remonstrating always, and wondering why summer should be past; or at least that is the impression they convey to me. I know some women who are just like them, women who have a great deal to bear, and cannot help feeling surprised that so much should be laid upon them; yet who keep on flowering and blossoming in spite of all, brightening the world and keeping the air sweet, not for any reason, but because they can't help it. My visitor who was coming was, I think, something of that kind.

The first of the party who arrived were Major Bellinger and Colonel Brentford; they had walked over, and the Major was very eloquent about my kindness to his wife. "Nothing could possibly do her so much good," he said. "I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Musgrave. Brentford says he made up his mind she must go the very first minute, whether she could or not—he said he was so sure you would do her good."

"I am very glad Colonel Brentford had such a favourable opinion of me," I said.

Then I stopped short, feeling very much embarrassed. If Lady Isabella had only come in *then*, before the ladies arrived—but, of course, she did not. She came only after Mrs. Bellinger was established on the sofa, and Edith had taken off her hat. They looked quite a family party, I could not but feel. Colonel Brentford, probably, was very nearly as old as the Major himself, and quite as old as the Major's wife; but then he had the unmarried look which of itself seems a kind of guarantee of youth, and his face was quite free of that cloud of care which was more or less upon both their faces. He was standing outside the open window with Edith when Mrs. Spencer and Lady Isabella came in. He did not see them. He was getting some of the monthly roses for her, which were high up upon the verandah. It was so high that it was very seldom we were able to get the flowers; but he was a tall man, and he managed it. Lady Isabella perceived him at once, and I saw a little shiver run over her. She gave Mrs. Bellinger, poor soul, but a very stiff salutation, and sat down on a chair near the window. She did not notice the girl. She had not thought of Edith, and no sort of suspicion as yet had been roused in her. She sat down quietly, and waited until he should come in.

How strange it was!—all bright full sunshine, no shadow or mystery to favour the romance; the Bellingers and Mrs. Spencer talking in the most ordinary way; the Colonel outside, pulling down the branch of pale roses; and Edith smiling, shaking off some dewdrops that had fallen from them upon her pretty hair. All so ordinary, so calm, so peaceable—but Lady Isabella seated there, silent, waiting—and I looking on with a

"I only sing to mamma," said Edith. "I will try if you wish it; but papa does not care for my singing—and Colonel Brentford hates it," she added, raising her voice.

There was a little spite, a little pique, in what Edith said. She was confounded by his sudden withdrawal, and anxious to call him back and punish him. This, however, was not the effect her words produced. Colonel Brentford took no notice, and kept his back towards us; but on another member of our little company the effect was startling enough.

"Colonel Brentford!" said Mrs. Spencer, with a little shriek; and her nice comfortable commonplace talk with Mrs. Bellinger came to an end at once. She got up and came to me, and drew me into another corner. "For heaven's sake," she said, "tell me what did the girl mean? Colonel Brentford! He is the one man in all the world whom we must not meet. That is not him surely at the window? Oh, good heavens! what is to be done? I wanted to tell you, but I never had an opportunity. Mrs. Musgrave, he was once engaged to Isabella. They had a quarrel, and it nearly cost her her life. I think I would almost have given mine to preserve her from this trial. Has she seen him?—Oh, my poor dear! my poor dear!"

Let anybody imagine what was the scene presented in my drawing-room now. Colonel Brentford at the other end, with his back to us all, gazing out at the window. Major Bellinger at one side of the room, and his wife at the other, suddenly deserted by the people they had been respectively talking to, looking across at each other with raised eyebrows and questioning looks. Edith, confused and half-offended, standing before the closed piano, where I had led her; and Mrs. Spencer holding me by the arm in the opposite corner to that occupied by Colonel Brentford, and discoursing close to my ear with excited looks and voluble utterance. And then these people were strangers to me, not like familiar friends, who could wait for an explanation. I could only whisper in Mrs. Spencer's ear, "For heaven's sake, do not let us make a scene now—let us keep everything as quiet as possible now!"

Just then Lady Isabella suddenly rose from her seat, and sat down beside Mrs. Bellinger, and began to talk to her. I could not quite hear how she began, but I made out by instinct, I suppose, what she was saying.

"I cannot ask Mrs. Musgrave to introduce me, for I see she is occupied; but I know who you are, and you must let me introduce myself. I am Lady Isabella Morton, and I live here with a great friend of mine. Colonel Brentford and I used to know each other long ago——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bellinger, drawing her breath quickly; "I think I have heard——"

"He was startled to see me," said Lady Isabella. "Of course, he did not expect—but we are always meeting people we don't expect. Your daughter is going to sing. Hush! yes, please hush! I want to hear it," she cried, raising her hand with a gesture to the Major, who pretended he

was going to talk. Every word she said was audible through the room, her voice was so clear and full.

Colonel Brentford turned round slowly. He turned almost as if he were a man upon a pedestal, which some pivot had the power to move. Either it was her voice which attracted him; or he had heard what she said, or perhaps he was recovering from the shock of the first meeting. It was at this moment that Edith began to sing. I do not know what her feelings were, or if she cared anything about it; but certainly all the rest of the party, with the exception of her father and mother, were excited to such a strange degree, that I felt as if some positive explosion must occur. How is it that fire and air, and all sorts of senseless things, cause explosions, and that human feeling does not? Edith's girlish, fresh voice, rising out of the midst of all this electrified one. It was a pretty voice singing one of the ordinary foolish songs, which are all alike—a voice without the least passion or even sentiment in it, sweet, fresh, guiltless of any feeling. Lady Isabella leaned back in her chair, and listened with a faint smile upon her face; Colonel Brentford stood undecided between her and the piano, sometimes making a half-movement towards the singer, but turning his eyes the other way; while Mrs. Spencer, on the other side of the room, sat with her hands clasped, and gazed at her friend. The two Bellingers listened as people listen to the singing of their child; a soft little complacent smile was on the mother's face. When Edith approached a false note, or when she was a little out in her time, Mrs. Bellinger gave a quick glance round to see if anybody noticed it, and blushed, as it were, under her breath. The Major kept time softly with his finger; and we—listened with our hearts thumping in our ears, bewildered by the pleasant little song in its inconceivable calm, and yet glad of the moment's breathing-time.

"Thank you, my dear," said I, when the song was done; and we all said "Thanks," with more or less fervour, while the parents, innocent people, looked on well pleased.

And then I went to Edith at the piano, and asked all about her music, what masters she had had, and a thousand other trifles, not hearing what she answered me. But I did hear something else. I heard Colonel Brentford speak to Lady Isabella, and took in every word. There was nothing remarkable about it; but he spoke low, as if his words meant more than met the ear.

"I knew you were living here," was all he said.

"Oh, I suppose so," said Lady Isabella. She had been quite calm before, but I knew by her voice she was flurried now. And then there followed that little agitated laugh, which in the last few days I had learnt to know. "Most people know where everybody lives," she added, with an attempt at indifference. "I knew your regiment was here."

"But I did not expect to see you just then," he went on. "And that rose—— Pardon me if I was rude. I was taken altogether by surprise."

"That I should ask you for a rose?" she said, holding it up. "It is but a poor little thing, as these late flowers always are. Not much scent, and less colour, but sweet, because it is over—almost a thing of the past."

"I was taken altogether by surprise," said Colonel Brentford.

He did not make any reply to her. He was not clever, as she was. He repeated his little phrase of confused no-meaning, and his voice trembled. And while he was saying all this, Edith was telling me that she had had a few—only a very few—lessons from Herrmannstadt, and that her mamma hoped, that if they stayed at Royalborough, she might be able to have some from Dr. Delvey or Miss de la Pluie.

"If, my dear?" said I. "I thought it was quite settled that you were to stay!" and then her answer became unintelligible to me; for my ears were intent upon what was going on behind us, and instead of listening to Edith, I heard only Colonel Brentford's feet shuffling uneasily upon the carpet, and Mrs. Spencer asking Lady Isabella if she did not think it was time to go.

"But you have not had any tea," said I, rushing to the front: though, indeed, I was not at all sure that I wished them to stay.

"We never take any tea," said Mrs. Spencer, unblushingly; though she knew that I knew she was the greatest afternoon tea-drinker in all Dinglefield; "and we have to call upon old Mrs. Lloyd, who is quite ill. Did you know she was ill? We must not neglect the sick and the old, you know, even for the pleasantest society. Isabella, my dear!"

Colonel Brentford went after us to the door. He looked at them wistfully, watching their movements, until he saw that Mrs. Spencer had a cloak over her arm. Then he came forward with a certain heavy alacrity.

"Let me carry it for you," he said.

"Oh, thanks! We are not going far; don't take the trouble. I would not, for the world, take you from your friends," cried Mrs. Spencer, wildly.

"It is no trouble, if you will let me," he said.

He had taken the cloak out of her astonished hand, and Lady Isabella, in the meantime, with a smile on her face, had walked on in advance. Even I, though I felt so much agitated that I could have cried, could not but laugh to see Mrs. Spencer's look of utter discomfiture as she turned from my door, attended by this man, whom she so feared. I stood and watched them as they went away, with a mingled feeling of relief and anxiety and wonder. Thus it was over. Was it over? Could this be a beginning or an end?

When I went back to the Bellingers they were consulting together, and I fear were not quite well pleased. The Major and his daughter drew back as I entered, but I saw it on their faces.

"I hope you will pardon me," I said, "for leaving you alone. My friends are gone, and Colonel Brentford has kindly walked with them to carry something. Now, I know you must want some tea."

"Indeed, mamma is a great deal too tired," said Edith, who naturally was most nettled. "I am sure we ought to go home."

"I think she is over-tired," said the Major, doubtfully.

He did not want to be dragged away so suddenly; but yet he was a little surprised. Mrs. Bellinger, for her part, did not say anything, but she looked pale, and my heart smote me. And then there was a line of anxiety, which I had not noticed before, between her eyes.

"It is only that she wants some tea," said I; and the Stokes coming in at the moment, to my infinite satisfaction, made a diversion, and brought things back to the ordinary channel of talk. And then they challenged the Major and Edith to croquet, for which all the hoops and things were set out on the lawn. I sat down by Mrs. Bellinger when they went away, and Colonel Brentford came back and sat silently by us for five minutes, and then went out to the croquet-players. A little silence fell upon us, as the sound of the voices grew merrier outside. It is a stupid game, but it is pretty to look at, when one is safe and out of it; and we two ladies sat in the cool room and watched the players, no doubt with grave thoughts enough. Colonel Brentford took Edith in hand at once. He showed her how to play, advised her, followed her, was always by her side. What did it mean? Was he glad that his old love had passed away like a dream, and left him free to indulge in this new one—to throw himself into this younger, brighter existence? Neither of us spoke, and I wondered whether we were both busy with the same thought.

At length, Mrs. Bellinger broke the silence.

"I feel so anxious about our Colonel," she said; "he is so good and so nice. And your friends came by chance, quite by chance, Mrs. Musgrave? How strange it is? Do you know that there was once—— But of course you know. Oh, I hope this meeting will be for good, and not for harm."

"For harm!" I said, with words that did not quite express my thoughts. "They are both staid, sober people, not likely to go back to any youthful nonsense. How could it do harm?"

Mrs. Bellinger shook her head. There was a cloud upon her face.

"We shall see in time," she said, in a melancholy, prophetic way, and sighed again.

To whom could it be that she apprehended harm? Not to Lady Isabella, whom she did not know. Was it to the child, then, or to *him*?

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day I had a number of visitors. Mrs. Spencer had made it so well known in Dinglefield that nobody was to invite Lady Isabella to meet the new officers, that my unexampled temerity startled the whole neighbourhood. "Of course they have met, notwithstanding all our precautions—and fancy, at Mrs. Musgrave's! She was almost the only person

Mrs. Spencer had not told," my neighbours said; for the place is so small, that of course everybody knows what everybody else is doing on the Green. The Stokes were the first to call, and they were full of it:—"Fancy not telling us that Lady Isabella had been here!" cried Lottie. "You must have known there was something, or you would have told us. And what did you mean? Did you think they ought to have another chance; or did you think——? Oh, I do so wish you would tell me what you meant!"

"Another chance, indeed!" said Lucy. "As if Colonel Brentford—a handsome man like that, and just a nice age—would look twice at that old thing!"

"He is a good deal older than the old thing," said I; "and it is a poor account of both men and women, Lucy, if everything is to give way to mere youth. You yourself will not be seventeen always. You should remember that."

"Well, but then I shall be married," said Lucy; "and I shan't mind if nobody pays any attention to me. I shall have my husband and my children, of course; but an old maid——"

"Be quiet, Lucy," said her sister, angrily. "If you girls only knew how to hold your tongues, then you might have a chance; but please tell me, Mrs. Musgrave,—you won't say you did not mean anything, for of course you knew——?"

"I don't intend to say anything about it, my dear; and here is Mrs. Spencer coming, if you would like to make any further inquiries," I said. I was quite glad to see her, to get rid of their questionings. Mrs. Spencer was very flurried and disturbed, out of breath both of mind and body.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Musgrave, what an unfortunate business!" she said, the moment the girls were gone. "I have nobody but myself to blame, for I never told you. I thought as you did not give many parties—and then I know you don't care much for those dancing sort of men—and how was I to suppose he would be thrown upon your hands like this? It has upset me so," she said, turning to me, with her eyes full of tears; "I have not slept all night."

Her distress was a great deal too genuine to be smiled at. "I am so sorry," I said; "but, after all, I do not think it is serious. It did not seem to disturb her much."

"Ah, that is because she does not show it," said Mrs. Spencer. "She is so unselfish. You might stab her to the heart, and she would never say a word, if there was any one there who could be made unhappy by it. She would not let *me* see, for she knows it would make me wretched. And I am quite wretched about her. If this were to bring up old feelings! And you know she nearly died of it—at the time."

The tears came dropping down on poor Mrs. Spencer's thin nose. It was too thin, almost sharp in outline, but such tears softened all its asperity away. I could not help thinking of those dreadful French

very glad of it, for, of course, nobody could expect me to drive to Royal-borough in my little open carriage with a bad cold, through the rain and wind. A very dreary interval of dead quiet to me, and miserable weather, followed this little burst of excitement. I felt sore about it altogether, as a matter in which I had somehow been to blame, and which was a complete failure—to say the least. One day when I had been out for half an hour's walk in the middle of the day, Colonel Brentford called, but the card which I found on my table was the only enlightenment this brought me, and my cold kept me away from all the society on the Green for six weeks, during which time I had no information on the subject. Sometimes, as usual, I saw Lady Isabella, but there was no change in her. She had quite settled down again, was the same as ever, and Mrs. Spencer had ceased to keep any watch upon her. And so it was all over, as a tale that is told.

The first time I was out after my influenza was at Lady Denzil's, where, to my surprise, I found Edith Bellinger. She scarcely looked at me, and it was with some difficulty I got our slender thread of acquaintance renewed. Her mother, she thanked me, was better; her father was quite well; they had been sorry to hear of my cold; yes, of course it was a long way to drive. Such was the fashion of Edith's talk; and I acknowledged to myself that it was perfectly just.

"Your mamma must think it very strange that I have never gone to see her again," I was beginning to say, feeling uncomfortable and guilty—

"I don't suppose she has thought about it," Edith said hastily; and then she stopped short and blushed. "I beg your pardon, I did not mean to be rude."

"You are quite right," I said—"not in being rude, but in feeling as you do. I seem to have been very capricious and unfriendly, but I have been ill; and you do not look quite so well yourself as when I saw you last."

"Oh, I am well enough," said the girl; and then those quick youthful tears of self-compassion which lie so near the surface came rushing to her eyes. "It is nothing, I—I am not very strong; and Lady Denzil, who is always kind, has asked me here for change of air."

"Poor child," I said, "tell me what is the matter?" But I was not to learn at this moment at least. Colonel Brentford, whom I had not seen till now, came forward and bent over her.

"They are going to sing something, and they want you to take a part. I have come for you," he said.

He looked down upon her quite tenderly, and held out his hand to help her to rise. Yes, of course, that was how it must have ended. It was all settled, of that I could have no doubt. I looked at them with, I fear, a look that had some pain and some pity in it, as they left me; and when I withdrew my eyes from them, my look met Lady Isabella's, who was seated at the other side of the room. She had her usual half-mocking, half-kindly smile on her lips, but it looked to me set and immovable, as if

she had been painted so and could not change ; and she was pale—surely she was pale. It troubled me sadly, and all the more that I dared not say a word to any one, dared not even make any manifestation of sympathy to herself. She had chosen to renew her old acquaintance with him, had chosen to break down the barrier which sympathizing friends had raised round her, and to meet him with all freedom as if he was totally indifferent to her. This had been her own choice ; and now, to be sure, she had to look on, and see all there might be to be seen.

But he was very civil to me when he chanced to be thrown near me. He said, in a much more friendly tone than poor Edith's, that Mrs. Bellinger had been sorry to hear of my cold ; that he hoped I should soon be able to go and see her ; and when I said that Edith did not look strong, he shook his head. " She is rather wilful, and does not know her own mind," he said, and I thought he sighed. Was it that she could not make up her mind to accept him ? Was it—— But speculation was quite useless, and there was no information to be got out of his face.

A little after this I went to see Mrs. Bellinger, but was coldly received. Edith was not quite well, she said ; she had been doing too much, and had gone away for thorough change. Colonel Brentford ? Oh, he had gone to visit his brother Sir Charles Brentford, in Devonshire. Edith was in Devonshire, too—at Torquay.

" They are a little afraid of her lungs," Mrs. Bellinger said. " Oh, not I ; I don't think there is very much the matter ; but still they are afraid—and of course it is better to prevent than to cure——"

It seemed to me a heartless way for a mother to speak, and I was discouraged by my reception. When I came away I made up my mind not to take so much trouble again. Perhaps I had been mistaken in them at first, or perhaps—but then, to be sure, I had another motive, and that existed no longer. It was my fault more than theirs.

I heard no more of the Bellingers nor much more of Colonel Brentford for a long time after this. He, to be sure, went and came, as the other officers did, to one house and another, and I met him from time to time, and exchanged three words with him, but no more. And Lady Isabella made no reference whatever to that agitating moment when I, too, had a share in her personal history. Even Mrs. Spencer seemed to have forgotten all about it. Their house was more exquisite than ever that winter. They had built a new conservatory, which opened from the ante-room, and was full of the most bright, beautiful flowers—forced, artificial things to be sure, they were, blooming long before their season, but still very lovely to look at in those winter days. The large drawing-room and the ante-room, and the conservatory at the end of all, was as warm and fragrant and soft and delicious as if it had been fairy land,—the temperature so equable ; everything so soft to tread on, to sit on, to look at. It was a little drawing-room paradise—an Eden, with Turkey carpets instead of turf, and the flowers all in pots instead of growing free. And here Lady Isabella would sit, with that touch of mockery in her laugh, with

little gibes at most people and most things, not quite so friendly or gentle as they once were. Now and then, I have thought, she cast a wistful glance at the door; now and then, her spirits were fitful, her face paler than usual—but she had never been more lively or more bright.

It was past Christmas, and already a pale glimmer of spring was in the air, when this little episode showed signs of coming to its conclusion. I remember the day quite distinctly—a pale day in the beginning of February, when everything was quite destitute of colour. The sky was grey and so was the grass, and the skeletons of the trees stood bleak against the dulness. It was the kind of afternoon when one is glad to hear any news, good or bad,—anything that will quicken the blood a little, and restore to the nervous system something like its usual tone.

This stimulus was supplied to us by the entrance of Lucy Stoke—very important, and bursting with the dignity of a secret. She kept it in painfully for the first two minutes, moved chiefly by her reverential admiration for the fine furniture, the beautiful room, the atmosphere of splendour about her. But I was there, unfortunately, of whom Lucy was not afraid. It was to me, accordingly, that the revelation burst forth.

“Oh, Mrs. Musgrave,” she said, “you know her! Who do you think I met going down to Lady Denzil’s, in a white bonnet,—though it’s such a dismal day,—and a blue dress—quite light blue—the dress she went away in, I should think?”

“A bride, I suppose,” I said; “but whom?—I don’t remember any recent bride.”

“Oh, yes, I *know* you know her! Young Mrs. Brentford—Edith Bellinger that was.”

“Edith Bellinger!” I cried, with a sudden pang. It was nothing to me. I had no reason to suppose it was anything to anybody, but yet—

“It must have been the dress she went away in,” said Lucy: “blue trimmed with bands of satin and fringe, and a white bonnet with blue flowers. It was very becoming to her. But fancy, only three weeks married, and coming to see Lady Denzil alone!”

“And so she is Mrs. Brentford,” said Mrs. Spencer, with a tone of genuine satisfaction. She would have suffered herself to be cut in little pieces for Lady Isabella, she would have done anything for her—but she was glad, unfeignedly thankful and relieved, to feel that this danger was past.

And Lucy, well pleased, ran on for ten minutes or more. It felt like ten hours. When she went away at last, Mrs. Spencer went with her to the door, to hear further particulars. All this time Lady Isabella had never said a word. She was in the shade, and her face was not very distinctly visible. When they left the room, she rose all at once, pulling herself up by the arms of her chair. Such a change had come upon her face that I was frightened. Every vestige of colour had left her cheek; her lip was parched, and tightly drawn across her teeth. She laughed as she got up from the chair.

"We were all wishing for something to stir us up," she said; "but I never hoped for anything so exciting as Mrs. Brentford's blue dress."

"Where are you going?" I said, in sudden terror.

"Upstairs—only upstairs. Where should I go?" she said, with that short hard laugh. "Tell Mrs. Spencer—something. I have gone to fetch—Mrs. Brentford's blue dress."

Oh, how that laugh pained me! I would rather, a thousand times rather, have heard her cry. She went away like a ghost, without any noise; and Mrs. Spencer, full of thanksgiving, came back.

"Where is Isabella? Oh, Mrs. Musgrave, I can't tell you what a relief this news is," she said. "I have always been so dreadfully afraid. Of course, anything that was for her happiness I would have put up with; but this would not have been for her happiness. She is no longer young, you know—her habits are all formed—and, even though she was fond of him once, how could she have taken up a man's ways, and adapted herself? It would never have done—it would never have done! I am so thankful he is married, and that danger past."

For my part, I could not make any answer. Perhaps Mrs. Spencer was right—perhaps, in the long run, it would be better so; but, in the meantime, I could not forget Lady Isabella's face. I went home, feeling I cannot tell how sad. It was all so perfectly natural and to be expected. The hardest things in this world are the things that are to be expected. Of course, I had felt sure when I saw them together that it was the little girl who would be the victor in any such struggle. And Lady Isabella had not attempted any struggle. She had stood aside and looked on; though, perhaps, she had hoped that the old love would have counted for something in the man's heart. But I said to myself that I had always known better. What was old love, with all its associations, in comparison with the little peachy cheek and childish ways of a girl of seventeen? I despised the man for it, of course; but I suppose it was natural all the same.

CHAPTER V.

I WAS sitting next day by myself, with my mind full of all these thoughts, when I was suddenly roused by a shadow which flitted across the light, and then by the sound of some one knocking at the window which opened into my garden. I looked up hurriedly, and saw Lady Isabella. She was very pale, yet looked breathless, as if she had been running. She made me a hasty imperative gesture to open, and when I had done so, came in without suffering me to shut the window. "Mrs. Musgrave," she said, panting between the words, "I have a very strange—request—to make. I want to speak with—some one—for ten minutes—alone. May we—come—here? I have nothing to conceal—from you. It is *him*;—he has something—to say to me—for the last time."

"Lady Isabella——" I said.

"Don't—say anything. It is strange—I know—but it must be ; for the last time."

She did not seem able to stand for another moment. She sank down into the nearest chair, making a great effort to command herself. "Dear Mrs. Musgrave—please call him," she cried, faintly : "he is there. It will only be for ten minutes—there is something to explain."

I went out into the garden, and called him. He looked as much agitated as she did, and I went round the house, and through the kitchen-door with a sense of bewilderment which I could not put into words. Edith Bellinger's bridegroom ! What could he have to explain ? What right had he to seek her, to make any private communications ? I felt indignant with him, and impatient with her. Then I went into the dining-room and waited. My dining-room windows command the road, and along this I could see Mrs. Spencer walking in her quick, alert way. She was coming towards my house, in search, probably, of her companion. There was something absurd in the whole business, and yet the faces of the two I had just left were too tragical to allow any flippancy on the part of the spectator. Mrs. Spencer came direct to my door as I supposed, and I had to step out and stop the maid, who was about to usher her into the drawing-room where those two were. Mrs. Spencer was a little excited too.

"Have you seen Isabella ?" she said. "She was only about half-a-dozen yards behind me, round the corner at the Lodge ; and when I turned to look for her she was gone. She could not have dropped into the earth you know, and I know she would never have gone to the Lodge. Is she here ? It has given me quite a turn, as the maids say. She cannot have vanished altogether, like a fairy. She was too substantial for that."

"She will be here directly," said I ; "she is speaking to some one in the other room."

"Speaking—to some one ! You look very strange, Mrs. Musgrave, and Isabella has been looking very strange. Who is she speaking to ? I am her nearest friend and I ought to know."

"Yes," I said, "you ought to know, that is certain—but wait, only wait, ten minutes—that was the time she said."

And then we two sat and looked at each other, not knowing what to think. I knew scarcely more than she did, but the little that I knew made me only the more anxious. If his wife should hear of it—if Lady Isabella were to betray herself, compromise herself ! And then what was the good of it all ? No explanation could annul a fact, and the less explanation the better between a married man and his former love. This feeling made me wretched as the time went on. Time seems so doubly long when one is waiting, and especially when one is waiting for the result of some private, secret, mysterious interview. The house was so quiet. The maids moving about the kitchen, the chirp of the sparrows outside, the drip—drip of a shower, which was just over, from the eaves.

All these sounds made the silence deeper, especially as there was no sound from that mysterious room.

"The ten minutes are long past," said Mrs. Spencer. "I don't understand what all this mystery can mean. It is more like an hour, I think."

"Oh, do you think so?" said I, though I fully agreed with her. "When one is waiting, time looks so long. She will be here directly. I hear her now;—that was her voice."

And so it certainly was. But everything became silent again the next instant. It was a sharp exclamation,—sudden and high; and then we heard no more.

"I cannot wait any longer," said Mrs. Spencer. "I don't know what this can mean; I must have an explanation. Mrs. Musgrave, if you will not come with me, I will go myself to Isabella. I don't understand what she can mean."

"I will go," said I; and we rose at the same moment, and hurried to the door. But we had not time to open it when a sudden sound was audible, which arrested us both. The door of the other room was opened, voices came towards us—two voices, and then a laugh. Was it Lady Isabella's laugh? Mrs. Spencer drew near me, and pinched my arm violently. "Is it Isabella? What, oh, what can it mean?" she said, with a look of terror. And then the door was thrown suddenly open, driving us back as we stood in our consternation within.

It was Lady Isabella who stood before us, and yet it was not the Lady Isabella I had ever known. When Mrs. Spencer saw her she gave a suppressed groan, and sat down suddenly on the nearest chair. This Lady Isabella was leaning on Colonel Brentford's arm. Her face was flushed and rosy; her eyes shining like stars, yet full of tears; dimples I had never seen before were in her cheeks and about her mouth. She was radiant, she was young, she was running over with joy and happiness. In her joy and triumph she did not notice, I suppose, the sudden despair of her friend. "I have come to tell you," she said, hastily, "he never meant it. It is all over. Oh, do you understand? All this cloud that has lasted for ten years, that has come between us and the skies—it is all over, all over. He never meant it. Do you understand?"

Mrs. Spencer stood up tottering, looking like a ghost. "Isabella! I thought you had forgotten him. I thought it was this that was all over. I thought you were content——"

Lady Isabella gave her a look of that supreme happiness which is not considerate of other people's feelings. "I am content now," she said, clasping her hands upon Colonel Brentford's arm, "more than content."

Mrs. Spencer answered with a bitter cry. "Then I am nothing to her, nothing to her!" she said.

It was at this moment that I interfered. I could keep silence no longer. I put myself between the two who were so happy, and the one who was so miserable. "Before another word is said, I must have this

explained to me," I said. "He is Edith Bellinger's husband. And this is my house——"

He interrupted me, hurriedly, "I am no one's husband but hers," he said. "You have been mistaken. Edith Bellinger has married my brother. There is no woman to me in the world but Isabella—never has been—never could be, though I lived a hundred years."

"And it is you who have brought us together," cried Lady Isabella, suddenly throwing her arms round me. "God bless you for it! I should never have known, it would never have been possible, but for you."

And he came to me and took both my hands. "God bless you for it, I say, too! We might have been two forlorn creatures all our lives, but for you."

I was overwhelmed with their thanks, with the surprise, and the shock. If I had done anything to bring this about, I had done it in ignorance; but they surrounded me so with their joy and their gratitude, and the excitement of the revolution which had happened in them, that it was some minutes before I could think of anything else. And there was so much to be explained. But when I recovered myself so far as to look round and think of the other who did not share in their joy, I found she was gone. She had disappeared while they were thanking me, while I was expressing my wonder and my good wishes. None of us had either heard or seen her departure, but she was gone.

"Was Mrs. Spencer to blame?" I asked, with some anxiety, when the tumult had subsided a little, and they had seated themselves like ordinary mortals, and begun to accustom themselves to their delight. "Had she anything to do with the quarrel between you?"

"Nothing at all," said Lady Isabella. "She never saw George till she saw him in your house."

"When you asked me for that rose——" said he. "The rose you used to be so fond of; and I felt as if the skies had opened——"

"You turned your back upon them all the same," she said, with the laugh that had suddenly become so joyous. They had forgotten everything but themselves and the new story of their reconciliation, which I suppose the old story of their estrangement that they were reconsidering made doubly sweet.

"But about Mrs. Spencer?" I said.

"Poor Mrs. Spen! she had got to be fond of me. She thought we were to spend all our lives together," said Lady Isabella, with momentary gravity; and then the smile crept once more about the corners of her mouth, and the dimples which had been hidden all these years disclosed themselves, and her face warmed into sunshine as she turned to him. This was my fate whenever I tried to bring back the conversation to Mrs. Spencer; who, poor soul, had disappeared like a shadow before that sunshine. I was glad, for their sakes, to see them so happy; but still I could not but feel that it was hard to have given your life and love for years and to be rewarded at the end by that "poor Mrs. Spen."

The news made a great commotion through all Dinglefield, and Mrs. Spencer did not make so much difficulty about it as I fancied she would. The marriage was from her house, and she took a great deal of trouble, and no mother could have been more careful and tender about a bride. But she made no fuss, poor soul—she had not the heart; and though I don't like fuss, I missed it in this case, and felt that it was a sign how deep the blow had gone. Even Lady Isabella, pre-occupied as she was, felt it. She had not realized it perhaps—few people do. We are all in the habit of laughing at the idea of friendships so close and exacting, especially when they exist between women. But to Mrs. Spencer it was as if life itself had gone from her. Her companion had gone from her, the creature she loved best. Next to a man's wife deserting him, or a woman's husband, I know nothing more hard. Her pretty house, her flowers, her perfect comfort and grace of life palled upon her. She had kept them up chiefly, I think, for the young woman who, she had thought, poor soul, was wedded to her for life. Perhaps it was a foolish thought, perhaps it might be a little selfish to try to keep Colonel Brentford away. I suppose to be married is the happiest; but still I was very very sorry, grieved more than I can say, for the woman who was forsaken; though she was only forsaken by another woman and not by a man.

However, that, I fear, is a sentiment in which I should find few sympathizers. The Brentfords took a place in the neighbourhood, and I believe Lady Isabella was a very happy wife. As for poor little Edith Bellinger, she had married the Colonel's elder brother, Sir Charles, and was Lady Brentford, to her great astonishment and that of everybody about. It had been her doubt and reluctance, poor child, to marry a man older than her father, which had made her ill. I think her mother missed her almost as much as Mrs. Spencer missed Lady Isabella. For every new tie that is made in this world some old ties must be broken. But what does that matter? Is it not the course of nature and the way of the world?

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

II.

I HAVE lately learned from an early friend of Hawthorne's, older than himself, who knew him intimately all his life long, some additional facts about his youthful days. Soon after he left college, it seems, he wrote a volume of stories which he called *Seven Tales of my Native Land*. The motto he chose for the title-page was "We are Seven." My informant read the tales in manuscript, and found some of them very striking, particularly two Witch Stories. But as soon as the little book was ready for the press, Hawthorne deliberately threw it into the fire, and sat by watching its destruction.

When about fourteen he wrote out for a member of his family a list of the books he had at that time been reading. The catalogue was a long one, and it contained the Waverley Novels, Rousseau's Works, and the *Newgate Calendar*. Serious remonstrances were made by the family touching the perusal of this last work, but he persisted in going through it to the end. He had an objection in his boyhood to reading much that was called "true and useful." Of history in general he was not very fond, but he read with interest Froissart and Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. He is remembered to have said at that time "he cared very little for the history of the world before the fourteenth century." After he left college he read a great deal of French literature, especially the works of Voltaire and his contemporaries. He very rarely went into the streets during the daytime, unless there happened to be a gathering of the people for some public purpose, such as a political meeting, a military muster, or a fire. A great conflagration attracted him in a peculiar manner, and he is remembered, while a young man in Salem, to have been often seen looking on, from some dark corner, while the fire was raging. When General Jackson, of whom he professed himself a partisan, visited Salem in 1833, he walked out to the boundary of the town to meet him,—not to speak to him, but only to look at him. When he came home at night he said he found only a few men and boys collected, not enough people, without the assistance he rendered, to welcome the General with a good cheer. It appears that Susan, in the *Village Uncle*, one of the *Twice-Told Tales*, is not altogether a creation of his fancy, but the daughter of a fisherman living in Salem; and Hawthorne was constantly telling the members of his family how charming she was, and he always spoke of her as his "mermaid." Beauty always captivated him. Where

there was beauty he fancied other good gifts must necessarily exist. Even during his childhood homeliness was repulsive to him. When a little boy he is remembered to have said to a woman who wished to be kind to him, "Take her away! She is ugly and fat, and has a loud voice."

When quite a young man he applied for a situation under Commodore Wilkes on the Exploring Expedition, but did not succeed in obtaining an appointment. He thought this a great misfortune, as he was fond of travel, and he promised to do all sorts of wonderful things, should he be allowed to join the voyagers.

One very odd but characteristic notion of his, when a youth, was, that he should like a competent income which should neither increase nor diminish, for then, he said, it would not engross too much of his attention. Surrey's little poem, *The Means to Obtain a Happy Life*, expressed exactly his idea of happiness. He ignored in after years with a smile of droll disgust the verses he had, as a schoolboy, written for the newspapers. One of his early quatrains was repeated to me recently:—

The ocean hath its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone;
Above them there are troubled waves,
Beneath them there are none.

When the Atlantic cable was first laid, somebody, not knowing the author of the lines, quoted them to Hawthorne as applicable to the calmness said to exist in the depths of the ocean. He listened to the verse, and then laughingly said, "I know something of the deep sea myself."

In 1836 he went to Boston, to edit the *American Magazine of Useful Knowledge*, for which he was to be paid a salary of six hundred dollars a year. The proprietors soon became insolvent, so that he received nothing, but he worked on all the same. The plan of the Magazine admitted no fiction into its pages. It was printed on coarse paper, and was illustrated by very rudely-executed engravings. The editor wrote the whole of every number. Short biographical sketches of eminent men and historical narratives filled up its pages. I have searched in vain for this deceased Magazine, for I should like to read Hawthorne's narrative of Mrs. Dustan's Captivity. Mrs. Dustan was carried off by the Indians from Haverhill, and Hawthorne does not much commiserate the hardships she endured, but reserves his sympathy for her husband, who was *not* carried into captivity, and suffered nothing from the Indians, but who, he says, was a tender-hearted man, and took care of the children during Mrs. D.'s absence from home, and probably knew that his wife would be more than a match for a whole tribe of savages.

Hawthorne seems never to have known the raw period in authorship so common to most growing writers, when the style is "overlanguaged," and when it plunges wildly through the "sandy deserts of rhetoric," or struggles as if it were having a personal difficulty with Ignorance and his big brother Platitude. It was capitally said of Chateaubriand that "he lived on the summits of syllables," and of another young author that he

was so dully good, that "he made even virtue disreputable." Hawthorne had no such literary vices to contend with. I was struck a few days ago with the error, so far as Hawthorne is concerned, of a passage in the preface to *Endymion*. Keats says, "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of the man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." Hawthorne's imagination had no middle period of decadence or doubt, but continued, as it began, in full vigour to the end.

All sorts of adventures befell him during his stay in Europe, even to having his house robbed, and his bringing the thieves to trial, when they received sentences of transportation. In the summer-time he travelled about the country in England and pitched his tent wherever fancy prompted. One autumn afternoon in September he writes from Leamington :—

I received your letter only this morning at this cleanest and prettiest of English towns, where we are going to spend a week or two before taking our departure for Paris. We are acquainted with Leamington already, having resided here two summers ago; and the country round about is unadulterated England, rich in old castles, manor-houses, churches, and thatched cottages, and as green as Paradise itself. I only wish I had a house here, and that you could come and be my guest in it; but I am a poor wayside vagabond, and only find shelter for a night or so, and then trudge onward again. My wife and children and myself are familiar with all kinds of lodgment and modes of living, but we have forgotten what home is,—at least the children have, poor things; I doubt whether they will ever feel inclined to live long in one place. The worst of it is, I have outgrown my house in Concord, and feel no inclination to return to it.

We spent seven weeks in Manchester, and went most diligently to the Art Exhibition; and I really begin to be sensible of the rudiments of a taste in pictures.

At the close of 1857, Hawthorne writes that, since sending in his resignation, he has heard nothing of the appointment of his successor in the consulate. "Somebody may turn up any day," he says, "with a new commission in his pocket." He was meanwhile getting ready for Italy. He says, "I expect shortly to be released from durance."

In his last letter before leaving England for the Continent, he says :—

I made up a huge package the other day, consisting of seven closely written volumes of journal, kept by me since my arrival in England, and filled with sketches of places and men and manners, many of which would doubtless be very delightful to the public. I think I shall seal them up, with directions in my will to have them opened and published a century hence; and your firm shall have the refusal of them then.

Remember me to everybody, for I love all my friends at least as well as ever.

Released from the cares of office, and having nothing to distract his attention, his life on the Continent was full of delightful excitement. His pecuniary situation was such as to enable him to live very comfortably, where, at that time, prices were moderate.

In a letter dated from a villa near Florence, on the 3rd of September, 1858, he writes :—

I am afraid I have stayed away too long, and am forgotten by everybody. You have piled up the dusty remnants of my editions, I suppose, in that chamber over the shop, where you once took me to smoke a cigar, and have crossed my name out of your list of authors, without so much as asking whether I am dead or alive. But I like it well enough, nevertheless. It is pleasant to feel at last that I am really away from America,—a satisfaction that I never enjoyed as long as I stayed in Liverpool, where it seemed to me that the quintessence of nasal and hand-shaking Yankeeism was continually filtered and sublimated through my consulate, on the way outward and homeward. I first got acquainted with my own countrymen there. At Rome, too, it was not much better. But here in Florence, and in the summer-time, and in this secluded villa, I have escaped out of all my old tracks, and am really remote.

I like my present residence immensely. The house stands on a hill, overlooking Florence, and is big enough to quarter a regiment; insomuch that each member of the family, including servants, has a separate suite of apartments, and there are vast wildernesses of upper rooms into which we have never yet sent exploring expeditions.

At one end of the house there is a moss-grown tower, haunted by owls and by the ghost of a monk, who was confined there in the thirteenth century, previous to being burned at the stake in the principal square of Florence. I hire this villa, tower and all, at twenty-eight dollars a month; but I mean to take it away bodily and clap it into a romance, which I have in my head ready to be written out.

Speaking of romances, I have planned two, one or both of which I could have ready for the press in a few months if I were either in England or America. But I find this Italian atmosphere not favourable to the close toil of composition, although it is a very good air to dream in. I must breathe the fogs of old England or the east winds of Massachusetts, in order to put me into working trim. Nevertheless, I shall endeavour to be busy during the coming winter at Rome, but there will be so much to distract my thoughts that I have little hope of seriously accomplishing anything. It is a pity; for I have really a plethora of ideas, and should feel relieved by discharging some of them upon the public.

We shall continue here till the end of this month, and shall then return to Rome, where I have already taken a house for six months. In the middle of April we intend to start for home by the way of Geneva and Paris; and after spending a few weeks in England, shall embark for Boston in July or the beginning of August. After so long an absence (more than five years already, which will be six before you see me at the old Corner), it is not altogether delightful to think of returning. Everybody will be changed, and I myself, no doubt, as much as anybody. T—and you, I suppose, were both upset in the late religious earthquake, and when I inquire for you, the clerks will direct me to the “Business Men’s Conference.” It won’t do. I shall be forced to come back again, and take refuge in a London lodging. London is like the grave in one respect,—any man can make himself at home there; and whenever a man finds himself homeless elsewhere, he had better either die or go to London.

Speaking of the grave reminds me of old age and other disagreeable matters; and I would remark that one grows old in Italy twice or three times as fast as in other countries. I have three grey hairs now for one that I brought from England, and I shall look venerable indeed by next summer, when I return.

Remember me affectionately to all my friends. Whoever has a kindness for me may be assured that I have twice as much for him.

Hawthorne’s second visit to Rome, in the winter of 1859, was unfortunate. His own health was excellent during his sojourn there, but several members of his family fell ill, and he became very nervous and longed to get away. In one of his letters, he says:—“I bitterly detest Rome, and shall rejoice to bid it farewell for ever; and I fully acquiesce in all the mischief and ruin that has happened to it, from Nero’s con-

flagration downward. In fact, I wish the very site had been obliterated before I ever saw it."

He found great solace, during the series of domestic troubles (continued illness in his family) that befell, in writing memoranda for *The Marble Faun*. He thus announces the beginning of the new romance :—

I take some credit to myself for having sternly shut myself up for an hour or two almost every day, and come to close grips with a romance which I have been trying to tear out of my mind. As for my success, I can't say much ; indeed, I don't know what to say at all. I only know that I have produced what seems to be a larger amount of scribble than either of my former romances, and that portions of it interested me a good deal while I was writing them ; but I have had so many interruptions, from things to see and things to suffer, that the story has developed itself in a very imperfect way, and will have to be revised hereafter. I could finish it for the press in the time that I am to remain here (till the 15th of April), but my brain is tired of it just now ; and, besides, there are many objects that I shall regret not seeing, hereafter, though I care very little about seeing them now ; so I shall throw aside the romance, and take it up again next August at "The Wayside."

He decided to return to England early in the summer, and to sail for home in July. He writes from Rome :—

I shall go home, I fear, with a heavy heart, not expecting to be very well contented there. . . . If I were but a hundred times richer than I am, how very comfortable I could be ! I consider it a great piece of good fortune that I have had experience of the discomforts and miseries of Italy, and did not go directly home from England. Anything will seem like Paradise after a Roman winter.

If I had but a house fit to live in, I should be greatly more reconciled to coming home ; but I am really at a loss to imagine how we are to squeeze ourselves into that little old cottage of mine. We had outgrown it before we came away, and most of us are twice as big now as we were then.

I have an attachment to the place, and should be sorry to give it up ; but I shall half ruin myself if I try to enlarge the house, and quite if I build another. So what is to be done ? Pray have some plan for me before I get back ; not that I think you can possibly hit on anything that will suit me . . . I shall return by way of Venice and Geneva, spend two or three weeks or more in Paris, and sail for home, as I said, in July. It would be an exceeding delight to me to meet you at T— in England, or anywhere else. At any rate, it will cheer my heart to see you all and the old Corner itself, when I touch my dear native soil again.

I went abroad again, in 1859, and found Hawthorne back in England, working away diligently at *The Marble Faun*. While travelling on the Continent, during the autumn, I had constant letters from him, giving account of his progress with the new romance. He says :—

I get along more slowly than I expected. . . . If I mistake not, it will have some good chapters.

Writing on the 10th of October he says :—

The romance is almost finished, a great heap of manuscript being already accumulated, and only a few concluding chapters remaining behind. If hard pushed, I could have it ready for the press in a fortnight ; but unless the [London] publishers are in a hurry, I shall be somewhat longer about it. I have found far more work to do upon it than I anticipated. To confess the truth, I admire it exceedingly at intervals, but am liable to cold fits, during which I think it the most infernal nonsense. You ask for the title. I have not yet fixed upon one, but here are some that have

occurred to me ; neither of them exactly meets my idea : *Monte Beni* ; or, *the Faun. A Romance. The Romance of a Faun. The Faun of Monte Beni. Monte Beni ; a Romance. Miriam : a Romance. Hilda : a Romance. Donatello : a Romance. The Faun : a Romance. Marble and Man : a Romance.* When you have read the work (which I especially wish you to do, before it goes to press), you will be able to select one of them, or imagine something better. There is an objection in my mind to an Italian name, though perhaps *Monte Beni* might do. Neither do I wish, if I can help it, to make the fantastic aspect of the book too prominent by putting the Faun in the title-page.*

Hawthorne worked so intensely at his new story, that he was quite worn out before he finished it. To recruit his strength, he went to Redcar, where the bracing air of the German Ocean soon counteracted the ill effect of over-work. *The Marble Faun* was in a London printing-office in November, and he seemed very glad to have it off his hands. His letters to me at this time (I was still on the Continent) were very jubilant. He was living in Leamington, and was constantly writing to me that I should find the next two months more comfortable in England than anywhere else. On the 17th he writes :—

The Italian spring commences in February, which is certainly an advantage, especially as from February to May is the most disagreeable portion of the English year. But it is always summer by a bright coal fire. We find nothing to complain of in the climate of Leamington. To be sure, we cannot always see our hands before us for fog ; but I like fog, and do not care about seeing my hand before me. We have thought of staying here till after Christmas and then going somewhere else,—perhaps to Bath, perhaps to Devonshire. But all this is uncertain. Leamington is not so desirable a residence in winter as in summer ; its great charm consisting in the many delightful walks and drives and in its neighbourhood to interesting places. I have quite finished the book (some time ago) and have sent it to Smith and Elder, who tell me it is in the printer's hands, but I have received no proof-sheets. . . . For my part, I think it much my best romance ; but I can see some points where it is open to assault. If it could have appeared first in America, it would have been a safe thing. . . .

I mean to spend the rest of my abode in England in blessed idleness : and as for my journal, in the first place, I have not got it here ; secondly, there is nothing in it that will do to publish.

On February 11th, 1860, he writes from Leamington, in England (I was then in Italy) :—

I received your letter from Florence, and conclude that you are now in Rome, and probably enjoying the Carnival,—a tame description of which, by-the-by, I have introduced into my Romance.

I thank you most heartily for your kind wishes in favour of the forthcoming work, and sincerely join my own prayers to yours in its behalf, but without much confidence of a good result. My own opinion is, that I am not really a popular writer, and that what popularity I have gained is chiefly accidental, and owing to other causes than my own kind or degree of merit. Possibly I may (or may not) deserve something better than popularity ; but looking at all my productions, and especially this latter one, with a cold or critical eye, I can see that they do not make their appeal to the popular mind. It is odd enough, moreover, that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I were

* It was first published in London, February 27, 1860, under the title of *Transformation ; or, the Romance of Monte Beni.*

to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them. . . .

To return to my own moonshiny Romance : its fate will soon be settled, for Smith and Elder mean to publish on the 28th of this month. Poor Ticknor will have a tight scratch to get his edition out contemporaneously ; they having sent him the third volume only a week ago. I think, however, there will be no danger of piracy in America. Perhaps nobody will think it worth stealing. Give my best regards to William Story, and look well at his Cleopatra, for you will meet her again in one of the chapters which I wrote with most pleasure. If he does not find himself famous henceforth, the fault will be none of mine. I, at least, have done my duty by him, whatever delinquency there may be on the part of other critics.

In one of his letters written at this period, referring to his design of going home, he says :—" I shall not have been absent seven years till the 5th of July next, and I scorn to touch Yankee soil sooner than that. . . . As regards going home, I alternate between a longing and a dread."

Returning to London from the Continent, in April, I found this letter, written from Bath, awaiting my arrival :—

You are welcome back. I really began to fear that you had been assassinated among the Apennines, or killed in that outbreak at Rome. I have taken passages for all of us in the steamer which sails the 16th of June. Your berths are Nos. 19 and 20. I engaged them with the understanding that you might go earlier or later, if you choose ; but I would advise you to go on the 16th : in the first place, because the state-rooms for our party are the most eligible in the ship ; secondly, because we shall otherwise mutually lose the pleasure of each other's company. Besides, I consider it my duty towards Ticknor, and towards Boston, and America at large, to take you into custody and bring you home ; for I know you will never come except upon compulsion. Let me know at once whether I am to use force.

The book (*The Marble Faun*) has done better than I thought it would ; for you will have discovered, by this time, that it is an audacious attempt to impose a tissue of absurdities upon the public by the mere art of style and narrative. I hardly hoped that it would go down with John Bull ; but then it is always my best point of writing to undertake such a task, and I really put what strength I have into many parts of this book.

The English critics generally (with two or three unimportant exceptions) have been sufficiently favourable, and the review in *The Times* awarded the highest praise of all. At home, too, the notices have been very kind, so far as they have come under my eye. Lowell had a good one in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Hillard an excellent one in the *Courier* ; and yesterday I received a sheet of the May number of the *Atlantic*, containing a really keen and profound article by Whipple, in which he goes over all my works, and recognizes that element of unpopularity which (as nobody knows better than myself) pervades them all. I agree with almost all he says, except that I am conscious of not deserving nearly so much praise. When I get home, I will try to write a more genial book ; but the devil himself always seems to get into my inkstand, and I can only exorcise him by pensful at a time.

I am coming to London very soon, and mean to spend a fortnight of next month there. I have been quite homesick through this past dreary winter. Did you ever spend a winter in England ? If not, reserve your ultimate conclusion about the country until you have done so.

We met in London early in May, and, as our lodgings were not far apart, we were frequently together. I recall many pleasant dinners with him and mutual friends in various charming sea-side and country-side

places. We used to take a run down to Greenwich or Blackwall once or twice a week, and a trip to Richmond was always grateful to him. In London we strolled along the Strand, day after day, now diving into Bolt Court, in pursuit of Johnson's whereabouts, and now stumbling around the Temple, where Goldsmith at one time had his quarters. Hawthorne was never weary of standing on London Bridge, and watching the steamers plying up and down the Thames. I was very much amused by his manner towards importunate and sometimes impudent beggars, scores of whom would attack us even in the shortest walk. He had a mild way of making a severe and cutting remark, which used to remind me of a little incident which Charlotte Cushman once related to me. She said a man in the gallery of a theatre (I think she was on the stage at the time) made such a disturbance, that the play could not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over!" arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle female voice was heard in the pit, exclaiming, "No! I pray you, don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but—*kill him where he is!*"

I met him one night at a great evening-party, looking on from a nook a little removed from the full glare of the *soirée*. Soon, however, it was whispered about that the famous American romance-writer was in the room, and an enthusiastic English lady, a genuine admirer and intelligent reader of his books, ran for her album, and attacked him for "a few words and his name at the end." He looked dismally perplexed, and turning to me, said imploringly in a whisper, "For pity's sake, what shall I write? I can't think of a word to add to my name. Help me to something." Thinking him partly in fun, I said, "Write an original couplet, this one for instance,—

'When this you see,
Remember me.'

And to my amazement he stepped forward at once to the table, wrote the foolish lines I had suggested, and shutting the book, handed it very contentedly to the happy lady.

We sailed from England together in the month of June, as we had previously arranged. We had calm, summer, moonlight weather, with no storms. When we arrived at Queenstown, the captain announced to us that, as the ship would wait there six hours, we might go ashore and see something of our Irish friends. So we chartered several jaunting-cars, after much tribulation and delay in arranging terms with the drivers thereof, and started off on a merry exploring expedition. I remember there was a good deal of racing up and down the hills of Queenstown, much shouting and laughing, and crowds of beggars howling after us for pence and beer. The Irish jaunting-car is a peculiar institution, and we all sat with our legs dangling over the road in a "dim and perilous way." Occasionally, a horse would "give out," for the animals were all sad specimens, sparsely fed and woefully driven. We were almost devoured by the ragamuffins that ran beside our wheels, and I remember

the "sad civility" with which Hawthorne regarded their clamours. We had provided ourselves before starting with a stock of small coins, which, however, was exhausted during our first mile. Hawthorne attempted to explain our inability further to supply their demands, having, as he said to them, nothing less than a sovereign in his pocket; when a voice from the crowd shouted, "Bedad, your honour, I can change that for ye;" and the knave actually did it on the spot.

Hawthorne's love for the sea amounted to a passion; and while I, a very bad sailor, was longing, spite of the good company on board, to reach land as soon as possible, Hawthorne was constantly saying, in his quiet, earnest way, "I should like to sail on and on for ever, and never touch the shore again." He liked to stand alone in the bows of the ship and see the sun go down, and he was never tired of walking the deck at midnight. I used to watch his dark, solitary figure under the stars, pacing up and down some unfrequented part of the vessel, musing and half melancholy. Sometimes he would lie down beside me and commiserate my unquiet condition. Sea-sickness, he declared, he could not understand, and was constantly recommending most extraordinary dishes and drinks, "all made out of the *artist's* brain," which he said were sovereign remedies for nautical illness. I remember to this day some of the preparations which, in his revelry of fancy, he would advise me to take. He thought at first, if I could bear a few roc's eggs beaten up by a mermaid on a dolphin's back, I might be benefited. He decided that gruel made from a sheaf of Robin Hood's arrows would be strengthening. A glass, now and then, of right good "willie-waught," or a stiff cup of hemlock of the Socrates brand, before retiring, he considered very good. He said he had heard recommended a dose of salts distilled from the tears of Niobe, but he didn't approve of that remedy. He observed that he had a high opinion of hearty food, such as potted owl, with Minerva sauce, airy tongues of sirens, stewed ibis, livers of Roman Capitol geese, the wings of a Phoenix, not too much done, love-lorn nightingales cooked briskly over Aladdin's lamp, chicken-pies made of fowls raised by Mrs. Carey, Nautilus chowder, and the like. Fruit, by all means, should always be taken by an uneasy victim at sea, especially Atalanta pippins and purple grapes raised by Bacchus and Co. Examining my garments one day as I lay on deck, he thought I was not warmly enough clad, and he recommended, before I took another voyage, that I should fit myself out in Liverpool with a good warm shirt from a shop kept by Nessus in Bold Street, where I could also find stout seven-league boots to keep out the damp. He knew another shop, he said, where I could buy raven-down stockings, and sable clouds with a silver lining, most warm and comfortable for a sea voyage.

His own appetite at sea was excellent, and day after day he used to come on deck after dinner and describe to me what he had eaten. Of course his accounts were always exaggerations for my amusement. I remember one night he gave me a running catalogue of what food he had

consumed during the day, and the sum total was convulsing from its absurdity. Among the viands, I remember he stated there were "several yards of steak," and a "whole warrenful of Welsh rabbits." The "divine spirit of humour" was upon him during many of those days at sea, and he revelled in it like a careless child.

The summer after his arrival home he spent quietly in Concord, at "The Wayside," and illness in his family made him at times very sad. In one of his notes he says :—

I am continually reminded nowadays of a response which I once heard a drunken sailor make to a pious gentleman, who asked him how he felt : "Pretty d——d miserable, thank God !" It very well expresses my thorough discomfort at forced acquiescence.

Occasionally he requested me to make a change, here and there, in the new edition of his works then passing through the press. On the 23rd of September, 1860, he writes :—

Please to append the following note to the foot of the page, at the commencement of the story called "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," in the *Twice-Told Tales* : "In an English review, not long since, I have been accused of plagiarising the idea of this story from a chapter in one of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. There has undoubtedly been a plagiarism, on one side or the other ; but as my story was written a good deal more than twenty years ago, and as the novel is of considerably more recent date, I take pleasure in thinking that M. Dumas has done me the honour to appropriate one of the fanciful conceptions of my earlier days. He is heartily welcome to it ; nor is it the only instance, by many, in which the great French romancer has exercised the privilege of commanding genius by confiscating the intellectual property of less famous people to his own use and behoof."

Hawthorne was a diligent reader of the Bible, and when sometimes I would venture to question his use of a word, he would almost always refer me to the Bible as his authority. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk about the Book of Job, and his voice would be tremulous with feeling, as he sometimes quoted a touching passage from the New Testament. In one of his letters he says to me :—

Did not I suggest to you, last summer, the publication of the Bible in ten or twelve 12mo volumes ? I think it would have great success, and, at least (but, as a publisher, I suppose this is the very smallest of your cares), it would result in the salvation of a great many souls, who will never find their way to heaven, if left to learn it from the inconvenient editions of the Scriptures now in use. It is very singular that this form of publishing the Bible in a single bulky or closely printed volume should be so long continued. It was first adopted, I suppose, as being the universal mode of publication at the time when the Bible was translated. Shakespeare, and the other old dramatists and poets, were first published in the same form ; but all of them have long since been broken into dozens and scores of portable and readable volumes ; and why not the Bible ?

During this period, after his return from Europe, I saw him frequently at "The Wayside," in Concord. He now seemed very happy in the dwelling he had put in order for the calm and comfort of his middle and later life. He had added a tower to his house, in which he could be safe from intrusion, and could muse and write. Never was poet or romancer more fitly shrined. Drummond at Hawthornden, Scott at Abbotsford, Dickens

at Gad's Hill, Irving at Sunnyside, were not more appropriately sheltered. Shut up in his tower, he could escape from all the tumult of life, and be alone with only the birds and the bees in concert outside his casement. The view from this apartment, on every side, was lovely, and Hawthorne greatly enjoyed the charming prospect.

His favourite walk lay near his house—indeed it was part of his own grounds—a little hill-side, where he had worn a footpath, and where he might be found in good weather, when not employed in the tower. While walking to and fro on this bit of rising ground, he meditated and composed innumerable romances that were never written, as well as some that were. Here he first announced to me his plan of *The Dolliver Romance*, and, from what he told me of his design of the story, I always thought it would have been the greatest of all his books. The plot was a grand one, and I tried to tell him how much I was impressed by it. Very soon after our interview he wrote to me:—

In compliance with your exhortations, I have begun to think seriously of that story, not, as yet, with a pen in my hand, but trudging to and fro on my hill-top. . . . I don't mean to let you see the first chapters till I have written the final sentence of the story. Indeed the first chapters of a story ought always to be the last written. . . . If you want me to write a good book send me a good pen, not a gold one, for they seldom suit me, but a pen flexible and capacious of ink, and that will not grow stiff and rheumatic the moment I get attached to it. I never met with a good pen in my life.

Time went on, the war broke out, and he had not the heart to go on with his new romance. During the month of April, 1862, he made a visit to Washington with his friend Ticknor, to whom he was greatly attached. While on this visit to the capital, he sat to Leutze for a portrait. He took a great fancy to the artist, and, while he was sitting to him, wrote a long letter to me. I will read an extract from it:—

I stay here only while Leutze finishes a portrait, which I think will be the best ever painted of the same unworthy subject. One charm it must needs have—an aspect of immortal jollity and well-to-doness; for Leutze, when the sitting begins, gives me a first-rate cigar, and when he sees me getting tired, he brings out a bottle of splendid champagne; and we quaffed and smoked yesterday, in a blessed state of mutual good-will, for three hours and a half, during which the picture made a really miraculous progress. Leutze is the best of fellows.

In the same letter he thus describes the sinking of the *Cumberland*:—

I see in a newspaper that Holmes is going to write a song on the sinking of the *Cumberland*; and feeling it to be a subject of national importance, it occurs to me that he might like to know her present condition. She lies with her three masts sticking up out of the water, and careened over, the water being nearly on a level with her maintop,—I mean that first landing-place from the deck of the vessel, after climbing the shrouds. The rigging does not appear at all damaged. There is a tattered bit of a pennant, about a foot and a half long, fluttering from the tip-top of one of the masts; but the flag, the ensign of the ship (which never was struck, thank God), is under water, so as to be quite invisible, being attached to the gaff. I think they call it, of the mizen-mast; and though this bald description makes nothing of it, I never saw anything so gloriously forlorn as those three masts. I did not think it was in me to be so moved by any spectacle of the kind. Bodies still occasionally float up from it. The Secretary of the Navy says she shall lie there till she goes to pieces,

but I suppose by-and-by they will sell her to some Yankee for the value of her old iron.

P.S.—My hair really is not so white as this photograph, which I enclose, makes me. The sun seems to take an infernal pleasure in making me venerable,—as if I were as old as himself.

After his return home from Washington, Hawthorne sent to me, during the Month of May, an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, which he entitled "Chiefly about War Matters." The paper, excellently well done throughout, of course, contained a personal description of President Lincoln, which I thought, considered as a portrait of a living man, and drawn by Hawthorne, it would not be wise to print. After reading the manuscript, I wrote to the author, and asked his permission to omit his description of the President's personal appearance. As usual—for he was the most good-natured of contributors—he consented to my proposal, but he always thought I was wrong in my decision. He said the whole description of the interview, and the President's personal appearance, were, to his mind, the only parts of the article worth publishing. "What a terrible thing," he complained, "it is to try to let off a little bit of truth into this miserable humbug of a world." President Lincoln is dead, and, as Hawthorne once wrote to me, "Upon my honour, it seems to me the passage omitted has an historical value," I need not now hesitate to print *verbatim* what I advised my friend, both on his own account and the President's, nine years ago to suppress. Hawthorne and his party had gone into the President's room, annexed, as he says, as supernumeraries to a deputation from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip to the chief magistrate:—

By-and-by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passage-way, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanour, whom (as being about the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe.

Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Virginian by birth, President Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked-for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state,—where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table, and tell the Cabinet Ministers a story. There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with grey, stiff, somewhat bushy, and

had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning, after the disarrangement of the pillow ; and as to a nightcap, Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House ; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow : his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

The whole physiognomy is as coarse a one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States ; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened, by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense ; no bookish cultivation, no refinement ; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly,—at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I liked this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it ; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

Immediately on his entrance, the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face, made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction, but shaking and squeezing everybody's hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the individual's name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwardest of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking for a story. A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in the Massachusetts State Prison, I believe), and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices ; and along its whole length there was a succession of golden bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness, and not-to-be-caughtness, stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wriggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character ; although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth,—and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses,—I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was, that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment ; and, this great affair over, we retired out of the presence in high good-humour, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable : though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the *Atlantic*.

So runs the passage which caused some good-natured discussion nine years ago. In advising its suppression I did what seemed best in 1862.

In Quest of Diamonds.

SINCE June, 1870, an endless stream of waggons, carts, and horse-traps has been flowing from the port of Durban, in the colony of Natal, to the diamond-fields, on the Vaal River, five hundred miles distant to the westward. These vehicles belong to parties of two or three or four, banded together in an industrial co-partnership for a period of several months. Men of all ranks and occupations have been smitten by the mania. Men whose fingers never handled any tool less delicate than a pen have gone cheerfully to work with picks and shovels in quest of the precious gems. Here is a group of four youths, who have left their office-stools and combined their savings, in order to purchase this handsome waggon and oxen, and to fit it out with supplies for a twelvemonth's "dig." If they find nothing they will not starve, and on returning will betake themselves to their old employment; they will have had a year's adventurous life in the desert,—a year's hardening experience of manual labour. Here is a different party—an elderly man of magisterial presence; a younger man, of languid aspect and military air; a younger and a gayer still. The one has left his bench, the other his club: on diamond-searching bent. Their elements are less congruous than the other, and before the diamond-fields are reached a disruption will have taken place. Now we come to a huge travelling structure, a Noah's ark on wheels, dragged by twenty oxen, yoked two and two, and containing a party of eighteen men of a poorer order, who are unable to provide themselves with independent means of locomotion. Big as this travelling edifice is, it will reach its destination safely. A more original turn-out follows, in the shape of a Scotch cart drawn by eight donkeys, pulling cheerfully and well. An English boy of sixteen is in charge of this party, going, for the first time in his young life, out into the world on his own account. Such are but some of the types of travelling equipage one meets on the road to the diamond-fields.

We get our last look of Durban from the top of the Berea, a continuation of the bushy range that skirts the shore. Nineteen years ago, this bush was the resort alone of bucks and leopards, with occasionally an elephant or a lion of vagrant propensities. Houses, cottages, and gardens clothe the hill now, and even monkeys are retiring before the white man's advances. The deep sand of the road has been hardened, and a toll-bar—true sign of civilization—erected.

By eight o'clock the sun is high, and the oxen look tired. They are let loose, and quietly wander off to graze, at their will, in the pastures

that as yet are common to all. The fire is lighted, and the kettle placed thereon. From the waggon-chest in front canisters of coffee and sugar, bread, and other eatables are forthcoming. When the water boils coffee is thrown in by handfuls, a burning brand is stirred about in the kettle, and the beverage is complete. The Kafir drivers consume vast portions of stirabout made of maize-meal and water—porridge, in other words—the staple of their daily food, and nutritious in an eminent degree. We, too, take our share of that aliment, adding thereto sugar, and milk when we can get it. What bread is to the Englishman, potatoes to the Irishman, macaroni to the Italian, rice to the Hindoo, such is maize-meal to the Zulu Kafir and to the Anglo-African.

Deliciously blue seems the sky, as, lying on our backs under a spreading fig-tree, we see it through the rustling leaves: the eager chatter of the Kafirs round their pot, and the barking of dogs at a homestead near, are the only audible sounds. After a two hours' rest the oxen are brought up again, lazily enough—each has a name, and knows it: they are ranged in order, as they stand in the team; thongs are thrown round their wide-branching horns; by two and two they are brought out and yoked together, until the long line is complete. Then the big whip is taken down from the side of the waggon; the sjambok or short lash of sea-cowhide is seized, the word "yek" (I give it phonetically) is screeched out, crack goes the whip, thud goes the sjambok, and with a sleepy groan the slow vehicle moves away. Our first "outspan," as these stoppages or stages are called, is over.

After a few miles the aspect of the country changes. Its pleasant park-like character—so varied by tree and shrub, so broken by glade and gorge, by white sandstone precipices, in whose chinks and crannies bushes find footing, and by musical streams flowing deep-hidden amidst leaf-thrown shadows—ceases. We round "Cowie's Hill," from which the eye wanders delightedly over a rare panoramic expanse of land and sea, and pass through a more open basin, where Pinetown lies. A sprinkling of houses forms this township. In that little church many a fierce battle has been fought between the adherents of our redoubtable bishop and his opponents. The building was once stormed, and the communion-plate removed bodily. On another occasion a personal encounter took place, and a churchwarden lost a part of his beard. Where that large house now stands once stood a fastness, Fort Funk, put up hastily by the surrounding settlers on a sudden alarm, such as that I have already narrated. Happily for the residents the only battles that have been waged here have been the bloodless ones of controversy, and even now the embers of the strife are by no means extinct.

Beyond Pinetown rises another long flat hill—the top of a plateau in fact.

South African weather is very capricious, and the range of its action very partial. On getting to the summit-level, we seemed to have reached another latitude. The roads are so soft and muddy as to be almost im-

passable. Soaking rains drive bitterly across these table-lands, and as the bush has vanished from the scene there is no shelter from the elements. Now begins the other side of waggon-travelling. Without the waggon all is wet and muddy—within all is close and dirty. The oxen labour wearily through the deep, heavy clay of the roads. At last we reach another waggon in great distress. The wheels on one side have sunk above the naves into a rut of exceptional depth, and that melancholy but common experience, a "stickfast," has occurred. It is an open, untented transport-waggon, heavily laden with iron and beer. The big, ponderous casks have all been unloaded, and our aid is enlisted to help our neighbour out of his trouble. Making up our minds to halt for the night, we "outspan," and join our oxen to those of the other waggon. By dint of lashing and shrieking, the thirty-six beasts are at last prevailed on to drag the stranded vehicle out of its resting-place on to harder ground. The oxen are then set adrift, and we employ the afternoon in helping to load up again the released waggon. This operation will be repeated very many times ere we reach the diamond-fields. Waggon-travellers even more than mariners are dependent upon such mutual offices of friendly service. Your neighbour's case may be your own to-morrow, as it was ours on many a weary occasion before the goal was reached.

The next morning breaks brightly. Lingerer later than usual, so as to let the sun do its work upon the roads, we creep on again. Waggon piled high with wool and skins troop past us. These are the produce of the far plains to which we are going. Of late years the skins of the quaggas, gnus, wildebeestes and antelopes which course in countless thousands over the deserts of the interior, have been found to bear a marketable value, and year by year sees larger and larger quantities mown down by hunters who make a trade of the sport. If this pursuit goes on at its present rate of increase, the traditional game-swarms of South Africa will gradually be swept away.

Scarcely a house is now passed for miles. The remains of a stable are visible, where, in the old days, when travelling this road on horseback, I once found a night's shelter, sharing a bundle of hay with a small family of pups. On through sticky roads, over wide grassy plains, until another range of hills is met. From the top of these, grand landscapes are stretched out. The road, mostly scarped out of the hillside, follows a ridge, on one side of which sinks a region of chaotic grandeur, the vast Inanda basin, walled in by great precipices, and filled with hills tossed and torn by the action of water in remote ages into every imaginable form. Each of the innumerable glades that streak the slopes is a botanical study. Hard work it is to get into them; when there you are amply repaid. In some, tremendous masses of primary rock torn from the hills above are tumbled together. Trees and shrubs spring out of their interstices, and under them, in the damp gloom, are natural ferneries. More picturesque yet, are enormous boulders and spires of rock crowning the top of a lofty hill, and bearing on their pinnacles, balanced with wonderful exactitude,

other, but loose masses of granite. From below, they look as if they were stones pitched up there by some playful Titan, but they are in point of fact protrusions from which the surrounding formation has been washed away. Some are ninety feet high and more. The fragments superimposed, which from a distance look ready to tumble at a touch, may be handled by twenty stalwart men without shifting an inch. Once, when stopping for health's sake at the comfortable "half-way inn" that nestles among these hills, I heard, one Easter Sunday, the service of the Church read from one of these singular rocks. All round spread the majestic outlines of this rugged scenery; mountains sixty miles distant might be seen piercing the horizon; not a trace of man's presence was apparent to the eye, but the solemnity of this "temple not made with hands" surpassed aught that man's genius has created.

There are eight miles of this kind of country to be traversed ere we reach again the open savannahs, heaving around like an ocean of waving grass, and only disclosing at distant intervals a solitary farmstead. The broken region we have passed is a Kafir location, sacred to native dwellers: for in this land of fair dealing between race and race, large tracts of country are alienated by law for the sole use and benefit of the coloured inhabitants. These wild places are the Kafir's paradise. He plants his kraal on the ridge of a secondary spur, and lets his wives cultivate the slopes. His cattle, well-beloved, find pasture enough in the open spaces, and in the thick jungle of the valleys the bucks he loves to hunt find cover. Nature has walled him in with precipices; what more does he want? What greater measure of absolute happiness, one is often driven to ask, can civilization secure to these so-called barbarians?

After three days' steady travelling, a loftier and darker range of hills rise before us. A table-topped mountain, inaccessible, save at one narrow point, seems to keep us company. It is refreshing to come again upon woodland vegetation in the shape of mimosa-bushes, that thickly and sweetly scent a valley near Maritzburg. It is also pleasant to pass more frequently snug little homesteads, surrounded by fields of oats and Indian corn, and with red-tiled cottages, all telling of conditions different from the coast. Here we pause for the night by a fragrant mimosa-bush,—the typical tree of South Africa.

In the early morning the little city of Maritzburg, capital of this young colony, wears a charming aspect. It lies along a slight saddle-shaped elevation at the bottom of a wide basin, shut in to the west by high hills. Its red roofs gleam comfortably forth from the trees that encircle them; a river winds round two sides of it, and encloses a large and picturesque park. Weeping willows bend over this stream, and are reflected in its waters. Groves of tall gum-trees now begin to clothe the once naked hills. Long straight streets, crossed at right angles by others, are fringed by streams of running water—sluits—a mode of water-supply peculiar to the old Dutch settlers, whose choice of a site for a township was usually governed by its facilities for leading out the water. Garrison town and seat

of government though it be, Maritzburg wears a dull and sleepy air which does not help to keep strangers. Let us pass its stately hall of justice therefore, traverse one of its lengthy streets, where every house seems a shop, glance at the cathedral where Bishop Colenso preaches weekly to crowded congregations, peep into the gardens of Government House, pity the political troubles of its viceregal occupant, and once more move forward.

Easier said than done is this last operation. Down comes the rain again, and we are days getting to the top of Zwaart Kop Valley, to where the mountain of that name (Black Head) lifts its swarthy crest. Here we are high above the region behind. Another step upward has been surmounted, and another and a vast plateau stretches in front. When the sky clears, what a glorious picture is outspread. To the west, eighty and a hundred miles off, rise into the crystalline air the peaks of the Drakenberg. Between us and them there are blue hills and hazy distances infinitely suggestive. Turning round, Maritzburg rests peacefully like a piece of mosaic in its hollow, and beyond, one can catch the loom of the sea behind the hills that skirt the shore. On all sides the country seems to sweep away in massive undulations to an incredible distance. The greater part of a country as large as Scotland, or at any rate its leading landmarks, lie within the range of the eye.

Up here the air is keener and purer, and, though the roads are wretchedly bad, though "stickfasts" are incessant, and delays of daily occurrence, one does not grumble much, so exhilarating is the climate. It is true that thoughts of diamonds which might have been ours obtrude occasionally upon the mind, and bear fruit in a more vigorous impulsion of the oxen: the sport is soon over. The African ox-waggon will not be hurried; it has its own pace, and it is useless to strive unduly to quicken it. Twelve miles on we arrive at Howick. Here the road crosses a deep and rapid stream. In the centre stands a stone buttress, monument of a washed-away bridge. Woe to the man or beast who lose their footing in flood-time here. Within a hundred yards of the ford the river plunges over a precipice 800 feet high, and forms the finest waterfall in this part of Africa. Whether viewed from above or below, this cascade is alike beautiful. It leaps at one unbroken bound into a narrow basin, shut in by giddy precipices, between whose frowning flanks the river winds away noisily coastward. Under the light of the full moon the falls have a fascinating grandeur. They shine like a white swathe against the dark background of rock, and the basin below is full of a silvery mist. Were it not for the roar, the water would seem motionless. Far down the gorge the river twists, like a gleaming ribbon, amidst the shadows of the cliffs. Several human lives have been swept over the gulf, and many have had escapes such as make one shudder. Just in the centre of the stream, where it plunges forward, is a small islet of grass. A few years ago a horseman was carried down, and clung to this tuft of tangle until succour came from shore. The tenacity of his life-grip amidst the roar and rush of the torrent may well be imagined. Bodies washed over

are sometimes never found again—the pool below is so deep that no plummet has ever reached the bottom. As the locality is high and healthful, the friendly taverns established here are a favourite resort for city people, and especially for bridal couples.

Beyond Howick, the ground rises until you are 5,000 feet above the sea-level.

The road is so thronged that incidents are constantly occurring, which render the tedium of the life less oppressive than usual. A waggon has capsized over the side of a cutting; but, strange to say, the only things smashed are three eggs out of a dozen. Repairs are soon effected, and the vehicle is ready to start again none the worse for its mishap. Transport-riders are their own mechanics. It is astonishing what difficult breakages can be mended by means of cowhide lashings and practical skill. Little by little we push on. Glimpses of the magnificent Karkloof scenery enchant one. This is a district of high, craggy, but beautifully-wooded hills, amidst which is another waterfall, less in size than that behind, but more picturesque in its environments. Up and up we go, still keeping among the cloud-like mists. Currie's and Whipp's comfortable hostleries are passed. Life at these roadside inns takes one back to early English days, before railway hotels had substituted luxury for comfort. The weary traveller rides to them gaily, as his steed pricks up and quickens his pace when once in view of the resting-place. Kafir ostlers, all but naked, emerge from the stable, and take possession of the nag, rubbing him down as affectionately as any English groom might do. You enter the main building sheltered by a broad verandah, and in a quarter of an hour are consuming eggs and bacon, fresh butter, or bottled beer and roast-fowl, as the case may be. As a rule, you find these places clean and neat, though not pretentious. Here and there are exceptions, whose ill-repute is soon bruited abroad, to its own avoidance whenever possible.

Crossing a handsome stone bridge, we are on the other side of the Mooi, or Pretty, river. This stream is famous for its beautiful pebbles, and some time or other diamonds will, it is probable, be found in its bed. The weather has recovered itself, and as we still climb upward the Drakenberg range of mountains displays its full grandeur for the first time. This chain is to East Africa what the Andes are to South America. They follow the coast at a deviating distance of from 100 to 200 miles. Here they give to the eastward an impenetrable wall of rock, capped with basalt, and presenting a broken comb-like crest. Two magnificent peaks, known as the Giant's Castle and Champagne Castle respectively, tower above the rest to a height of 10,000 feet. There are rifts in this gigantic wall, but no accessible passes. The scenery of these mountains is enchanting; they show you the aspects of the Alps seen under a sub-tropical sun. In winter, snow lies continuously upon their bluish brows; in summer, storm-clouds wreath incessantly around their summits. As the day advances the clouds descend, pall-wise, and the

deep valleys at their feet are shrouded in gloom. Rain and hail-storms burst over these precipices in sheets of foam and torrents of ice ; lightning dances and thunder roars terrifically amongst the cliffs and chasms of the mountain-range. After a storm numberless cascades stream down the gullies and over the shelving rocks, and the gush of rosy sunlight which succeeds the darkness of the tempest transfigures and beautifies the scene.

Now we descend into the Tugela Valley, a large depression drained and watered by that stream and its tributaries. Here the weather is as hot as up yonder it was cool and bracing. Mimosa-bush begins to abound ; the scenery gets more park-like. Another bridge spans Bushman's River, and a magistracy dignifies the little hamlet of Estcourt. Here once a year an agricultural show is held, and the local volunteer force is paraded. The farmers meet at dinner, and deliver themselves of congratulatory speeches ; the ladies enjoy themselves in the ball-room. This is a land of cattle-farming and of corn-growing, but the distance from a port and a market causes industry to languish. Another day's journey brings us to the village of Colenso, where the Tugela has to be crossed in a punt. Sometimes this apparatus is out of order, and there is no alternative but to wait until the river goes down, or to take the waggon to pieces and float it over, carrying one's damageable goods across in a small boat. Happily for us, the punt is in working order, and we get across safely and—in an African sense—speedily. Having refreshed ourselves at the inn once patronized by royalty in the person of Prince Alfred, we again "inspan" and move on towards the mountains, which grow nearer and higher every mile. A hot wind now blows fire into our faces. These siroccos are the misery of our upland districts ; they rise in the early morning, when you get up discontented and wretched :—all the heat of the arid desert seems compressed into the burning blast. Your skin gets parched and crackling ; books curl up ; ink dries ; perfect repose under shade is the only possible way to mitigate the misery. They, fortunately, never last long ; towards sundown they give place to a cool breeze from the southward, and no becalmed mariner can welcome the wind more rapturously than do we greet this boisterous gale.

At Dodd's "Dewdrop Inn" we are right under the Drakenberg. Here, five years ago, one morning the inmates were startled by seeing the hills around black with armed horsemen. The Boers of the Free State were at war with the Basutos, and it was feared that the latter had extended their ravages to Natal. They were, as it appeared afterwards, in pursuit of cattle driven by the farmers into Natal for security, and had already massacred, on the top of the mountain, an old Dutchman and some others. This daring raid panic-struck the colony for some weeks, and an expedition to the border was the result. The end of it was that the Basutos had to pay 1,500 head of cattle as a fine for their invasion of neutral territory.

The mountains at this point change their character. Their wall-like front has given place to gentler slopes, broken by eruptive hills. The

road goes easily enough up to the summit, and as the weather is fine the ascent is rather pleasant than otherwise. There is a delicious little dell on the way up, where grey old trees stretch their arms over a carpet of moss and ferns, and cherish amidst their roots a spring of the purest water. When fairly at the top, you look round, and Natal lies at your feet. A strangely formed land is this, a long succession of hills and valleys, with scarcely a plain throughout its whole extent, rolling away in massive undulations eastward. Wherever the eye turns in this direction, hills, and hills only, are to be seen.

A glorious air sweeps over the boundless plains that now stretch in front. The character of the country completely changes here. There is no appreciable descent on the western side. On and on, the wilderness, treeless and waveless, spreads illimitably towards the setting sun. Curious table-topped and jagged hills protrude abruptly from the plain. It is surmised that in some remote age these plains were the bottom of a great inland sea; that what are called the double mountains were uplifted by volcanic action, and caused the waters of this sea to flow eastward over the brink of the Drakenberg, thus bringing into play the action of water so abundantly manifest in the peculiar conformation of Natal. The theory at any rate is a plausible one.

Our cattle revel in the fresh grass. It is well they do so, as other experiences are in store. We are buffeted by squalls of wind, and made expectant by thunderstorms that hover over and linger amidst the distant Witlebergen, or White Mountains, a range which runs westward at an obtuse angle from the Drakenberg, and which we shall keep in view as far as Winburg. Now we are out of British territory, are on republican soil, sojourners for the time being in the Orange Free State. Dutch families, crowded into capacious waggons, where they feel more at home than under a roof, pass on more frequently. The men are large and stout, with heavy visages and baggy garments. The women are of like proportions, with pasty complexions, as far as one can tell, seeing that their heads are encased in deep-poking linen hoods. They all look surlily at us, or in tones by no means genial ask curious questions pertinent to our own personalities. Shortly we find ourselves with a number of other waggons fording the Wilge River, a narrow but troublesome stream. Then comes the Eland's River. This is up, so we shall have to help each other. A sidelong cutting, about twenty feet high, leads to the stream. About thirty waggons are ranged on both banks, and all must be floated over. The oxen are taken out, a strong rope is attached to the waggon, and all articles likely to be hurt by water are placed beyond its reach. The vehicle is hauled in at one side, and hauled out at a point much lower down on the other side. The current does the rest. Were it not for the excitement produced by numbers, the riskiness of the process, the chances of the waggon being carried down or sticking fast, this operation would be a tedious one. But the screams of the natives, the shouts and curses of the drivers, the splashing

of the oxen, and the applause which greets every successful passage, render the whole scene as exciting as it is characteristic and novel. There is a little island mid stream ; and when the top of this is visible, then the river may be crossed in the usual way.

Over these interminable prairies we drive on tediously. Sometimes when we draw up for the night, the resting-place of the night before may be seen behind, so flat is the dead level we are traversing. Far and few scattered farmhouses dot the wilds, dreary-looking habitations, with none of the trim tidiness that marks the Englishman's presence. No garden, no flower-plot, no weeded walks, meet the eye. A ragged orchard, if a few straggling peach-trees deserve the name, an enclosure for cattle, and a low shabby building with small windows and without verandah, compose the whole. In some cases there is less than this. "Hartebeeste houses" are a common form of structure in these parts, being nothing more than a roof of thatch raised wall-less from the ground. Within this cramped erection a whole family will burrow in dirt and discomfort for years.

As the midday sun is hot and the evenings are often stormy, we travel much by moonlight. Big and red the welcome orb rises from behind the jagged outline of the Drakenberg, still visible behind. There is a certain weird charm about these nightly stages. Such an utter stillness broods over these unpeopled plains, that the cries of the wolves and jackals as they yelp round the waggon only intensify the silence. You lie on your back looking out dreamily into the splendour of the night : for under these skies, in an atmosphere which for purity is perhaps unrivalled, the brilliancy of both orbs is scarcely imaginable by a European. When the stage is over, and the oxen are unloosed, and the fire is lit, settling there under the solemn stars, dwarfed and thinned by the larger light, a consciousness of solitude comes over you, and yet of kinship with the great heart of Nature, that you can scarcely feel elsewhere.

We shall not halt at Bethlehem—a small village among the hills, which now we leave—nor yet at Winburg, a town of more imposing conditions, with substantial white buildings and a large Dutch church, where periodically the sacrament is administered (or Nachتماال) to a host of devout worshippers, ingathered from outlying farms all round the compass. Most thorough-paced Protestants are the Dutch boers, who regard their own ministers with as much awe as they feel hatred for anything that wears the shape of Popery. If only the rectitude of their week-day actions were measured by the devoutness of their Sabbath services, what a virtuous people they would be ! Winburg is surrounded by iron-stone hills that attract the lightning to such an extent, that storms are as frequent as they are fatal in the summer. The boers have a dislike of anything like conductors, which, they say, are only meant to tempt Providence.

Here we are 210 miles from Hanesmith, or the frontier, and 400 miles from Durban, or the sea. More than another 100 miles have to be

traversed before we reach Pniel. And a weary distance it is; more disgusting in its dreariness than all the rest of the journey. We have now to cross what is called the Middle Veldt, about the most cheerless portion of the Free State. Hitherto we have had grass in fair abundance, and a sufficiency of water. Fuel is nowhere plentiful in the State, and dried cowdung is the common substitute. But now we leave civilization and pasture finally behind us. The mountains recede into the distance, and are lost to sight. Grass ceases to grow, and only a coarse scrubby kind of heather clothes here and there the arid soil. There is absolutely nothing to look at but ourselves and the bare circle of the wilderness. A few months later and enormous herds of game will bound over these wastes; thousands upon thousands of antelopes and zebras will disport themselves at will, and come almost within gun-shot—but never quite—of the waggon. But we are too early for this exciting scene; nor is this district the best in which to witness the assemblage of these herds. In truth it is a land to be avoided both by man and beast. There are patches of better “feed,” and these are always the signal for a stoppage. Once when our oxen were calmly grazing in one of these oases, a young boer farmer rode up and demanded an exorbitant charge for the use of his pasturage. We offered him a certain sum per head. He rejected this offer, and with insulting words said he would impound our oxen at the nearest township. High words ensued, and the final result was, that he got a sound thrashing for his impudence. He rode away, and presently returned with a District Justice, or Field Cornet, attended by a small posse, who offered to take us into custody. Taking no notice of this attempt at interference, but making ready our guns to show we meant resistance, we pursued our course, and the myrmidons of the law departed, vowing vengeance when we arrived at Bishoff, the next village. After several days of snail's-pace progress through this horrible desert we came to the township, but failed to meet the threatened reception. Boer valour seldom goes beyond words, and diamond-diggers are by no means to be trifled with.

At last, when we are a month out, and 516 miles away from Durban, a long low ridge rises in front. Waggon and carts are more plentifully seen sprinkled about; and there is an instinctive feeling that we are near our journey's end. The top of the ridge is gained, and Golconda lies before us.

A broad valley, with a gentle sweep, through which winds a river about a hundred yards wide. Willow-trees skirt its banks, and they are the only sign of vegetation visible. Little rounded hills, called “Kopjes,” also stand along the stream. Waggon, carts and vehicles of every kind; tents of all shapes; buildings, hastily put up, of plank, iron and brick. Ant-like figures swarming everywhere, especially near the water's edge,—boats plying on the river, and a like scene of activity on the other side. A great buzz and hum. Such are one's first impressions. Getting nearer, and traversing the centre of this busy scene, one is struck by the intentness

with which all do their work. Some are shovelling gravel and dirt out of their claims, some are driving this to the river-bank, where the cradles are at work ; some are engaged in washing, rocking, or sorting the dirt when it gets there. Day after day the process goes on. A few hours' work in the morning, a siesta at noon, more work towards evening. Some ardent searchers toil on even by torchlight. You hear a shout, the report of a gun, and follow a rush to a certain spot, where a lucky digger has made a find. Week by week he has laboured on for nought. His fingers have been scarified, and his nails worn down, to no purpose. Now, all at once, his eyes have fallen across the long-looked-for prize—this tiny bit of crystal, with its rare secretion of light. And off, with redoubled zest, the envious spectators rush to their work again.

Stenches already begin to abound, for no sanitary regulations are in force, and cattle die freely. Every want that man can have here is easily to be gratified at one or other of the innumerable stores, canteens, or inns, that dignify by their imposing titles the frail tenements they occupy. Here, at Pniel, we are in the heart of the digging district. Opposite is Klipdrift. Hebron, Gong-gong, Good Hope, Bad Hope, Sifonell, and other centres of work, lie along the river, on either side, for a distance of eighty miles. Every week brings with it a new rush. Within six months ten thousand people have found their way here. Already politics have asserted their sway, and more than one revolution has taken place. There are many claimants for the territory ; but all express a hope that British rule will be established here, and that the appointment of a British magistrate is an earnest of this change. Considering that this throng comprises men of every grade and stamp, the order that prevails is surprising ; but a stronger organization than yet exists will be needed to preserve health and order efficiently in the future.

Thus we have reached our destination, and the monotony of digging can scarcely be greater than that of travel by an ox-waggon. Thirty days' occupancy of that vehicle, however, has attached us all to it, and to-night we regard it affectionately. Hundreds of camp-fires blaze around ; lights flicker upon the river ; music and laughter are borne to us through the air ; oxen low, and Kafirs chant their songs. Over and upon all the thick stars shine peacefully. Here, in this remote African wilderness, where a year ago the jackal and the vulture stalked in the security of solitude, we may now sleep surrounded by thousands of our fellow-men.*

* This paper professes to be nothing more than a descriptive sketch of the journey to the South African diamond-fields. With diamond-digging as a pursuit it does not attempt to deal. It may, however, be as well to state that diamond-seeking is one of the most precarious of industries. Men may work for months, and find nothing. It has been estimated that of every 500 who are toiling on the Vaal River, 10 may make fortunes, 190 may cover their expenses, and the rest will return poorer than they went. The few prizes, however, are so great that the chance of finding them proves irresistibly attractive to a large mass of people. The adventurous and the gambling propensities of our nature are alike gratified, and even men who have come back unsuccessful talk of returning to try their luck again.

P r i g s.

I SHALL put the cart before the horse a little here, the illustration before the definition, because it was the trifling incidents I am about to mention which made me think it worth while to ask questions of myself, and to try to determine, with something like accuracy, what is meant by a "Prig." I was entering, no doubt, when I began that debate, into the intricacies of a no very ambitious philosophy; but I considered that most of us are accustomed to take too much for granted the propriety of certain terms as used to express the characters of certain persons or classes; that we are constantly careless and unfair in the use of designations; while, in some rare instances, we err on the side of too much leniency. And, on the whole, I was determined to work out the present subject, introducing it by the following little matters to which I have already referred.

Not very long ago I received a letter from a man whom I had known from his boyhood. But he had not written to me for years, though one or two interesting matters had occurred in that period, his marriage amongst the rest. I could not, on opening his letter, conceive to what piece of good fortune I owed it; though I saw at once that there was luck on his side also. Had they made him Lord Chancellor, or invented a bishopric especially for his benefit, or given him the command of the Channel Fleet? Not any of these things, and yet it was clear that they had done something of very considerable consequence, for his epistle began as follows:—"You will be surprised to see my handwriting, but the news which I have now to communicate will be a sufficient reason for my breaking through a silence which has existed so long. On the —th of this month, I was appointed," &c. &c. Well, the appointment was one of the most ordinary in the world: it only demanded an accomplishment which is perhaps about as difficult to acquire as that of keeping up three or four brass balls at once: an appointment which needed, indeed, some special cleverness, but no brains. Yet it tickled his vanity to advertise it amongst his acquaintances; it conferred a dignity, he wrongly thought, and therefore justified him in breaking the silence of years. And again. A certain man came to the house of a friend of mine, as a guest, not long ago. The house was small, and the servants few, but everything was done to make him comfortable. Of this last fact I think he was convinced, for he was good enough to criticize the effort with considerable frankness, turning his attention chiefly to the *menu*. "Good-by, So-and-so," he said encouragingly, at parting. "Your wife manages very well for you; plain, very plain" (the *management*, I sincerely hope). "It is all very good and wholesome, but would not suit a fine gentleman; however, I am not a fine gentleman."

And once again. I knew a clergyman very intimately, who did not exactly affect to feel, but who persuaded himself that he felt, a horror of anything approaching luxury, or even moderate comfort in the house of one who, like himself, held the office of parish priest. He wanted to pull down the marble chimney-piece which the good-natured patron had placed in the drawing-room, because it *was* marble. A piano he was perfectly shocked at: the Apostles never had pianos. The neighbouring rector had one, it was true, but then he was to be pitied; and, I am afraid, there was a good deal more of the same sort. The collateral facts are these:—His wife did not play. He was very poor at the time. Afterwards, becoming well off, he gave 140*l.* for a grand piapo, half as long as his room.

Whether we shall have any difficulty in arriving at a suitable definition of the term "prig" I scarcely know; but I think that term may be fairly applied to the hero of each of these three little illustrations. Each of them was surely very small, and affected to be very great; or very vain, and desired to be considered very modest; or very patronizing, with hardly a right to be called a patron. Not one of them, I think, was a hypocrite; and, indeed, I propose to show presently that priggishness and hypocrisy have scarcely anything in common.

Perhaps our definition may, with a fair chance of being accurate, run somewhat in this way. To obtain a perfect priggishness we must have insignificance acting importance, smallness affecting greatness; we must have a thorough conventionalism, accompanied by a horror lest it should be disturbed in the least degree. The "prig," too, must have some aptitude for conveying censure, more, perhaps, by his conduct than his words. He must intrude himself; he must over-estimate himself, and, as a consequence, under-estimate others. He must not let slip the opportunity of making a virtue out of a necessity, in the more literal sense of the expression. He must be dogmatic, and pragmatical. But, as I have already hinted, he must be an honest man, deceiving only himself.

I must really be forgiven for taking my definitions and illustrations so very much as they happen to come to hand, and for appearing, therefore, to talk in a circle; but what I have already written I will clear up so far as this—I will say, that if any one has allowed that the three heroes just spoken of are three prigs, I do not despair of his granting that the definition just given contains many of the elements of priggishness.

"Prig" is clearly a masculine term when employed in the sense before us. "Prude," which is perhaps its nearest synonym, when a woman is concerned, is hardly the feminine equivalent. It has not such an extensive signification. Punctiliousness, which, when in excess, is undoubtedly a great element of "priggism," does not necessarily take more than one form in the prude. There is no doubt in her a great pretension of exactitude, propriety, reticence; but these may only be boasted of in dealings with the other sex. The prig, on the contrary, takes them with him, posts them up, advertises them in every possible way, in every possible event of life.

I am persuaded that there are prigs in every calling and in every condition of life, from the little dissenting green-grocer to the descendant of "a hundred earls." The little green-grocer will probably look grave and sad while contemplating you in your unconverted state; or smile his sanctification at you across the counter in a manner which almost forces upon you the notion that he thinks there is something catching in it. The nobleman looks a long way exactly over your head, and puts to you a question in a tone of courteous severity. But between these, alas! what an infinity of prigs! what a variety, between these! There is the priggishness of dress, of clique, of profession, of trade, of notoriety in any shape. And there are certainly some institutions which advance the cause of priggishness wonderfully, and develop the thing itself to an alarming extent.

There is always some danger in writing on a thesis which professes to represent and explain certain definite characteristics of a particular species or class, lest one should be led to confuse with it another species or class, which has some few of those characteristics. And yet the writer must not be too scrupulous. In the present case, for instance, I am convinced that many pedants are prigs; but I should be sorry to spoil this trifle by writing half a page on pure pedantry. At the same time I must not fear to cull two or three flowers of priggishness because the same species are known to flourish in the garden of pedantry. Now, I have known a man, most ignorant, most vain, more superficial than almost any other man, get up some little rudimentary information concerning a passing event, perhaps political, perhaps physical,—let us say a thunderstorm;—and, meeting his friends the next day, begin to lay down the law concerning it with all the earnestness or the arrogance of ignorance. I have known him contradict and quibble, and look wise, and say, "You may take my word for it," when, all the while, the only word to be taken for it, as far as he knew, was the word of Mrs. Someone's Catechism of Natural Philosophy, which he happily discovered last night in the nursery, after the children had gone to bed. And again, who has not heard men interlard their conversation with scraps of Latin, when there was not the smallest occasion for the use of any language but their own? We have all known this done, without reason, and I fear without "quantity;" but certainly not without motive. It is often the result of an elaborate effort to show what a fine fellow the speaker is; and it is one of the misfortunes of priggishness that it exhibits an absolute inability to perceive that the motive is as transparent as it is ridiculous. When a man talks to you in Latin about a "black swan," he proves nothing in the world beyond the fact that he once learned a portion of the Latin Grammar, or knew somebody who had done so. The prig, of course, thinks he is proving scholarship. He talks perhaps of "dear old Virgil," and considers that "*Arma virumque cano*" settles the point of a long and loving intercourse. He only forgets, or rather is utterly ignorant of the fact, that great scholars show very much reserve in this matter of quotation: when they do quote, the passage forces itself upon them; they

do not hunt it up, and force it on others; they don't drag their learning in, as it were, by the hair of the head. It slips in gracefully and tenderly, and is recognized at once by all those whose good opinion is worth having.

There is another form of priggishness which must on no account be forgotten here; because, as the only value of this paper rests in its exposure of the most conspicuous and offensive priggish follies of the day, it would be out of all character to omit one of the most glaring. Now, as all mere pretension is a wonderful element in the subject under discussion, and as pretension is perhaps less endurable in youth than in age, it follows that when we see young men deliberately making themselves conspicuous by what is called too much "goody," we get a glimpse of priggishness in one of its most objectionable forms. And I am quite sure that, as there are young prigs who boast of their badness, a little after the Byron fashion,—who desire to startle one with some silly word of impiety or scepticism,—so there are others who look for effect to what they consider the exact opposite,—to the expression of the refinement of a scruple, to the watchword of a party, to the sickening ecclesiastical slang of the silliest enthusiasts. In this kind of priggishness, as in every other, it is the weakest who are the most conspicuous. Look at that idiot who can't take a glass of sherry and a biscuit without dotting himself all over with an infinity of little crosses, and who intensifies the performance in proportion to the number of the spectators! Only ask him the date of the Council of Nice, or some school-boy question in the History of the Reformation, and he has not the faintest notion of what you are talking about. And yet he won't do what you do, and what other respectable mortals are constantly doing; while he insists upon flourishing in your faces, as though in pointed censure of your omissions, the little trumpery observances which he hugs himself to think are attracting all eyes. While this sort of priggishness puts me out of all patience, I allow that it is the most perfect in the world; for in it we find an infinitesimal smallness affecting greatness, and an inconceivable ignorance and stupidity setting itself up as the mentor of mankind. And I beg to say that I attack no particular party of young men. To whatever set I may appear to point, I am quite satisfied that there is some other, utterly and outrageously opposed to it, who pant to reply with formulæ different indeed, but quite as foolish; and with antics just as lamentable, but carefully antagonistic.

Young men indeed, to escape the just accusations of priggishness, must do something more than avoid the conspicuous follies of which I have spoken. Let them be good as gold,—true, pure, earnest, brave; but, for mercy's sake, let them avoid the language of "goody." However, I should be so sorry to be misunderstood on this point that I hardly like to pursue it: enough that priggishness lies last and least of all in the correctness of a life; it only shows itself in refined and preternatural scruples vaunted or acted before others. Let me explain what I mean by a quotation from Sir Walter Scott. Now, I need hardly declare, I hope, with what diffidence and deference I say, that some of his characters

which are intended to be especially good and moral have something in them which savours just a little of the prig. Even Ivanhoe, that pink and pattern of chivalry, hardly, as it appears to me, quite escapes the possibility of this censure. He is surely prim and particular, seeming perhaps more so than he is, as he stands side by side with Richard of the Lion heart. But the man I have in view is the younger Philipson, son of the Earl of Oxford. The contemporaries of Charles the Bold can scarcely be said to have lived in an age which was not licentious. Not many of them, even the elders, were so virtuous as to think it necessary to refuse to others their cakes and ale, whatever their own practice may have been. No doubt amongst such, it was exceedingly charming to find a very young man, brought up in the English Court, fresh from the licence of the times and the country, so scrupulously moral that he listened with displeasure to a song having for its theme illicit love. We all respect his annoyance, and quite take for granted the reality of his virtue; and, if he had only told Thiebault to be quiet, to reserve the ballad,—in which, by the way, there seems to have been nothing coarse in language,—for ears that could appreciate it, I should not have quarrelled with him at all. But this young knight talks in the inflated style of a country curate, who has just learnt how sweet it is to dictate. “Thiebault,” he says, “sing me no more such lays. I have heard my father say, that the readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man, is to bestow upon vice the pity and the praise which are due only to virtue. Your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty, but your unfortunate lovers were not the less guilty. It is by giving fair names to foul actions that those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons under the disguise of virtue. Better to live in darkness than be guided by such false lights as shower down vice and pestilence.” These sentiments are beyond all praise, and they are conveyed in the most polished periods; but I think even an Archdeacon would feel a little uncomfortable if he heard his soldier-son offer them, in such language as the above, to a comic actor who had just descended from the stage, or to a merry private in the barracks. “Goody” is a very different thing from goodness, and it is wonderful how the one brings something like disrepute on the other. A very high authority bids a young man let no one despise his youth; but the young man will find that it is despised, and his teaching with it, if he is not above the suspicion of being a prig.

I said just now that “pretension,” that essential adjunct of a prig, is, perhaps, less endurable in youth than in after-life; but such an opinion must be given with caution. And certain it is that, when one does remember a peculiarly offensive case, it is not invariably connected with youth. The censure, by an impertinent primness, of what we ourselves cannot hope to possess, or cannot accomplish, is to be found in men who have lived a long time, if not in the world, at least on it. Let us take the well-known matter of the pursuit of field-sports by the clergy, and the way in which they treat it amongst themselves, as likely to show

what I mean. I beg, however, to say most distinctly that I do not think that man—and I speak of a clergyman here—necessarily a prig who inveighs against the custom of his brethren hunting or shooting: on the contrary, he has a very fair case indeed in his hands; a good many serious and wise men agree with him, and those who oppose him are clearly not always the most painstaking and enthusiastic men in their profession. But I am sorry to say that my experience has shown me how very likely it is that the great majority of these censorious people are influenced in their condemnation, though they hardly know it themselves, not so much by zeal in the cause of propriety, as by a few trifling circumstances over which I am quite sure they have no control. I would mention, for instance, their own total inability to ride a horse over the smallest fence, to hit a bird on the wing, or to delude the most unsuspecting trout. Now, really, a man who makes broad his necktie, and smoothes his ribbed-silk waistcoat, and tries to look good, and honestly feels that he is good, when he says unkind things about his brethren, simply because he has never learned the accomplishments which, envying, he professes to abjure, is a complete and most ineffable prig. And his age, and the sanctity of his profession, only make his priggishness more offensive.

Or take the case of a squire,—a case existing, I think, but surely rare, amongst the country gentlemen of England,—who never asks the rector to help him in his coveys, or to throw a fly in the river, because (as he declares) he is thoroughly convinced of the impropriety of clergymen indulging in any sort of field-sport; when, to say the truth, it is well known to his lay as well as his clerical neighbours, that out of the rank stinginess of his heart, and out of that alone, arises the dirty motive by which he is influenced. But, in this case, as indeed with reference to all my illustrations, I wish to explain, what I have before asserted, that such men are not hypocrites. When they declare that they are convinced of this or that, I do believe they think they are so convinced. Most likely there are moments in which they suspect themselves: the veil is sometimes lifted a little, and they get a glimpse of the humbug behind it; but it is soon replaced, and they assure themselves that they act wholly and utterly from principle, that they backbite from the purest motives, and appear unto men to fast in strict conformity with the precepts of Christianity. At any rate, I say very seriously, that there are few mistakes more common than that which we make when, in judging the character of a person who has unquestionable and notorious failings, we impute motives which never influence him, and suggest crimes which he never commits. A prig cannot be a hypocrite in any great degree, and is seldom one at all; and this, because it is one of the very first conditions of priggishness that a man should believe in himself—should, for that reason, exaggerate himself—should intrude himself upon his fellow-creatures as one who is more fortunate, more scrupulous, in everything more “proper” than they. Hypocrites do none of these things. They don’t believe in themselves, to begin with; and so, when they become inflated and intrusive,

they do so with the full knowledge that they are impostors. The hypocrite intends to impose upon people a conviction regarding himself which he knows to be untrue. As his name indicates, he is an *actor*. But the prig is no actor; he is generally as honest as he is always ridiculous; and is perhaps most contemptible when he is most assured he is right.

When I said that there were certain institutions and societies which are very successful in the advancement and development of priggishness, I think I had in my mind specially one or two well-known societies. But the truth is, that all societies, all professions, all cliques are, to a certain extent, the natural nurseries of prigs. The outside world are civilians, or laity, or snobs: they are to be looked down upon out of a wig, or a uniform, or a gown and doctor's hood. They are well enough in their places, but they are not Roman citizens. It requires, indeed, a really strong mind to be a University Don without being a prig. When men become heads of houses, or even attain an inferior position, they have a hard trial to pass through, for they suddenly find themselves little kings and priests; the sacerdotal part being real, and the regal, a strange little parody of reality. All undergraduates cap them; bulldogs and bedmakers conspire to do them reverence; they are surrounded with comfort, with intellect, even perhaps with a little wisdom; they are full of the sweet cares of office, and know well the sort of sensation which the possession of power induces. Most of them, I do not doubt, are straightforward English gentlemen, unspoiled by the possession of a confined authority, and the constant presence of a petty adulation. But there is a fair minority, I imagine, who are utterly unable to make way against the misfortune of their success. They have not strong heads, and the fumes of power soon overcome them. But of all delusions which destroy them, this is the worst—that they fancy their consequence goes beyond the precincts of the University. To them the whole world appears in *statu pupillari*. They are unable to see that men, out of their own little sphere, look upon them with the calmest indifference. Their sovereignty is not acknowledged in any court but their own. And yet they affect a superiority in their dealings with outsiders at which men of the world can only smile. The intellect has been cultivated, probably forced, but the mind has been narrowed; and so, closed in as it were, body and soul, by their own walls, they

Think the rustic cackle of their bourg
The murmur of the world.

A Week in Paris.

Tout le monde descend ici. The train stopped sharp on the edge of a broken embankment. A rapid stream sweeping round under brown cliffs, past a white-walled village nestling among trees; shivered, powder-blackened semi-arches of a railway-bridge jutting out from either bank, and beside them a passage of planks rising and falling on pontoons moored with chains across the river: that was the condition of the permanent way of the great railway of the North that links Paris and London. All the world does descend, and a characteristic figure these pilgrims cut, who have reversed the Hegira and are returning from their flight. Every man is his own porter, and staggers along under his individual *impedimenta*. The French *bourgeois* is little of a pedestrian at the best of times, and never so little of one as when wrapped up for a long journey in early spring. His boots are thin, and his great-coat thick; he has his throat enveloped in a voluminous "plaid," with the ends cast back over his shoulders. He has entered for the race for a good seat in the train on the other side, with all the nervous excitability of the national temperament. He sees some lean ones, with little to speak of in the way of wardrobes, cutting into the running, and forgetting there are seats for all, he begins to punish himself before he is fairly started. For himself, he is heavily weighted with his bundle of wraps, his stick, his umbrella, his hand-portmanteau, and his brass-handled *carton-à-chapeau*. And when he does turn up at the winning-post, to find comfortable seats for half as many again as had entered for the welter race, his condition is deplorable. Even a course of barbarous commons in pseudo-restaurants in Soho and Leicester Square has not brought him into training after a lifetime of heavy breakfasts and dinners and objectless lounging on the Boulevards. I say nothing of the ladies of the caravan, who, by natural French gallantry, are cast on the chivalry of the rare railway-porters, if they do not care to carry their own baskets and bundles.

It may be presumed the luggage passengers can rush under themselves in circumstances like these is not over heavy. Yet these are the circumstances under which, the other day, one made the journey to Paris, and they struck the key-note to the condition of the city. Imagine a Frenchwoman of position starting for the capital with a solitary bandbox, in the days when the lavish glories of the Lower Empire were blazing in their meridian splendour—when three days' festivities at Compiègne involved nine superb toilettes. Now black is the only wear with the fair sex, and a single robe may cover any quantity of shortcomings and secrets, and fully account for an ascetic slenderness of baggage. Now a man provides himself,

as for a walking tour in the high Alps, with his couple of flannel-shirts, his brushes, sponge, chicken, and bottle of Bordeaux. Necessity obliges him to circumscribe his toilette requisites within limits strictly portable. Providence whispers to clothe himself in the comparatively venerable garments of heaviness, that shall indicate his sympathies with the sorrowing city, and avoid exciting the covetous susceptibilities of the patriots.

Such are the first signs of the times, but they thicken as you go forward. Somewhere by the shattered station of Enghien, you come on the belt, eloquent of the abomination of desolation, that girdles the Paris of the siege. A straggling growth of weed, over what used to be the perfection of scientific gardening. The acres of bell-glass that were wont to glisten over the Parisian asparagus, lie gathered into heaps of fragments. Fruit-trees grubbed up, and *espaliers* broken down for firing. Here and there a purposeless labourer plodding about the waste; now and then a pair of requisitioned horses, jogging German officers along a dusty high-road, stripped of its poplars. But if the arts of peace have gone out of fashion, everywhere you see evidences of the thoughtful ingenuity of war. Railway-stations turned to formidable stockades; huge tree-trunks, roughly split down the middle, driven in by way of palisade-fences, cuirassed against rifle-balls with torn-up rails: the breadth of a rail left breast-high for firing through. The garden-walls are loopholed: the lower windows of the houses loopholed and barricaded. Hardly one of them, great or small, that can boast a whole pane of glass, a plank in its floor, a lath partition or a ceiling. The glass seems to have been smashed all over the seat of the blockade, in pure lightness of heart, and by way of playful distraction. As for the gutting of the houses, that comes of reason, and not of wantonness. With the thermometer twenty degrees below freezing-point, dry fuel was at a premium, and growing wood is green. Naturally, when you have sacrificed the spare furniture of your temporary quarters, you proceed to demolish the shell that houses you, although you may be the first sufferer, just as a starving man pawns his waistcoat in December, greatly *contre cœur*.

At St. Denis the German Emperor's soldiers were mounting guard over such of the ashes of the Kings of France as French Republicans have spared. Over the grand portals a German shell has torn out a ragged oriel, although, otherwise, the pile has suffered little. That is much more than can be said for the Double Couronne de St. Denis, the outlying fort whence the solitary sentinel gazes down on the train from under the folds of the German tricolour. The parapets are breached, the scarp crumbled into the glacis, while the earthworks are ploughed by shells, until the place looks more like a market-garden prepared for spring sowing than anything you have passed as yet.

After those sensational flying glimpses from the windows, there comes a reaction as the train drags through dull, undamaged seven-story houses into the Gare du Nord. Yet vague anxieties find you food for reflection. Is the station, as it was two days before—*vide* our Special Corre-

spondence *passim*—in the hands of a mob from the north-eastern suburbs, who strip all arrivals of foreign exterior, on the chance of coming at a Prussian spy? Have they enthroned *la mère guillotine* by this time, and is she waiting to welcome the unwary traveller to her cold embrace? Or, if not, have they really eaten all the cab-horses, and must you perform the athletic feat of carrying your own baggage through Paris streets to the distant hotel? Your mind is promptly relieved as to the presence of the patriots and their sharp-edged plaything, for the vast station is tranquil as ever it was. More so, indeed, for there are far fewer porters. But one of them, with the quickness of professional training, recognizing an English face through the dirty window-panes, hangs on to your door-handle, and courteously hands you out. "The means of getting to the hotel? Are there *fiacres* by hazard?" A shrug of the shoulders, eloquent of uncertainty as to my getting one, is the reply; but although failing my finding one, he volunteers to carry my luggage himself to the Rue Neuve St. Augustine, unselfishly he does his very best for me. The circumstances leave small space for negotiation with the drivers. One hundred and fifty excited Frenchmen rush in behind: eight *fiacres* and two or three small omnibuses in front; and what are they among so many?

"How much to the Hôtel Chatham?"

"Cinq francs," in a broad Norman patois.

"Cinq francs" sounded so absurdly cheap in the circumstances, when the masters of the situation might command their own market, that, remembering the legends of the recent scale of prices, one could not resist the suspicion he might be starting from "cent" with the idea of making a bargain. But only five francs it was, and even had he asked more, as he very justly observed, these were not the times to *marchander*.

Here and there a gas-lamp along the long Rue de Lafayette, always lively and busy, but now swarming with Moblots and men of the Line; the *bleu et garance* masses of the uniforms streaked in bands of black by the few women who mixed in the crowd. Flags of gay colours and sad associations flaunted frequently from the balconies, the melancholy red and white of the ambulances. The Boulevards are comparatively a blaze of light; for although the shops and cafés were either closed or illuminated with petroleum, every second lamp was flickering with indifferent gas.

And when I went out upon them after dinner, they were crowded as ever they used to be; but what a difference in the crowds. I took my seat in front of the Grand Café, where a waiter and a half, a long man and a small boy, had replaced those flying columns of well-drilled Germans one used to know so well. There was a constant coming and going of Mobiles and Nationals, tripping awkwardly about over the legs of the chairs and tables and their own swords. On the pavement in front was a double stream of ill-fitting uniforms swaggering by, as if each undersized, ill-set-up hero had saved his country in his own proper person: hordes of blouses, as if all the roughs of Belleville and La Villette had

given themselves rendezvous, and spread like a flight of locusts over the pleasant places of the Italiens. The most taking figures in the seething flood were the hardy mariners, who cleft their way through its waves. Long strictly confined on board fort, they had got leave for larks ashore at last. You saw none of the *gandins* and *petits crevés* of the Empire. The more dressy of the civilians were clearly patrons of the Bon Diable and the Belle Jardinière. Such women as there were, generally speaking, were strictly "of the people," and obviously, for the most part, strong-minded or light-virtued—many of them broad-jawed, fierce-eyed types of the class which recruited the famous Amazons of the Seine. The poorest of them paid the dramatic tribute of a piece of rusty crape or ribbon to the public sorrow; but it was odd to see the gayer of them smiling through their tears with the national appreciation of sensational effect; with a plaid shawl of the most violent colours, for example, flung over the sombre dress, that was looped up to show a flaming petticoat. The scene before me might have been the Boulevard d'Enfer on the evening of a plebiscitum, rather than the heart of fashionable Paris. And the coffee might have been brewed there, which I tried to sip, and was forced to gulp. It was so simply execrable, that you were positively thankful they made it so weak, and, with the single exception of a cup in a friend's house, so it was everywhere I tried it. Probably the consignees of the luxuries that victualled Paris were of opinion that anything would be appreciated by palates that had long been compelled to abjure fastidiousness.

It was strange to look through the dim portals of the Grand Hôtel into the dull court—the court that in the days of old used to be flaring with jets of gas, and nasal with vociferous Yankees. The shadow of sinister contagion seemed to brood upon it, and you could imagine it peopled by invisible troops of ghastly phantoms. Changed into a vast ambulance, spite of the spacious corridors and lofty rooms, the mortality had been appalling. Scarcely an amputation but had terminated fatally, while small-pox and fever had cut into this deadly game and played their mortal parts. In the last three months, how many a quiet funeral *cortège* must have smuggled itself out of the noisy caravanserai of former days?

But to outward appearance, thoughts like these troubled no one but new-comers. The town was passing from mourning to mirth. Not only were the Boulevards thronged by citizens in search of excitement, but the theatres were opening fast. At once improvident and extravagant, according to their means, few classes had suffered more during the siege than the *artistes*. It was natural they should seek as soon as possible to resume their profession—not unnatural, perhaps, that the Government should encourage anything that might distract the people. As for the national taste that at such a season could fill the houses consecrated to the broadest comedy from floor to ceiling, that was another question. It was to be remarked that the Français and Odéon had their doors closed. Racine, Corneille, and even Molière had not a chance. There was gloom

enough abroad already, without parading gravity and dignity on the stage. No. You had the most screaming farces of the old repertoires, farces where broad suggestive gesture eked out the coarse *double entendre*. No more *fauteuils d'orchestre* at the Variétés—the house was crammed. Same inhospitable reception at the Bouffes, when we sought the *Passage Choiseul*; but there they could place a chair at Monsieur's disposal, if he did not object to the draught. It must be observed the prices had been lowered everywhere, to suit the finances of besieged residents and military patrons of limited means, and the *fauteuils* were only four francs, in place of the customary seven. Monsieur was content to stand the draught, in consideration of the spectacle—of the audience.

At the moment they were giving the *Chanson de Fortunio*: it might have been fancy, but it struck me the young ladies who did the youths in the piece bore the traces of recent privations so legibly stamped on their hollow cheeks, that, from their side of the question, it was high time they earned something more than bare daily bread. The scene reminded one of the wretched clown grinning through his paint, while his wife was dying in his home: one felt what anxious hearts must be acting that grotesque comedy. As the house was so full, it was to be hoped they might earn something; but it was sheer matter of speculation—a co-operative affair between them and the manager, where payment depended on the returns, and the prices must be far from remunerative. A stranger, too, was struck by the old familiar allusions, that should have awakened such melancholy associations with a patriotic audience. Are French susceptibility and delicacy of sentiment to be numbered among the myths that this war will dissipate for ever? Certainly French light-heartedness and thoughtlessness are not. I looked round the house and over it, and up it from tier to tier—from the black-garbed, bright-faced women in the *premières* to the hilarious gods in the upper gallery: not a sad visage was to be seen but with those who chanced to be seated behind a pillar, or who had to balance themselves painfully on the sharp edge of a seat. Many of the audience were Mobiles from the provinces, slow to follow Parisian repartee and *argot*, and who were generally a full couple of laughs in arrear, although they laughed most perseveringly. But many were clearly old *habitues* of the house, who smiled in anticipation of the well-known points that had tickled them so often; and citizens and provincials enjoyed themselves equally after their fashion. And the commissioners of peace were still arranging the ingredients of the cup of humiliation they had got to swallow! The Germans had still their clutch on the eastern gates of Paris, and their head-quarters in the palace dedicated to all the glories of France! And the last few months had filled the intra-mural cemeteries to overflowing, and the funerals were still at the rate of about seven hundred a day! A great quality, that elasticity of spirit, that, like a hollow india-rubber ball, swells again after crushing calamity, as if it had never collapsed.

The weather had settled with the political situation into passing calm,

but as March sunshine was as likely to prove treacherous as the popular good-humour, I was anxious to make sure, during the fine weather, of Versailles and St. Cloud. Fortunately, the railway on the right bank had been opened, but German posts still cut the communications beyond Viroflay, and neither the Parisians nor the strangers within their gates could go further without the permission of the masters of the situation. It was necessary to present myself first at the British Embassy, then in the cabinet of the préfet of police. In spite of the ominous warnings of the journals of order, it should have been sufficient to re-assure the most timid as to the state of the city, to know that the gentlemen of our embassy were returning to their post. The triumvirate of the porter, his wife, and their sheep were no longer the sole tutelary guardians of our countrymen in Paris. Fortified with the voucher of a secretary of legation, I make my way to the Pont Neuf, and pass the statue of the conquering hero of Ivry on my way to obtain my order for the head-quarters of Attila and his beleaguering barbarians, as the professional leaders of French opinion are fond of designating the victors. By the time the "*Passenschein per Eisenbahn nach Versailles und zurück nach Paris*" was obtained, one had got an appetite as well, and missed the morning train; so there was nothing for it but to breakfast, defer the expedition to the morrow, and pass the day in observations nearer home.

Naturally, one's first anxiety was the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne. I had already had opportunities of reassuring myself about the timber in Paris—ugly, wooden, zinc-roofed quarters for troops had been run up within the railings of the Tuileries Gardens. Ragged Mobiles "loafed" about where the furbelow-petticoated beau-monde of the nurseries used to meet to flirt and talk scandal, and *croquer bon-bons* and *brioche*s with the velvet-knickerbockered *petitesse dorée*s. Flannel-shirts were hung out of the windows of the Emperor's private apartment, and *pantalons*, *nuance-garance*, were airing on the railings of his favourite promenade. The golden fish of the fountains had been devoured with the rare ducks that used to feed daintily from your hand. But only here and there had a tree been felled. You might say, at the worst, it was nothing worse than such tasteless thinning as our English Board of Works has familiarized us with in Hyde Park. Those on the Boulevards were safe, and few had disappeared from the Champs-Élysées. Easier in your mind, you crossed the Place de la Concorde, where the ladies who idealize the great cities of France had fallen into the prevailing fashion, and wore crape masks on their faces. Strasbourg had her arms full of immortelles, fresh and withered, offered by her bereaved compatriots, some of the biggest of them inscribed as the special gifts of her defenders. Her pedestal had become a Parisian *pasquin*, where patriotic satires denounced her barbarian ravishers, in verses the measure of whose immortality was likely to be the faint pencil in which they were scribbled. In the Champs-Élysées the heroic defenders of Paris seemed scrupulously to shun fraternisation with the weather-worn heroes of the Army of the Loire. And Chanzy, who knew

those rickety boys of his, had voted for the continuation of the struggle!—not a made man among them: hobbledehoy louts, with waists broader than the shoulders that rose above their ears and gaping mouths;—lolling along four or five deep, carefully out of step, in bagging coats, from which they had not taken the trouble to brush the mud of the Beauce; in burst boots and torn gaiters that had sampled all the shades of soil from Le Mans to the Palais d'Industrie.

Opposite the palace, you pass the Café de Rond Point, fresh wrecked by the moralists of the Parisian gutters in a suspicion that some German Alexander had entertained a French Lais in its tainted rooms. Occasionally an orderly, with stirrup-leathers a world too short for him, and trousers worked high above his knees, pounds past you, as you climb the slope towards the Arch of Triumph. Within it, there is little change. When you pass it and turn to the left toward the Grande Avenue de l'Impératrice, you find yourself brought up suddenly by a formidable barricade—one of those “*bêtises de M. Rochefort*,” the memorials of a theatrical strategy that still cumber every outlet from the city. The prospect to the distant access to the Bois through the *enceinte* reminds you of an old friend who has shaved beard and moustache in an impulse and looks pitiably the worse for it. No one regrets it more than himself and the Parisians will long deplore the misdirected energy that vented itself on its own trees and dwellings when it could not get at the German. Under a solitary araucania, some ten feet high, and lopped of its branches half-way up, sits a Mobile, with the arm in a sling and the forehead in a bandage, nursing a child. It is the best shelter he can find from the sun in those vanished shades. To right and left workmen State wages are leisurely filling in the rifle-pits, that were dug in the early outburst of enthusiasm.

A second barricade rises just outside the *enceinte*. Once past it, your eyes are blighted with a vision of dusty desert. The course of the centurion drive is still dotted by the ornamental metal seats, some of them overturned; and the posts at the corner still warn you against walking on the turf. “*Gazon*” indeed!—there is not a blade of grass for the wretched women of the people to glean for their “*salad*,” such as they find in the wilderness that stretches round La Villette. No tree has been spared from the *enceinte* to the edge of the lake. *En revanche*, the ground to the left is thick-set with stumps, some three feet high: to the right they have already been cleared away. Fortunately, the wood, where it stretches to the Bridge of Boulogne and the racecourse, seems to have suffered little. Cut in damp winter weather, it was not worth the fetching in of fuel. As for the blighted space without the gates, the way it will be treated will greatly depend on the turn Parisian sentiment may take regard to the siege. I heard one gentleman suggest that it should be planted up forthwith, that the younger growth of trees might perpetuate to an unborn generation the heroic defence of Paris by their fathers. “We have lost Alsace and Lorraine and *énormément* of men and millions.”

he argued, "*mais enfin l'honneur est sauvé.*" Another was of opinion that it should be left bald as it is, a perpetual incitement to vengeance; while a third agreed in principle with the second, but urged virtually that it was a pity to cut off the nose to spite the face, and that the naked space would remain equally an historical *souvenir* if they were to dress it decently in a becoming mantle of grass, and shrubs, and flowers.

"Pity to see such an appetite wasted on a leg of mutton," as the alderman remarked when he saw a country gentleman *aux prises* with a joint; and the compensations of nature seem perpetually to deny one the conjunction of the acme of hunger with a Parisian dinner in its best form. Perhaps it is right that it should be so: it may be more decent and generous to dine modestly at present, and give the superfluities to the poor and hungry. In ordinary times you saunter towards evening into a restaurant after a late breakfast and a lazy afternoon. Now, having a long day's work before you—much to see in a limited time—you rise early, and thanks to the scarcity of vehicles, or at least of horseflesh, perform fabulous distances on foot, and return home exceedingly sharp-set. I dined the first day at the hotel, at the *table-d'hôte*, and had an excellent *table-d'hôte* dinner at the ordinary price. After the afternoon in the Bois, I patronized a celebrated restaurant by the Madeleine. The *carte*, that once expanded to a portly volume, had shrunk to a single slip. Three or four soups, fishes in their simpler forms; the beef, veal, and mutton resolved into a modest number of commonplace *plats*. As for the charges, they were much as they used to be, with the exception of vegetable soups, that had advanced some thirty per cent., and the vegetables themselves, of which even the commonest were at a minimum figure of 2f. 50c. As for the quality, the meat was tough, as I insisted, and "fresh," as the *garçon* admitted, which was more than he could honestly say for the fish. I do not complain, I merely chronicle. "Consequences of the siege" is apology enough for all. But it did sound odd to hear the head waiter at the "Trois Frères"—the meat was much the same in the Palais Royal as by the Madeleine—it did sound odd to hear him confess that "hardness" was the normal condition of his cutlets; and to have to listen later to a voluble argument intended to prove that sweet curaçoa was quite the same thing as dry. After the "Trois Frères" that day, the Palais Royal Theatre, where they gave the *Caynotts*, and Lord! Lord! as Pepys would say, to see how the audience did cry for laughing instead of sorrow.

It was a lovely morning when I used my hard-won pass for Versailles, and never would the laughing landscape have looked more beaming, had it not been for the ugly scars and gashes left by demolitions and devastations. Three broken bridges visible as we passed the Seine at Auteuil; the Parisian Putney lying literally in dust, and a good deal of it as literally in ashes; the outriggers and the coquettish barges long ago, doubtless, vanished in fire and smoke. As you went on, trees felled for stockades, palisades, and entrenchments; the windows barricaded and the houses loopholed; the sun-rays streaming everywhere through what used

to be solid garden walls. All that was not German devastation, but French defensive precaution; and the blackened, roofless villas that crowned the crest of St. Cloud had been wrecked by the friendly shells of Mont Valérien. Yet I could sympathize with the corpulent Frenchman opposite, who kept growling "*Cochons Prusses!*" confidentially into his shirt-frills; although, with his receding forehead and protruding lip, his bloated cheeks, and his little twinkling eyes, he looked himself the ludicrous image of a full-fed swine.

Past St. Cloud, in the meantime, and on to Versailles, through a landscape enlivened with the long trains of German guns and waggons setting homewards, and their solid battalions hard at drill. Never, perhaps, had the galleries of the palace of the "great king" had more visitors or stranger ones. The barbarian hordes inspected critically the modern battle-pieces, with their good-humoured faces brought within a foot or so of the canvas for more effective appreciation. These unchained wolves sauntered about like lambs, often paw in paw, in the honest Teutonic fashion; and a strange contrast were their uniforms and accoutrements—so worn and so battered, but so scrupulously neat and clean—to the filthy rags of "*nos chers indisciplinés*," as one of the contributors to the *Figaro* affectionately characterized Chanzy's demoralized tag-rag and bob-tail. There was an irony in seeing the intelligent eyes of German officers turned up to the grand tableaux in the fields of Solferino and Magenta, where the Imperial arbiter of Europe sat, surrounded by his staff, and Le Bœuf, and those other military lights of the past decade, who have since gone out in darkness and evil odour.

If Versailles held by the German was a painful sight for a Frenchman, what ought St. Cloud to have been? There were few strange Frenchmen at Versailles, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the needful *laissez-passer*; I might have charitably written, owing to a laudable sentiment as well, had I not visited St. Cloud. St. Cloud stood open to all the world; and the Companies of the West were running to it what might be called excursion-trains. Stepping out of the carriage, you dip from the crest of the ridge, where the railway runs, to find yourself landed in a scene that out-Bazeilles Bazeilles. The first impression is of a dilapidated Pompeii of five stories, with the excavations still in progress. As high as the second-floor windows the streets are choked with dismal heaps of *débris*. Fragments of the floors cling high over your head to the yawning party-walls; here the canopy of a bed, there the outline of a sofa stands out between you and the sky. There are cupboards whose doors have been torn open, with the earthenware and little household things just as their owners left them on the shelves; kitchen-ranges, with the kettles and *pots-au-feu* standing on the extinguished ashes; pictures of the saints and photographs of the family stare out on vacancy from the weather-beaten walls; a child's pinafore, a saucepan, a guitar, are left hanging to their nails. You might work the accumulated rubbish below as in a rich metal mine, so thick are the rusty trays and the pewter spoons, the fragments

of shells, and those most uncomfortable springs they stuff French mattresses with. Few can ever have gazed on a more realistic picture of wrecked homes and shattered associations. Had his heart not been touched, a stranger for very shame and decency would have been constrained to look grave on it.

Well ; among these piteous ruins troops of pleasure-seeking Parisians were making merry holiday. Girls holding their petticoats daintily over their high-heeled boots were being escorted by attentive cavaliers over the rubbish-heaps. Now and then they would stop and clap their well-gloved hands, in sentimental ecstasy at a telling effect, as if it had been a scene from a *féerie* at the Châtelet. "Tiens, regarde donc ! Mais c'est drôle ça, n'est-ce pas ?" as they pointed to a child's cradle upset on a third étage, with the little blankets flutteringly forlorn in the wind. The sight-seers were in luck. To deepen the sensation, and fill in the foreground appropriately, there was a sprinkling of broken-hearted natives, who had come back in search of what had once been their homes. These misérables were sad enough in all conscience, and there was no mistaking them. The latest comers, who had arrived in the morning trains, had gone straight to the familiar spots, and were standing silence-stricken or sobbing hysterically. Some, who had found their way back a day or two sooner, had set themselves doggedly to excavate, with what object heaven only knows ; while here and there a café-owner, with a courage it was impossible not to admire, had already cleared out roughly the worst of the wreck, and opened shop again with a slender store of bottles, and cakes, and oranges. They had made level room in the street, with much labour, for a table or two and a few straw-bottomed chairs. The tables were crowded, and each chair had its occupant. Jovial groups were turning up their eyes in stage-struck melancholy at the destruction overhead, which gave such flavour to the sour wine and the coarse spirits. And among the many ladies dressed deep in the most decorous mourning, wretched homeless children stalked about, eyeing hungrily the bread and oranges, and stretching out their hands in appeal for charity. So far as I could see, for the most part they went away empty as they came. The visitors—sufferers themselves by the common calamity—gazed in sympathy of look and language ; and, as they sauntered on, after they had eaten and drunk, went into transports of mingled compassion, admiration, and indignation over some exceptionally picturesque effect. Then a happy thought would strike them, or a smart thing be said, and they rallied to it electrically, and broke the homeless echoes with their unfeigned enjoyment.

Every one knows the Place by the bridge below : one of the brightest spots in the smiling environs of Paris. Every building round it is a roofless shell, from the Bureau of the Compagnie Générale of the Omnibuses to the "pensionnat" of young ladies ; restaurants and pâtisseries are gutted, nor has the devouring element spared the offices of the fire-insurance company. By the bridge, under bright awnings and the sheltering bayonets of the German Guard, Parisianæe in their doleful black sit

smilingly sipping their coffee, while some officers of Mobile gallantly do the honours of the desolation to some delighted female friends, as they lead them up to the burned Château, past the blackened barracks.

If there was so much pleasant sensation to be found on the cold hearths of the poor, there is little to be said of the innocent enjoyment the public found among the ruins of a public building. Still, it struck an Englishman oddly, the light hearts with which the better classes of Paris went relic-hunting, in the most amicable fashion, among the pleasure-parties of their German enemies, over the ruins of a national palace. The place might have been Sans Souci, to judge by the enthusiastic manner in which they searched for *souvenirs* of their happy day. One energetic individual had picked up the bar of a grate, and devoting himself disinterestedly to the public service, was chipping away hard at the marble columns of the grand entrance. Nations are very apt to misunderstand each other; but it must be owned that, after crushing disasters, the French recover their equanimity with marvellous quickness, and are swift to extract both pleasure and profit from their misfortunes. On the hill above the Château, by the Lantern of Diogenes, a troop of boys from some military school were chattering merrily as they took a lesson in practical strategy among the deserted lines of the Germans; while below a band of Moblots were playing hide-and-seek in the casemated advanced posts of their enemy.

Next day was even a finer one, and from the balcony of a friend's rooms by the Arc de Triomphe, the heights of Montmartre looked irresistibly tempting. Clear against the eastern sky you could see fresh earthworks to the north of the historical windmill, where, in '14, the miller discharged the abandoned battery on the advancing Allies. Mystery brooded over all those quarters of sinister fame, Les Batignolles, Belleville, Montmartre, and La Villette. All we heard was that the Red Republic was rampant on the heights and the air surcharged with suspicion. If you passed the guarded barricades that sealed every approach, it was only to fall into some mortal *guet-à-pens*; to be hurried before a committee of private safety sitting in a wine-shop; to be put to the question extraordinary, and condemned off-hand to the vengeance of the people. Possessed by the demon of inquisitiveness, I determined to penetrate the lowering thunder-cloud, and took an omnibus for Belleville. Descending on the skirts of the natural stronghold of the Reds, I turned up a street that seemed to lead nearly straight to the windmill, advancing with expanded nostrils suspiciously scenting danger. Judging by their antecedents during the siege, if the men of the quarter meant immediate fighting, they would be hard at work getting up their courage to the mark. To be sure the wine-shops are full, and there is abundance of clinking of glasses, but the conversation evidently flags, and there is no appearance of earnest passion to animate it. The customers look generally far from convivial, rather as if they were bored to death, and would even welcome honest work as a distraction. Excited groups may be seen

gesticulating in the middle of the streets. But when you go up and peep over their shoulder—no hard matter, for they stand well beneath the standard of our most lenient recruiting-sergeant—you see they are only hard at play at the popular pastime of *croix et pile*, the game of turbulence and the revolution, as the *Marseillaise* is their chaunt. There are some rare exceptions in the way of veterans ground to skin and bone between morose thought and recent privations. These lay their grim heads together, and savagely twitch their long grey moustaches as they exchange sinister whispers through clouds of rancid *caporal*. Yet even these men give you the idea of talking revolution in the abstract, rather than with any notion of making bloodstained history themselves. Now and then you are challenged and turned back by sentries, but only as a member of the general public, and in common with French citizens, and even the soldiers of the line, who are quite ready to take the grumbling and expostulation off your hands. But the sentries were as civil as was compatible with the far from strict discharge of their duty. By the windmill and within the inclosure I had seen from afar, I came, in an entrenched enceinte, upon a small park of captured cannon and mitrailleuses: heavy guns seemingly, although through the open gate I could see nothing but the muzzles. Through the gate and past the muzzles, you admire a magnificent stretch of distant plain. The soldier on duty is an exceedingly smart, pleasant-looking, young National Guard. He prays a light of us, and accepts a cigar. We get into conversation, and as I am feeling my way to forcing the *consigne*, unluckily a couple of his superiors come sauntering round the corner. Whereupon he makes a slight movement of apology, and sharply resumes the rigid *tenue* befitting a patriot charged with the care of so responsible a post.

On the southern crest of the hill, and behind a breastwork, where a gang of other patriots was lazily throwing up the clay in deliberate shovelfuls, were ranged rows of field-pieces, as close as they could well be packed. Sentinels barred immediate access, but from where I stood I could count sixty or seventy, and how many more might have been in position round the shoulder of the hill it was impossible to say. On the summit overhead, between some detached houses and a garden-wall and summer-house, was a heavy battery, quite inaccessible to outsiders. Notwithstanding these menacing preparations, things everywhere looked quiet enough. Yet it was a relief to a dweller by the Rue de la Paix to see that, in any case, it would be an affair in the family; that all the guns of the insurgents were pointed harmoniously on the Hôtel-de-Ville.

The bare slopes of the steep hill were convenient standing-ground for the idle. The sentries conversed affably with all comers on current topics, and reminded me greatly of the friendly policemen, whose duty compels them to keep the course of a race-day, but who are instructed to remember that they are dealing with holiday-makers, and must make things pleasant. Indeed, to carry out that illusion of a popular holiday, just below, in the Place de St. Pierre, revolved a merry-go-round, filled

with laughing children, and surrounded by cheerful mothers. The Place was covered with animated groups, but all were exciting themselves over *croix et pile*, and not talking treason.

As for the redoubtable barricades, you came upon them here and there; but what barricades they were! Surely, like other arts, that of barricade-architecture has degenerated under the baleful influence of the Empire. A wretched cart or two, turned over on their sides, and some heaps of paving-stones, scarcely shoulder-high. That they might be dangerous, I do not for a moment doubt, for occasionally they had dammed the water of the gutters back in a fetid pool, most pernicious to the health of the defenders. The *fosse*, it is true, was on the wrong side of the fortification, but the stench alone might have turned an attacking column with a tolerably delicate sense of smell.

Very different were the defences we saw next day in an expedition to Le Bourget. There some of the French regiments had for once done their work like men, and the captures and re-captures had been no child's play. It is a place every tourist of the coming season will be bound to visit or say he has visited, but before the war not one Englishman in ten thousand had ever seen or heard of it. Eastwards from the Gare du Nord, you pass the Gate of Flanders, and trudge along the narrow pavements of the high-street of La Villette. You pass the enceinte, turning another of M. Rochefort's barricades, cut the double lines of French and German sentries, and once clear of some outlying houses, find yourself where the dwellings had been ruthlessly swept away between the walls of Paris and the Fort of Aubervilliers. The site where these flourishing villages have been so utterly razed, where every tangible fragment of the demolished materials has been carted away, is even more depressing than the mangled pleasure-grounds of the west. Tangible fragments I say advisedly, for the surface lies buried inches deep in volatile particles of stone and lime, ready to be caught up by the lightest breeze, and diabolically penetrating and titillating in their nature. Such a walk back as we had, when a bitter west wind, charged with what had once been Paris house property, met us full in the faces, I never care to experience again.

The Fort of Aubervilliers is little damaged, which is more than can be said for the glass works and perfume manufactories one passes,—among them that of the celebrated M. Pivet,—or for Le Bourget itself. By the side of the road women and boys were chipping away at the poplar-stumps. On the bare fields, where scarcely a tinge of green was visible, gangs of haggard scarecrows were straggling in search of green-meat. Generally, it must be observed, the Parisians showed no signs of their late privations. It looked as if a pair of canaries would have found themselves on short commons, with the free range of an acre of it. One of my companions was an officer of Mobile, and had been through all the fighting that has made the place historical. “We mustered under the guns of the fort, and shook ourselves into motion in the profound darkness, by that pile of fascines you see there.” So he checked off the incidents of the

advance as we went along. "Our outposts were in that factory"—a detached building, with some of its gates still heavily barricaded, and its court walls honeycombed with loopholes and bespattered with bullet-marks. "That little lane down there by the railway-crossing was the advanced post of the Germans, or rather should have been, and from thence came the first rifle-shot. But 'tis a justice to render them, you didn't catch those people sleeping. They had taken up their quarters away to the left, under that earth and timber, and while we others rushed into the station-house, to find it empty, there they were beating quietly in retreat on the village."

More barricades on the road, which runs straight as an arrow-flight from the gates of Paris through Le Bourget, to the wooded heights where the Germans had their batteries beyond. To the left of the long street of houses stands, in advance of the rest, what had been a handsome villa. Shells had showered on it impartially from both sides; one of them had fallen in the billiard-room, where three of the French wounded had been carried, and had put them out of their misery. When the proprietor returns, he will find before his drawing-room windows a handsome pyramid of white stones, surmounted by a cross, and erected by the Augusta regiment of the Saxon Guard. Already the ivy has been carefully trained over it from top to bottom, and in front of it is a triple tomb, where a little knot of Frenchmen sleep between two gravefuls of the enemy.

The houses of Le Bourget, torn into rags by shells and rifle-balls, would have struck one more had you not visited all that remained of St. Cloud. But there was one scene here that, for dramatic horror, far surpassed anything I had witnessed to the west or north of the capital. Behind the villa garden, with its mortuary pyramid, is a wall, and you drop over the wall into a field, so worked by shells that, in one corner, it looks as if novices had been breaking down in a ploughing-match. A stream runs out of a little wood that shelters the village washing-place. "It was by here I saved myself in a *feu d'enfer*," remarks, casually, our friend the Mobile, as he shows the spot where he jumped the swollen brook, and started to labour towards safety through the heavy holding soil. Beyond the stream is the small triangular churchyard, one of its white walls running almost parallel with the course. The wall is loopholed, as usual, and you enter by the broken gate at the corner. The Germans had established themselves within, and the dead had to make way for the necessities of the living. The village of the dead must have been a populous one, and now, from one-half of it, monuments, rails, crosses, had been swept clean away, and flung back anyhow among the crowded tombs behind. These were heaped high as your head—gravestones, and crosses, and fallen trees, and zinc canopies, and fragments of coffins. • All the monuments that were above the sheltering walls had been shivered by the pelting storm of balls, just as in bleak latitudes you see trees that have outgrown their protection cut down by biting sea-breezes. Here and there a shell had come to help to confound confusion. The other half

was beaten into a smooth earthen-floor by the perpetual trampling of feet. Round the walls that faced the direction of the enemy's advance, ran platforms of flattened sheets of zinc, stretched upon black grave-rails—stands for the men to fire from. Away in the salient angle was a huge excavation, where the Pioneers must have desecrated wholesale, and there the Guards kept their cheerless watch down where the dead men they had turned out had lain so long and so peacefully. The furniture that had served them still remained among the straw, the eternal grave-rails converted ingeniously into settees, with boards nailed across them, that might have been coffins or might not. And in the opposite corner, where we had entered, was an appropriate pendant to that picture, in the shape of a couple of open graves. They had spared the bodies but a shovelful of earth, and, during the weeks that had elapsed, no one, for bare decency, had thought of adding to it. You turned shuddering from the distinct outlines of human forms. In one of them you literally saw the boots and red trousers, and the corner of the blue buttoned frock-coat. That was the centre that had a ghastly fascination for the sightseers, although, to do them justice, most of them did look grave upon it.

And the visit to that churchyard was very much a symbol of the state of things as I found them generally at Paris: contrasts, realistic and sentimental, shocking and sometimes sickening; sensibilities, blunted by painful experiences; demeanours demoralized by an excess of sensation: a light-natured people, relieved for the moment of a sudden load, beginning to sing and laugh in the ill-timed exuberance of the reaction: a population, who had put their women and their statues in deep mourning, and having paid every dramatic tribute to outward decorum, let such spirits as they had flow as they would, and followed freely whatever might be the vent of their humour. That there were many sad hearts is certain, whose owners doubtless shunned the public gaze. That they have all of them yet to bear and bend to the counter-blast of the national suffering they scarcely as yet seem to realize, is no less sure. But in the meantime I have given the superficial impressions of a flying visit, and very unfavourable they were. If the siege has really regenerated Paris, all I can say is, she was masquerading for the time in something more offensive than her old manners.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO FRIENDS AT BREAKFAST.



RISHMEN may reasonably enough travel for climate, they need scarcely go abroad in search of scenery. Within even a very short distance from the capital, there are landscapes which, for form, outline, and colour, equal some of the most celebrated spots of continental beauty.

One of these is the view from Bray Head over the wide expanse of the Bay of Dublin, with Howth and Lambay in the far distance. Nearer at hand lies the sweep of that graceful shore to Killiney, with the Dalky Islands dotting the calm sea; while inland, in wild confusion, are grouped the Wicklow mountains, massive with wood and teeming with a rich luxuriance.

When sunlight and stillness spread colour over the blue mirror of the sea—as is essential to the scene—I know of nothing—not even Naples or Amalfi, can surpass this marvellous picture.

It was on a terrace that commanded this view that Walpole and Atlee sat at breakfast on a calm autumnal morning; the white-sailed boats scarcely creeping over their shadows; and the whole scene, in its silence and softened effect, presenting a picture of almost rapturous tranquillity.

“With half a dozen days like this,” said Atlee, as he smoked his cigarette, in a sort of languid grace, “one would not say O’Connell was wrong in his glowing admiration for Irish scenery. If I were to awake every day for a week to this, I suspect I should grow somewhat crazy myself about the green island.”

“And dash the description with a little treason too,” said the other, superciliously. “I have always remarked the ingenious connection with



which Irishmen bind up a love of the picturesque with a hate of the Saxon."

"Why not? they are bound together in the same romance. Can you look on the Parthenon and not think of the Turk?"

"*Apropos* of the Turk," said the other, laying his hand on a folded letter which lay before him, "here's a long letter from Lord Danesbury about that wearisome 'Eastern question,' as they call the ten thousand issues that await solution on the Bosphorus. Do you take interest in these things?"

"Immensely. After I have blown myself with a sharp burst on Home politics, I always take a canter among the Druses and the Lebanites; and I am such an authority on the 'Grand Idea,' that Ransgabe refers to me as 'the illustrious statesman whose writings relieve England from the stain of universal ignorance about Greece.'"

"And do you know anything on the subject?"

"About as much as the present Cabinet does of Ireland. I know all the clap-traps: the grand traditions that have sunk down into a present barbarism—of course, through ill government; the noble instincts depraved by gross ill-usage; I know the inherent love of freedom we cherish, which makes men resent rents as well as laws, and teaches that taxes are as great a tyranny as the rights of property."

"And do the Greeks take this view of it?"

"Of course they do; and it was in experimenting on them that your great Ministers learned how to deal with Ireland. There was but one step from Thebes to Tipperary. Corfu was 'pacified'—that's the phrase for it—by abolishing the landlords. The peasants were told they might spare a little if they liked to the ancient possessor of the soil; and so they took the ground, and they gave him the olive-trees. You may imagine how fertile these were, when the soil around them was utilized to the last fraction of productiveness."

"Is that a fair statement of the case?"

"Can you ask the question? I'll show it to you in print."

"Perhaps written by yourself."

"And why not? What convictions have not broken on my mind by reading my own writings? You smile at this; but how do you know your face is clean till you look in a glass?"

Walpole, however, had ceased to attend to the speaker, and was deeply engaged with the letter before him.

"I see here," cried he, "his Excellency is good enough to say that some mark of royal favour might be advantageously extended to those Kilgobbin people, in recognition of their heroic defence. What should it be, is the question."

"Confer on him the peerage, perhaps."

"That is totally out of the question."

"It was Kate Kearney made the defence; why not give her a commission in the army?—make it another 'woman's right.'"

"You are absurd, Mr. Atlee."

"Suppose you endowed her out of the Consolidated Fund? Give her twenty thousand pounds, and I can almost assure you that a very clever fellow I know will marry her."

"A strange reward for good conduct."

"A prize of virtue. They have that sort of thing in France, and they say it gives a great support to purity of morals."

"Young Kearney might accept something, if we knew what to offer him."

"I'd say, a pair of black trousers; for I think I'm now wearing his last in that line."

"Mr. Atlee," said the other, grimly, "let me remind you once again, that the habit of light jesting—'persiflage'—is so essentially Irish, you should keep it for your countrymen; and if you persist in supposing the career of a private secretary suits you, this is an incongruity that will totally unfit you for the walk."

"I am sure you know your countrymen, sir, and I am grateful for the rebuke."

Walpole's cheek flushed at this, and it was plain that there was a hidden meaning in the words which he felt and resented.

"I do not know," continued Walpole, "if I am not asking you to curb one of the strongest impulses of your disposition; but it rests entirely with yourself whether my counsel be worth following."

"Of course it is, sir. I shall follow your advice to the letter, and keep all my good spirits and my bad manners for my countrymen."

It was evident that Walpole had to exercise some strong self-control not to reply sharply; but he refrained, and turned once more to Lord Danesbury's letter, in which he was soon deeply occupied. At last he said: "His Excellency wants to send me out to Turkey, to confer with a man with whom he has some confidential relations. It is quite impossible that, in my present state of health, I could do this. Would the thing suit you, Atlee—that is, if, on consideration, I should opine that you would suit it?"

"I suspect," replied Atlee, but with every deference in his manner, "if you would entertain the last part of the contingency first, it would be more convenient to each of us. I mean, whether I were fit for the situation."

"Well, perhaps so," said the other carelessly: "it is not at all impossible, it may be one of the things you would acquit yourself well in. It is a sort of exercise for tact and discretion—an occasion in which that light hand of yours would have a field for employment, and that acute skill in which I know you pride yourself, as regards reading character—"

"You have certainly piqued my curiosity," said Atlee.

"I don't know that I ought to have said so much: for, after all, it remains to be seen whether Lord Danesbury would estimate these gifts of yours as highly as I do. What I think of doing is this: I shall send you over to his Excellency in your capacity as my own private secretary, to

explain how unfit I am in my present disabled condition to undertake a journey. I shall tell my lord how useful I have found your services with regard to Ireland, how much you know of the country and the people, and how worthy of trust I have found your information and your opinions; and I shall hint—but only hint, remember—that, for the mission he speaks of, he might possibly do worse than fix upon yourself. As, of course, it rests with him to be like-minded with me or not upon this matter—to take, in fact, his own estimate of Mr. Atlee from his own experiences of him, you are not to know anything whatever of this project till his Excellency thinks proper to open it to you. You understand that?”

“Thoroughly.”

“Your mission will be to explain—when asked to explain—certain difficulties of Irish life and habits, and if his lordship should direct conversation to topics of the East, to be careful to know nothing of the subject whatever—mind that.”

“I shall be careful. I have read the *Arabian Nights*,—but that’s all.”

“And of that tendency to small joking and weak epigram I would also caution you to beware; they will have no success in the quarter to which you are going, and they will only damage other qualities which you might possibly rely on.”

Atlee bowed a submissive acquiescence.

“I don’t know that you’ll see Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, his lordship’s niece.” (He stopped as if he had unwittingly uttered an awkwardness, and then added)—“I mean, she has not been well, and may not appear while you are at the castle; but if you should—and if, which is not at all likely, but still possible—you should be led to talk of Kilgobbin and the incident that has got into the papers, you must be very guarded in all you say. It is a county family of station and repute. We were there as visitors. The ladies—I don’t know that I’d say very much of the ladies.”

“Except that they were exceedingly plain in looks, and somewhat *passées* besides,” added Atlee, gravely.

“I don’t see why you should say that, sir,” replied the other stiffly.

“If you are not bent on compromising me by an indiscretion, I don’t perceive the necessity of involving me in a falsehood.”

“You shall be perfectly safe in my hands,” said Atlee.

“And that I may be so, say as little about me as you can. I know the injunction has its difficulties, Mr. Atlee, but pray try and observe it.”

The conversation had now arrived at a point in which one angry word more must have produced a rupture between them; and though Atlee took in the whole situation and its consequences at a glance, there was nothing in the easy jauntiness of his manner that gave any clue to a sense of anxiety or discomfort.

“Is it likely,” asked he, at length, “that his Excellency will advert to the idea of recognizing or rewarding these people for their brave defence?”

“I am coming to that, if you will spare me a little patience; Saxon

slowness is a blemish you'll have to grow accustomed to. If Lord Danesbury should know that you are an acquaintance of the Kilgobbin family, and ask you what would be a suitable mode of showing how their conduct has been appreciated in a high quarter, you should be prepared with an answer."

Atlee's eyes twinkled with a malicious drollery, and he had to bite his lips to repress an impertinence that seemed almost to master his prudence, and at last he said carelessly—

"Dick Kearney might get something."

"I suppose you know that his qualifications will be tested. You bear that in mind, I hope——"

"Yes. I was just turning it over in my head, and I thought the best thing to do would be to make him a Civil Service Commissioner. They are the only people taken on trust."

"You are severe, Mr. Atlee. Have these gentlemen earned this dislike on your part?"

"Do you mean by having rejected me? No, that they have not. I believe I could have survived that; and if, however, they had come to the point of telling me that they were content with my acquirements, and had what is called 'passed me,' I fervently believe I should have been seized with an apoplexy."

"Mr. Atlee's opinion of himself is not a mean one," said Walpole, with a cold smile.

"On the contrary, sir, I have occasion to feel pretty often in every twenty-four hours, what an ignominious part a man plays in life who has to affect to be taught what he knows already—to be asking the road where he has travelled every step of the way—and to feel that a threadbare coat and broken boots take more from the value of his opinions than if he were a knave or a blackleg."

"I don't see the humility of all this."

"I feel the shame of it, though," said Atlee; and as he arose and walked out upon the terrace, the veins in his forehead were swelled and knotted, and his lips trembled with suppressed passion.

In a tone that showed how thoroughly indifferent he felt to the other's irritation, Walpole went on to say: "You will then make it your business, Mr. Atlee, to ascertain in what way most acceptable to those people at Kilgobbin, his Excellency may be able to show them some mark of royal favour—bearing in mind not to commit yourself to anything that may raise great expectations. In fact, a recognition is what is intended, not a reward."

Atlee's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he always wore since the day Walpole had given it to him, and there was something so significant in the glance that the other flushed as he caught it."

"I believe I appreciate the distinction," said Atlee, quietly. "It is to be something in which the generosity of the donor is more commemorated than the merits of the person rewarded, and, consequently, a

most appropriate recognition of the Celt by the Saxon. Do you think I ought to go down to Kilgobbin Castle, sir?"

"I am not quite sure about that; I'll turn it over in my mind. Meanwhile I'll telegraph to my lord that, if he approves, I shall send you over to Wales; and you had better make what arrangements you have to make, to be ready to start at a moment."

"Unfortunately, sir, I have none. I am in the full enjoyment of such complete destitution, that I am always ready to go anywhere."

Walpole did not notice the words, but arose and walked over to a writing-table, to compose his message for the telegraph.

"There," said he, as he folded it, "have the kindness to despatch this at once, and do not be out of the way about five, or half-past, when I shall expect an answer."

"Am I free to go into town meanwhile?" asked Atlee.

Walpole nodded assent without speaking.

"I wonder if this sort of flunkeydom be good for a man," muttered Atlee to himself as he sprang down the stairs. "I begin to doubt it. At all events I understand now the secret of the first lieutenant's being a tyrant: he has once been a middy. And so I say, let me only reach the ward-room, and heaven help the cockpit!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ATLEE'S EMBARRASMENTS.

WHEN Atlee returned to dress for dinner, he was sent for hurriedly by Walpole, who told him that Lord Danesbury's answer had arrived with the order, "Send him over at once, and write fully at the same time."

"There is an eleven-o'clock packet, Atlee, to-night," said he: "you must manage to start by that. You'll reach Holyhead by four or thereabouts, and can easily get to the castle by mid-day."

"I wish I had had a little more time," muttered the other. "If I am to present myself before his Excellency in such a 'rig' as this——"

"I have thought of that. We are nearly of the same size and build; you are, perhaps, a trifle taller, but nothing to signify. Now Buckmaster has just sent me a mass of things of all sorts from town; they are in my dressing-room, not yet unpacked. Go up and look at them after dinner: take what suits you—as much—all, if you like—but don't delay now. It only wants a few minutes of seven o'clock."

Atlee muttered his thanks hastily, and went his way. If there was a thoughtfulness in the generosity of this action,—the mode in which it was performed,—the measured coldness of the words,—the look of impassive examination that accompanied them, and the abstention from anything that savoured of explanation or apology for a liberty—were all deeply felt by the other.

It was true, Walpole had often heard him tell of the freedom with

which he had treated Dick Kearney's wardrobe, and how poor Dick was scarcely sure he could call an article of dress his own, whenever Joe had been the first to go out into the town. The innumerable straits to which he reduced that unlucky chum, who had actually to deposit a dinner suit at a hotel to save it from Atlee's rapacity, had amused Walpole; but then these things were all done in the spirit of the honest familiarity that prevailed between them—the tie of true *camaraderie* that neither suggested a thought of obligation on one side, nor of painful inferiority on the other. Here it was totally different. These men did not live together with that daily interchange of liberties which, with all their passing contentions, so accustom people to each other's humours as to establish the soundest and strongest of all friendships. Walpole had adopted Atlee because he found him useful in a variety of ways. He was adroit, ready-witted, and intelligent; a half-explanation sufficed with him on anything—a mere hint was enough to give him for an interview or a reply. He read people readily, and rarely failed to profit by the knowledge. Strange as it may seem, the great blemish of his manner—his snobbery—Walpole rather liked, than disliked, it. It was a sort of qualifying element that satisfied him, as though it said, "With all that fellow's cleverness, he is not 'one of us.'" He might make a wittier reply, or write a smarter note; but society has its little tests,—not one of which he could respond to." And this was an inferiority Walpole loved to cherish and was pleased to think over.

Atlee felt that Walpole might, with very little exercise of courtesy, have dealt more considerately by him.

"I'm not exactly a valet," muttered he to himself, "to whom a man flings a waistcoat as he chucks a shilling to a porter. I am more than Mr. Walpole's equal in many things, which are not accidents of fortune."

He knew scores of things he could do better than him; indeed, there were very few he could not.

Poor Joe was not, however, aware that it was in the "not doing" lay Walpole's secret of superiority; that the inborn sense of abstention is the great distinguishing element of the class Walpole belonged to; and he might harass himself for ever, and yet never guess where it was that the distinction evaded him.

Atlee's manner at dinner was unusually cold and silent. He habitually made the chief efforts of conversation, now he spoke little and seldom. When Walpole talked, it was in that careless discursive way it was his wont to discuss matters with a familiar. He often put questions, and as often went on without waiting for the answers.

As they sat over the dessert and were alone, he adverted to the other's mission, throwing out little hints, and cautions as to manner, which Atlee listened to in perfect silence, and without the slightest sign that could indicate the feeling they produced.

"You are going into a new country, Atlee," said he, at last, "and I am sure you will not be sorry to learn something of the geography."

"Though it may mar a little of the adventure," said the other, smiling.

"Ah, that's exactly what I want to warn you against. With us in England, there are none of those social vicissitudes you are used to here. The game of life is played gravely, quietly, and calmly. There are no brilliant successes of bold talkers, no *coups-de-théâtre* of amusing *raconteurs*: no one tries to push himself into any position of eminence."

A half movement of impatience, as Atlee pushed his wineglass before him, arrested the speaker: "I perceive," said he, stiffly, "you regard my counsels as unnecessary."

"Not that, sir, so much as hopeless," rejoined the other, coldly.

"His Excellency will ask you, probably, some questions about this country: let me warn you not to give him Irish answers."

"I don't think I understand you, sir."

"I mean, don't deal in any exaggerations, avoid extravagance, and never be slap-dash."

"Oh, these are Irish, then?"

Without deigning reply to this, Walpole went on: "Of course you have your remedy for all the evils of Ireland. I never met an Irishman who had not. But I beg you spare his lordship your theory, whatever it is, and simply answer the questions he will ask you."

"I will try, sir," was the meek reply.

"Above all things, let me warn you against a favourite blunder of your countrymen. Don't endeavour to explain peculiarities of action in this country by singularities of race or origin; don't try to make out that there are special points of view held that are unknown on the other side of the channel, or that there are other differences between the two peoples, except such as more rags and greater wretchedness produce. We have got over that very venerable and time-honoured blunder, and do not endeavour to revive it."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, I assure you. It is possible in some remote country-house to chance upon some antiquated Tory, who still cherishes these notions; but you'll not find them amongst men of mind or intelligence, nor amongst any class of our people."

It was on Atlee's lip to ask, "Who were our people?" but he forbore by a mighty effort, and was silent.

"I don't know if I have any other cautions to give you. Do you?"

"No, sir. I could not even have reminded you of these, if you had not yourself remembered them."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten it. If his Excellency should give you anything to write out, or to copy, don't smoke while you are over it; he abhors tobacco. I should have given you a warning to be equally careful as regards Lady Maude's sensibilities; but, on the whole, I suspect you'll scarcely see her."

"Is that all, sir," said the other, rising.

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"Well, I think so. I shall be curious to hear how you acquit yourself—how you get on with his Excellency, and how he takes you; and you must write it all to me. Ain't you much too early; it's scarcely ten o'clock?"

"A quarter-past ten; and I have some miles to drive to Kingstown."

"And not yet packed, perhaps?" said the other, listlessly.

"No, sir; nothing ready."

"Oh! you'll be in ample time; I'll vouch for it. You are one of the rough-and-ready order, who are never late. Not but in this same flurry of yours, you have made me forget something I know I had to say; and you tell me you can't remember it?"

"No, sir."

"And yet," said the other sententiously, "the crowning merit of a private secretary is exactly that sort of memory. *Your* intellects, if properly trained, should be the complement of *your* chiefs. The infinite number of things that are too small and too insignificant for *him*, are to have their place, duly docketed and dated, in *your* brain; and the very expression of his face should be an indication to you of what he is looking for and yet cannot remember. Do you mark me?"

"Half-past ten," cried Atlee, as the clock chimed on the mantelpiece; and he hurried away without another word.

It was only as he saw the pitiable penury of his own scanty wardrobe, that he could persuade himself to accept of Walpole's offer.

"After all," he said, "the loan of a dress-coat may be the turning-point of a whole destiny. Junot sold all he had to buy a sword, to make his first campaign; all I have is my shame, and here it goes for a suit of clothes! And, with these words, he rushed down to Walpole's dressing-room, and, not taking time to inspect and select the contents, carried off the box as it was, with him. "I'll tell him all when I write," muttered he, as he drove away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK KEARNEY'S CHAMBERS.

WHEN Dick Kearney quitted Kilgobbin Castle for Dublin, he was very far from having any projects in his head, excepting to show his cousin Nina that he could live without her.

"I believe," muttered he to himself, "she counts upon me as another 'victim.' These coquettish damsels have a theory that the 'whole drama of life' is the game of their fascinations and the consequences that come of them, and that we men make it our highest ambition to win them, and subordinate all we do in life to their favour. I should like to show her that one man at least refuses to yield this allegiance, and that whatever her blandishments do with others, with him they are powerless."

These thoughts were his travelling-companions for nigh fifty miles of travel, and, like most travelling-companions, grew to be tiresome enough towards the end of the journey.

When he arrived in Dublin he was in no hurry to repair to his quarters in Trinity; they were not particularly cheery in the best of times, and now it was long vacation, with few men in town and everything sad and spiritless; besides this, he was in no mood to meet Atlee, whose free-and-easy jocularly he knew he would not endure, even with his ordinary patience. Joe had never condescended to write one line since he had left Kilgobbin, and Dick, who felt that in presenting him to his family he had done him immense honour, was proportionately indignant at this show of indifference. But, by the same easy formula with which he could account for anything in Nina's conduct, by her "coquetry," he was able to explain every deviation from decorum of Joe Atlee's, by his "snobbery." And it is astonishing how comfortable the thought made him, that this man, in all his smartness and ready wit, in his prompt power to acquire, and his still greater quickness to apply knowledge, was after all a most consummate snob.

He had no taste for a dinner at commons, so he ate his mutton-chop at a tavern, and went to the play. Ineffably bored, he sauntered along the almost deserted streets of the city, and just as midnight was striking, he turned under the arched portal of the College. Secretly hoping that Atlee might be absent, he inserted the key and entered his quarters.

The grim old coal-bunker in the passage, the silent corridor, and the dreary room at the end of it, never looked more dismal than as he surveyed them now by the light of a little wax match he had lighted to guide his way. There stood the massive old table in the middle, with its litter of books and papers—memories of many a headache; and there was the paper of coarse Cavendish, against which he had so often protested, as well as a pewter-pot—a new infraction against propriety since he had been away. Worse, however, than all assaults on decency, were a pair of coarse highlows, which had been placed within the fender, and had evidently enjoyed the fire so long as it lingered in the grate.

"So like the fellow! so like him!" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till daybreak, it was quite clear that he was from home, and as the College gates could not reopen till morning, Dick was not sorry to feel that he was safe from all intrusion for some hours. With this consolation, he betook him to his bedroom, and proceeded to undress. Scarcely, however, had he thrown off his coat than a heavy, long-drawn respiration startled him. He stopped and listened: it came again, and from the bed. He drew nigh, and there, to his amazement, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a coarse-looking, vulgar man, of about thirty, with a silk-handkerchief fastened over it as nightcap.

A brawny arm lay outside the bedclothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest; but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk, or a messenger in a counting-house. A large black-leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Gaol."

"What!" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of? and how is he here?"

Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long here in guessing what the situation meant: it was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee, had been harboured here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the College; indeed it would have been no small hazard for the public force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating therefore that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one; in fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! so like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused, he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly destitute of everything: bed, chest-of-drawers, dressing-table, chair and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a coarse print of a well-known informer of the year '98, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand, "Bought in at fourpence-halfpenny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative.—J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in everything!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a railway-rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles: he saw them plainly enough. It was true he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she was could easily look higher; but still he might swell

the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey to be sure was life, without a goal to strive for. Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it? It was true Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing *he* would not stoop to."

And as Kearney said this to himself, he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and oh dear! is it not in this fashion that we many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power.

Last of all, he bethought himself of this man Donogan—a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber, that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the College woman—the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students—entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk, that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honer a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself there likes a rasher—when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb towards the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbour.

"Oh! don't I know him well?—Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush, don't talk so loud," cried Dick warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half-past—before it's day—and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the Park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself in fine wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between those bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the divil a policeman in the island could catch me.'" And she had to lean over the back of a chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"He wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be seducin' the soldiers in Barrack Street, or swearing in a new Fenian or nailing a death-warnin' on a hall-door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls, the watercress, a couple of red herrings, devilled as those ancient damsels are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously—so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared, "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct, that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker, when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short thick-set man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either side to his neck—beard and moustache of the same hue, left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short wide-nostrilled nose, which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel-shirt and trousers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the College woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "You're not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes. I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare

in a fishing-boat from the New York Packet the 'Osprey' on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I'm as glad as fifty pounds of it," muttered he slowly to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he gravely. "'The Honourable Richard Kearney,' whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both, that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I'm sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean anything was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty that he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"

"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dogs meet all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor—answer me that? Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy?—I know I do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you——"

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" And he drew forth a square-shaped packet and held it up before him. "I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to anything that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter cannot. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work: he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influenza when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the county is so small now, we count for very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estates in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secondly, we have no place amongst the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and, lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if we had won it."

"Wrong in every one of your propositions—wholly wrong," cried the other. "The party that will send you in won't want to be bribed, and they'll be proud of a man who doesn't overtop them with his money. You don't need the big families, for you'll beat them. Your religion is the right one, for it will give you the Priests; and your politics shall be Repeal, and it will give you the Peasants; and as to not knowing what to do when you're elected, are you so mighty well off in life that you've nothing to wish for?"

"I can scarcely say that," said Dick, smiling.

"Give me a few minutes' attention," said Donogan, "and I think I'll show you that I've thought this matter out and out; indeed, before I sat down to write to you I went into all the details."

And now, with a clearness and a fairness that astonished Kearney, this strange-looking fellow proceeded to prove how he had weighed the whole difficulty, and saw how, in the nice balance of the two great parties who would contest the seat, the Repealer would step in and steal votes from both.

He showed not only that he knew every barony of the county, and every estate and property, but that he had a clear insight into the different localities where discontent prevailed, and places where there was something more than discontent.

"It is down there," said he significantly, "that I can be useful. The man that has had his foot in the dock, and only escaped having his head in the noose, is never discredited in Ireland. Talk parliament and parliamentary tactics to the small shopkeepers in Moate, and leave me to talk treason to the people in the bog."

"But I mistake you and your friends greatly," said Kearney, "if these were the tactics you always followed; I thought that you were the physical-force party, who sneered at constitutionalism and only believed in the pike."

"So we did, so long as we saw O'Connell and the lawyers working the game of that grievance for their own advantage, and teaching the English Government how to rule Ireland by a system of concession to *them* and to *their* friends. Now, however, we begin to perceive that to assault that heavy bastion of Saxon intolerance, we must have spies in the enemy's fortress, and for this we send in so many members to the Whig party. There are scores of men who will aid us by their vote who would not risk a bone

in our cause. Theirs is a sort of subacute patriotism ; but it has its use. It smashes an Established Church, breaks down Protestant ascendancy, destroys the prestige of landed property, and will in time abrogate entail and primogeniture, and many another fine thing ; and in this way it clears the ground for our operations, just as soldiers fell trees and level houses lest they interfere with the range of heavy artillery."

"So that the place you would assign me is that very honourable one you have just called a 'spy in the camp?'"

"By a figure I said that, Mr. Kearney ; but you know well enough what I meant was, that there's many a man will help us on the Treasury benches, that would not turn out on Tallaght ; and we want both. I won't say," added he, after a pause, "I'd not rather see you a leader in our ranks than a Parliament man. I was bred a doctor, Mr. Kearney, and I must take an illustration from my own art. To make a man susceptible of certain remedies, you are often obliged to reduce his strength and weaken his constitution. So it is here. To bring Ireland into a condition to be bettered by Repeal, you must crush the Church and smash the bitter Protestants. The Whigs will do these for us, but we must help them. Do you understand me now?"

"I believe I do. In the case you speak of, then, the Government will support my election."

"Against a Tory, yes ; but not against a pure Whig—a thorough-going supporter, who would bargain for nothing for his country, only something for his own relations."

"If your project has an immense fascination for me at one moment, and excites my ambition beyond all bounds, the moment I turn my mind to the cost, and remember my own poverty, I see nothing but hopelessness."

"That's not my view of it, nor when you listen to me patiently will it, I believe, be yours. Can we have another talk over this in the evening?"

"To be sure ! we'll dine here together at six."

"Oh, never mind me, think of yourself, Mr. Kearney, and your own engagements. As to the matter of dining, a crust of bread and a couple of apples are fully as much as I want or care for."

"We'll dine together to-day at six," said Dick, "and bear in mind I am more interested in this than you are."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CRAFTY COUNSELLOR.

As they were about to sit down to dinner on that day, a telegram, re-directed from Kilgobbin, reached Kearney's hand. It bore the date of that morning, from Plimnuddm Castle, and was signed "Atlee." Its contents were these:—"H.E. wants to mark the Kilgobbin defence with some sign of approval. What shall it be ? Reply by wire."

"Read that, and tell us what you think of it."

"Joe Atlee at the Viceroy's castle in Wales!" cried the other. "We're going up the ladder hand over head, Mr. Kearney! A week ago his ambition was bounded on the south by Ship Street, and on the east by the Lower Castle Yard."

"How do you understand the despatch?" asked Kearney, quickly.

"Easily enough. His Excellency wants to know what you'll have for shooting down three—I think they were three—Irishmen."

"The fellows came to demand arms, and with loaded guns in their hands."

"And if they did! Is not the first right of a man the weapon that defends him? He that cannot use it or does not possess it, is a slave. By what prerogative has Kilgobbin Castle, within its walls, what can take the life of any, the meanest, tenant on the estate?"

"I'm not going to discuss this with you; I think I have heard most of it before, and was not impressed when I did so. What I asked was, what sort of a recognition one might safely ask for and reasonably expect?"

"That's not long to look for. Let them support you in the county. Telegraph back, 'I'm going to stand, and, if I get in, will be a Whig, whenever I'm not a Nationalist. Will the party stand by me?'"

"Scarcely with that programme."

"And do you think that the priests' nominees, who are three-fourths of the Irish Members, offer better terms? Do you imagine that the men that crowd the Whig lobby have not reserved their freedom of action about the Pope, and the Fenian prisoners, and the Orange processionists? If they were not free so far, I'd ask you, with the old Duke, How is her Majesty's Government to be carried on?"

Kearney shook his head in dissent.

"And that's not all," continued the other; "but you must write to the papers a flat contradiction of that shooting story. You must either declare that it never occurred at all, or was done by that young scamp from the Castle, who happily got as much as he gave."

"That I could not do," said Kearney, firmly.

"And it is that precisely that you must do," rejoined the other. "If you go into the House to represent the popular feeling of Irishmen, the hand that signs the roll must not be stained with Irish blood."

"You forget; I was not within fifty miles of the place."

"And another reason to disavow it. Look here, Mr. Kearney: if a man in a battle was to say to himself, I'll never give any but a fair blow, he'd make a mighty bad soldier. Now, public life is a battle, and worse than a battle in all that touches treachery and falsehood. If you mean to do any good in the world, to yourself and your country, take my word for it, you'll have to do plenty of things that you don't like, and, what's worse, can't defend."

"The soup is getting cold all this time. Shall we sit down?"

"No, not till we answer the telegram. Sit down and say what I told you."

"Atlee will say I'm mad. He knows I have not a shilling in the world."

"Riches is not the badge of the representation," said the other.

"They can, at least, pay the cost of the elections."

"Well, we'll pay ours, too—not all at once, but later on; don't fret yourself about that."

"They'll refuse me flatly."

"No, we have a lien on the fine gentleman with the broken arm. What would the Tories give for that story, told as I could tell it to them? At all events, whatever you do in life, remember this—that if asked your price for anything you have done, name the highest, and take nothing if it's refused you. It's a waiting race, but I never knew it fail in the end."

Kearney despatched his message, and sat down to the table, far too much flurried and excited to care for his dinner. Not so his guest, who ate voraciously, seldom raising his head and never uttering a word. "Here's to the new Member for King's County," said he at last, and he drained off his glass; and I don't know a pleasanter way of wishing a man prosperity than in a bumper. "Has your father any politics, Mr. Kearney?"

"He thinks he's a Whig, but, except hating the Established Church and having a print of Lord Russell over the fireplace, I don't know he has other reason for the opinion."

"All right; there's nothing finer for a young man entering public life than to be able to sneer at his father for a noodle. That's the practical way to show contempt for the wisdom of our ancestors. There's no appeal the public respond to with the same certainty as that of the man who quarrels with his relations for the sake of his principles, and whether it be a change in your politics or your religion, they're sure to uphold you."

"If differing with my father will ensure my success, I can afford to be confident," said Dick, smiling.

"Your sister has her notions about Ireland, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she has; but she fancies that laws and acts of parliament are not the things in fault, but ourselves and our modes of dealing with the people, that were not often just, and were always capricious. I am not sure how she works out her problem, but I believe we ought to educate each other; and that in turn, for teaching the people to read and write, there are scores of things to be learned from them."

"And the Greek girl?"

"The Greek girl"—began Dick, haughtily, and with a manner that betokened rebuke, but which suddenly changed as he saw that nothing in the other's manner gave any indication of intended freedom or insolence—"The Greek is my first-cousin, Mr. Donogan," said he calmly; "but I am anxious to know how you have heard of her, or indeed of any of us."

"From Joe—Joe Atlee! I believe we have talked you over—every one of you—till I know you all as well as if I lived in the castle and called you by your Christian names. Do you know, Mr. Kearney"—and his voice trembled now as he spoke—"that to a lone and desolate man like myself, who has no home, and scarcely a country—there is something indescribably touching in the mere picture of the fireside, and the family gathered round it, talking over little homely cares and canvassing the changes of each day's fortune. I could sit here half the night and listen to Atlee telling how you lived, and the sort of things that interested you."

"So that you'd actually like to look at us?"

Donogan's eyes grew glassy, and his lips trembled, but he could not utter a word.

"So you shall then," cried Dick, resolutely. "We'll start to-morrow by the early train. You'll not object to a ten-miles' walk, and we'll arrive for dinner."

"Do you know who it is you are inviting to your father's house? Do you know that I am an escaped convict, with a price on my head this minute? Do you know the penalty of giving me shelter, or even what the law calls comfort?"

"I know this, that in the heart of the Bog of Allen, you'll be far safer than in the city of Dublin; that none shall ever learn who you are, nor, if they did, is there one—the poorest in the place—would betray you."

"It is of you, sir, I'm thinking, not of me," said Donogan calmly.

"Don't fret yourself about us. We are well known in our county, and above suspicion. Whenever you yourself should feel that your presence was like to be a danger, I am quite willing to believe you'd take yourself off."

"You judge me rightly, sir, and I'm proud to see it; but how are you to present me to your friends?"

"As a College acquaintance—a friend of Atlee's and of mine—a gentleman who occupied the room next me. I can surely say that with truth."

"And dined with you every day since you knew him. Why not add that?"

He laughed merrily over this conceit, and at last Donogan said, "I've a little kit of clothes—something decenter than these—up in Thomas Street, No. 18, Mr. Kearney; the old house Lord Edward was shot in, and the safest place in Dublin now, because it is so notorious. I'll step up for them this evening, and I'll be ready to start when you like."

"Here's good fortune to us, whatever we do next," said Kearney, filling both their glasses; and they touched the brims together, and clinked them, before they drained them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ON THE LEADS."

KATE KEARNEY'S room was on the top of the castle, and "gave" by a window over the leads of a large square tower. On this space she had made a little garden of a few flowers, to tend which was one of what she called "her dissipations."

Some old packing-cases, filled with mould, sufficed to nourish a few stocks and carnations, a rose or two, and a mass of mignonette, which possibly, like the children of the poor, grew up sturdy and healthy from some of the adverse circumstances of their condition. It was a very favourite spot with her; and if she came hither in her happiest moments, it was here also her saddest hours were passed, sure that in the cares and employments of her loved plants, she would find solace and consolation. It was at this window Kate now sat with Nina, looking over the vast plain, on which a rich moonlight was streaming, the shadows of fast-flitting clouds throwing strange and fanciful effects over a space almost wide enough to be a prairie.

"What a deal have mere names to do with our imaginations, Nina!" said Kate. "Is not that boundless sweep before us as fine as your boasted Campagna? Does not the night-wind career over it as joyfully, and is not the moonlight as picturesque in its breaks by turf-clamp and hillock as by ruined wall and tottering temple? In a word, are not we as well here, to drink in all this delicious silence, as if we were sitting on your loved Pincian?"

"Don't ask me to share such heresies. I see nothing out there but bleak desolation. I don't know if it ever had a past; I can almost swear it will have no future. Let us not talk of it."

"What shall we talk of?" asked Kate, with an arch smile.

"You know well enough what led me up here. I want to hear what you know of that strange man Dick brought here to-day to dinner."

"I never saw him before—never even heard of him."

"Do you like him?"

"I have scarcely seen him."

"Don't be so guarded and reserved. Tell me frankly the impression he makes on you. Is he not vulgar—very vulgar?"

"How should I say, Nina? Of all the people you ever met, who knows so little of the habits of society as myself? Those fine gentlemen who were here the other day shocked my ignorance by numberless little displays of indifference. Yet I can feel that they must have been paragons of good breeding, and that what I believed to be a very cool self-sufficiency was in reality the very latest London version of good manners."

"Oh, you did not like that charming carelessness of Englishmen that goes where it likes and when it likes, that does not wait to be answered when it questions, and only insists on one thing, which is—'not to be

bored.' If you knew, dearest Kate, how foreigners school themselves, and strive to catch up that insouciance, and never succeed—never!"

"My brother's friend certainly is no adept in it."

"He is insufferable. I don't know that the man ever dined in the company of ladies before; did you remark that he did not open the door as we left the dinner-room? and if your brother had not come over, I should have had to open it for myself. I declare I'm not sure he stood up as we passed."

"Oh, yes; I saw him rise from his chair."

"I'll tell you what you did not see. You did not see him open his napkin at dinner. He stole his roll of bread very slyly from the folds, and then placed the napkin, carefully folded, beside him."

"You seem to have observed him closely, Nina."

"I did so, because I saw enough in his manner to excite suspicion of his class, and I want to know what Dick means by introducing him here."

"Papa liked him; at least he said that after we left the room a good deal of his shyness wore off, and that he conversed pleasantly and well. Above all, he seems to know Ireland perfectly."

"Indeed!" said she, half-disdainfully.

"So much so that I was heartily sorry to leave the room when I heard them begin the topic; but I saw papa wished to have some talk with him, and I went."

"They were gallant enough not to join us afterwards, though I think we waited tea till ten."

"Till nigh eleven, Nina; so that I am sure they must have been interested in their conversation."

"I hope the explanation excuses them."

"I don't know that they are aware they needed an apology. Perhaps they were affecting a little of that British insouciance you spoke of—"

"They had better not. It will sit most awkwardly on their Irish habits."

"Some day or other I'll give you a formal battle on this score, Nina, and I warn you you'll not come so well out of it."

"Whenever you like. I accept the challenge. Make this brilliant companion of your brother's the type, and it will test your cleverness, I promise you. Do you even know his name?"

"Mr. Daniel, my brother called him; but I know nothing of his country or of his belongings."

"Daniel is a Christian name, not a family name, is it not? We have scores of people like that—Tommasini, Riccardi, and such like—in Italy, but they mean nothing."

"Our friend below-stairs looks as if *that* was not his failing. I should say that he means a good deal."

"Oh, I know you are laughing at my stupid phrase—no matter; you understood me, at all events. I don't like that man."

"Dick's friends are not fortunate with you. I remember how unfavourably you judged of Mr. Atlee from his portrait."

"Well, he looked rather better than his picture—less false, I mean ; or perhaps it was that he had a certain levity of manner that carried off the perfidy."

"What an amiable sort of levity !"

"You are too critical on me by half this evening," said Nina, pettishly ; and she arose and strolled out upon the leads.

For some time Kate was scarcely aware she had gone. Her head was full of cares, and she sat trying to think some of them "out," and see her way to deal with them. At last the door of the room slowly and noiselessly opened, and Dick put in his head. "I was afraid you might be asleep, Kate," said he, entering, "finding all so still and quiet here."

"No. Nina and I were chatting here—squabbling, I believe, if I were to tell the truth ; and I can't tell when she left me."

"What could you be quarrelling about ?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"I think it was with that strange friend of yours. We were not quite agreed whether his manners were perfect, or his habits those of the well-bred world. Then we wanted to know more of him, and each was dissatisfied that the other was so ignorant ; and, lastly, we were canvassing that very peculiar taste you appear to have in friends, and were wondering where you find your odd people."

"So then you don't like Donogan ?" said he, hurriedly.

"Like whom ? And you call him Donogan !"

"The mischief is out," said he. "Not that I wanted to have secrets from you ; but all the same, I am a precious bungler. His name is Donogan, and what's more, it's Daniel Donogan. He was the same who figured in the dock at, I believe, sixteen years of age, with Smith O'Brien and the others, and was afterwards seen in England in '59, known as a head-centre, and apprehended on suspicion in '60, and made his escape from Dartmoor the same year. There's a very pretty biography in skeleton, is it not ?"

"But, my dear Dick, how are you connected with him ?"

"Not very seriously. Don't be afraid. I'm not compromised in any way, nor does he desire that I should be. Here is the whole story of our acquaintance." And now he told what the reader already knows of their first meeting and the intimacy that followed it.

"All that will take nothing from the danger of harbouring a man charged as he is," said she, gravely.

"That is to say, if he be tracked and discovered."

"It is what I mean."

"Well, one has only to look out of that window, and see where we are and what lies around us on every side, to be tolerably easy on that score." And as he spoke he arose and walked out upon the terrace.

"What, were you here all this time ?" asked he, as he saw Nina

seated on the battlement, and throwing dried leaves carelessly to the wind.

"Yes; I have been here this half-hour, perhaps longer."

"And heard what we have been saying within there?"

"Some chance words reached me, but I did not follow them."

"Oh, it was here you were then, Nina!" cried Kate. "I am ashamed to say I did not know it."

"We got so warm in discussing your friend's merits or demerits, that we parted in a sort of huff," said Nina. "I wonder was he worth quarrelling for?"

"What should *you* say?" asked Dick, inquiringly, as he scanned her face.

"In any other land I might say he was—that is, that some interest might attach to him; but here, in Ireland, you all look so much brighter, and wittier, and more impetuous, and more out of the common than you really are, that I give up all divination of you, and own I cannot read you at all."

"I hope you like the explanation," said Kate to her brother, laughing.

"I'll tell my friend of it in the morning," said Dick; "and as he is a great national champion, perhaps he'll accept it as a defiance."

"You do not frighten by the threat," said Nina, calmly.

Dick looked from her face to his sister's and back again to hers, to discern if he might how much she had overheard; but he could read nothing in her cold and impassive bearing, and he went his way in doubt and confusion.

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MAY, 1871.

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LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO.; 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

LEIPZIG: ALPHONS DÜRR. NEW YORK: WILLMER AND ROGERS;
MELBOURNE: G. ROBERTSON. SYDNEY: W. MADDOCK. ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY.
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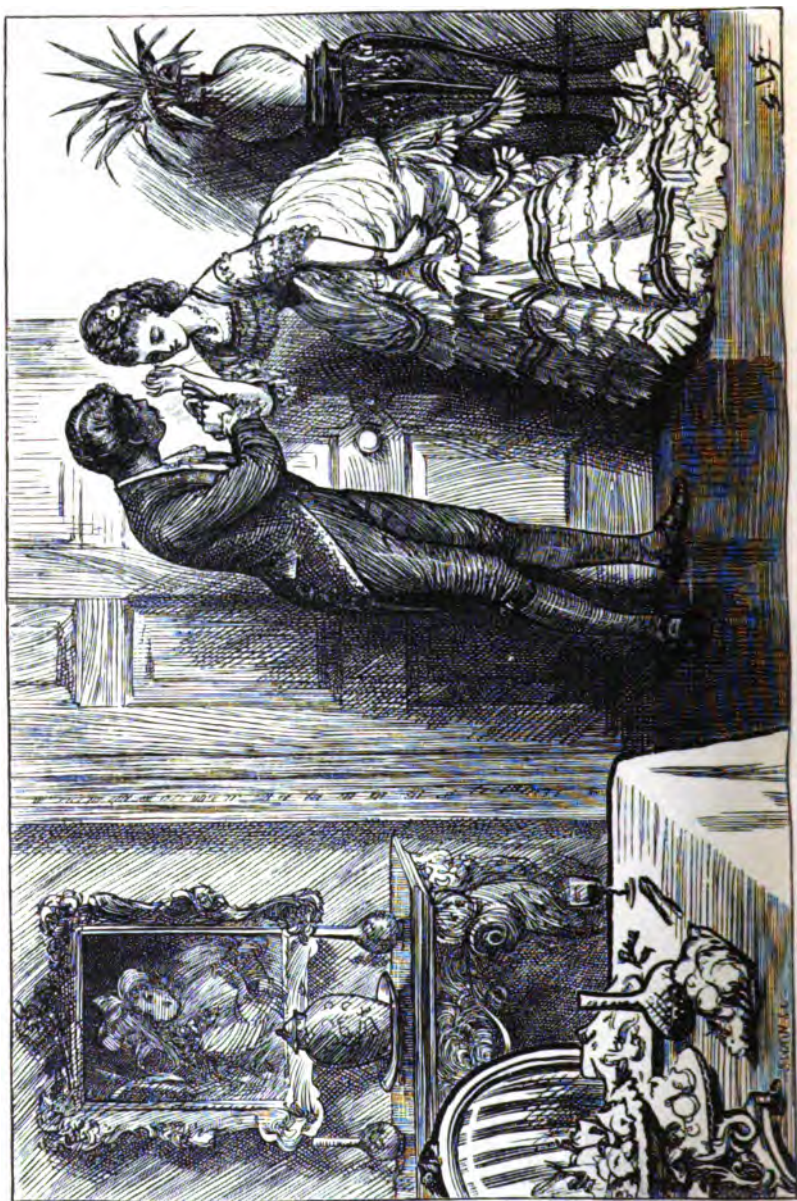
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"YOU WEAR A RING OF GREAT BEAUTY. MAY I LOOK AT IT?"

we announce to-day, with authority,—that Richard Kearney, Esq., son
VOL. XXIII.—NO. 137.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1871.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON A VISIT AT KILGOBBIN.



BEFORE Kearney had risen from his bed the next morning, Donogan was in his room, his look elated and his cheek glowing with recent exercise. "I have had a burst of two hours' sharp walking over the bog," cried he; "and it has put me in such spirits as I have not known for many a year. Do you know, Mr. Kearney, that what with the fantastic effects of the morning mists, as they lift themselves over these vast wastes—the glorious patches of blue heather and purple anemone that the sun displays through the fog—and, better than all, the springiness of a soil that sends a thrill to the heart, like a throb of youth itself—there is no walking in the

world can compare with a bog at sunrise! There's a sentiment to open a paper on nationalities! I came up with the postboy, and took his letters to save him a couple of miles. Here's one for you, I think from Atlee; and this is also to your address, from Dublin; and here's the last number of the *Pike*, and you'll see they have lost no time. There's a few lines about you. 'Our readers will be grateful to us for the tidings we announce to-day, with authority,—that Richard Kearney, Esq., son

LORD KILGOBBIN.

of Maurice Kearney, of Kilgobbin Castle, will contest his native county at the approaching election. It will be a proud day for Ireland when she shall see her representation in the names of those who dignify the exalted station they hold in virtue of their birth and blood, by claims of admitted talent and recognized ability. Mr. Kearney, junior, has swept the university of its prizes, and the College gate has long seen his name at the head of her prizemen. He contests the seat in the National interest. It is needless to say all our sympathies, and hopes, and best wishes go with him.'"

Dick shook with laughing while the other read out the paragraph in a high-sounding and pretentious tone.

"I hope," said Kearney, at last, "that the information as to my college successes is not vouched for on authority."

"Who cares a fig about them? The phrase rounds off a sentence, and nobody treats it like an affidavit."

"But some one may take the trouble to remind the readers that my victories have been defeats, and that in my last examination but one I got 'cautioned.'"

"Do you imagine, Mr. Kearney, the House of Commons in any way reflects college distinction? Do you look for senior-wranglers and double-firsts on the Treasury bench? and are not the men who carry away distinction the men of breadth, not depth? Is it not the wide acquaintance with a large field of knowledge, and the subtle power to know how other men regard these topics, that make the popular leader of the present day? and remember, it is talk, and not oratory, is the mode. You must be commonplace, and even vulgar, practical, dashed with a small morality, so as not to be classed with the low Radical; and if then you have a bit of high falutin for the peroration, you'll do. The morning papers will call you a young man of great promise, and the whip will never pass you without a shake-hands."

"But there are good speakers."

"There is Bright—I don't think I know another—and he only at times. Take my word for it, the secret of success with 'the collective wisdom' is reiteration. Tell them the same thing, not once or twice or even ten, but fifty times, and don't vary very much even the way you tell it. Go on repeating your platitudes, and by the time you find you are cursing your own stupid persistence, you may swear you have made a convert to your opinions. If you are bent on variety, and must indulge it, ring your changes on the man who brought these views before them—yourself, but beyond these never soar. O'Connell, who had variety at will for his own countrymen, never tried it in England: he knew better. The chawbacons that we sneer at are not always in smock-frocks, take my word for it; they many of them wear wide-brimmed hats and broadcloth, and sit above the gangway. Ay, sir," cried he, warming with the theme, "once I can get my countrymen fully awakened to the fact of who and what are the men who rule them, I'll ask for no Catholic Asso-

ciations, or Repeal Committees, or Nationalist Clubs—the card-house of British supremacy will tumble of itself; there will be no conflict, but simply submission.”

“We’re a long day’s journey from these convictions, I suspect,” said Kearney, doubtfully.

“Not so far, perhaps, as you think. Do you remark how little the English press deal in abuse of us to what was once their custom? They have not, I admit, come down to civility; but they don’t deride us in the old fashion, nor tell us, as I once saw, that we are intellectually and physically stamped with inferiority. If it was true, Mr. Kearney, it was stupid to tell it to us.”

“I think we could do better than dwell upon these things.”

“I deny that: deny it *in toto*. The moment you forget, in your dealings with the Englishman, the cheap estimate he entertains, not alone of your brains and your skill, but of your resolution, your persistence, your strong will, ay, your very integrity, that moment, I say, places him in a position to treat you as something below him. Bear in mind, however, how he is striving to regard you, and it’s your own fault if you’re not his equal, and something more perhaps. There was a man more than the master of them all, and his name was Edmund Burke; and how did they treat him? How insolently did they behave to O’Connell in the House till he put his heel on them? Were they generous to Sheil? Were they just to Plunkett? No, no. The element that they decry in our people they know they have not got, and they’d like to crush the race, when they cannot extinguish the quality.”

Donogan had so excited himself now that he walked up and down the room, his voice ringing with emotion, and his arms wildly tossing in all the extravagance of passion. “This is from Joe Atlee,” said Kearney, as he tore open the envelope:—

“‘DEAR DICK,—I cannot account for the madness that seems to have seized you, except that Dan Donogan, the most rabid dog I know, has bitten you. If so, for heaven’s sake have the piece cut out at once, and use the strongest cautery of common sense, if you know of any one who has a little to spare. I only remembered yesterday that I ought to have told you I had sheltered Dan in our rooms, but I can already detect that you have made his acquaintance. He is not a bad fellow. He is sincere in his opinions, and incorruptible, if that be the name for a man who, if bought to-morrow, would not be worth sixpence to his owner.

“‘Though I resigned all respect for my own good sense in telling it, I was obliged to let H. E. know the contents of your despatch, and then, as I saw he had never heard of Kilgobbin, or the great Kearney family, I told more lies of your estated property, your county station, your influence generally, and your abilities individually, than the fee-simple of your property, converted into masses, will see me safe through purgatory; and I have consequently baited the trap that has caught

myself; for, persuaded by my eloquent advocacy of you all, H. E. has written to Walpole to make certain inquiries concerning you, which if satisfactory, he, Walpole, will put himself in communication with you, as to the extent and the mode to which the Government will support you. I think I can see Dan Donogan's fine hand in that part of your note which foreshadows a threat, and hints that the Walpole story would, if published abroad, do enormous damage to the Ministry. This, let me assure you, is a fatal error, and a blunder which could only be committed by an outsider in political life. The days are long past since a scandal could smash an administration; and we are so strong now that arson or forgery could not hurt, and I don't think that infanticide would affect us.

"If you are really bent on this wild exploit, you should see Walpole, and confer with him. You don't talk well, but you write worse, so avoid correspondence, and do all your indiscretions verbally. Be angry if you like with my candour, but follow my counsel.

"See him, and show him, if you are able, that, all questions of nationality apart, he may count upon your vote; that there are certain impracticable and impossible conceits in politics—like repeal, subdivision of land, restoration of the confiscated estates, and such like—on which Irishmen insist on being free to talk balderdash, and air their patriotism; but that, rightfully considered, they are as harmless and mean just as little as a discussion on the Digamma, or a debate on perpetual motion. The stupid Tories could never be brought to see this. Like genuine dolts, they would have an army of supporters, one-minded with them in everything. We know better, and hence we buy the Radical vote by a little coquetting with communism, and the model working-man and the rebel by an occasional gaol-delivery, and the Papist by a sop to the Holy Father. Bear in mind, Dick—and it is the grand secret of political life—it takes all sorts of people to make "a party." When you have thoroughly digested this aphorism, you are fit to start in the world.

"If you were not so full of what I am sure you would call your "legitimate ambitions," I'd like to tell you the glorious life we lead in this place. Disraeli talks of "the well-sustained splendour of their stately lives," and it is just the phrase for an existence in which all the appliances to ease and enjoyment are supplied by a sort of magic, that never shows its machinery, nor lets you hear the sound of its working. The saddle-horses know when I want to ride by the same instinct that makes the butler give me the exact wine I wish at my dinner. And so on throughout the day, "the sustained splendour" being an ever-present luxuriousness, that I drink in with a thirst that knows no slaking.

"I have made a hit with H. E., and, from copying some rather muddle-headed despatches, I am now promoted to writing short skeleton sermons on politics, which, duly filled out and fattened with official nutriment, will one day astonish the Irish Office, and make one of the Nestors of bureaucracy exclaim, "See how Danesbury has got up the Irish question,"

“ ‘I have a charming collaborateur, my lord’s niece, who was acting as his private secretary up to the time of my arrival, and whose explanation of a variety of things I found to be so essential that, from being at first in the continual necessity of seeking her out, I have now arrived at a point at which we write in the same room, and pass our mornings in the library till luncheon. She is stunningly handsome, as tall as the Greek cousin, and with a stately grace of manner and a cold dignity of demeanour I’d give my heart’s blood to subdue to a mood of womanly tenderness and dependence. Up to this, my position is that of a very humble courtier in presence of a queen, and she takes care that by no momentary forgetfulness shall I lose sight of the “situation.”

“ ‘She is engaged, they say, to be married to Walpole; but as I have not heard that he is heir-apparent, or has even the reversion to the crown of Spain, I cannot perceive what the contract means.

“ ‘I rode out with her to-day by special invitation, or permission—which was it?—and in the few words that passed between us, she asked me if I had long known Mr. Walpole, and put her horse into a canter without waiting for my answer.

“ ‘With H. E. I can talk away freely, and without constraint. I am never very sure that he does not know the things he questions me on better than myself—a practice some of his order rather cultivate; but, on the whole, our intercourse is easy. I know he is not a little puzzled about me, and I intend that he should remain so.

“ ‘When you have seen and spoken with Walpole, write me what has taken place between you; and though I am fully convinced that what you intend is unmitigated folly, I see so many difficulties in the way, such obstacles, and such almost impossibilities to be overcome, that I think Fate will be more merciful to you than your ambitions, and spare you, by an early defeat, from a crushing disappointment.

“ ‘Had you ambitioned to be a governor of a colony, a bishop, or a Queen’s messenger,—they are the only irresponsible people I can think of,—I might have helped you; but this conceit to be a Parliament man is such irredeemable folly, one is powerless to deal with it.

“ ‘At all events, your time is not worth much, nor is your public character of a very grave importance. Give them both, then, freely to the effort, but do not let it cost you money, nor let Donogan persuade you that you are one of those men who can make patriotism self-supporting.

“ ‘H. E. hints at a very confidential mission on which he desires to employ me; and though I should leave this place now, with much regret, and a more tender sorrow than I could teach you to comprehend, I shall hold myself at his orders for Japan if he wants me. Meanwhile, write to me what takes place with Walpole, and put your faith firmly in the goodwill and efficiency of

“ ‘Yours truly,

“ ‘JOE ATLEE.’ ”

"If you think of taking Donogan down with you to Kilgobbin, I ought to tell you that it would be a mistake. Women invariably dislike him, and he would do you no credit."

Dick Kearney, who had begun to read this letter aloud, saw himself constrained to continue, and went on boldly, without stop or hesitation, to the last word.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Kearney," said Donogan, "for this mark of trustfulness, and I'm not in the least sore about all Joe has said of me."

"He is not over complimentary to myself," said Kearney, and the irritation he felt was not to be concealed.

"There's one passage in his letter," said the other, thoughtfully, "well worth all the stress he lays on it. He tells you never to forget it 'takes all sorts of men to make a party.' Nothing can more painfully prove the fact than that we need Joe Atlee amongst ourselves! And it is true, Mr. Kearney," said he, sternly, "treason must now, to have any chance at all, be many-handed. We want not only all sorts of men, but in all sorts of places; and at tables where rebel opinions dared not be boldly announced and defended, we want people who can coquet with felony, and get men to talk over treason with little if any ceremony. Joe can do this—he can write, and, what is better, sing you a Fenian ballad, and if he sees he has made a mistake, he can quizz himself and his song as cavalierly as he has sung it! And now, on my solemn oath, I say it, I don't know that anything worse has befallen us than the fact that there are such men as Joe Atlee amongst us, and that we need them—ay, sir, we need them!"

"This is brief enough, at any rate," said Kearney, as he broke open the second letter:—

"Dublin Castle, Wednesday Evening.

"DEAR SIR,—

"WOULD you do me the great favour to call on me here at your earliest convenient moment? I am still an invalid, and confined to a sofa, or would ask for permission to meet you at your chambers.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"CECIL WALPOLE."

"That cannot be delayed, I suppose?" said Kearney, in the tone of a question.

"Certainly not."

"I'll go up by the night mail. You'll remain where you are, and where I hope you feel you are with a welcome."

"I feel it, sir—I feel it more than I can say." And his face was blood-red as he spoke.

"There are scores of things you can do while I am away. You'll

have to study the county in all its baronies and subdivisions. There, my sister can help you ; and you'll have to learn the names and places of our great county swells, and mark such as may be likely to assist us. You'll have to stroll about in our own neighbourhood, and learn what the people near home say of the intention, and pick up what you can of public opinion in our towns of Moate and Kilbeggan."

"I have bethought me of all that——" He paused here and seemed to hesitate if he should say more ; and, after an effort, he went on : " You'll not take amiss what I'm going to say, Mr. Kearney. You'll make full allowance for a man placed as I am ; but I want, before you go, to learn from you in what way, or as what, you have presented me to your family ? Am I a poor sizar of Trinity, whose hard struggle with poverty has caught your sympathy ? Am I a chance acquaintance, whose only claim on you is being known to Joe Atlee ? I'm sure I need not ask you, have you called me by my real name and given me my real character ? "

Kearney flushed up to the eyes, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder—" This is exactly what I have done. I have told my sister that you are the noted Daniel Donogan—United Irishman and rebel."

" But only to your sister ? "

" To none other."

" She'll not betray me, I know that."

" You are right there, Donogan. Here's how it happened, for it was not intended." And now he related how the name had escaped him.

" So that the cousin knows nothing ? "

" Nothing whatever. My sister Kate is not one to make rash confidences, and you may rely on it she has not told her."

" I hope and trust that this mistake will serve you for a lesson, Mr. Kearney, and show you that to keep a secret it is not enough to have an honest intention, but a man must have a watch over his thoughts and a padlock on his tongue. And now to something of more importance. In your meeting with Walpole, mind one thing : no modesty, no humility ; make your demands boldly, and declare that your price is well worth the paying ; let him feel that, as he must make a choice between the priests and the nationalists, that we are the easier of the two to deal with :—first of all, we don't press for prompt payment ; and, secondly, we'll not shock Exeter Hall ! Show him that strongly, and tell him that there are clever fellows amongst us who'll not compromise him or his party, and will never desert him on a close division. Oh, dear me, how I wish I was going in your place."

" So do I, with all my heart ; but there's ten striking, and we shall be late for breakfast."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MOATE STATION.

THE train by which Miss Betty O'Shea expected her nephew was late in its arrival at Moate, and Peter Gill, who had been sent with the car to fetch him over, was busily discussing his second supper when the passengers arrived.

"Are you Mr. Gorman O'Shea, sir?" asked Peter of a well-dressed and well-looking man, who had just taken his luggage from the train.

"No; here he is," replied he, pointing to a tall powerful young fellow, whose tweed suit and billycock-hat could not completely conceal a soldierlike bearing and a sort of compactness that comes of "drill."

"That's my name. What do you want with me?" cried he, in a loud but pleasant voice.

"Only that Miss Betty has sent me over with the car for your honour, if it's plazing to you to drive across."

"What about this broiled bone, Miller?" asked O'Shea. "I rather think I like the notion better than when you proposed it."

"I suspect you do," said the other; "but we'll have to step over to the 'Blue Goat.' It's only a few yards off, and they'll be ready, for I telegraphed them from town to be prepared as the train came in."

"You seem to know the place well."

"Yes. I may say I know something about it. I canvassed this part of the county once for one of the Idlers, and I secretly determined, if I ever thought of trying for a seat in the House, I'd make the attempt here. They are a most pretentious set of beggars these small towns-folk, and they'd rather hear themselves talk politics, and give their notions of what they think 'good for Ireland,' than actually pocket bank-notes; and that, my dear friend, is a virtue in a constituency never to be ignored or forgotten. The moment, then, I heard of M. ——'s retirement, I sent off a confidential emissary down here to get up what is called a requisition, asking me to stand for the county. Here it is, and the answer, in this morning's *Freeman*. You can read it at your leisure. Here we are now at the 'Blue Goat;' and I see they are expecting us."

Not only was there a capital fire in the grate, and the table ready laid for supper, but a half-dozen or more of the notabilities of Moate were in waiting to receive the new candidate, and confer with him over the coming contest.

"My companion is the nephew of an old neighbour of yours, gentlemen," said Miller: "Captain Gorman O'Shea, of the Imperial Lancers of Austria. I know you have heard of, if you have not seen him."

A round of very hearty and demonstrative salutations followed, and O'Gorman was well pleased at the friendly reception accorded him.

Austria was a great country, one of the company observed. They

had got liberal institutions and a free press, and they were good Catholics, who would give those heretical Prussians a fine lesson one of these days ; and Gorman O'Shea's health, coupled with these sentiments, was drank with all the honours.

"There's a jolly old face that I ought to remember well," said Gorman, as he looked up at the portrait of Lord Kilgobbin over the chimney. "When I entered the service, and came back here on leave, he gave me the first sword I ever wore, and treated me as kindly as if I was his son."

The hearty speech elicited no response from the hearers, who only exchanged significant looks with each other, while Miller, apparently less under restraint, broke in with, "That stupid adventure the English newspapers called 'The gallant resistance at Kilgobbin Castle' has lost that man the esteem of Irishmen."

A perfect burst of approval followed these words ; and while young O'Shea eagerly pressed for an explanation of an incident of which he heard for the first time, they one and all proceeded to give their versions of what had occurred ; but with such contradictions, corrections, and emendations that the young man might be pardoned if he comprehended little of the event.

"They say his son will contest the county with you, Mr. Miller," cried one.

"Let me have no weightier rival, and I ask no more."

"Faix, if he's going to stand," said another, "his father might have taken the trouble to ask us for our votes. Would you believe it, sir, it's going on six months since he put his foot in this room ?"

"And do the 'Goats' stand that ?" asked Miller.

"I don't wonder he doesn't care to come into Moate. There's not a shop in the town he doesn't owe money to."

"And we never refused him credit——"

"For anything but his principles," chimed in an old fellow, whose oratory was heartily relished.

"He's going to stand in the national interest," said one.

"That's the safe ticket when you have no money," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Miller, who rose to his legs to give greater importance to his address :—"If we want to make Ireland a country to live in, the only party to support is the Whig Government ! The nationalist may open the gaols, give licence to the press, hunt down the Orangemen, and make the place generally too hot for the English. But are these the things that you and I want or strive for ? We want order and quietness in the land, and the best places in it for ourselves to enjoy these blessings. Is Mr. Casey down there satisfied to keep the post-office in Moate when he knows he could be the first secretary in Dublin, at the head-office, with two thousand a year ? Will my friend Mr. McGloin say that he'd rather pass his life here than be a Commissioner of Customs, and live in Merrion Square ? Ain't we men ? Ain't we fathers and husbands ? Have we not

sons to advance and daughters to marry in the world, and how much will nationalism do for these ?

"I will not tell you that the Whigs love us or have any strong regard for us ; but they need us, gentlemen, and they know well that, without the Radicals, and Scotland, and our party here, they couldn't keep power for three weeks. Now why is Scotland a great and prosperous country ? I'll tell you. Scotland has no sentimental politics. Scotland says, in her own homely adage, 'Ca' me and I'll ca' thee.' Scotland insists that there should be Scotchmen everywhere—in the Post Office, in the Privy Council, in the Pipe-water and in the Punjaub ! Does Scotland go on vapouring about an extinct nationality or the right of the Stuarts ? Not a bit of it. She says, Burn Scotch coal in the navy, though the smoke may blind you and you never get up steam ! She has no national absurdities : she neither asks for a flag nor a parliament. She demands only what will pay. And it is by supporting the Whigs, you will make Ireland as prosperous as Scotland. Literally, the Fenians, gentlemen, will never make my friend yonder a baronet, nor put me on the Bench ; and now that we are met here in secret committee, I can say all this to you and none of it get abroad.

"Mind, I never told you the Whigs love us, or said that we love the Whigs ; but we can each of us help the other. When *they* smash the Protestant party, they are doing a fine stroke of work for Liberalism in pulling down a cruel ascendancy and righting the Romanists. And when *we* crush the Protestants, we are opening the best places in the land to ourselves by getting rid of our only rivals. Look at the Bench, gentlemen, and the high offices of the courts. Have not we Papists, as they call us, our share in both ? And this is only the beginning, let me tell you. There is a university in College Green due to us, and a number of fine palaces that their bishops once lived in, and grand old cathedrals whose very names show the rightful ownership ; and when we have got all these—as the Whigs will give them one day—even then, we are only beginning. And now turn the other side and see what you have to expect from the nationalists. Some very hard fighting and a great number of broken heads. I give in that you'll drive the English out, take the Pigeon-House fort, capture the Magazine, and carry away the Lord Lieutenant in chains. And what will you have for it, after all, but another scrimmage amongst yourselves for the spoils. Mr. Mullen, of the *Pike*, will want something that Mr. Darby McKeown, of the *Convicted Felon*, has just appropriated ; Tom Cassidy, that burned the Grand Master of the Orangemen, finds that he is not to be pensioned for life ; and Phil Costigan, that blew up the Lodge in the Park, discovers that he is not even to get the ruins as building-materials. I tell you, my friends, it's not in such convulsions as these that you and I, and other sensible men like us, want to pass our lives. We look for a comfortable berth and quarter-day ; that's what we compound for—quarter-day—and I give it to you as a toast with all the honours."

And certainly the rich volume of cheers that greeted the sentiment vouched for a hearty and sincere recognition of the toast.

"The chaise is ready at the door, councillor," cried the landlord, addressing Mr. Miller, and after a friendly shake-hands all round, Miller slipped his arm through O'Shea's and drew him apart.

"I'll be back this way in about ten days or so, and I'll ask you to present me to your aunt. She has got above a hundred votes on her property, and I think I can count upon you to stand by me."

"I can, perhaps, promise you a welcome at the Barn," muttered the young fellow in some confusion; "but when you have seen my aunt, you'll understand why I give you no pledges on the score of political support."

"Oh, is that the way?" asked Miller, with a knowing laugh.

"Yes, that's the way, and no mistake about it," replied O'Shea, and they parted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW THE "GOATS" REVOLTED.

In less than a week after the events last related, the members of the "Goat Club" were summoned to an extraordinary and general meeting, by an invitation from the vice-president, Mr. McGloin, the chief grocer and hardware-dealer of Kilbeggan. The terms of this circular seemed to indicate importance, for it said—"To take into consideration a matter of vital interest to the society."

Though only the denizen of a very humble country town, McGloin possessed certain gifts and qualities, which might have graced a higher station. He was the most self-contained and secret of men; he detected mysterious meanings in every—the smallest—event of life; and as he divulged none of his discoveries, and only pointed vaguely and dimly to the consequences, he got credit for the correctness of his unuttered predictions as completely as though he had registered his prophecies as copyright at Stationers' Hall. It is needless to say that on every question, religious, social, or political, he was the paramount authority of the town. It was but rarely indeed that a rebellious spirit dared to set up an opinion in opposition to his; but if such a hazardous event were to occur, he would suppress it with a dignity of manner which derived no small aid from the resources of a mind rich in historical parallel; and it was really curious for those who believe that history is always repeating itself, to remark how frequently John McGloin represented the mind and character of Lycurgus, and how often poor old, dreary, and bog-surrounded Moate recalled the image of Sparta and its "sunny slopes."

Now, there is one feature of Ireland which I am not quite sure is very generally known or appreciated on the other side of St. George's Channel, and this is the fierce spirit of indignation called up in a county habitually quiet, when the newspapers bring it to public notice as the scene of some

lawless violence. For once there is union amongst Irishmen. Every class, from the estated proprietor to the humblest peasant, is loud in asserting that the story is an infamous falsehood. Magistrates, priests, agents, middlemen, tax-gatherers, and tax-payers, rush into print to abuse the "blackguard"—he is always the blackguard—who invented the lie; and men upwards of ninety are quoted to show that so long as they could remember, there never was a man injured, nor a rick burned, nor a heifer hamstrung in the six baronies round! Old newspapers are adduced to show how often the going judge of assize has complimented the grand jury on the catalogue of crime; in a word, the whole population is ready to make oath that the county is little short of a terrestrial paradise, and that it is a district teeming with gentle landlords, pious priests, and industrious peasants, without a plague-spot on the face of the county except it be the police barrack, and the company of lazy vagabonds with cross-belts and carbines, that lounge before it. When, therefore, the press of Dublin at first, and afterwards of the empire at large, related the night attack for arms at Kilgobbin Castle, the first impulse of the county at large was to rise up in the face of the nation and deny the slander! Magistrates consulted together whether the high-sheriff should not convene a meeting of the county. Priests took counsel with the bishop, whether notice should not be taken of the calumny from the altar. The small shopkeepers of the small towns assuming that their trade would be impaired by these rumours of disturbance—just as Parisians used to declaim against barricades in the streets,—are violent in denouncing the malignant falsehoods upon a quiet and harmless community: so that, in fact, every rank and condition vied with its neighbour in declaring that the whole story was a base tissue of lies, and which could only impose upon those who knew nothing of the county, nor of the peaceful, happy, and brother-like creatures who inhabited it.

It was not to be supposed that, at such a crisis, Mr. John McGloin would be inactive or indifferent. As a man of considerable influence at elections, he had his weight with a county member, Mr. Price; and to him he wrote, demanding that he should ask in the House what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Castle authorities with reference to this supposed outrage, and whether the law officers of the Crown, or the adviser of the Viceroy, or the chiefs of the local police, or—to quote the exact words—"any sane or respectable man in the county" believed one word of the story. Lastly, that he would also ask whether any and what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Chief Secretary with respect to a small house on the Kilgobbin property which Mr. Kearney had suggested as a convenient police-station, and for which he asked a rent of twenty-five pounds per annum; and if such correspondence existed, whether it had any or what relation to the rumoured attack on Kilgobbin Castle?

If it should seem strange that a leading member of the "Goat Club" should assail its president, the explanation is soon made: Mr. McGloin

had long desired to be the chief himself. He and many others had seen, with some irritation and displeasure, the growing indifference of Mr. Kearney for the "Goats." For many months he had never called them together, and several members had resigned, and many more threatened resignation. It was time, then, that some energetic steps should be taken. The opportunity for this was highly favourable. Anything unpatriotic, anything even unpopular in Kearney's conduct, would, in the then temper of the club, be sufficient to rouse them to actual rebellion; and it was to test this sentiment, and, if necessary, to stimulate it, Mr. McGloin convened a meeting, which a by-law of the society enabled him to do at any period when, for the three preceding months, the president had not assembled the club.

Though the members generally were not a little proud of their president, and deemed it considerable glory to them to have a viscount for their chief, and though it gave great dignity to their debates that the rising speaker should begin "My Lord and Buck Goat," yet they were not without dissatisfaction at seeing how cavalierly he treated them, what slight value he appeared to attach to their companionship, and how perfectly indifferent he seemed to their opinions, their wishes, or their wants.

There were various theories in circulation to explain this change of temper in their chief. Some ascribed it to young Kearney, who was a "stuck-up" young fellow, and wanted his father to give himself greater airs and pretensions. Others opinioned it was the daughter, who, though she played Lady Bountiful among the poor cottiers, and affected interest in the people, was in reality the proudest of them all. And last of all, there were some who, in open defiance of chronology, attributed the change to a post-dated event, and said that the swells from the Castle were the ruin of Maurice Kearney, and that he was never the same man since the day he saw them.

Whether any of these were the true solution of the difficulty or not, Kearney's popularity was on the decline at the moment when this unfortunate narrative of the attack on his castle aroused the whole county and excited their feelings against him. Mr. McGloin took every step of his proceeding with due measure and caution; and having secured a certain number of promises of attendance at the meeting, he next notified to his lordship, how, in virtue of a certain section of a certain law, he had exercised his right of calling the members together; and that he now begged respectfully to submit to the chief, that some of the matters which would be submitted to the collective wisdom would have reference to the "Buck Goat" himself, and that it would be an act of great courtesy on his part if he should condescend to be present and afford some explanation.

That the bare possibility of being called to account by the "Goats" would drive Kearney into a ferocious passion, if not a fit of the gout, McGloin knew well; and that the very last thing on his mind would be to

come amongst them, he was equally sure of: so that in giving his invitation there was no risk whatever. Maurice Kearney's temper was no secret; and whenever the necessity should arise, that a burst of indiscreet anger should be sufficient to injure a cause, or damage a situation, "the lord" could be calculated on with a perfect security. McGloin understood this thoroughly; nor was it matter of surprise to him that a verbal reply of "There is no answer" was returned to his note; while the old servant, instead of stopping the ass-cart as usual for the weekly supply of groceries at McGloin's, repaired to a small shop over the way, where colonial products were rudely jostled out of their proper places by coils of rope, sacks of rapeseed, glue, glass, and leather, amid which the proprietor felt far more at home than amidst mixed pickles and mocha.

Mr. McGloin, however, had counted the cost of his policy; he knew well that for the ambition to succeed his lordship as chief of the Club, he should have to pay by the loss of the Kilgobbin custom; and whether it was that the greatness in prospect was too tempting to resist, or that the sacrifice was smaller than it might have seemed, he was prepared to risk the venture.

The meeting was in so far a success that it was fully attended. Such a flock of "Goats" had not been seen by them since the memory of man, nor was the unanimity less remarkable than the number; and every paragraph of Mr. McGloin's speech was hailed with vociferous cheers and applause; the sentiment of the assembly being evidently highly national, and the feeling that the shame which the Lord of Kilgobbin had brought down upon their county was a disgrace that attached personally to each man there present; and that if now their once happy and peaceful district was to be proclaimed under some tyranny of English law, or, worse still, made a mark for the insult and sarcasm of *The Times* newspaper, they owed the disaster and the shame to no other than Maurice Kearney himself.

"I will now conclude with a resolution," said McGloin, who, having filled the measure of allegation, proceeded to the application. "I shall move that it is the sentiment of this meeting that Lord Kilgobbin be called on to disavow, in the newspapers, the whole narrative which has been circulated of the attack on his house; that he declare openly that the supposed incident was a mistake caused by the timorous fears of his household, during his own absence from home: terrors aggravated by the unwarrantable anxiety of an English visitor, whose ignorance of Ireland had worked upon an excited imagination; and that a copy of the resolution be presented to his lordship, either in letter or by a deputation, as the meeting shall decide."

While the discussion was proceeding as to the mode in which this bold resolution should be most becomingly brought under Lord Kilgobbin's notice, a messenger on horseback arrived with a letter for Mr. McGloin. The bearer was in the Kilgobbin livery, and a massive seal, with the noble lord's arms, attested the despatch to be from himself.

"Shall I put the resolution to the vote, or read this letter first, gentlemen?" said the chairman.

"Read! read!" was the cry, and he broke the seal. It ran thus:—

"MR. MCGLOIN,—Will you please to inform the members of the 'Goat Club' at Moate that I retire from the presidency, and cease to be a member of that society? I was vain enough to believe at one time that the humanizing element of even one gentleman in the vulgar circle of a little obscure town, might have elevated the tone of manners and the spirit of social intercourse. I have lived to discover my great mistake, and that the leadership of a man like yourself is far more likely to suit the instincts and chime in with the sentiments of such a body.

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"KILGOBBIN."

The cry which followed the reading of this document can only be described as a howl. It was like the enraged roar of wild animals, rather than the union of human voices; and it was not till after a considerable interval that McGloin could obtain a hearing. He spoke with great vigour and fluency. He denounced the letter as an outrage which should be proclaimed from one end of Europe to the other; that it was not their town, or their club, or themselves had been insulted, but Ireland! that this mock lord—(cheers)—this sham viscount—(greater cheers)—this Brummagem peer, whose nobility their native courtesy and natural urbanity had so long deigned to accept as real, should now be taught that his pretensions only existed on sufferance, and had no claim beyond the polite condescension of men whom it was no stretch of imagination to call the equals of Maurice Kearney." The cries that received this were almost deafening, and lasted for some minutes.

"Send the ould humbug his picture there," cried a voice from the crowd, and the sentiment was backed by a roar of voices; and it was at once decreed the portrait should accompany the letter which the indignant "Goats" now commissioned their chairman to compose.

That same evening saw the gold-framed picture on its way to Kilgobbin Castle, with an ample-looking document, whose contents we have no curiosity to transcribe,—nor, indeed, is the whole incident one which we should have cared to obtrude upon our readers, save as a feeble illustration of the way in which the smaller rills of public opinion swell the great streams of life, and how the little events of existence serve now as impulses, now obstacles to the larger interests that sway fortune. So long as Maurice Kearney drank his punch at the "Blue Goat" he was a patriot and a nationalist; but when he quarrelled with his flock, he renounced his Irishry, and came out a Whig.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR PLEASURE!

WHEN Dick Kearney waited on Cecil Walpole at his quarters in the Castle, he was somewhat surprised to find that gentleman more reserved in manner, and in general more distant, than when he had seen him as his father's guest.

Though he extended two fingers of his hand on entering, and begged him to be seated, Walpole did not take a chair himself, but stood with his back to the fire—the showy skirts of a very gorgeous dressing-gown displayed over his arms—where he looked like some enormous bird exulting in the full effulgence of his bright plumage.

"You got my note, Mr. Kearney?" began he, almost before the other had sat down, with the air of a man whose time was too precious for mere politeness.

"It is the reason of my present visit," said Dick, drily.

"Just so. His Excellency instructed me to ascertain in what shape most acceptable to your family he might show the sense entertained by the Government of that gallant defence of Kilgobbin; and believing that the best way to meet a man's wishes is first of all to learn what the wishes are, I wrote you the few lines of yesterday."

"I suspect there must be a mistake somewhere," began Kearney, with difficulty. "At least, I intimated to Atlee the shape in which the Viceroy's favour would be most agreeable to us, and I came here prepared to find you equally informed on the matter."

"Ah, indeed! I know nothing—positively nothing. Atlee telegraphed me, 'See Kearney, and hear what he has to say. I write by post.—ATLEE.' There's the whole of it."

"And the letter——"

"The letter is there. It came by the late mail, and I have not opened it."

"Would it not be better to glance over it now?" said Dick, mildly.

"Not if you can give me the substance by word of mouth. Time, they tell us, is money, and as I have got very little of either, I am obliged to be parsimonious. What is it you want? I mean the sort of thing we could help you to obtain. I see," said he, smiling, "you had rather I should read Atlee's letter. Well, here goes." He broke the envelope, and began:—

"MY DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—I hoped by this time to have had a report to make you of what I had done, heard, seen, and imagined since my arrival, and yet here I am now towards the close of my second week, and I have nothing to tell; and beyond a sort of confused sense of being immensely delighted with my mode of life, I am totally unconscious of the flight of time.

“ ‘ His Excellency received me once for ten minutes, and later on, after some days, for half an hour: for he is confined to bed with gout, and forbidden by his doctor all mental labour. He was kind and courteous to a degree, hoped I should endeavour to make myself at home,—giving orders at the same time that my dinner should be served at my own hour, and the stables placed at my disposal for riding or driving. For occupation, he suggested I should see what the newspapers were saying, and make a note or two if anything struck me as remarkable.

“ ‘ Lady Maude is charming,—and I use the epithet in all the significance of its sorcery. She conveys to me each morning his Excellency’s instructions for my day’s work; and it is only by a mighty effort I can tear myself from the magic thrill of her voice, and the captivation of her manner, to follow what I have to reply to, investigate, and remark on.

“ ‘ I meet her each day at luncheon, and she says she will join me “some day at dinner.” When that glorious occasion arrives, I shall call it the event of my life, for her mere presence stimulates me to such effort in conversation that I feel in the very lassitude afterwards what a strain my faculties have undergone.’ ”

“ What an insufferable coxcomb, and an idiot, to boot!” cried Walpole. “ I could not do him a more spiteful turn than to tell my cousin of her conquest. There is another page, I see, of the same sort. But here you are—this is all about you: I’ll read it. ‘*In re* Kearney. The Irish are always logical; and as Miss Kearney once shot some of her countrymen, when on a mission they deemed national, her brother opines that he ought to represent the principles thus involved in Parliament.’ ”

“ Is this the way in which he states my claims?” broke in Dick, with ill-suppressed passion.

“ Bear in mind, Mr. Kearney, this jest, and a very poor one it is, was meant for me alone. The communication is essentially private, and it is only through my indiscretion you know anything of it whatever.”

“ I am not aware that any confidence should entitle him to write such an impertinence.”

“ In that case, I shall read no more,” said Walpole, as he slowly re-folded the letter. “ The fault is all on my side, Mr. Kearney,” he continued; “ but I own I thought you knew your friend so thoroughly that extravagance on his part could have neither astonished nor provoked you.”

“ You are perfectly right, Mr. Walpole; I apologize for my impatience. It was, perhaps, in hearing his words read aloud by another that I forgot myself, and if you will kindly continue the reading, I will promise to behave more suitably in future.”

Walpole re-opened the letter, but, whether indisposed to trust the pledge thus given, or to prolong the interview, ran his eyes over one side and then turned to the last page. “ I see,” said he, “ he augurs ill as to your chances of success; he opines that you have not well calculated the great cost of the venture, and that in all probability it has been suggested

by some friend of questionable discretion. 'At all events,' and here he read aloud,—“‘at all events, his Excellency says, “We should like to mark the Kilgobbin affair by some show of approbation; and although supporting young K. in a contest for his county is a ‘higher figure’ than we meant to pay, see him, and hear what he has to say of his prospects—what he can do to obtain a seat, and what he will do if he gets one. We need not caution him against”’—hum, hum, hum,” muttered he, slurring over the words, and endeavouring to pass on to something else.

“May I ask against what I am supposed to be so secure?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing. A very small impertinence, but which Mr. Atlee found irresistible.”

“Pray let me hear it. It shall not irritate me.”

“He says, ‘There will be no more a fear of bribery in your case than of a debauch at Father Mathew’s.’”

“He is right there,” said Kearney, with great temper. “The only difference is that our forbearance will be founded on something stronger than a pledge.”

Walpole looked at the speaker, and was evidently struck by the calm command he had displayed of his passion.

“If we could forget Joe Atlee for a few minutes, Mr. Walpole, we might possibly gain something. I, at least, would be glad to know how far I might count on the Government aid in my project.”

“Ha, you want to—in fact, you would like that we should give you something like a regular—eh?—that is to say, that you could declare to certain people—naturally enough, I admit; but here is how we are, Kearney. Of course what I say now is literally between ourselves, and strictly confidential.”

“I shall so understand it,” said the other, gravely.

“Well, now, here it is. The Irish vote, as the Yankees would call it, is of undoubted value to us, but it is confoundedly dear! With Paul Cullen on one side and Fenianism on the other, we have no peace. Time was when you all pulled the one way, and a sop to the Pope pleased you all. Now that will suffice no longer. The ‘Sovereign Pontiff dodge’ is the surest of all ways to offend the nationals; so that, in reality, what we want in the House is a number of liberal Irishmen who will trust the Government to do as much for the Catholic Church as English bigotry will permit, and as much for the Irish peasant as will not endanger the rights of property over the Channel.”

“There’s a wide field there certainly,” said Dick, smiling.

“Is there not?” cried the other, exultingly. “Not only does it bowl over the Established Church and Protestant ascendancy, but it inverts the position of landlord and tenant. To unsettle everything in Ireland, so that anybody might hope to be anything, or to own heaven knows what—to legalize gambling for existence to a people who delight in high play, and yet not involve us in a civil war,—was a grand policy, Kearney, a very grand policy. Not that I expect a young, ardent spirit

like yourself, fresh from college ambitions and high-flown hopes, will take this view."

Dick only smiled and shook his head.

"Just so," resumed Walpole. "I could not expect you to like this programme, and I know already all that you allege against it; but, as B. says, Kearney, the man who rules Ireland must know how to take command of a ship in a state of mutiny, and yet never suppress the revolt. There's the problem,—as much discipline as you can, as much indiscipline as you can bear. The brutal old Tories used to master the crew, and hang the ringleaders; and for that matter, they might have hanged the whole ship's company. We know better, Kearney; and we have so confused and addled them by our policy, that, if a fellow were to strike his captain, he would never be quite sure whether he was to be strung up at the gangway, or made a petty officer. Do you see it now?"

"I can scarcely say that I do see it—I mean, that I see it as you do."

"I scarcely could hope that you should, or, at least, that you should do so at once; but now, as to this seat for King's County, I believe we have already found our man. I'll not be sure, nor will I ask you to regard the matter as fixed on, but I suspect we are in relations—you know what I mean—with an old supporter, who has been beaten half-a-dozen times in our interest, but is coming up once more. I'll ascertain about this positively, and let you know. And then"—here he drew breath freely and talked more at ease—"if we should find our hands free, and that we see our way clearly to support you, what assurance could you give us that you would go through with the contest, and fight the battle out?"

"I believe, if I engage in the struggle, I shall continue to the end," said Dick, half-doggedly.

"Your personal pluck and determination I do not question for a moment. Now, let us see"—here he seemed to ruminate for some seconds, and looked like one debating a matter with himself. "Yes," cried he at last, "I believe that will be the best way. I am sure it will. When do you go back, Mr. Kearney,—to Kilgobbin I mean?"

"My intention was to go down the day after to-morrow."

"That will be Friday. Let us see, what is Friday? Friday is the 15th, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Friday"—muttered the other—"Friday? There's the Education Board, and the Harbour Commissioners, and something else at—to be sure, a visit to the Popish schools with Dean O'Mahony. You couldn't make it Saturday, could you?"

"Not conveniently. I had already arranged a plan for Saturday. But why should I delay here—to what end?"

"Only that, if you could say Saturday, I would like to go down with you."

From the mode in which he said these words, it was clear that he

looked for an almost rapturous acceptance of his gracious proposal ; but Dick did not regard the project in that light, nor was he overjoyed in the least at the proposal.

"I mean," said Walpole, hastening to relieve the awkwardness of silence—"I mean that I could talk over this affair with your father in a practical business fashion, that you could scarcely enter into. Still, if Saturday could not be managed, I'll try if I could not run down with you on Friday. Only for a day, remember. I must return by the evening train. We shall arrive by what hour?"

"By breakfast-time," said Dick, but still not over-graciously.

"Nothing could be better ; that will give us a long day, and I should like a full discussion with your father. You'll manage to send me on to—what's the name?"

"Moate."

"Moate. Yes ; that's the place. The up-train leaves at midnight, I remember. Now that's all settled. You'll take me up then here on Friday morning, Kearney, on your way to the station, and, meanwhile, I'll set to work, and put off these deputations and circulars till Saturday, when, I remember, I have a dinner with the Provost. Is there anything more to be thought of?"

"I believe not," muttered Dick, still sullenly.

"By-by, then, till Friday morning," said he, as he turned towards his desk, and began arranging a mass of papers before him.

"Here's a jolly mess, with a vengeance," muttered Kearney as he descended the stair. "The Viceroy's private secretary to be domesticated with a 'head-centre' and an escaped convict. There's not even the doubtful comfort of being able to make my family assist me through the difficulty."

CHAPTER XXXIII

PLMNUDDM CASTLE, NORTH WALES.

AMONG the articles of that wardrobe of Cecil Walpole's of which Atlee had possessed himself so unceremoniously, there was a very gorgeous blue dress-coat, with the royal button and a lining of sky-blue silk, which formed the appropriate costume of the gentlemen of the viceregal household. This, with a waistcoat to match, Atlee had carried off with him in the indiscriminating haste of a last moment, and although thoroughly understanding that he could not avail himself of a costume so distinctively the mark of a condition, yet, by one of the contrarieties of his strange nature, in which the desire for an assumption of any kind was a passion—he had tried on that coat fully a dozen times, and while admiring how well it became him, and how perfectly it seemed to suit his face and figure, he had dramatized to himself the part of an aide-de-camp in waiting, rehearsing the little speeches in which he presented this or that imaginary

person to his Excellency, and coining the small money of epigram in which he related the news of the day.

"How I should cut out those dreary subalterns with their mess-room drolleries, how I should shame those tiresome cornets, whose only glitter is on their sabretaches," muttered he, as he surveyed himself in his courtly attire. "It is all nonsense to say that the dress a man wears can only impress the surroundings. It is on himself, on his own nature and temper, his mind, his faculties, his very ambition—there is a transformation effected; and I, Joe Atlee, feel myself, as I move about in this costume, a very different man from that humble creature in grey tweed, whose very coat reminds him he is a 'cad,' and who has but to look in the glass to read his condition."

On the morning that he learned that Lady Maude would join him that day at dinner, Atlee conceived the idea of appearing in this costume. It was not only that she knew nothing of the Irish court and its habits, but she made an almost ostentatious show of her indifference to all about it, and in the few questions she asked, the tone of interrogation might have suited Africa as much as Ireland. It was true, she was evidently puzzled to know what place or condition Atlee occupied; his name was not familiar to her, and yet he seemed to know everything and everybody, enjoyed a large share of his Excellency's confidence, and appeared conversant with every detail placed before him.

That she would not directly ask him what place he occupied in the household he well knew, and he felt at the same time what a standing and position that costume would give him, what self-confidence and ease it would also confer, and how for once in his life, free from the necessity of asserting a station, he could devote all his energies to the exercise of agreeability and those resources of small-talk in which he knew he was a master.

Besides all this, it was to be his last day at the Castle—he was to start the next morning for Constantinople, with all the instructions regarding the spy Sperionides, and he desired to make a favourable impression on Lady Maude before he left. Though intensely—even absurdly vain—Atlee was one of those men who are so eager for success in life that they are ever on the watch lest any weakness of disposition or temper should serve to compromise their chances, and in this way he was led to distrust what he would in his puppyism have liked to have thought a favourable effect produced by him on her ladyship. She was intensely cold in manner, and yet he had made her more than once listen to him with interest. She rarely smiled, and he had made her actually laugh. Her apathy appeared complete, and yet he had so piqued her curiosity that she could not forbear a question.

Acting as her uncle's secretary, and in constant communication with him, it was her affectation to imagine herself a political character, and she did not scruple to avow the hearty contempt she felt for the usual occupation of women's lives. Atlee's knowledge therefore actually amazed her;

his hardihood, which never forsook him, enabled him to give her the most positive assurances on anything he spoke ; and as he had already fathomed the chief prejudices of his Excellency, and knew exactly where and to what his political wishes tended, she heard nothing from her uncle but expressions of admiration for the just views, the clear and definite ideas, and the consummate skill with which that " young fellow " distinguished himself.

" We shall have him in the House one of these days," he would say ; " and I am much mistaken if he will not make a remarkable figure there."

When Lady Maude sailed proudly into the library before dinner, Atlee was actually stunned by amazement at her beauty. Though not in actual evening dress, her costume was that sort of demi-toilette compromise which occasionally is most becoming ; and the tasteful lappet of Brussels lace, which, interwoven with her hair, fell down on either side so as to frame her face, softened its expression to a degree of loveliness he was not prepared for.

It was her pleasure—her caprice perhaps—to be on this occasion unusually amiable and agreeable. Except by a sort of quiet dignity, there was no coldness, and she spoke of her uncle's health and hopes just as she might have discussed them with an old friend of the house.

When the butler flung wide the folding-doors into the dining-room and announced dinner, she was about to move on, when she suddenly stopped, and said with a faint smile, " Will you give me your arm ? " Very simple words, and commonplace too, but enough to throw Atlee's whole nature into a convulsion of delight. And as he walked at her side it was in the very ecstasy of pride and exultation.

Dinner passed off with the decorous solemnity of that meal, at which the most emphatic utterances were the butler's " *Marcobrunner*," or " *Johannisberg*." The guests, indeed, spoke little, and the strangeness of their situation rather disposed to thought than conversation.

" You are going to Constantinople to-morrow, Mr. Atlee, my uncle tells me," said she, after a longer silence than usual.

" Yes : his Excellency has charged me with a message, of which I hope to acquit myself well, though I own to my misgivings about it now."

" You are too diffident, perhaps, of your powers," said she ; and there was a faint curl of the lip that made the words sound equivocally.

" I do not know if great modesty be amongst my failings," said he, laughingly. " My friends would say not."

" You mean, perhaps, that you are not without ambitions ? "

" That is true. I confess to very bold ones." And as he spoke he stole a glance towards her ; but her pale face never changed.

" I wish, before you had gone, that you had settled that stupid muddle about the attack on—I forget the place."

" Kilgobbin ? "

" Yes, Kil-gobbin—horrid name ! for the Premier still persists in thinking there was something in it, and worrying my uncle for explana-

tions; and as somebody is to ask something when Parliament meets, it would be as well to have a letter to read to the House."

"In what sense, pray?" asked Atlee, mildly.

"Disavowing all: stating that the story had no foundation: that there was no attack—no resistance—no member of the viceregal household present at any time."

"That would be going too far; for then we should next have to deny Walpole's broken arm and his long confinement to house."

"You may serve coffee in a quarter of an hour, Marcom," said she, dismissing the butler; and then, as he left the room,—“And you tell me seriously there was a broken arm in this case?”

"I can hide nothing from you, though I have taken an oath to silence," said he with an energy that seemed to defy repression. "I will tell you everything, though it's little short of a perjury, only promising this much, that I know nothing from Walpole himself."

With this much of preface, he went on to describe Walpole's visit to Kilgobbin as one of those adventurous exploits which young Englishmen fancy they have a sort of right to perform in the less civilized country. "He imagined, I have no doubt," said he, "that he was studying the condition of Ireland, and investigating the land question, when he carried on a fierce flirtation with a pretty Irish girl."

"And there was a flirtation?"

"Yes, but nothing more. Nothing really serious at any time. So far he behaved frankly and well, for even at the outset of the affair he owned to—a what shall I call it?—an entanglement was, I believe, his own word—an entanglement in England——"

"Did he not state more of this entanglement, with whom it was, or how or where?"

"I should think not. At all events they who told me knew nothing of these details. They only knew, as he said, that he was in a certain sense tied up, and that till fate unbound him, he was a prisoner."

"Poor fellow; it *was* hard."

"So *he* said, and so *they* believed him. Not that I myself believe he was ever seriously in love with the Irish girl."

"And why not?"

"I may be wrong in my reading of him; but my impression is that he regards marriage as one of those solemn events which should contribute to a man's worldly fortune. Now, an Irish connection could scarcely be the road to this."

"What an ungallant admission," said she, with a smile. "I hope Mr. Walpole is not of your mind." After a pause she said, "And how was it that in your intimacy he told you nothing of this?"

He shook his head in dissent.

"Not even of the 'entanglement'?"

"Not even of that. He would speak freely enough of his 'egregious blunder,' as he called it, in quitting his career and coming to Ireland;

that it was a gross mistake for any man to take up Irish politics as a line in life: that they were puzzles in the present and lead to nothing in the future, and, in fact, that he wished himself back again in Italy every day he lived."

"Was there any 'entanglement' there also?"

"I cannot say. On these he made me no confidences."

"Coffee, my lady!" said the butler, entering at this moment. Nor was Atlee grieved at the interruption.

"I am enough of a Turk," said she, laughingly, "to like that muddy, strong coffee they give you in the East, and where the very smallness of the cups suggests its strength. You, I know, are impatient for your cigarette, Mr. Atlee, and I am about to liberate you." While Atlee was muttering his assurances of how much he prized her presence, she broke in, "Besides, I promised my uncle a visit before tea-time, and as I shall not see you again I will wish you now a pleasant journey and a safe return."

"Wish me success in my expedition," said he, eagerly.

"Yes, I will wish that also. One word more. I am very short-sighted, as you may see, but you wear a ring of great beauty. May I look at it?"

"It is pretty, certainly. It was a present Walpole made me. I am not sure that there is not a story attached to it, though I don't know it."

"Perhaps it may be linked with the 'entanglement,'" said she, laughing softly.

"For aught I know, so it may. Do you admire it?"

"Immensely," said she, as she held it to the light.

"You can add immensely to its value if you will," said he, diffidently.

"In what way?"

"By keeping it, Lady Maude," said he; and for once his cheek coloured with the shame of his own boldness.

"May I purchase it with one of my own? Will you have this, or this?" said she, hurriedly.

"Anything that once was yours," said he, in a mere whisper.

"Good-by, Mr. Atlee."

And he was alone!

L'Ambulance Tricoche :

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

I.

MONSIEUR LE CURÉ TRICOCHÉ was a man of sense. He clothed himself warmly in winter ; during the summer months he avoided exciting himself ; and summer and winter he ate his dinner leisurely : “ for if there is one thing I hate more than another,” said he, “ it is to be hurried whilst I am eating.”

Nature had fitted him with a good round paunch, apt to contain any amount of *pâté-de-foie-gras* ; and with a fine broad hand, made on purpose for the fingering of fees. He had a plump, honest face ; wheezed a little when walking—the effect of the *foie-gras* ; and if he had a two-sou piece in his pocket when a beggar passed, he gave him—his blessing.

Monsieur Tricoche had been helped up the ladder by a patron—so he liked patrons. His had been a M. de Roussis, a Voltairian, who supported the clergy, voted for the temporal power in the Corps Législatif, laughed at the Pope, and would not for the world have undertaken a voyage on a Friday. M. de Roussis was one of the “ official deputies ” of the Second Empire. It is no disparagement to him to say that he knew nothing : for had he known anything he would not have been an official deputy ; but he was a pleasant, breezy, generous sort of a legislator, who was fond enough of doing a good turn when it cost him nothing ; and so M. Tricoche, having at three successive elections obtained him the votes of 227 peasants, who could neither read nor write, he had used his influence to have M. Tricoche appointed to the incumbency of a spick-span new metropolitan church, that of Ste. Rosemonde.

Everybody has seen and admired those spick-span new Paris churches raised by the creative genius of Baron Haussmann. They are perfect. Put a check-taker at the door, and you might imagine yourself entering a music-hall ; ornament the façade with a few yards of bunting, and there you have a popular restaurant, a dry-goods' warehouse, a museum of stuffed birds, or any other mortal thing you like to fancy. There is no doubt of this, that the architects of the Second Empire were true men, and understood their business. In these days of revolutionization, the main point to be avoided in building is to give any edifice such a distinctive aspect as to make its sudden transformation difficult. It would not be wise to make a church look like a church. To-morrow it might be converted into a “ Temple of Reason,” the next day into a club for advo-

cating the Rights of Women. Moreover, so long as Herr von Bismarck lives, it is well to be prepared for the chance of its becoming a powder-magazine.

So the architect who constructed Ste. Rosemonde's had enriched it with a Gothic roof, a Byzantine dome, a Doric front, and a belfry that would have resembled a Chinese pagoda but for the Corinthian columns encircling it. The decorators, following in the wake, had painted the inside of the dome sky-blue, laid on an abundant coating of yellow-ochre over the walls, and spread gilding liberally, as if with a butter-knife, over every inch of cornice, beading, and pilaster they could discover. A distinguished artist had put the final touch. He had covered the yellow-ochre with cupids and dryads—some said they were cherubim and seraphim, but there was nothing to show it; traced his own signature in a garland between the interspaces of the arches; and devised for the altar a magnificent stained-glass window, which represented Adam and Eve being expelled from the garden of Eden, or the Genius of Napoleonism announcing the dawn of universal suffrage to two natives of the Fig-leaf Isles—it is not quite clear which. Authorities were agreed that the Church of Ste. Rosemonde was not such a church as you could meet with every day. Baron Haussmann affirmed this, and so did the distinguished artist. And the members of the Opposition in the Chamber were of the same opinion, for they said the church had cost four million francs.

But however this might be, Ste. Rosemonde's was one of the most fashionable places of worship going; and when M.^r le Curé Tricoche arrived there, rustic and hale, from a fifteen years' vicarage at Chouffey-sur-Aube, he found himself pastor of as well-conditioned a flock as any that a good priest could pray for. All prosperous sheep they were, with abundance of wool. Ste. Rosemonde's stood right in the centre of a new quarter, built to lodge an interesting population of millionaires, who, having been without a sixpence on the eve of the *coup-d'état*, and having become rapidly rich posterior to that event, were destitute of fitting places where to lay their heads. Mansions in simili-marble, with gates in simili-bronze; coach-houses at the back, gilt balconies to the front, ready-made statues attitudinizing in the centre of geranium-beds: all the dwellings in this neighbourhood were alike. You had no need to knock at the door to be sure that the footmen wore brand-new plushes and powder, that there were champagne corks flying at luncheon, that Mdlle. Theresa's last songs lay open on the piano, and that tickets for the next ball at the Tuileries were to be seen on the mantel-shelf. All this was as visibly written over the stuccoed porticoes as if a scribe had done it. And you had not far to go to learn who the inmates were. Their names were in everybody's mouth and in the mundane gazettes. They were the birds of gay plumage who had built their nests in the branches of the Imperial trees.—The senators and deputies, ministers and stock-jobbers, field-marshal and opera-singers, Russian princes and Yankee tuft-hunters—

all the men of the day, in short, who were making hay whilst the sun shone, persuaded that it would not last long, but that some morning or other, when they least expected it, the storm would come and scatter them to the four winds—they and the dynasty that had fathered them, their powdered footmen and their slippery millions, their mansions, sinecures, tinsel trappings, pinchbeck dignities, and that barley-sugar-looking church of theirs in which their wives and daughters praised Heaven every Sunday morning to *concerto* music at half-past eleven o'clock.

Now, you will not think, I hope, that I have undertaken this recital for the mere purpose of splashing ink at the Second Empire; or to tell you, as above, that M. le Curé Tricoche dearly loved his bit of turbot, his glass of "*Lafite*, '46," and his fragrant cup of mocha after dinner. The Second Empire—well, it is dead and buried now, so *requiescat*; and as for M. Tricoche, why should I grudge that worthy man his slice of fish and glass of claret? For have I not seen him through the perishing cold days of last winter striding, lean and gaunt, beside the ambulance-waggons, and, after twelve hours spent in shriving the dying and picking up the wounded on the fields of Champigny and the Plateau d'Avron, sit down to his ounce of underdone horse-meat and his half-pound of gritty black bread? "And quite good enough, too, for me, who am the son of a peasant," would he say, with a quiet smile; and turning to his old housekeeper, Mdlle. Virginie, "Mind, my good Virginie, that what remains in the cellar of that old Bordeaux is sent to the Ste. Rosemonde ambulance to-morrow; and in future serve me water."

I confess the change was a little startling. I remember visiting the Church of Ste. Rosemonde about a year ago—no, it is not quite a year—it was on that famous 8th May, 1870, when the Bonaparte dynasty took a new lease of life, *auspice Emilio*, M. Emile Ollivier being chief of the cabinet. I fancy M. Tricoche looked plumper than ever that morning. He was in the pulpit. Below him twenty rows of cushioned sittings were occupied by dresses from Worth's, bonnets from Laure's, gloves from Youvin's, and chignons of any circumference you please to name. Down the lines gold-headed smelling-bottles glistened like batteries of field-pieces, and two hundred fans going *flap, flap* in unison kept up a concert that was infinitely refreshing. M. Tricoche was treating of a better world than this, where all there present would meet again. He did not say precisely what kind of a better world; but the impression conveyed was that one would find nothing but Bonapartists there, and that the good places would be reserved for official candidates. He denounced MM. Thiers and Jules Favre in pointed and vigorous (though anonymous) terms, formally excluding them from all share of paradise on the ground that by opposing that great and righteous National Measure, the Plebiscitum, they were proclaiming their unholy lust for bloodshed, their love of anarchy, &c. &c. Finally, he remarked that he would dismiss his hearers early that morning, for that some of them had a great civic duty to perform (*i.e.* to go and vote "*Yes*"); and so, *Pax vobiscum, fratres, per*

sacula saculorum. Ita, missa est," and he scudded majestically into the sacristy.

The next time that I saw M. Tricoché was close upon four months after. Events had moved apace between the 8th May and the 4th September—that is, between the sowing of the seed and the garnering in of the harvest. Towards two P.M. on the latter of these two dates I found myself, together with something like a tenth of the population of Paris, in the vicinity of the Place de la Concorde. It was not a sight to be ever forgotten. The whole of that vast area was choked up with an excited, shouting sea of heads, swollen each minute with tributary torrents from the neighbouring streets, and surging in a compact mass towards the building of the Corps Législatif, where the Assembly were discussing the capitulation of Sedan. To the south, east, and west, in front of the Pont de la Concorde, the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysées, this tumultuous, seething lake was dyked in by lines of troops, whose glittering bayonets flashed in the sun of an absolutely cloudless sky—the sky of Austerlitz! The thickest dyke was along the quays, where the National Guards were arrayed, and the firmest on the Pont de la Concorde itself, where a troop of Cuirassiers was posted, grim, mounted, and looking game to die to the last man in case of need. Shall I acknowledge that I did not like the appearance of these Cuirassiers, and that, glancing at their long, drawn sabres, and then at the unprotected heads of the undulating multitude confronting them, I began to muse as to what it would be in a few minutes, when that multitude attempted to force the bridge and those sabres rose and fell, strewing gashed corpses around them by the dozen? As sure as I am now a living man, I expected bloodshed. I expected to see the death-signal start from the Quai d'Orsay, where I could discern a general's uniform, and, at the command, the whole columns of infantry open fire at once. We were a hundred and fifty thousand—ten thousand of us must have gone to our account, without remission, in the first five minutes. However, there was not a soul who blanched: on the contrary, the crowd grew denser, more determined; the revolutionary shouts rose louder and more fearless; the onward pressure gathered each second in intensity; and perhaps I was the only person in that countless assemblage who reflected that our lives now hung on a single thread, on the hazard of a chance collision between some drunken workman and quick-tempered soldier, or the momentary impulse for good or ill which might actuate that distant man in the uniform. "*A bas l'Empereur! La déchéance! A la Lanterne les Bonapartes!*" The soldiers closed up their ranks, and appeared to wait. "*Vive la Nation! A mort les Prussiens! Vive la France!*" I saw the soldiers hesitate. "*Vive l'Armée! Aux armes pour la patrie en danger! Vive la héroïque ville de Strasbourg qui meurt pour rester avec nous!*" There was a thrill amongst the soldiers; they looked at one another, and then, in silence, reversed their arms. On the bridge the Cuirassiers sheathed their swords, and fell back. The Revolution was victorious without a blow. An immense cry, unanimous,

resounding, and triumphant, rent the air: "*Vive la République, une, indivisible, et fraternelle !*" and with the force, freedom, and impetuosity of an inundation, the popular ocean swept headlong where it would—to the Palace of the Assembly, to the Tuileries, to the Hôtel-de-Ville. As for myself, I was caught up, whirled round in an eddy, and carried away like a wisp of straw, heaven knew whither. Workmen and soldiers arm-in-arm, become friends and brothers, were marching and singing; young girls laughed and cried, "*A bas l'Empire !*" small boys capered along and whistled. In front of the shops men on ladders were unhooking the Imperial scutcheons, throwing them down with a crash, and effacing the words, "*Purveyors to their Majesties,*" amidst tremendous cheering. I should never have thought that deposing a dynasty could have been such gay work as that. Once or twice we had a stoppage at places where two roads met, and some travelling landau, with boxes on the roof, would pass by with the speed of the wind. It was not always easy to recognize the face inside; but occasionally a jolt would bring to view the ashen, scared features of an ex-minister or senator en route for the railway-station; and at this there would be terrific howling, not unmingled with derisive shouts of "*Bon voyage !*" and valedictory stones. After all, it was a merry mob. It bestowed an ovation upon a pork-butcher who had hung up two defunct pigs in his window, crowned them with gelatine, and labelled them respectively "*Bismarck*" and "*Napoleon ;*" and it halted frequently before public-houses. Still, I should have been glad enough to get clear of its company; and I was just making my fourth or fifth effort to this end, attempting to elbow my way out of the current up a side-street, when I found myself unexpectedly opposite to the Church of Ste. Rosemonde.

As I have told you, I had not seen my friend M. Tricoche for four months, but, fatality aiding, he was on the steps at that minute, precisely as we passed. I learned afterwards that he had been saying his mass and preaching his sermon before empty seats, for the long-dreaded storm had come, and his charming Worth-clad parishioners were most of them flown to London. He seemed to me changed, careworn, and—strange to say—thinned. But he still held himself straight, and sported on the breast of his cassock the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honour, with which he had been dignified the year before, I forget for what reason. M. le Curé Tricoche was too well-known a personage for the crowd to go by him without an exchange of amenities. His presence at first occasioned mirth: everybody laughed and stopped; and a burly workman, good-natured-looking enough, despite the ferocious and comminatory attitude he struck, stepped out and apostrophized the good man:—

"Heigh there, M. le Curé, you know the Empire has been despatched to kingdom-come, and you won't refuse to join us in crying '*Vive la République !*' I know?"

Must I own that I didn't think M. le Curé would refuse. Indeed, why should he have done so, when so many men greater than he were denying the idol they had worshipped, and hastening to lay all disasters,

past, present, and future, to its charge. I could not help smiling at what appeared to me the naïveness of the workman in supposing that prosperous, acute M. Tricoche would risk a broken head for the sake of defending such a sorry, friendless thing as a fallen Power. What was not then my surprise, my confusion, when, fixing a mild glance on the man, the Curé said :—

“ My good friend, when the Emperor declared war, not six weeks ago, I was amongst the men who approved him, encouraged him, and I have been humiliating myself ever since for that bad action. The Emperor is paying much less for faults of his own than for sins of ours, who, able to prevent his unwise enterprises, never had the honesty to do so. I do not know what has been the part you have played in this war, nor what it would have been had our armies proved victorious ; but for myself let me say that if the Emperor had come back in triumph, I should have cheered him ; you will excuse me, therefore, if in this hour of his defeat I cry, ‘ *Vive l'Empereur !* ’ all the same, and add this other cry, ‘ God save France, and forgive me for my share in her present calamities. ’ ”

This was said simply, without faltering, but without ostentation. The blush of shame rose to my face, and furtively I crept beside M. Tricoche, ready to stand between him and any awkward consequences his courageous words might entail. But mobs are sometimes not ungenerous. The workman stared a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and turned away, rather bewildered, I fancy, and wondering within himself what curious breed of a man this could be who felt he had done wrong and quietly said so. The rest of the crowd trudged on at the heels of the workman, wondering also why the Curé had not shouted as he was bid, but yelling “ *Vive la République !* ” with all their own mights to make up for the loss. As for me, left alone with the Curé, I saluted him with respect. It seemed to me that in these few minutes he had grown a cubit.

II.

The excellent man's conversion, as it was good-naturedly called, created some sensation—not so much at the time itself, however, as a few weeks afterwards. During the fortnight that elapsed between the proclamation of the Republic one and indivisible, and the investment of Paris, people were too much occupied with their own business to concern themselves about other people's. The Republicans were distributing posts of emolument to one another ; such of the Bonapartists as had not already decamped were hastening to do so ; moreover, it was the time for the general laying in of provisions. Every morning long lines of carts entered Paris loaded with cheeses, and the new Provisional Government, with an eye to the future, caused these cheeses to be transported to underground cellars, where they got nice and mouldy. Everybody invested more or less in sardines, sacks of unchewable sea biscuit, tins of concentrated soup, labelled with incomprehensible directions, and jars of potted meat exported

from England by intelligent speculators, who, deeming the occasion a fine one, had hit upon the plan of filling a good number of the jars with tallow, and leaving us to find out the joke a few months later, when we had nothing else to eat. There were also fire-proof and shell-proof precautions to be taken with the roofs of our dwelling-houses, by means of layers of earth, which the winter snows, by the way, frequently converted into salubrious reservoirs of liquid mud ;—and all these preoccupations debarred the public from paying much attention to M. Tricoche. But by-and-by when the siege was fairly commenced ; when the booming of the cannon had already become familiar music to our ears ; when, in short, the Parisians found leisure to count themselves, and see who were the faithful who had remained to share the ordeal, who the patriots who “ would have so liked to stay,” but had been ordered away just at this unfortunate moment to Brighton or Nice by their doctors—then, it began to be noticed in the parish of Ste. Rosemonde that M. le Curé Tricoche was no longer the man he was before, that he had given up wheezing, that his head was greyer, and that somehow or other people no longer felt tempted to laugh when he passed them as in the good old days when his rubicund visage and waddling gait struck all beholders with mirth.

Nevertheless, it was not good to accept this transformation without suspicion. One must be wary now-a-days. After all, M. Tricoche was a rich man. He had been pocketing the revenues of Ste. Rosemonde (estimated at 100,000 francs per annum) for now several years ; he had two horses in his stable ; his cassocks were lined with satin ; it was notorious that roast-meats figured at his board. This new sanctimonious attitude of his might only be some Jesuitic feint destined to throw dust into the eyes of the Republic one and indivisible. Who knows ?

Mind you, these are not my views, but they were those of one or two good citizens who were disinterested enough to meddle with matters that did not concern them, for the purpose, as they expressed it, of finding out what was what. These citizens laid their heads together ; they whispered. Like a drop of oil on a flooring, the notion began to spread that it behoved the cautious to look closely after the Curé Tricoche ; and one evening the Vicar of Ste. Rosemonde—“ that fox in sheep's clothing, that disciple of Loyola, whose ways were dark and tiger-like,”—was made the subject of a solemn and formal denunciation at the “ Club Démocratique et Social des Fils de Brutus,” the Citizen Christophe Bilia in the tribune.

He was a great man, this Citizen Bilia, and a fervid patriot, who howled and raved and made the rafters shake whenever he talked about tyranny. No one knew much respecting his antecedents. Some said they had met him in ministerial ante-chambers, begging favours under the Second Empire. But this was evidently a lie—a scurrilous insult against the Sovereign People—a venomous calumny which the Citizen Bilia cast back into the teeth of his traducers with the utmost loathing and contempt. The only thing known for certain about M. Bilia was that on the 4th of September, seeing posts of dignity and profit scattered about broadcast, but

himself forgotten in the distribution, he had arrived at the conclusion that the word Republic would cease to have any sense if it did not mean that every citizen was at liberty to choose the post that suited him best, and to fix his own salary out of the public purse. In consequence, he had gone quietly and installed himself in a Government office—pay, 20,000 francs—hung his hat on a peg, called for refreshments, and, in a word, comported himself so much as if he had been in place all his life, that the new chief of the department supposed he had got an appointment duly signed and sealed in his pocket, and only discovered his mistake something like a fortnight afterwards. Perhaps even then M. Bilie might have succeeded in retaining his post had his work been sufficient and his accounts correct—for at best it is rather a delicate business for a Republican who has helped himself to a bunch of seals to turn out another Republican who has only helped himself to a First-Secretaryship. But unfortunately M. Bilie objected to work, and his accounts were not correct. He was expostulated with. He yelled. It was pointed out to him civilly that two and four made six and not three in most addition sums. He proclaimed his conviction that the Government was rotten, vowed that he would be no party to reactionary machinations, and indignantly threw down his resignation—an act of magnanimity which, however, cost him nothing: for the National Guard elections happening to be then afoot, a battalion of brother patriots hastened to mark their sense of the indignity the Citizen M. Bilie had suffered by electing him to be their chief. In this capacity he was qualified to wear embroidered clothing, to drag a steel scabbard with a sword inside it wherever he went, and even to fight the Prussians if ever he found leisure and inclination for that purpose—which, be it remarked, he seldom did, being probably otherwise engaged. Such was the gentleman who scaled the tribune on public grounds to tell “the Sons of Brutus” what his opinion was concerning M. Tricoche.

The meeting was stormy that night—in fact, it was every night stormy. The “Sons of Brutus” was one of those numerous and enjoyable clubs where, the theatre being closed, the besieged population resorted to divert itself a little of an evening. The subjects for debate were varied. If a Son of Brutus was dunned by his shoemaker he came here and held up that black-hearted oppressor to contumely. If two Republicans fell out and kicked one another, it was odds but they both came here in the course of the sitting and exchanged flavoured epithets tending to show that each was in the pay of Count von Bismarck. Political questions were also discussed: the Government was declared felon, idiot, and corrupt, thirty or thirty-one nights a month, as the case might be, and the evening was generally terminated by the hooting down and unceremonious bundling out of some orator who had expressed sentiments at variance with those of the majority. This was the usual programme; but what the “Sons of Brutus” loved above all things was to give up a sitting exclusively to the compilation of a list of “traitors” (selected from the public men of the day—ministers, generals, liberal journalists, &c.), with a view to dealing

summarily with them on the day when they, "the Sons of Brutus," got into office. It was naturally one of these "traitor" nights that M. Bilia selected for the remarks he wished to utter about the Curé of Ste. Rosemonde.

Seven o'clock had struck. The concert-room in which the "Sons of Brutus" held their sittings was crammed tight-full as usual, the predominant element being blousy—that is, clad in blouses—though there were women present, and here and there—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—a black coat or two, objects of suspicion and mistrustful glances. Custom demanded that the meeting should every evening elect its board, the chair being occupied during that formality by the president chosen the night before. A board consists of an honorary president (often defunct but illustrious), an effective president, two assessors, and a secretary. The preceding night the Citizen Joshua, "slayer of five-and-thirty kings," had been elected to the honorary chairmanship amidst uproarious cheering. This evening an emaciated citizen, with long finger-nails, rose from one of the back benches and, in a shrill treble, moved—"That the Greek citizen Aristogiton be voted into the chair."

A Citizen with a red beard, springing up furiously.—"Citizens, I protest. How does that man dare to move that a Greek aristocrat named Giton shall be voted into the chair at a meeting of Republicans? Down with all *aristos*, say I." (Vehement applause. Looks of indignation at the emaciated citizen. Cries of "Turn him out.")

The Citizen Maclou (in the chair).—"Citizen, I call upon you to explain what you mean by insulting this Republican assembly."

The Emaciated Citizen.—"Citizen President, there is a mistake. The man who interrupted me is an idiot. Aristogiton is the name of a Greek *sans-culotte*, who slew the last of the Pisistratids, a race of despots and vampires like the Bonapartes. Aristogiton restored the Republic." (Murmurs of incredulity; faint applause.)

A Citizen with a basket to a Citizen with a bottle.—"That chap knows too much! I shouldn't be surprised if he were a *mouchard*."

The Citizen with the bottle to the Citizen with the basket.—"I don't like the look of him. And why does he come talking to us about a Greek President—as if Frenchmen weren't good enough for the post."

The Citizen with the red beard.—"That man calls me an idiot! I expect he's some thief, if not worse. Anyhow, he's a liar! He says the Aristo Giton restored the Republic. I don't believe it. I say that an aristo never restored anything to anybody—never." (Great cheering. Cries to the emaciated citizen, who vociferates something: "Hold your row." "Put your head in a bag.") "Citizens, I am not afraid of that man; if he comes here to the front I'll thrash him in two minutes. Don't have anything to do with his candidate. Here's another that'll do better: he's a Latin citizen whose name I read in the paper, the Citizen Germanicus, who licked the Germans, and was a thorough-going radical." (Acclamations. Prolonged applause. The Citizen Germanicus is elected

honorary president. The emaciated citizen continuing to vociferate, is seized by the legs and arms and ejected with ignominy.)

The election of the Acting Board then ensues. The Citizen Maclou, who has hinted that he has no intention of moving, is confirmed in his place, and his assessors with him. A citizen who has imprudently confided to somebody that he is a writing-master, is forced into the secretary's seat. He objects that he must go at ten, being on duty that night as a National Guardsman on the ramparts ; but the remonstrance only has the effect of bringing a couple of citizens to keep an eye on him, to the right and left, and prevent his bolting.

The President Maclou.—"Citizens, we shall proceed this evening with our list of traitors, but before that let any citizen who has general observations to make, get up and make them."

A Citizen with a squint stands up and declares that he withholds his esteem from the Citizen Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs. (Hear hear.) Not that he ever expected much from a citizen who has interviews with Bismarck (groans) and signs himself in writing the "obedient servant" of that ruffian (renewed groans), but he had never gauged the full measure of the Citizen Favre's unworthiness until that morning. Having a communication of importance to make to the Government, he had called at Favre's residence, and been kept waiting an hour in an ante-room, at the end of which time a menial with a white cravat round his throat, badge of slavery, had come and informed him that if he wished to see the Minister he must apply in writing for an audience. It was evident that the Citizen Favre was endeavouring to re-implant in a free land the degrading formalities existing in countries governed by tyrants. He moved that the Citizen Favre be set up in the pillory of public opinion, be pronounced traitor and outlaw, and that all true patriots be enjoined to refuse him obedience. (General marks of assent. Applause.)

A Citizen slightly drunk thinks poorly of the Citizen Ernest Picard, Minister of Finances. He too—the citizen slightly drunk—had a communication of importance to make to the Government. He had invented a new shell, which was one of the most murderous ever fabricated, and would very soon get rid of the Prussians. Here it was, he had a model of it in his pocket. If he dropped this shell on the floor everybody in the room would be blown away to atoms. (Sensation.) Ay, and it would be precious difficult to find the bits, he could tell them that. (Renewed sensation.) Well, he had applied to the Citizen Picard for a subsidy to help him push his invention, and Picard had declined to lend him a centime. What business had the Citizen Picard to give himself these airs. Did he think the purse of the nation was his ? Who filled those money-bags which he guarded like the dog in the manger ? It was not the Citizen Picard himself, I fancy (hear hear). No, it was the people, with the sweat of their brow ; and this conduct of the Minister of Finance was but part and parcel of the old system followed by all governments, of keeping the working-man out of what justly belonged to him. He moved

that the Citizen Picard be summoned to tender his resignation without delay. (Hear, hear. Applause. The citizen retires with his shell to a front bench, which is expeditiously vacated by its occupants, who install themselves at a prudent distance.)

Three Citizens rise together and inveigh—the first, at a grocer of the Rue St. Denis, who has refused to let him take away sixteen pounds of bacon on credit, as if his word wasn't as good as those of the aristocrats whom the same grocer trusted to any extent they pleased. (Hear, hear.) The second at his landlord, who has given him notice to quit when the siege is over, on the pretext that though he, the citizen, is earning four francs a day, he has declined to pay his rent ever since the beginning of the war, and stated his intention of not disbursing the arrears even when the peace is signed * (great cheering). And the third, at the Citizen Arago, Mayor of Paris, who, having been repeatedly memorialized to change the names of streets which recall the brutalizing superstitions of past ages,—notably the names of saints and priests—has signified his peremptory refusal. He, the third citizen, lives in the Rue St. Onge, and feels degraded at having to give such an address to his friends. He does not see why his self-respect should be obliterated to please the Citizen Arago. (Cheers and expressions of sympathy.)

A Citizen in a black coat.—"Perhaps I can appease the citizen's susceptibilities. The name of the street is not *Saint Onge*, but *Saintonge*—one word only. Saintonge is the name of an old French province. (Interruption. Murmurs. Cries of "Order!")

The Third Citizen.—"If the citizen in the black coat has come here with the intention of humiliating the people, I may tell him that he and his manoeuvres excite only disgust and contempt." (Loud cheers. Cries of "Turn him out!")

The Citizen with the basket to the Citizen with the bottle.—"He looks like a Jesuit in disguise."

The Citizen with the bottle to the Citizen with the basket.—"Yes, I know those Jesuits. My wife used to go and confess herself to one of them, and"—(he proceeds with developments).

The President Maclou.—"I close the incident. These interruptions are offensive. I beg to tell the Citizen in the black coat, and all like him, that this is a club of equality, and that those who have the pretension of knowing more than their neighbours had better remain outside." (Cordial and unanimous applause.) "And now to business. We shall proceed with our roll of those who, by reason of their conduct, public or private, deserve to be placed on the people's list of felons and traitors, there to be pointed at with the finger of scorn and universally execrated, until the day of expiation shall arrive, and the Democratical, Social, Communistical

* It will be remembered that persons paying less than 600 francs rent were absolved by Government decrees from all obligations towards their landlords so long as the war lasted.

Republic shall have justice meted out to them. There are several orators inscribed. I call upon the Citizen Faggeaux to make himself heard."

Cries from all parts of the hall.—"Citizen Faggeaux to the tribune!"

A Female Citizen with vigorous lungs.—"Faggeaux has sent me here to say he can't come. Those dogs of policemen are looking after him because he knocked down a colonel of infantry who insulted him this morning. I'm Faggeaux's maid; that's why he sent me." (Cheers. Expressions of sympathy for the Citizen Faggeaux.)

The President Maclou.—"This meeting, by the mouth of its president, conveys its regrets and condolence to the Citizen Faggeaux, who has courageously buffeted prætorianism. The next name on the list is that of the Citizen Crappolle."

A Citizen with a black eye.—"I'm Crappolle's brother. Crappolle is in the Mobile, and just because, being on guard at the outposts yesterday, he ran back into Paris to fetch his pocket-handkerchief, which he had forgotten, his captain has punished him with a fortnight's *salle de police*, and even threatened to have him up before a court-martial." (Murmurs of indignation.) "Ah! I know what it is. Those aristocrats would like to get Crappolle killed because he's a Republican. This is the second time they've sent him to the outposts, but he knows their game as well as I do, and he's not going to let himself be killed to amuse them." (Loud cheers. Cries of "Quite right!")

The President Maclou.—"Such being the case, I call upon the Citizen Christophe Bilia, who comes third on the list, to stand up and speak." (Applause. Attention.)

The Citizen Bilia, in the uniform of *chef-de-bataillon*, and girded with an imposing scarlet sash.—"Citizens, I am a plain man, and whenever I've got anything to say, I say it. There are, no doubt, some *mouchards* in this assembly, for the occult agents of despotism are a vermin who swarm everywhere; but I don't care for them, not I, and I'm glad that they should be present, in order to learn that if the Republic one and indivisible sends forth its sons to combat the foreign foe, it also takes care to keep its eye upon those more dangerous vipers who lurk in its own bosom—those sinister hirelings of dethroned tyrants who are allowed to herd together and conspire within our very walls—those white-livered renegades who, under the name of Republicans, govern our affairs, and plot secretly to betray us into the hands of Bismarck; and, worse than all, those hypocrite myrmidons of the Pope of Rome, who, whilst pretending to give us their prayers, fatten upon our alms, and in their heart of hearts pray for the day when the crowned savage of Germany shall enter our city with his barbarian hordes, crush our new-born Republic under his horse's hoofs, and bring us back in his train some king or emperor, even as the Demon of Death, when he scourges the plain, brings a troop of carrion vultures after him." (Thundering applause. Excitement.) "Citizens, it gives me pleasure to see that our list of traitors is swelling. There are at present two thousand three hundred and ninety-seven names upon

it, the last being that of the Citizen Trochu, for whom, as you rightly declared in your vote of last Tuesday, the vocabulary of known languages contains no epithets sufficiently stigmatizing. To-day I propose to add another name to the roll ; it will form a fitting pendant to that of Trochu—for what tallies better with a Puritan despot than a canting bigot ? what matches more suitably with a psalm-singing, freedom-oppressing, Prussian-fearing general, than a smooth-visaged, tortuous-minded priest, who bears candour on his face and turpitude in his soul, words of patriotism on his lips, and thoughts of treachery, rapine, and villany in his ignoble heart ? Citizens, I denounce to public indignation the Abbé Tricoche, Curé of Rosemonde." (Three rounds of applause.) " You all of you know that flaunting church, that gilded charnel-house, where the tainted creatures of the Second Empire paraded their ribbons and jewels, as the lepers of the East exposed their sores in the porches of the temples. Why was it not swept away with the Empire that produced it ? Why was it not razed to the ground, and a gibbet-board set up in its place, saying, '*This is the spot where Religion made herself the handmaid of Caesarism, fawned to it, licked the mire off its feet, and threw the cloak of priestly absolution over its crimes !*' " (Great cheering. Growing excitement.) " Citizens, I passed by that church this morning ; I entered it, and what did I see ? The place had been transformed into a hospital for the wounded ; there were beds in it, stoves to warm it, a display of bandages and medicine-bottles—all the apparel, in short, of decent charity. But when I turned to see whose were the hands that administered these things, judge of the feelings that welled up within me when I perceived a part of that brazen crew who but a few months since used this same church for their vanity-airing ground. Going from bed to bed, with eyes turned heavenwards, the Citizen Tricoche ; in a corner, mixing a potion, the Countess of something or other, who not a year ago set all the scandal-papers mad with her eccentric disguises at the Court masked balls, and who now, to keep up her masquerading traditions, had travestied herself as a Sister of Mercy ; and in the midst of this scene, strutting about with astonishing effrontery in a private soldier's uniform, a pomaded coxcomb with a glass in his eye, an ex-dandy of the Bois de Boulogne—a son of a Bonapartist outlaw, the Minister Robache ! " (Considerable sensation. Explosion of murmurs. Cries of, " To the *lanterne* with them.") " Citizens, it is time that the comedy should cease. Since when do ghouls gloat thus openly over their work in the broad light of day ? Are we children that we should be deluded by these pitiful farces ? Shall the sanctimonious grimaces of a priest, the stagey ministrations of a patchouli-scented countess, the affected uniform of an impudent fop, make us forget that it is these people—this priest, countess, and fop—who have helped let loose the hell-hounds of War on us, and that were they to pass twelve hours of their day in bathing wounds, and the other twelve in rolling their heads in the dust, they could not stanch a hundred thousandth part of the blood they have caused to flow, nor dry a single one of the tears that have been shed through their

wanton doings?" (An ominous thrill through the hall. The eyes of certain citizens begin to gleam. Fists are clenched.) "Heigh, citizens, we are not women, I think. These people are braving us. Are you the man to stand that court lacqueys shall thus flourish their buffoon antics in the face of your grief; or can I rely upon a hundred resolute patriots to accompany me to-morrow, and call these menials out of livery to their senses? We will tell that countess to begone where she pleases—to some land where the carnival still continues, to Rome, or to Monaco, or, if she likes it better, to London, where the rest of the clique are; the balloons will take her. Young Robache, he shall go to the outposts: perhaps some bullet will do him the honour to touch him, though steel and lead which make war on soldiers, mostly disdain to harm curs of his breed. As for the hoary old priest, his presence is a scandal; let him be turned out of the church his abject servility has polluted. Let him run away; there are garrets enough where he can hide his shame until the siege is over; and if he refuses to go—why, let the consequences be on his own head: he will not be the first priest whom patriots have had the courage to put out of the way when the interests of public morality and decency demanded it. Tell me, are there a hundred fearless men among you I can rely on?" (Immense howling. Three or four hundred dusky fists are brandished aloft, whilst yells of, "To the gibbet the priests," "To the scaffold the aristocrats," make the club-room ring again.)

A Citizen dressed as a National Guardsman, springing up suddenly, pale but determined.—"Citizens . . . Citizens—one word. I am unknown to most of you, but I am a working-man like yourselves, and in the name of that freedom which you claim as a right, I stand up to protest—to protest with all my might against the speech you have just heard." (Exclamations. Stupefaction.) "Yes, let me speak. So long as the Citizen Bilie confined himself to mere word-attacks on the Government I kept silent, although, let me say, that for one who is himself an officer, to revile his military superior as the Commandant Bilie did General Trochu, seems to me an example of indiscipline one cannot too strongly deplore. But I should have paid less attention to that had it not been for the latter part of the Citizen Bilie's speech. Citizens, I adjure you, let us have no factions in the presence of the enemy. We all at this moment stand with one foot in the grave. Listen." (Deep silence. The faint boom of a cannon resounds in the distance.) "By that sound, citizens, which may be the death-knell of brothers of ours, I entreat you, I implore you, let us remain united. There can be no hostility between Bonapartist and Republican to-day, when both to-morrow may be lying side by side under the same sod. There cannot—there must not be hatred between hearts in which throbs one common love of our afflicted country—one common hope for her triumph, her regeneration. Let us forget the past—it is behind us; let us link our hands, our arms, our strength, our prayers, and look to the future. If there be hypocrites or traitors in our midst, Heaven help them! but do not let us accept the thought, for the shame of

treachery in such hours as these recoils, not on one head alone, but on a whole community. Rather let us give every man credit for such patriotism as he may claim, and if we see around us women, priests, and young men, whom we have known frivolous in days gone by, let us gladly and proudly note any change we may observe in them, taking it as an earnest that our poor France is not the demoralized nation which her enemies pretend, but that her children can still, in the hour of need, cast aside their foibles and devote their best, purest energies to her service. Citizens, it is not a Bonapartist, an Orleanist, or a Legitimist, who is now addressing you, but a Republican. And not a Republican of yesterday, but one who has lived all his life in the same faith, who has constantly held by the device, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' but who has thought, and still thinks, that the noblest of these three words is Fraternity." (Conflicting manifestations. A few cheers. Predominant cries of, "No, no. Sit down." "No milk-and-water Republican!")

The Citizen Bilia.—"Citizens, I denounce that man as a traitor and an enemy to his country. His sentiments might pass muster in a nun's conventicle, but uttered before an assembly of free men, who are not to be duped by child's play—they are a mockery and an insult." (Loud cheers.) "There can be no forgiveness for the men of the past; between us and them it is a war to the knife." (Renewed and prolonged cheering.) "The citizen throws the word fraternity in our teeth, well knowing that under present circumstances the mere mention of such a name is a division. Fraternity! where was it on the night of the 2nd December '51? Did those men think of fraternity when they pressed the working-man's throat under their foot, and poured out his blood into the gutter? Fraternity! were they softened by the word when they saw our brothers rotting in the pontoons of Cayenne, and dying like dogs in the casemates of Lambessa? Citizens, there can be no fraternity between men and wolves. The fraternity shall be between us who have old scores to pay off, and if we ever consent to draw a sponge over the past, it will only be on that day when our debt shall have been discharged drop for drop, and tooth for tooth—when we shall have made the rich disgorge the wealth they have plundered—when we shall have wrested from them the liberties they have robbed and the privileges they have confiscated. Citizens, it will be time enough to talk of fraternity when equality exists, and there are no more task-masters; when we shall no longer see men feasting in gilded palaces whilst their brothers die of hunger in garrets." (Cheers, howls, gnashing of teeth, and shaking of fists. Enthusiastic ovation to the Citizen Bilia. The *National Guardsman* utters some words inaudible in the tumult. A *Citizen*, with a clay pipe, smites him on the cheek, whereupon a scuffle ensues, in which the gentleman who struck the first blow does not get the best of it. Some other citizens, partisans of equality, at once intervene, and place matters on a fairer footing by setting upon the *National Guardsman* ten or twelve to one. They pinion him, roll him over, pull his coat to pieces, and bundle him out into the street. Great cheering.)

The Citizen Maclou.—"Nobody can pretend that the fullest liberty of discussion is not allowed here ; but when persons come with the evident intention of railing at the sufferings of the people, they must be prepared for the consequences." (Unanimous assent.)

The sitting soon after breaks up. The Citizen Bilie rises to go, and is followed by nine-tenths of the audience, who accompany him with flattering demonstrations, patting him on the back and cheering him lustily. It is arranged that there shall be a rendezvous of the "Sons of Brutus" on the morrow to pay a visit to the Citizen Tricoche, and have an hour's quiet talk with him. The time of the meet is, however, kept a secret—it is always well to be cautious. At the door, going out:—

The Citizen with the basket to the Citizen with the bottle.—"That man in the National Guard's uniform was undoubtedly an agent of Bismarck's."

The Citizen with the bottle to the Citizen with the basket.—"I am sure of it. That Prussian has spies everywhere. I never go to sleep without first looking under my bed, and yesterday I saw a pair of boots peeping out. The boots were mine, you know, but you can understand what a start it gave me at first. I assure you, if I hadn't had this bottle. . . ." (Exeunt fraternally, making one another's flesh creep.)

III.

I happened to be present at this meeting of the "Sons of Brutus" which I have just described. I attended there in a journalistic capacity ; but, as our craft is not adored by the gentlemen of the popular clubs, I generally concealed my identity under a National Guard *képi*, ensconced myself in the most retired nook of the gallery, and, during the prevalence of hostilities between rival factions, maintained that dignified non-intervention attitude which my well-beloved country has set in fashion. Walking home, however, through the moonlit streets, it occurred to me that I should perhaps do well to reflect on what step it behoved me to take now in the face of the avowed intention of the "Sons of Brutus" to make an armed incursion on the domain of M. Tricoche. To be sure, had I wished to model my conduct strictly on that of my well-beloved country aforesaid, I need not have meditated long. All I had to do was to take a sheet of paper, and write a feeling despatch to the Citizen Bilie, reminding him that this was the nineteenth century, that we were in a civilized age, that it was, perhaps, a pity to molest one's neighbour ; but that, anyhow, if he thought otherwise, and persisted in assaulting the Curé Tricoche, plundering his church, and finally hanging him to a lamp-post, he might count upon my strictest neutrality. This done, I should have folded my arms, and taken heaven to witness that, if bloodshed ensued, it was no fault of mine. By-and-by, when M. Tricoche was hanged, the church gutted, and the Citizen Bilie loaded with spoil, I

might have re-appeared on the scene in the character of mediator, made some more allusions to the nineteenth century, payed some new compliments to modern civilization, and proposed to M. Bilias to surrender part of his lootings. On his refusal, I should have begged him to believe that my esteem for him remained unaltered, and expressed the hope that the amicable relations subsisting between us would continue serene till the end of time.

Somehow, I could not help thinking that, however elevated and spirited this kind of policy might be in the case of nations, it had its inconveniences as between man and man. And the main inconvenience was, that it would not have saved M. Tricoche. So I preferred doing what, in diplomatic language, is called "casting about for alliances." In other words, I went to the police-station.

"Ah!" said the "Guardian of the Peace" to whom I unfolded my tale, "I see what it is: they're going to be at their old tricks again. That Bilias is a bad 'un!"

He was a smug policeman, shaved all but his whiskers, and his manners were calm, serious, and pensive. He was one of that new brigade of police formed by the Prefect, M. de Kératry, who had laid a ruthless hand on the sergeants-de-ville of the Second Empire, suppressing their moustaches, their cocked hats, and even their title.

"Yes," I answered, glad to find him so impressionable, "I am inclined to agree with you about the Citizen Bilias."

"Humph!" he proceeded, shaking his head. "I know their games. They get all together, under pretence of politics and such like, and when they've speechified a bit, they break the windows and they rob. It's always the same story."

"Then, I conclude, you see the necessity of taking prompt measures to repress this attempt."

"Yes," said he. "I'll just send one of my men round to this Bilias, and talk to him a bit. If that won't do, I'll ask you to be good enough to let me know if anything happens to-morrow—if they do any mischief, I mean—then, I'll see if we can't manage to catch a few of them; but not this Bilias—he'd give us too much trouble."

Evidently this worthy man had mistaken his vocation. Nature had intended him for an English cabinet-minister. I departed, heaving something like a sigh of regret over those not very distant times when half-a-dozen words to the police would have been enough to ensure the Citizen Bilias's being arrested in his bed, conveyed under escort to Mazas, and lodged there at Government expense until he had had time to cool. It is true that now we were in the enjoyment of Republican institutions, which means that it was no longer lawful to arrest a criminal until he had actually committed that which he was bent upon, and not quite prudent to do it even then if he were, like the Citizen Bilias, a man holding repute among the people. You see, there are shades of opinion in these things, which it is well to comprehend. To plunder in the name of hunger, want,

and cold is undoubtedly a crime ; but to do the same thing in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity is mistaken zeal—nothing more.

So, having failed in my first negotiation for allies, I addressed myself elsewhere. I sought out an acquaintance, a colonel of Breton Mobiles, whose sympathy for Republicans was small, and who had never, that I am aware, heard talk of non-intervention. This time my errand was not bootless. The colonel stroked his moustache significantly, despatched an estafette to the War Office to ask for powers, and in less than two hours, having *carte blanche* in his pocket, gave his orders for a march out at daybreak. The next morning, on arriving before the church of Ste. Rosemonde, I found my friend quietly picketed in the vicinity with his eight hundred men, and waiting for events.

I should have had some difficulty in knowing Ste. Rosemonde's again but for these Mobiles. At the first rumour of a probable siege and bombardment, the distinguished architect of the building, seized with terror at the thought of his master-work being chipped, and possibly, too, struck with some misgiving as to the resisting power of the edifice in case it should have any but very undersized shells to encounter, had applied to the Government for I forget how many hundred sacks of earth, a request which had been graciously acceded to. These sacks had been used to pad the walls and roof, and the church looked uncommonly as though it were being treated for influenza. On the belfry, besacked out of all shape, a white flag, with the now familiar red cross, fluttered lazily in the breeze ; and on the church door, surmounted also with a red cross, one could read this announcement : "*Ambulance of Ste. Rosemonde. 150 beds. By permission of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, this church will be used during the siege as a military ambulance. Divine service will be celebrated every day in the Sacristy, temporarily converted into a chapel.*"

Thus the Citizen Bilias had not erred, and the once fashionable Ste. Rosemonde's had truly become a hospital. There was a pasted notice inside the vestibule praying visitors to walk softly and to speak low ; the alms-box formerly labelled, "*Pour les Pauvres,*" bore the inscription : "*Pour les Blessés.*" When one pushed the inner folding-doors, it was no longer to step into an atmosphere of music, incense, and radiant vestments ; but the same sad, quiet scene met the gaze as is to be witnessed wherever the sick are congregated—long, tranquil rows of white beds lit up in this instance by the few rays struggling faintly through the half-barricaded windows and by two tapers burning perpetually over the altar. Two lateral chapels, which in days gone by had blazed with light, flowers, and votive offerings, had been appropriated, the one to a pharmacy, the other to a linen-room ; and instead of the gilded *Suisse* and silver-stick vergers, one or two Sisters of Mercy glided about noiselessly between the beds, carrying soothing potions, lint, and bandages under the direction of a grey man in list slippers (the military surgeon). A life-size figure of the Saviour on the Cross,

mournfully yet fitly completed this picture of human suffering and seemed to sanctify it.

Yes, the Citizen Bilia had spoken correctly; yet there was one thing he had forgotten to add, probably deeming it immaterial, and that was the names of the persons who had first founded and were now supporting the ambulance of Ste. Rosemonde at a cost of something like six thousand francs a week. They were not many, only three, but, oddly enough, they were the very M. Tricoche, whom M. Bilia proposed to turn out; M^{me}. la Comtesse de Verveine, whom he thought of despatching to Monaco per balloon to join in the carnival; and M. Robache, the young gentleman who wore an eyeglass, and also, M. Bilia might have mentioned, his arm in a sling, having been wounded at the battle of Châtillon, at which few of the "Sons of Brutus," it was reported, had thought it necessary to appear.

These three persons were the sole relict of the congregation of Ste. Rosemonde: everybody else had fled—they only remained: and when I say that they remained, I should be speaking more truly if I said that what remained of them was the ghost of their former selves. Yes, only the ghost, for these were certainly not the people I had known before. What was there in common, for instance, between the Countess of Verveine of last summer, the young, high-born, lovely, courted millionaire widow, who was looked up to—worshipped would be the better word—as one of the queens of *ton*, and this pale, large-eyed young woman in the Sister of Mercy's dress who was patiently mending a bullet-hole in a tunic belonging to a wounded soldier? And young Robache, what had come over him? The last time I had seen him was at Longchamps at the running for the Grand Prize in June. Blooming in a white waistcoat, straw-coloured gloves, moss-rose bud, and inseparable eyeglass, he had driven down on his drag, the showiest turn-out of the field, betted heavily on Sornette, the French horse, and on seeing the object of his predilections pass the post first, danced a hornpipe *coram populo*, shaken everybody by the hand, and told me twenty times in five minutes that Waterloo was now at length avenged, since the British steed had been defeated. What relation was this young madcap to the curiously gaunt individual I saw before me now, his head cropped close as a convict's, his private's uniform all too large for him, and his left arm closely bound to his chest by a combination of straps and bandages? As for M. Tricoche, he had aged five years between the 8th of May and the 4th of September; and between the 4th of September and my present visit it seemed to me that he had aged five years more. The only point in which there was no perceptible alteration in any of the three was in their natural serenity. They were thin, half-starved, fatigued, but for all that the national characteristics asserted their sway and they were cheerful. I even doubt if they ever took a deeper interest in any of their past occupations than in those to which they were devoting themselves at the moment when I entered.

They sat round a deal table outside the extemporized pharmacy. Young Robache, whose wound allowed of his making himself useful, in so far as one hand went, was holding one end of a piece of linen between his teeth, the other end being fastened to the table's edge, and was gravely scraping lint with a knife. The Curé, with a heap of letters on one side of him, large sheets of postage-stamps on the other, was franking missives he had written by request of wounded soldiers to their relatives, correspondence destined for the provinces, and to be forwarded by the next balloon. Mdme. de Verveine, as I have said, was all absorbed in her needlework, and on a chair beside her towered a pile of other tunics and jackets waiting to be attended to when that which she had in hand was finished. She looked up, however, as I advanced, walking on tiptoe so as not to wake anybody. I bowed to her, she smiled with her usual grace, and said in a hushed voice :

"Colonel de Kerhoel has been here this morning. He says you sent him here to protect us. Do you know we were rather alarmed at first, not for us, but for our patients? Do you think there is any real danger?"

"Not now, certainly, thanks to Colonel de Kerhoel; but I should have been sorry to receive the visit of these gentlemen without him."

"Why, what can they want?" asked the Curé simply.

"Want, Monsieur le Curé?" echoed the surgeon, joining us and laughing quietly. "Why, what those gentlemen have wanted ever since I have had the pleasure of knowing them—and our acquaintance dates from the Revolution of 1848—I never knew them desire but two things: Do no work, and pay themselves out of the pockets of other people for doing it."

"Perhaps they are hungry, and that would excuse a great deal of desperation," rejoined the Countess, gently. "I assure you it quite makes my heart bleed to read of the prices of things in the papers. See here what the *Journal des Débats* says: 'Butter, 80 francs the pound; fowls, 40 francs the pair; a cabbage, 8 francs; eggs, 90 centimes apiece.' What the poor are to do I cannot think."

"Yes, I saw a poor woman yesterday, a small tradesman's wife, trying to get a cup of milk for her child, who was ill," remarked the Curé, gloomily. "There was not a drop to be had in the quarter—at least not for the price she could afford."

"So you went and bought it for her," added the surgeon, concluding the sentence which the worthy Curé would certainly have left unfinished. "Yes, no doubt the poor are to be pitied, but the poor at this moment are not those whom Mdme. le Comtesse supposes. Those who before the siege called themselves the 'working-men' are as well off now as they have ever been in their lives, in fact a great deal better off. They have no rent to pay, they are absolved from all their debts till the end of the war, they have warm clothes given them gratis, and they receive 30 sous a day, with fifteen added if they be married men. But this is not all.

Thanks to the municipal canteens, which the Government has instituted, they live almost for nothing. Their dinners are sumptuous beside yours, Madame, who refuse to eat anything better than what they give the soldiers, and yours, M. le Curé, who live on bread and horse. For eight sous they are entitled to a large bowl of soup, their ration of cooked meat, a plate of beans or potatoes, half-a-pound of bread, and half a litre of wine, and they may go and take two meals of this sort a day. So you see, those who are suffering from hunger, and are likely to die of the complaint if the siege lasts much longer, are not the 'down-trodden proletarians,' as these gentlemen love to call themselves. No, those who are hungry now, who have changed places with the beggars, are the unfortunate petty *bourgeois*, the small tradesmen, the ten thousand subaltern *employés* who in peace-time had to keep up a rag of respectability, and who at present must choose between paying for their cabbages three francs apiece, or going without cabbages and living on that mouthful of horse which the Government allows. A good many of these poor devils have become very scarecrows. I saw one of them last week—they told me he was a railway clerk—go and take up his post outside one of the municipal canteens, along with his *queue*, waiting for the distribution. He probably thought that, being starving, he had as much right to some soup as any other citizen. But you should have seen the storm his coming excited. He was recognized by a neighbour, and set upon by the whole concourse, tooth and nail, beak and claw. What! a man who used to have three thousand francs a year beg for soup! An 'aristocrat' come and snatch the bread out of the People's mouth! In less than a twinkling he was felled into the gutter, his jug kicked out of his hand, his vile aristocratic body pummelled into a jelly, and it was lucky for him that the canteen doors were opened just at this juncture, else I doubt if he would have remained in a position ever to feel hungry again. Ah, they are pleasant gentlemen, these down-trodden proletarians, when you take the muzzle off them."

"Dear me, dear me, this is all very dreadful," said the Countess, "but if these men are not hungry what can they want with us? I suppose it is some of these terrible politics again," added she, with a sigh.

"Humph! politics! I would willingly give a hundred-franc note to any 'Son of Brutus' who explained to me what he understood by that word, and another hundred if he told me frankly what his ideal of a good government was," answered the surgeon, sceptically. "They have got a Republic now, and they are conscientiously doing their utmost to upset it; if they ever install themselves in its place under the name of double-dyed or treble-dyed Republic, you may depend upon their clutching each other by the throat, even as they have done on every former occasion, when it has pleased Providence to give them their turn at the helm. As for what they say about the Bonapartists bringing on this war, you know what my opinion is respecting that, Madame, and so do you, M. le Curé."

"Yes, yes, my dear doctor, I know you are indulgent," answered the Curé, sighing.

"Not indulgent, but just," answered the surgeon, plainly. "If I thought that this war was due to any particular party, I should say so; but my conviction is, that it was a fatality in which we all had a hand, without exception. As an old soldier who has served under the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale, I have always been an Orleanist; but I, too, was a partisan of this war, so was every Frenchman worth his salt; and if a few held back, I own I cannot rid myself of the notion that politics had more to do with it than love of peace. Had the Government backed out of their war-scraps whilst it was yet time, I would have wagered a good deal that the Republican party-cry henceforth would have been that the Emperor was afraid to fight the Prussians."

"Well, well," rejoined the Curé, gravely, let us be just to every man according to his works. The Republicans acted rightly in opposing the war: I prefer to think that their motives were good."

I am unable to guess what reply, if any, the surgeon would have made, for whilst the Curé was speaking, a distant clamour, as of an adjoining crowd, reached our ears; and he had scarcely done, when one of the ambulance attendants ran in scared, and said, "There is an enormous mob of National Guards and workmen; they are carrying red flags, and shouting, '*A bas les Prêtres de Rosemonde!*' and they are coming down the street!"

IV.

It was quite true. There they were, an enormous mob, shaggy, turbulent, and in excellent spirits for mischief. The Citizen Bilias had originally projected a purely civilian demonstration, but those second thoughts which the proverb assures us are best had counselled him to admit his armed battalion of National Guards to a participation; and so they trooped behind him, five hundred strong, draggle-tailed, undisciplined, and singing patriotic songs, furiously out of tune, as became true Republicans, averse to any sort of order or regulation. This, by the way, was the eleventh or twelfth "demonstration" in which the Citizen Bilias's battalion took part. It was always demonstrating, this valuable cohort of warriors. One day it was trudging processionally through the mud to crown a statue somewhere; another day it went in state to howl at the Government at the Hôtel-de-Ville; a third day it would go and sack somebody's house, for the greater glory of the good cause; and so on. Perhaps it will seem to certain minds that, considering the Prussians were knocking rather importunately at the gates of Paris, the Citizen Bilias's battalion might have found a more useful field for its energies in endeavouring to induce the Prussians to go away. But to this I answer, that if every man did his duty, there would soon be nothing to complain of: not even war, for instance, which would be a pity, seeing how lucrative a trade it is becoming; nor

revolutions, which would be a most painful blow to such gentlemen as the Citizen Bilia.

I think the Citizen Bilia had counted upon an agreeable morning's sport; and this will account for the singularly wry face he pulled when, upon debouching into the Place de Ste. Rosemonde, he found himself confronting, not an unguarded place of worship, but eight hundred soldiers, neatly drawn up in square, and armed with Chassepot rifles.

Colonel de Kerhoel had marshalled his men in such a way as to leave a clear road for any person or body of persons whose object was simply to pass by the church, but also in such a way as to oppose a simple, solid, thoroughly unengaging barrier to anybody who ruminated an attack. The experienced eye of Citizen Bilia took in all this at a glance. He was no fool; no more were his men, for they, too, seemed struck by the practical character of the arrangements. However, for the dignity of the thing they kept on advancing, neither did they in any marked degree abate their howlings. These howls were a trifle less enthusiastic, that was all; and when they were all opposite the church together, they halted. The two hosts then stood face to face.

One might well have drawn some moral from the contrast they offered. It was the contrast between those old irreconcilable enemies, Provincial France and the Capital. On one side these Bretons—a rough lot, dogged, ignorant, far from clean, and speaking no language but their own rude *patois*, sturdy churls, nevertheless Catholics to the core, believers in amulets, singers of wild, superstitious hymns, and devoted to their God, their priest, and their legitimate chief with a fidelity it would have been as impossible to shake as one of those rugged rocks by their own seashore. On the other hand, this mob of Parisians—dirty and ignorant as the countrymen, but believing in nothing and respecting nobody, ready with a grin and a lampoon for everything that was law, order, religion, or morality, and grinning behind the back even at that trumpery leader of theirs whom, in a moment's freak, they had set up to guide them, and with whom, whenever the fancy took them, they would break as uncereemoniously as an ape does a nut.

The Parisians looked at the Bretons as bumptious townsmen look at peasants. The Bretons returned the glance as a bull-dog eyes a cat—able to strangle him, and not reluctant to do it.

The mere exchange of glances was not of long duration, for Colonel de Kerhoel, in a peremptory but off-hand tone, gave the word of command: "Attention! Fix bayonets!"

The Citizen Bilia, not to be behindhand, instantly sang out, in a piercing falsetto, "ATTENTION! FIX BAYONETS!"

The next move was the Colonel's, who took out a cigar and lit it. The Citizen Bilia felt in his pockets, but finding no cigar, did nothing, and there was a pause. But only for a minute. Impelled by the vociferations of the "Sons of Brutus," who, regarding the cigar as a token of pacific intentions, waxed noisy and sanguine anew, the Citizen Bilia stepped

forward, and, in a voice which he meant to be haughtily defiant, but which quavered slightly in his throat, shouted : " Citizen Colonel, in the name of the Republic one and indivisible, we summon the Citizens Tricoche and Robache, and the Citoyenne Verveine, to appear before us."

" Monsieur le Commandant," answered the Colonel politely, " the persons you mention are unknown to me. I have the honour of being acquainted with Madame la Comtesse de Verveine, Monsieur l'Abbé Tricoche, curé of Ste. Rosemonde, and with Monsieur Robache ; but they are at this moment engaged, and you will excuse me if I decline interrupting them for the sake of announcing your visit."

" Oh, là, là ! " " *Plus de Saints !* " " *A bas les aristocrates et les porteurs d'eau bénite !* " " *A Chaillot les Comtesses !* " yelled the gentlemen in the background.

" Citizen Colonel," pursued the Commandant Bilia, making heroic efforts to surmount the lump which was rising in his gullet, " you hear the wishes of the people. I am their delegate. I call upon you to let me pass."

" I must trouble you to stand back," replied the Colonel simply.

" And-if I refuse,—if I insist upon advancing ? "

▮ The Colonel quietly unsheathed his sword. " I shall cleave you in two like a carrot," said he.

But the precious blood of the Citizen Bilia was not destined to flow, for a hand was laid on the Colonel's arm, and Madame de Verveine, who had come out of the church with M. Tricoche, young Robache, the surgeon, and myself, interposed :—" You desire to see me, monsieur ? " she said to M. Bilia.

The Citizen Commandant was not able immediately to answer, for the disagreeable menace of Colonel de Kerhoel had a little unsettled him. The fact is, he was not used to be talked to in this way. When he went " demonstrating " before the Government offices, things passed off quite differently. An official secretary, not unfrequently a Minister in person, came down to listen to his observations, and he was always assured that the Government would give his remarks their most attentive consideration, and every disposition was shown not to ruffle his feelings or in any manner irritate him. He scarcely knew what to think of this new form of proceeding,—this promise to cleave him in two,—a threat which was the more offensive as there was not the slightest reason to suppose M. de Kerhoel would not put it into execution.

However, at the sight of Madame de Verveine, he rallied. He had doubtless heard that in the sphere in which Colonel de Kerhoel moved it was customary for male aristocrats to contain themselves before female aristocrats. So, feeling himself safe, he drew his sword, brandished it above his head, and darting glances of unquenchable fury, hollared :—" Who is it that threatens me ? I dare you to do your worst ! The people have resolved that the ambulances where our brothers are lying shall no longer be sullied by the persons of the Second Empire. We will have no

more Jesuits, and no more he or she comedians" ("No, no," roared the gentlemen behind. "*No more Jesuits.*")

"I assure you, you will not find any brother of yours yonder," remarked the surgeon ironically. "All the men in that ambulance are soldiers; there is not a single ragamuffin amongst them."

"Tush, tush!" pleaded worthy M. Tricoche. "I am sorry M. le Commandant, that our presence should be a source of annoyance to any one," added he, with imperturbable gentleness. "It is but too true that I am one of those who, at the outset of this unlucky war, spoke otherwise than they ought to have done,—otherwise, I may add, than became my character as a priest; and I shall not think I have done enough even when I have devoted my entire fortune and the energies of my whole life to remedying some of the evils which I have helped to occasion. So if there is any particular form of expiation, Monsieur, which you wish to suggest to me in the name of public opinion, I will pray in all humility for grace to submit to it."

"Excuse me one moment," said young Robache, coming forward. "Before favouring us with his scheme of expiations, M. Bilias will perhaps do well to consider to what extent it will have to be put in practice by himself. How do you do, M. Bilias? I have never had the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance, but it has been given me to peruse a document of your composition; and as the byword says that the style marks the man, I should be almost justified in saying that we are acquainted."

The Citizen Bilias turned sallow, and stared with evident uneasiness at the close-cropped youth whose eyeglass gleamed upon him with the disconcerting fixity of a policeman's lantern.

"Yes, it was a letter sent to my father, then a Minister—a Minister of the Second Empire. Whilst he was in office he received a good many such epistles. I confess they were not characterized for the most part by excess of dignity, but one day he lit upon one which for flatness and servility exceeded anything he had ever fingered before, and he showed it me as a curiosity. The author states his wish to serve that poor Second Empire anyhow and anywhere, as a sub-prefect, a sub-receiver, a clerk of the préfecture de police, 'in any capacity, in short, where he could prove his devotion towards that august dynasty whose coming had been as that of the blessed manna from heaven'—I remember the very words, they struck me as infinitely poetic. I am glad to perceive, M. le Commandant, that the rejection of this petition—which you will have no difficulty in recollecting was signed 'Christophe Bilias'—has not prevented your making your way in another walk."

"It's a calumny!" gasped the Citizen Bilias, become livid: "a base, hireling calumny." And the gentlemen in the background, beginning to wonder what the conversation could be about, caught at the cry, and shouted all together, with cordial waving of red flags and shaking of fists: "Yes, yes, it's a calumny; don't believe them. *A bas les calomniateurs!*"

"Well, well," continued young Robache, "a short memory is no crime; but let us come to another subject, that of this War, which you are good enough to lay on our shoulders. On the 15th of July last—you see I am precise about my dates—I was driving down the Rue St. George towards seven in the evening. That day M. Thiers—you know M. Thiers?—had made a speech in the Corps Législatif in favour of peace, and a deputation of the sovereign people were marking their grateful sense of the proceeding by putting some stones through his windows. There was one gentleman distinguishing himself particularly in this exercise. He was better dressed than the others, and appeared to be leading them; he moreover shouted, '*A Berlin! A mort les Allemands! A bas les pacifiques!*' with a zeal that did him credit. Somehow, M. Bilia, I would stake my word of honour that this gentleman was yourself."

The Citizen Bilia's first impulse was apparently to renew his protestations with redoubled scorn, but a better mode of tactics presented itself to his imagination. Drawing himself up to his full height of five feet three or thereabouts, he hurled out the indignant cry of the fox who has set a trap and fallen into it himself: "Citizens," shrieked he, "we have got into an ambush. Let us have nothing to say to these people who lie in wait to slaughter Republicans. Citizen Colonel, I call all here present to witness that you have threatened my life, and that had I not been actuated by the most patriotic forbearance a conflict might have ensued between us. Citizens, let us withdraw. It shall not be said that whilst the enemy is at the gates we allowed ourselves to be provoked into civil strife. If these people wish to enter into rivalry with us, they know where to find us. Let them follow us to the field of battle, and fight by our sides—if they dare." Hereupon he wheeled to the right about, put himself at the head of his men, gave the order to march, and strode off superbly. And his men followed him as before, not a little impressed by his eloquence, and reflecting that, after all, it would have been absurd to attack these Bretons, who were a low herd, imbued with degrading prejudices, and who, besides, would have been just as likely as not to fire at them.

"Well, Madame," said the Colonel, sheathing his sword and smiling grimly, as the last "Son of Brutus" vanished, bawling with tremendous rage:—

"Tremblez, ennemis de la France—
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil;
Le Peuple Souverain s'avance:
Tyrans, descendez au cercueil!"

"Well, Madame, all's well that ends well!"

"Heaven grant that it may all end well," answered she fervently, but with a sigh. "You cannot think," she added, mournfully, "what a sorrow it is to me that, at a time when we ought all to be united, there should be such enmities as these between fellow-countrymen. It is more cruel than the war itself."

The Colonel became suddenly grave.

"Ay," said he, bitterly, "and do you not think it rends my heart to pieces to think that the man I have just treated like a dog was a Frenchman? I could cry with shame at the thought. Yes, God knows how it will all end; but if you are beaten, my poor France, it is not the Krupp guns or the German generals that will have defeated you: your own children have hurt you more than all your foes together."

V.

Whither the Citizen Bilia betook himself upon leaving the Ambulance Tricouche, and whether he ever put into execution his threat of proceeding to the battle-field, in order to shame those dastard Bretons who had lain in wait to slay a Republican, are points which I am not in a position to clear up. But I am inclined to think that the Citizen Bilia did not visit the battle-field. A man cannot devote his mind to two things at once, and M. Bilia and friends found plenty to occupy them inside the city, without seeking for adventures out of doors. On the 31st of October they tried to overturn the Government, in the month of December they tried again, and on the 24th of January they made a third effort, not more successful than the other two, but more glorious in this respect, that it resulted in a certain number of deaths, which always reads well in newspaper accounts. By this time, however, M. Bilia had ceased to be a Commandant, having been despotically cashiered, as he feelingly expressed it; and his battalion had also been disbanded, and there were some unpleasant rumours that if the Government caught M. Bilia it intended shooting him,—which I believe to have been a false report, for the Government of the National Defence would not have harmed a fly, not even a Prussian if it could have helped it—but which nevertheless had the effect of confining M. Bilia to out-of-the-way garrets, where he led an occult existence, only relieved by those occasional sorties to which I have just alluded. He reappeared altogether at the close of the siege, and I heard without surprise that he had been elected to represent an important democratical constituency in the National Assembly. There is a brilliant political future open before that young man. If he is fortunate enough to keep out of the hangman's hands there is no reason why he should not become Prime Minister, President of a Republic—Emperor, even, if the fancy takes him.

The fates of the other personages I have cursorily introduced were perhaps less enviable than that of the Citizen Bilia, perhaps more so, according to the point of view. Colonel de Kerhoel was shot in that second attack on the Bourget with five hundred out of his eight hundred men. Young Robache, not yet cured of his wound, but able to lift his arm sufficiently to hold a rifle, decamped from his ambulance without surgeon's leave, on the morning of the battle of Villiers, and was buried the next day in the small village church-yard, which was all too narrow to

contain the number of French graves that had to be dug. The surgeon himself was carried off by a stray shell whilst picking up the wounded on the field of Montretout ; and at about the time of this, the last battle of the siege, I met with the following two lines in most of the papers :—

“ We regret to announce the death of M^{me}. la Comtesse de Verveine, who died on the 15th, of typhus fever, caught in the Ambulance of Ste. Rosemonde, aged 28.”

As for M. Tricoche, I had few occasions of speaking to him after the episode furnished by the visit of M. Bilia. Our paths lay apart. The duties of newspaper correspondence took me to all points of the compass, perpetually moving, perpetually scribbling ; and if here and there, whilst jotting down notes at sunset on a corpse-strewn field, I caught sight of the well-known figure kneeling with gourd or crucifix in hand over a prostrate form, we seldom either of us had more than the time to exchange a rapid word in passing or a silent grasp of the hand. Still, I continued to hear of M. Tricoche. Soldiers talked of him with a strange respect ; generals wished there were a few more like him ; “ Sons of Brutus ” swore he was a Judas, and frequently hooted him in the streets. I learned that his ambulance was always full, and it was cited as one of those where the wounded enjoyed most luxuries ; for people said the Curé was spending every farthing he had, and that of all the money he had put by as Vicar of wealthy Ste. Rosemonde's, there would soon be not a penny left. On the day when the peace was signed I went to call upon M. Tricoche.

It was a sunshiny day. Paris seemed comparatively joyful—glad to know that the worst was over. Everywhere people were beginning to reopen their shops or unfasten their barricaded shutters ; and in front of Ste. Rosemonde's I found the Distinguished Architect superintending the removal of the sacks of earth off the pet work of his genius. The red-cross flag was already gone, for it seems the wounded had been removed to the military hospitals, now less crowded. On the door figured this new announcement :—

“ This Church will be reopened for Divine Service on the Sunday of Mid-Lent.”

“ PIERRE CHAMBONNEAU, Curé.”

“ Pierre Chambonneau ! ” said I, in astonishment, and addressing myself to the Distinguished Architect ; “ but what has become of M. Tricoche ? ”

“ Oh, haven't you heard ? ” said my interlocutor, flippant an ash from his cigar and laughing. “ M. Tricoche has resigned.”

“ Resigned ? And for what reason ? ”

“ Oh, you know ”—and the Distinguished Architect shrugged his shoulders—“ it's one of the new ideas that's come over him since the Empire fell. I can't say what's the meaning of it. I believe, myself, the

good old man is a little—ahem ! ” (the D. A. touched his forehead significantly). “ Somebody has heard him pretend that having misled the congregation he was entrusted to guide, he deserves to be deprived of his office. They say the Archbishop tried to pacify him ; but you know at that age, when they get any notion into their heads, it’s the deuce and all to make them understand reason. M. Tricoche has obtained a place as Vicaire* in some wild, heaven-forsaken parish down in the Pyrenees.—I beg pardon. Heigh there ! mind what you’re about with that sack of earth : you all but sent it through the oriel.”

I walked away, without a word, in the direction of M. Tricoche’s lodgings. At the door a “ commissionaire ” was putting some luggage on a hand-truck, and Mdle. Virginie, the Curé’s housekeeper, dressed as if for a journey, was coming behind him, with a parcel or two.

“ Oh, it’s you, Monsieur,” said she, curtsying ; “ you’re just in time to say good-by to M. le Curé.”

“ Is it really good-by ? ” I asked with some emotion : for the Curé just then appeared himself with the last of his luggage—a few books.

“ Yes, dear friend,” answered he, with a peaceful smile, and he held out his hand.

No doubt he guessed the mute question in my looks, for, still holding my hand, he said with quiet earnestness :—“ *Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas ; et invocabo misericordiam Domini.*” Then, making the sign of the cross before me as a farewell, he added :—“ *Dominus tecum.*”

I am certain I never responded with deeper fervour :—“ *Et cum spiritu tuo.*”

* *Vicaire*, in French, is curate, and *curé*, vicar.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

III.

IN 1862 Hawthorne began to send me for publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* some articles from his English Journal, which he afterwards collected into a volume and called *Our Old Home*. Forwarding one of these papers, he wrote :—

I hope you will like it, for the subject seemed interesting to me when I was on the spot, but I always feel a singular despondency and heaviness of heart in reopening these old journals now. However, if I can make readable sketches out of them, it is no matter.

In the same letter he relates that he has been re-reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, a new edition of which, dedicated to him, was then in course of publication, and he suggests some additions to the concluding volume. He says :—

If the last volume is not already printed and stereotyped, I think you ought to insert in it an explanation of all that is left mysterious in the former volumes,—the name and family of the lady he was in love with, &c. It is desirable too to know what have been the fortunes and final catastrophes of his family and intimate friends since his death, down to as recent a period as the death of Lockhart. All such matter would make your edition more valuable ; and I see no reason why you should be bound by the deference to living connections of the family that may prevent the English publishers from inserting these particulars. We stand in the light of posterity to them, and have the privileges of posterity. . . . I should be glad to know something of the personal character and life of his eldest son, and whether (as I have heard) he was ashamed of his father for being a literary man. In short, fifty pages devoted to such elucidation would make the edition unique. Do come and see us before the leaves fall.

While he was engaged in copying out and re-writing his papers on England for the magazine, he was very despondent about their reception by the public. Speaking of them one day to me, he said : “ We must remember that there is a good deal of intellectual ice mingled with this wine of memory.” He was sometimes so dispirited during the war, that he was obliged to postpone his contributions for sheer lack of spirit to go on. Near the close of the year 1862 he writes :—

I am delighted at what you tell me about the kind appreciation of my articles, for I feel rather gloomy about them myself. I am really much encouraged by what you say ; not but what I am sensible that you mollify me with a good deal of soft soap, but it is skilfully applied and effects all you intend it should. . . . I cannot come

to Boston to spend more than a day, just at present. It would suit me better to come for a visit when the spring of next year is a little advanced, and if you renew your hospitable proposition then, I shall probably be glad to accept it; though I have now been a hermit so long, that the thought affects me somewhat as it would to invite a lobster or a crab to step out of his shell.

He continued, during the early months of 1863, to send now and then an article for the magazine from his English Note-Books. On the 22nd of February he writes:—

Here is another article. I wish it would not be so wretchedly long, but there are many things which I shall find no opportunity to say unless I say them now; so the article grows under my hand, and one part of it seems just about as well worth printing as another. Heaven sees fit to visit me with an unshakable conviction that all this series of articles is good for nothing; but that is none of my business, provided the public and you are of a different opinion. If you think any part of it can be left out with advantage, you are quite at liberty to do so. Probably I have not put Leigh Hunt quite high enough for your sentiments respecting him; but no more genuine characterization and criticism (so far as the writer's purpose to be true goes) was ever done. It is very slight. I might have made more of it, but should not have improved it.

I mean to write two more of these articles, and then hold my hand. I intend to come to Boston before the end of this week, if the weather is good. It must be nearly or quite six months since I was there! I wonder how many people there are in the world who would keep their nerves in tolerably good order through such a length of nearly solitary imprisonment?

I advised him to begin to put the series in order for a volume, and to preface the book with his *Consular Experiences*. On the 18th of April he writes:—

I don't think the public will bear any more of this sort of thing. . . . I had a letter from ———, the other day, in which he sends me the enclosed verses, and I think he would like to have them published in the *Atlantic*. Do it if you like, I pretend to no judgment in poetry. He also sent this epithalamium by Mrs. ———, and I doubt not the good lady will be pleased to see it copied into one of our American newspapers with a few laudatory remarks. Can't you do it in the *Transcript*, and send her a copy? You cannot imagine how a little praise jollifies us poor authors to the marrow of our bones. Consider, if you had not been a publisher, you would certainly have been one of our wretched tribe, and therefore ought to have a fellow feeling for us. (Let Michael Angelo write the remarks, if you have not the time.)

"Michael Angelo" was a little Irish boy who had the care of my room, and for whom Hawthorne had conceived a fancy. He liked to hear stories of the lad's smart replies to persistent authors who called during my absence with unpromising-looking manuscripts. On the 30th of April he writes:—

I send the article with which the volume is to commence, and you can begin printing it whenever you like. I can think of no better title than this, *Our Old Home; a Series of English Sketches*, by, &c. I submit to your judgment whether it would not be well to print these *Consular Experiences* in the volume without depriving them of any freshness they may have by previous publication in the magazine?

The article has some of the features that attract the curiosity of the foolish public, being made up of personal narrative and gossip, with a few pungencies of personal satire, which will not be the less effective because the reader can scarcely find out who was the individual meant. I am not without hope of drawing down upon myself a good deal of critical severity on this score, and would gladly incur more of it if I could do so without seriously deserving censure.

I was enchanted, of course, with the *Consular Experiences*, and I find from his letters, written at that time, that he was made specially happy by the praise I could not help bestowing upon that inimitable sketch. When the *Old Home* was nearly all in type, he began to think about a dedication to the book. On the 3rd of May he writes :—

I am of three minds about dedicating the volume. First, it seems due to Frank Pierce (as he put me into the position where I made all those profound observations of English scenery, life, and character) to inscribe it to him, with a few pages of friendly and explanatory talk, which also would be very gratifying to my own life-long affection for him.

Secondly, I want to say something to B——, to show him that I am thoroughly mindful of all his hospitality and kindness; and I suppose he might be pleased to see his name at the head of a book of mine.

Thirdly, I am not convinced that it is worth while to inscribe it to anybody. We will see hereafter.

The book moved on slowly through the press, and he seemed more than commonly nervous about the proof-sheets. On the 28th of May he says in a note to me :—

In a proof-sheet of *Our Old Home* which I sent you to-day (page 43, or 4, or 5 or thereabout) I corrected a line thus, "possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest." Now as the public interest was my sole and individual object while I held office, I think that as a matter of scanty justice to myself, the line ought to stand thus, "possessing a happy faculty of seeing my own interest and the public's." Even then, you see, I only give myself credit for half the disinterestedness I really felt. Pray, by all means, have it altered as above, even if the page is stereotyped; which it can't have been, as the proof is now in our Concord post-office, and you will have it at the same time with this.

An arrangement was made to bring out *Our Old Home* in London on the day of its publication in Boston. On the 1st of July Hawthorne wrote from The Wayside :—

I shall think over the prefatory matter for *Our Old Home* to-day, and will write it to-morrow. It requires some little thought and policy in order to say nothing amiss at this time; for I intend to dedicate the book to Frank Pierce, come what may. It shall reach you on Friday morning.

Those were troublous days, full of war gloom and general despondency. The North was naturally suspicious of all public men, at least, who did not bear a conspicuous part in helping to put down the Rebellion. General Pierce had been President of the United States, and was not identified, to say the least, with the great party which favoured the vigorous prosecution of the war. Hawthorne proposed to dedicate his

new book to a very dear friend, indeed, but in doing so he would draw public attention in a marked way to an unpopular name. Several of Hawthorne's friends, on learning that he intended to inscribe his book to Franklin Pierce, came to me and begged that I would, if possible, help Hawthorne to see that he ought not to do anything to jeopardize the success of his new volume. Accordingly, I wrote to him, just what many of his friends had said to me, and this is his reply, bearing date the 18th of July, 1863 :—

I thank you for your note of the 15th inst., and have delayed my reply thus long in order to ponder deeply on your advice, smoke cigars over it, and see what it might be possible for me to do towards taking it. I find that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. My long and intimate personal relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness; and if he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him. I cannot, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately felt and thought it right to do; and if I were to tear out the dedication, I should never look at the volume again without remorse and shame. As for the literary public, it must accept my book precisely as I think fit to give it, or let it alone.

Nevertheless, I have no fancy for making myself a martyr when it is honourably and conscientiously possible to avoid it; and I always measure out my heroism very accurately according to the exigencies of the occasion, and should be the last man in the world to throw away a bit of it needlessly. So I have looked over the concluding paragraph and have amended it in such a way that, while doing what I know to be justice to my friend, it contains not a word that ought to be objectionable to any set of readers. If the public of the North see fit to ostracize me for this, I can only say, that I would gladly sacrifice a thousand or two of dollars, rather than retain the good-will of such a herd of dolts and mean-spirited scoundrels. I enclose the rewritten paragraph, and shall wish to see a proof of that and the whole dedication.

Our Old Home was published in the autumn of 1863, and although it was everywhere welcomed, in England strictures were liberally applied to it. On the 18th of October he writes to me :—

The English critics seem to think me very bitter against their countrymen, and it is, perhaps, natural that they should, because their self-conceit can accept nothing short of indiscriminate adulation; but I really think that Americans have more cause than they to complain of me. Looking over the volume, I am rather surprised to find that whenever I draw a comparison between the two people, I almost invariably cast the balance against ourselves. It is not a good nor a weighty book, nor does it deserve any great amount either of praise or censure. I don't care about seeing any more notices of it.

Meantime the *Dolliver Romance*, which had been laid aside on account of the exciting scenes through which we were then passing, and which unfitted him for the composition of a work of the imagination, made little progress. In a note written at this time he says :—

I can't tell you when to expect an instalment of the *Romance* if ever. There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold, and

have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered if I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunbiny book.

I invited him to come to Boston, and I threw in as an inducement a hint that he should hear the great organ in the Music Hall. I also suggested that we could talk over the new *Romance* together, if he would gladden us all by coming to the city. Instead of coming he sent this reply:—

I thank you for your kind invitation to hear the grand instrument; but it offers me no inducement additional to what I should always have for a visit to your abode. I have no ear for an organ or a Jew's-harp, nor for any instrument between the two: so you had better invite a worthier guest, and I will come another time.

I don't see much probability of my having the first chapter of the *Romance* ready so soon as you want it. There are two or three chapters ready to be written, but I am not yet robust enough to begin, and I feel as if I should never carry it through.

Besides, I want to prefix a little sketch of Thoreau to it, because, from a tradition which he told me about this house of mine, I got the idea of a deathless man, which is now taking a shape very different from the original one. It seems the duty of a live literary man to perpetuate the memory of a dead one, when there is such fair opportunity as in this case; but how Thoreau would scorn me for thinking that I could perpetuate him! And I don't think so.

I can think of no title for the unborn *Romance*. Always heretofore I have waited till it was quite complete before attempting to name it, and I fear I shall have to do so now. I wish you or Mrs. F—— would suggest one. Perhaps you may snatch a title out of the infinite void that will miraculously suit the book, and give me a needful impetus to write it.

I want a great deal of money. . . . I wonder how people manage to live economically. I seem to spend little or nothing, and yet it will get very far beyond the second thousand, for the present year. . . . If it were not for these troublesome necessities, I doubt whether you would ever see so much as the first chapter of the new *Romance*.

I had frequent accounts of his ill health and changed appearance, but I supposed he would rally again soon, and become hale and strong before the winter fairly set in. But the shadows even then were about his pathway, and Allan Cunningham's lines, which he once quoted to me, must often have occurred to him,—

Cold's the snow at my head,
And cold's the snow at my feet;
And the finger of death 's at my eyes,
Closing them to sleep.

We had arranged that the *Dolliver Romance* should be first published in the magazine, in monthly instalments, and we decided to begin in the January number of 1864. On the 8th of November came a long letter from him:—

I foresee that there is little probability of my getting the first chapter ready by the 15th, although I have a resolute purpose to write it by the end of the month. It will be in time for the February number, if it turns out fit for publication at all. As to the title, we must defer settling that till the book is fully written, and meanwhile I see nothing better than to call the series of articles *Fragments of a Romance*.

This will leave me to exercise greater freedom as to the mechanism of the story than I otherwise can, and without which I shall probably get entangled in my own plot. When the work is completed in the magazine, I can fill up the gaps and make straight the crookednesses, and christen it with a fresh title. In this untried experiment of a serial work, I desire not to pledge myself, or promise the public more than I may confidently expect to achieve. As regards the sketch of Thoreau, I am not ready to write it yet, but will mix him up with the life of *The Wayside*, and produce an autobiographical preface for the finished *Romance*. If the public like that sort of stuff, I too find it pleasant and easy writing, and can supply a new chapter of it for every new volume, and that, moreover, without infringing upon my proper privacy. An old Quaker wrote me, the other day, that he had been reading my Introduction to the *Mosses* and the *Scarlet Letter*, and felt as if he knew me better than his best friend; but I think he considerably over-estimates the extent of his intimacy with me.

I received several private letters and printed notices of *Our Old Home* from England. It is laughable to see the innocent wonder with which they regard my criticisms, accounting for them by jaundice, insanity, jealousy, hatred, on my part, and never admitting the least suspicion that there may be a particle of truth in them. The monstrosity of their self-conceit is such that anything short of unlimited admiration impresses them as malicious caricature. But they do me great injustice in supposing that I hate them. I would as soon hate my own people.

Tell T—— that I want a hundred dollars more, and I suppose I shall keep on wanting more and more till the end of my days. If I subside into the almshouse before my intellectual faculties are quite extinguished, it strikes me that I would make a very pretty book out of it; and, seriously, if I alone were concerned, I should not have any great objection to winding up there.

On the 14th of November came a pleasant little note from him, which seemed to have been written in better spirits than he had shown of late. Photographs of himself always amused him greatly, and in the little note I refer to there is this pleasant passage :—

Here is the photograph,—a grandfatherly old figure enough; and I suppose that is the reason why you select it.

I am much in want of *cartes de visite* to distribute on my own account, and am tired and disgusted with all the undesirable likenesses as yet presented of me. Don't you think I might sell my head to some photographer who would be willing to return me the value in small change; that is to say, in a dozen or two of cards?

The first part of Chapter I. of the *Dolliver Romance* came to me from *The Wayside* on the 1st of December. Hawthorne was very anxious to see it in type as soon as possible, in order that he might compose the rest in a similar strain, and so conclude the preliminary phase of Dr. Dolliver. He was constantly imploring me to send him a good pen, complaining all the while that everything had failed him of that kind. In one of his notes begging me to hunt him up something that he could write with, he says :—"Nobody ever suffered more from pens than I have, and I am glad that my labour with the abominable little tool is drawing to a close."

In the month of December, Hawthorne attended the funeral of Mrs. Franklin Pierce, and, after the ceremony, came to stay with us. He seemed ill and more nervous than usual. He said he found General Pierce greatly needing his companionship, for he seemed overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife. I well remember the sadness on Haw-

thorne's face when he told us he felt obliged to look at the dead. "It was," said he, "like a carven image laid in its richly embossed enclosure, and there was a remote expression about it as if the whole had nothing to do with things present." He told us, as an instance of the ever-constant courtesy of his friend General Pierce; that while they were standing at the grave, the General, though completely overcome with his own sorrow, turned and drew up the collar of Hawthorne's coat to shield him from the bitter cold.

The same day, as the sunset deepened and we sat together in this room, Hawthorne began to talk in an autobiographical vein, and gave us the story of his early life, of which I have already revealed somewhat. He said at the age of eleven he accompanied his mother and sister to a township in Maine, which his grandfather had purchased. That, he said, was the happiest period of his life, and it lasted till he was thirteen, when he was sent to school in Salem. "I lived in Maine," he said, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed. But it was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude." During the moonlight nights of winter, he would skate until midnight all alone upon Sebago Lake, with the deep shadows of the icy hills on either hand. When he found himself far away from his home and weary with the exertion of skating, he would sometimes take refuge in a log-cabin, where half a tree would be burning on the broad hearth. He would sit in the ample chimney and look at the stars through the great aperture through which the flame went roaring up. "Ah," he said, "how well I recall the summer days also, when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the woods of Maine. How sad middle life looks to people of erratic temperaments. Everything is beautiful in youth, for all things are allowed to it then."

On the 15th of December Hawthorne wrote to me:—"I have not yet had courage to read the Dolliver proof-sheet, but will set about it soon, though with terrible reluctance, such as I never felt before. . . ."

On the 17th of January he says:—

I am not quite up to writing yet, but shall make an effort as soon as I see any hope of success. You ought to be thankful that (like most other broken-down authors) I do not pester you with decrepit pages, and insist upon your accepting them as full of the old spirit and vigour. That trouble, perhaps, still awaits you, after I shall have reached a further stage of decay. Seriously, my mind has, for the present, lost its temper and its fine edge, and I have an instinct that I had better keep quiet. Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigour, if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not.

On the 25th of February he wrote:—

I hardly know what to say to the public about this abortive *Romance*, though I know pretty well what the case will be. I shall never finish it. Yet it is not quite pleasant for an author to announce himself, or to be announced, as finally broken down as to his literary faculty. It is a pity that I let you put this work in your programme for the year, for I had always a presentiment that it would fail us at the pinch. Say to the public what you think best, and as little as possible; for example: "We regret that Mr. Hawthorne's *Romance*, announced for this magazine some

months ago, still lies upon the author's writing-table, he having been interrupted in his labour upon it by an impaired state of health ;" or, " We are sorry to hear (but know not whether the public will share our grief) that Mr. Hawthorne is out of health, and is thereby prevented, for the present, from proceeding with another of his promised (or threatened) *Romances*, intended for this magazine ;" or, " Mr. Hawthorne's brain is addled at last, and, much to our satisfaction, he tells us that he cannot possibly go on with the *Romance* announced on the cover of the January magazine. We consider him finally shelved, and shall take early occasion to bury him under a heavy article, carefully summing up his merits (such as they were) and his demerits, what few of them can be touched upon in our limited space ;" or, " We shall commence the publication of Mr. Hawthorne's *Romance* as soon as that gentleman chooses to forward it. We are quite at a loss how to account for this delay in the fulfilment of his contract ; especially as he has already been most liberally paid for the first number." Say anything you like, in short, though I really don't believe that the public will care what you say or whether you say anything. If you choose, you may publish the first chapter as an insulated fragment, and charge me with the overpayment. I cannot finish it unless a great change comes over me ; and if I make too great an effort to do so, it will be my death ; not that I should care much for that, if I could fight the battle through and win it, thus ending a life of much smoulder and scanty fire in a blaze of glory. But I should smother myself in mud of my own making. I mean to come to Boston soon, not for a week but for a single day, and then I can talk about my sanitary prospects more freely than I choose to write. I am not low-spirited, nor fanciful, nor freakish, but look what seems to be realities in the face, and am ready to take whatever may come. If I could but go to England now, I think that the sea voyage and the " Old Home " might set me all right.

This letter is for your own eye, and I wish especially that no echo of it may come back in your notes to me.

On Monday, the 28th of March, Hawthorne came to town on his journey to the South for health. I was greatly shocked at his invalid appearance and he seemed quite deaf. The light in his eye was beautiful as ever, but his limbs seemed shrunken and his old vigour utterly gone. He said to me with a pathetic voice, " Why does Nature treat us like little children ! I think we could bear it all if we knew our fate, at least it would not make much difference to me now what became of me." Toward night he brightened up a little, but he was evidently broken and dispirited about his health. Looking out on the bay that was sparkling in the moonlight, he said he thought the moon rather lost something of its charm for him as he grew older. He had much to say about England, and observed among other things, that " the extent over which her dominions are spread leads her to fancy herself stronger than she really is ; but she is not to-day a powerful empire ; she is much like a squash-vine which runs over a whole garden, but, if you cut it at the root, it is at once destroyed."

He left us a few days after this for a journey to Washington, with his friend Ticknor. The travellers spent several days in New York, and then proceeded to Philadelphia. Hawthorne wrote from the Continental Hotel, dating his letter " Saturday evening," announcing the severe illness of his companion. He did not seem to anticipate a fatal result, but on Sunday morning the news came that Mr. Ticknor was dead. Hawthorne returned

at once to Boston, and stayed here overnight. He was in a very excited and nervous state, and talked incessantly of the sad scenes he had just been passing through. We sat very late together, and, I am sure he hardly closed his eyes that night. In the morning he went back to his own home in Concord.

His health, from that time, seemed to give way rapidly, and in the middle of May, his friend, General Pierce, proposed that they should go among the New Hampshire hills together and meet the spring there. I saw Hawthorne alive, for the last time, the day he started on this his last journey.

His speech and his gait indicated severe illness, and I had great misgivings about the jaunt he was proposing to take so early in the season. His tones were more subdued than ever, and he scarcely spoke above a whisper. He was very affectionate in parting, and I followed him to the door, looking after him as he went up School Street. I noticed that he faltered from weakness, and I should have taken my hat and joined him to offer my arm, but I knew he did not wish to *seem* ill, and I feared he might be troubled at my anxiety. I watched him till he turned the corner and passed out of sight.

On the morning of the 19th of May, 1864, a telegram, signed by Franklin Pierce, announced the death of Hawthorne. In the afternoon of the same day came this letter:—

Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, N. H.,
Thursday morning, 5 o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—The telegraph has communicated to you the fact of our dear friend Hawthorne's death. My friend Colonel Hibbard, who bears this note, was a friend of H——, and will tell you more than I am able to write. . . .

When I met Hawthorne at Boston a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble and more seriously diseased than I had supposed him to be. We came from Senter Harbour yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was on the whole brighter than he was the day before. Through the week he has been inclined to somnolency during the day, but restless at night. He retired last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bed and mine,—our beds being opposite to each other,—and was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock, I went to H——'s bedside; he was apparently in a sound sleep, and I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him and found that life was extinct. I sent, however, immediately for a physician, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor and near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking without the slightest movement. . . .

Your friend,

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Hawthorne's lifelong desire that the end might be a sudden one was gratified. Often and often he has said to me, "What a blessing to go quickly!"

On the 24th of May we carried Hawthorne through the blossoming orchards of Concord, and laid him down under groups of pine, on a hill-side, overlooking historic fields. Longfellow and Emerson, Agassiz and Lowell, Holmes and Hilland, and other friends whom he loved, walked slowly by his side that beautiful spring morning. The companion of his youth and his manhood, for whom he would willingly at any time have given up his own life, President Pierce, was there among the rest and scattered flowers into the grave. The unfinished *Romance*, which had cost him so much anxiety, the last literary work on which he had ever been engaged, was laid on his coffin.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain !

Love's Music.

Love held a harp between his hands, and lo
The master-hand, upon the harp-strings laid,
By way of prelude such a sweet tune played
As made the heart with happy tears o'erflow !
But sad and wilder did that music grow ;
And, like the wail of woods by storm gusts sway'd,
While yet the awful thunder's wrath is stay'd,
And Earth lies faint beneath the coming blow,
Still wilder waxed that tune, until at length
The strong strings, strained by sudden stress and sharp
Of that musician's hand intolerable,
And jarred by sweep of unrelenting strength,
Sunder'd, and all the music broken fell.
Such was Love's music—lo, the Shatter'd Harp !

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Life in Mars.

DURING the present month, a somewhat unusual grouping of the planets is to be witnessed. Mars, Venus, and Jupiter, the three most conspicuous of these wandering orbs, will be visible at the same time. Venus and Jupiter must be looked for in the west, where they will shine conspicuously as evening stars. Nor will it be difficult to distinguish between these rival orbs, for they will pass each other on the 12th of May, Jupiter moving sunwards. Throughout the month Venus will increase in lustre, while Jupiter will diminish—less markedly, indeed, but still perceptibly. The observer will have a good opportunity of comparing the splendour of these planets, the two brightest orbs in the heavens—Venus, splendid because so near to us and to the sun, Jupiter less brilliantly illuminated by the solar rays, and lying at a distance from us enormously exceeding that of Venus, but enabled, by his vast bulk and by the high reflective power of his surface, to send to us an amount of light only inferior to that which we receive (under the most favourable conditions) from Venus.

But in the meantime, much farther towards the south, the ruddy planet Mars will be conspicuous. He has returned to our neighbourhood after an absence of two years, and is now about to urge his way eastwards among the stars, over the constellation Leo—over the Virgin, outshining the brilliant Spica, which marks the wheat-ear in her hand, and thence—his lustre waning—through the Scales, and past his rival as a red star, Antares, or the Scorpion's Heart.

It may prove interesting to consider a few of the facts which astronomers have taught us about the planet of war. For of all the planets, he is the one they can study best. He does not, indeed, come so near to us as Venus, nor does he, in the telescope, present so noble an appearance as Jupiter. Venus outshines him in the heavens, and Jupiter seems to show more interesting details in the telescopic field. Yet we see Mars, in reality, far better than either of those two planets. If ever we are to recognize the signs of life in any orb of those which people space, it will be in Mars that such signs will be first traced. As Venus comes near to us she assumes the form of the crescent moon, we have but a fore-shortened view of a portion of her illuminated hemisphere, and her intensely bright light defeats the scrutiny of the most skilful observer. At the time of her nearest approach, she is lost wholly to our view in the splendour of the solar rays, her unilluminated or night hemisphere being directed also towards us. With Jupiter, the case is different. When at his nearest, he is seen under most favourable conditions, and the enormous dimensions of his belts render them very obvious and very beautiful

features for the scrutiny of the telescopicist. But then he is some 870 millions of miles from us at such a time, whereas Mars, when most favourably placed for telescopic study, is but 87 millions of miles away. A square mile on the surface of Mars would appear a hundred times larger than a square mile on the surface of Jupiter, supposing both planets studied when at their nearest. It is clear, then, that, as respects surface-details, Mars is examined under much more favourable conditions than the giant planet Jupiter.

But here the question is naturally suggested whether our own moon, which is but a quarter of a million of miles from us, ought not first to be examined for signs of life, or, at least, of being fitted for the support of life. When the telescope was first invented, it is certain that astronomers were more hopeful of recognizing such signs in the moon than in any other celestial body. As telescopes of greater and greater power were constructed, our satellite was searched with a more and more eager scrutiny. And many a long year elapsed before astronomers would accept the conclusion that the moon's surface is wholly unfitted for the support of any of those forms of life with which we are familiar upon earth. That the belief in lunar men prevailed in the popular mind long after astronomers had abandoned it, is shown by the eager credulity with which the story of Sir John Herschel's supposed observations of the customs and manners of the Lunarians was accepted even among well-educated men. Who can forget the gravity with which that most amazing hoax was repeated in all quarters? It was, indeed, ingeniously contrived. The anxiety of Sir John Herschel to secure the assistance of King William, and the care with which "our sailor-king" inquired whether the interests of nautical astronomy would be advanced by the proposed inquiries; the plausible explanation of the mode of observation, depending, we were gravely assured, upon the *transfusion* of light; the trembling anxiety of Herschel and his fellow-workers as the moment arrived when their search was to commence; the flowers, resembling poppies, which first rewarded their scrutiny; and the final introduction upon the scene of those winged beings—not, strictly speaking, *men*, nor properly to be called angels—to whom Herschel assigned the generic appellation, *l'espertilio Homo*, or Bat-men. All these things, and many others equally amusing, were described with marvellous gravity, and with an attention to details reminding one of the descriptions in *Gulliver's Travels*. One can hardly wonder, then, that the narrative was received in many quarters with unquestioning faith, nor, perhaps, even at the simplicity with which (as Sir John Herschel himself relates) well-meaning persons planned measures for sending missionaries "among the poor benighted Lunarians."

Yet astronomers have long known full certainly that no forms of life such as we are familiar with can exist upon the moon. They know that if our satellite has an atmosphere at all, that atmosphere must be so limited in extent that no creatures we are acquainted with could live in it. They

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like features to remain long unexamined. Searching, as for terrestrial analogies—or, at least, analogies depending—he was quickly led to associate the white spots with our Earth. It would follow, of course, that in the summer months of the hemisphere, the snow-cap would be reduced in size, while in winter it would attain its greatest dimensions. Sir W. Herschel found this to be the case, and he was able to show that the changes which were interpreted as suggesting the eventual disappearance of one of the poles were due to the progress of the Martian summer. Presumably in the summer months, those who voyage across the Atlantic may find the latitudes than they could safely venture to traverse in our hemisphere; the polar ice and snow is limited within a far narrower zone than in winter.

It may be urged, to suppose that these two bright spots consist of ice and snow is rather venturesome. Might we suppose some other material than water is concerned in the spots? What reason have we for inferring that the same conditions are familiar with exist out yonder in space?

To these questions,—or, rather, the answers, for we have a whole series of facts, dovetailing in the most satisfactory manner,—will be found full of interest.

That Mars shines with a ruddy light. He is, indeed, far brighter in the heavens: Aldebaran and Antares are pale beside him. Through the telescope the surface of Mars does not appear wholly uniform. It is seen that at two opposite points his orb exhibits white spots. Besides these regions, there are others which are not red. There are, sometimes strangely complicated in figure, which are marked with a tinge of greenish blue. Here, then, we have a planet which should certainly expect to find if the polar spots are really ice, the existence of water in quantities sufficient to account for the white spots covering many thousand square miles of the surface of Mars. This undoubtedly lead us to infer the existence of oceans, and these oceans are expected to resemble our own oceans in their general tint. In this view, the dark greenish-blue markings on Mars would be regarded as the Martian seas.

In the case, then, we may note in passing that the seas of Mars are of much smaller proportion of his surface than those of our Earth. The extent of our seas being to that of our continents about in the ratio of 11 to 4: in Mars the land and sea surfaces would be nearly equal in extent. The seas in Mars are also very irregularly shaped. They run into long inlets and straits; many are bottle-necked—that is, we see a somewhat rounded inland sea connected with the main ocean by a narrow inlet; and further communication must be called the main ocean by a narrow inlet; and further communication must be far more complicated (notwithstanding the relative smallness of his ocean surface) than on our own earth. One could travel by sea between all parts of

Mars—with very few exceptions—the long inlets and the flask-shaped seas breaking up his land surface much more completely than the actual extent of water would lead us to infer. It may be supposed that on the other hand land communication is far more complete in the case of Mars than in that of our own earth. This is, indeed, the case; insomuch that such Martialists as object to sea travelling (and we can scarcely suppose sea-sickness to be a phenomenon peculiar to our own earth) may very readily avoid it, and yet not be debarred from visiting any portion of their miniature world, save one or two extensive islands. Even these are separated by such narrow seas from the neighbouring continents, that we may regard it as fairly within the power of the Martial Brunels and Stephensons, to bridge over the intervening straits, and so to enable the advocates of land voyaging to visit these portions of their planet. This view is encouraged by the consideration that all engineering operations must be much more readily effected in Mars than on our own earth. The force of gravity is so small at the surface of Mars that a mass which on the earth weighs a pound, would weigh on Mars but about six and a quarter ounces, so that in every way the work of the engineer, and of his ally the spademan, would be lightened. A being shaped as men are, but fourteen feet high, would be as active as a man six feet high, and many times more powerful. On such a scale, then, might the Martial navvies be built. But that is not all. The soil in which they would work would weigh very much less, mass for mass, than that in which our terrestrial spademen labour. So that, between the far greater powers of Martial beings, and the far greater lightness of the materials they would have to deal with in constructing roads, canals, bridges, or the like, we may very reasonably conclude that the progress of such labours must be very much more rapid, and their scale very much more important, than in the case of our own earth.

But let us return to our oceans, remembering that at present we have not proved that the dark greenish-blue regions we have called oceans, really consist of water.

It might seem hopeless to inquire whether this is the case. Unless the astronomer could visit Mars and sail upon the Martial seas, he could never learn—so at a first view one might fairly judge—whether the dark markings he chooses to call oceans are really so or not.

But he possesses an instrument which can answer even such a question as this. The spectroscope, the ally of the telescope—useless without the latter, but able to tell us much which the most powerful telescope could never reveal—has been called in to solve this special problem. It cannot, indeed, directly answer our question. It cannot so analyze the light from the greenish markings as to tell us the nature of the material which emits or reflects to us that peculiarly tinted light. But the astronomer and physicist is capable of reasoning as to certain effects which must necessarily follow if the planet of war have oceans and polar snow-caps, and which could not possibly appear if the markings we call oceans were not really so, nor the white spots at the Martial poles really snow-caps.

Extensive seas in one part of the planet, and extensive snow regions in another, would imply in a manner there could be no mistaking, that the vapour of water is raised in large quantities from the Martial oceans to be transferred by Martial winds to polar regions, there to fall in snow-showers. It is this aqueous vapour in the Martial atmosphere that the spectroscope can inform us about. Our spectroscopists know quite well what the vapour of water is capable of showing in the rainbow-tinted streak which is called the spectrum. When white light is caused to shine through a sufficient quantity of the vapour of water, the rainbow-tinted streak forming the spectrum of white light, is seen to be crossed by certain dark lines, whose position and arrangement there is no mistaking. Now the light we get from Mars is reflected sunlight, but it is sunlight which has been subjected to more than reflection, since it has passed twice through the depths of the Martial atmosphere, first while passing to his surface, and secondly while leaving that surface on its voyage towards ourselves. If that double passage have carried it through the vapour of water, the spectroscope will certainly tell us of the fact.

Let us see how this problem was dealt with by our most skilful spectroscopist, Dr. Huggins, justly called the Herschel of the spectroscope. The following account is an epitome of his own narrative:—"On February 14 he examined Mars with a spectroscope attached to his powerful eight-inch refractor. The rainbow-coloured streak was crossed, near the orange part, by groups of lines agreeing in position with those seen in the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, and so shines through the vapour-laden lower strata of our atmosphere. To determine whether these lines belonged to the light from Mars or were caused by our own atmosphere, Dr. Huggins turned his spectroscope towards the moon, which was at the time nearer to the horizon than Mars, so that the lines belonging to our own atmosphere would be stronger in the moon's spectrum than in that of the planet. But the groups of lines referred to were not visible in the lunar spectrum. It remained clear, therefore, that they belonged to the atmosphere of Mars, and not to our own."

This observation removes all reasonable doubt as to the real character as well of the dark greenish-blue markings as of the white polar caps. We see that Mars certainly possesses seas resembling our own, and as certainly that he has his arctic regions, waxing and waning, as our own do, with the progress of the seasons. But, in fact, Dr. Huggins's observation proves much more than this. The aqueous vapour raised from the Martial seas can find its way to the Martial poles only along a certain course—that is, by traversing a Martial atmosphere. Mars certainly has an atmosphere, therefore, though whether the constitution of that atmosphere exactly resembles that of our own air is not so certainly known. On this point the spectroscope has given no positive information, yet it allows us to draw this negative inference—that, inasmuch as no new lines are seen in the spectrum of the planet, it would seem likely that no gases other than those existing in our own atmosphere are present in the atmosphere of Mars.

so that, to quote a striking paper which appeared last year in the *Spectator* (in a review of a work by the present writer), "if currents of air in Mars are of more than usual violence, while the solidifying force of friction which resists them is much smaller than here, it may be a reasonable inference that 'natural selection' has already weeded out the loftier growing trees, which would stand less chance in encounters with hurricanes than our own." The absence of prairies is not so easily explained, however; and the idea is in fact suggested that some of those regions which have hitherto been included among the Martial seas, are in reality regions richly covered with verdure. Nor are we wholly without evidence in favour of this view; for there is a certain very wide tract in Mars respecting which the late Mr. Dawes remarked to the present writer that he found himself greatly perplexed. "At times," he said, "I seem to see clear traces of seas there; but at other times I find no such traces." These regions have accordingly been regarded as extensive tracts of marsh land. But the idea seems at least worth considering that they may be forest regions or extensive prairies.

There must needs be rivers in Mars, since the clouds, which often cover whole continents, must pour down enormous quantities of rain, and this rain-fall must find a course for itself along the Martial valleys to the sea. Indeed we can have no doubt that Mars has been the scene of those volcanic disturbances to which our own mountains, hills, valleys, and ravines owe their origin. The very existence of continents and oceans implies an unevenness of surface which can only be explained as the effect of subterranean forces. Volcanoes must exist, then, in Mars; nor can his inhabitants be wholly safe from such earthquake throes as we experience. It may be questioned, indeed, whether subterranean forces in Mars are not relatively far more intense than in our own Earth,—the materials of which the planet is formed being not only somewhat less massive in themselves, but also held down by a gravity much less effective.

It would seem, also, that the Martial oceans must be traversed by currents somewhat resembling those which traverse our own oceans. There is, indeed, a very marked difference between our seas and those of Mars. For apart from the circumstance that the terrestrial oceans cover a much greater proportion of the earth's surface, the Martial seas are scarcely traversed by appreciable tides. Mars has no moon to sway his ocean waters, and though the sun has power over his seas to some slight extent, yet the tidal waves thus raised would be very unimportant, even though the seas of Mars were extensive enough for the generation of true tidal oscillations. For, in the first place, Mars is much farther from the sun, and the sun's action is correspondingly reduced—it is reduced, in fact, on this account alone more than threefold. But further, Mars is much smaller than the earth, and the dimensions of our earth have much to do with the matter of the sun's tide-raising power. Every one knows how the explanation of the tides runs in our books of astronomy and

geography. The sun is nearer to the water turned directly towards him than he is to the centre of the earth ; he therefore draws that water away from the earth, or in other words raises a wave : but again, says the explanation, the sun is nearer to the earth's centre than to the water on the side turned away from him, and therefore he draws the earth away from that water, or a wave is raised on the further as well as on the nearer side of the earth. If the earth were smaller, the sun would not be so much nearer to the water turned towards him, nor so much farther from the water turned away from him—so that both waves would be reduced in dimensions. Applying this consideration to the case of Mars, whose orb is much smaller than the earth's, we see that any tidal wave raised by the sun in Martial seas must needs be of very small dimensions.

But the existence of ocean currents appears to depend very little on the presence of tidal waves. In the Mediterranean Sea, the Red Sea, and the Baltic Sea well-marked currents exist, although the tidal wave scarcely affects these seas. Sea-currents would indeed seem to be due to the effects of evaporation taking place extensively over certain portions of the sea surface ; and we know that evaporation must proceed very freely in the case of the seas of Mars, since clouds form so marked a feature of his atmospheric economy. We may conclude, therefore, that his seas are traversed by currents, and further that most of those effects which our students of physical geography ascribe to ocean currents, take place also in the case of Mars.

Summing up the results here considered, we seem to recognize abundant reasons for regarding the ruddy planet which is now shining so conspicuously in our skies as a fit abode for living creatures. It would seem, indeed, unreasonable to doubt that that globe is habitable which presents so many analogies to our own, and which differs from our own in no circumstances that can be regarded as essential to the wants of living creatures.

and difficult, every boat, her sailing qualities, her outside looks, her dates of coming and going, are as important as if she were a human being. The arrival of the *Chevalier* was doubtless the event of the day at Appin. Appin, our only link with civilization, our key to the outside world. Thence, as we knew well, came all our food that did not come out of the loch or from the hill-side. There was actually an inn, and a shop, and a pier; nay, even a castle, which now appeared, standing out sharp against the sunset, perched on a little island at the mouth of the loch, very picturesque and charmingly "tumble-down." Little now remains of it but a portion of a low tower, but it is said long to have been the residence of the chieftains of Appin; and, surrounded as it is by sea, was no doubt a very safe, if a rather damp and uncomfortable one; but probably its inhabitants did not care. Even now, is the word "comfort" in the Gaelic tongue at all?

Never mind, what business have we to criticize our fellow-creatures? I daresay they are perfectly happy in their miserable huts, which gradually thicken as we approach Appin—mere thatched hovels with a hole at side or roof, through which the peat-smoke can escape. Some have actually a window—two or three glazed panes, of course never opened and never meant to open. None have a yard of garden-ground, or any attempt at a fence, to keep in the pigs, chickens, calves, or children, that roam about at will. There is a family likeness between them all, especially between those shaggy calves, with such sensible human faces, and the little human beings, bare-headed, bare-footed, with the smallest amount of clothes that can possibly hold together, who stand and stare as the carriage passes, and then begin jabbering in their unknown, but sweet-sounding Gaelic, and laughing as only children can laugh. Not a bit afraid are they of the beasts among which they are brought up, not even of the big paternal bull—one of Rosa Bonheur's bulls to the life—who is generally seen feeding among his affectionate family, or else standing meditative, filling up the whole roadway with his huge bulk, when he just lifts up his yellow mane and shakes it wildly at you; then, finding you do not budge, but that he must, he marches soberly off. He is quite harmless, and peaceful-minded, as you gradually find out, but one of the most alarming animals to look at, or to meet in a solitary walk! However, as we had met him, or his brother, or his cousin, each bigger than the last, every day we went out, we had grown used to him. It does not do to be too particular in the Highlands.

More huts or cottages, lengthening into a street, a one-sided street, the other side of which was the shore of the loch, now widening out into sea—that is, the narrow, island-dotted sea of these parts, which is so curious and so beautiful. A traveller who had lately sailed through the Greek Archipelago, told us it was nothing to compare with the Scottish coast between Oban and Fort William. And as we neared Port Appin, we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the grand outline of Mull, which, when we arrived here a fortnight before, had stood grey and giant-like against the sun-set sky. But neither it nor the endless array of

hilly islands which stud this wonderful northern sea, was visible. A few cloud-like, uncertain shapes glimmered through the haze, like Ossian's ghosts—we were in the very home of Ossian—and that was all.

So we looked at the human features of the scene, and of course they all looked at us, coming to their cottage-doors as we passed, and inter-changing lively Gaelic greetings with our driver. They seemed idle rather—Highlanders have an unlimited capacity for idling—but, to be sure, their day was nearly over; the sun was just setting, and the boats and nets were pulled up on shore. About the hotel door and the one shop—the grand emporium of commerce of the neighbourhood—there hung a little knot of folk, men, women, and children, chattering away in that high-pitched Gaelic which sounds such a very foreign tongue to us ignorant Sassenachs. Odder still, because whenever we asked a question it was generally answered in the best of English, not the Doric Scotch at all, but “high” English, as it is taught in all the parish-schools. It tells well for the brains of these wild Highlanders—boys and girls alike, running about like young savages, with their bare legs brown and lithe as monkeys, and their bright eyes gleaming under tangled masses of black or dark-red hair—that, rough as they look, almost every one of them can speak, and not a few read and write, two languages.

At 6 P.M. the *Chevalier* was due at Appin pier; but when we arrived there a few minutes before the hour, no boat was in sight. However, as we had long found out that time was a thing of no consequence whatever in the Highlands, we settled ourselves cheerfully to wait a little, and watch the thin crescent of the moon, slowly brightening over the expanse of grey sea and grey sky. All grey—not a touch of colour anywhere, even in the west; not a ripple on the glassy water; not a sound, except a Gaelic word or two exchanged between the pier-master and a boy who was fishing off the pier-head. By-and-by there came up two more expectant passengers and a few more boys, who, in default of other amusement, began jumping about to a monotonous reel, or strathspey, played by one of their number on a Jew's-harp, which is a very favourite musical instrument in these parts. Gradually the twilight darkened and the moon brightened—nay, began to throw her light upon the waters, and make for herself there that basin of gleaming refulgence—that magic bridge across the waves—which, however many years one may have watched it, always gives one back a little of the dreams of one's youth—

We long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

Very dream-like the whole scene became, for there was still no sign of the *Chevalier*. “You'll hear her long before you see her,” said the pier-man, consolingly, and retired to his house at the pier-end; so did the scampering boys; so did the two other hopeless passengers. Soon there was nothing to be heard but the faint lap-lap of the water against the pier—nothing to be seen but the bright image of the moon: a double image, equally bright in the sky and the sea: and that passing phos-

phorescent light so constantly seen after dusk in these northern waters, which is one of the eeriest and loveliest sights I know.

We had now waited nearly two hours, and there seemed a fair likelihood of our waiting a third, for we learnt that, a few days before, there having been a fog on the Clyde which detained the *Iona*, the *Chevalier*, which meets her, had not reached Appin till after 9 P.M., nor Balachulish till 10. The same thing might happen now. For a moment we considered whether we would not give up all hope, and retire for the night to the Appin Hotel, where, according to advertisements in the *Oban Times*, there was "the best of accommodation" and "plenty of seal-fishing;" but, not being seal-fishers, we were disinclined to risk it. Besides, matters might have been much worse with us. It was a perfectly calm night, mild and warm as midsummer; the stars were creeping out overhead, the Great Bear wonderfully bright, and then the moon! I sat down, nestled snugly under the 'haps' with which we had luckily provided ourselves, to watch that pretty crescent gradually dip into the sea, half smiling over a tune that would keep coming and going, and "beat time to nothing in my brain,"—how

'Twas on a Monday morning,
The pipes played loud and clear;
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To view the Chevalier,

as certainly we folk at Appin would have done upon the smallest chance. But there was none. Vainly we strained our eyes to see her lights, and our ears to catch the sound of her paddles; all was total silence, and that soft gloom which never is entire darkness, at least by the sea. At length sight and hearing faded out in a delicious oblivion. I am afraid I fell fast asleep! and while I slept, the moon set. I woke up to a sky vacant of everything but stars, and a sea which was a blank of impenetrable haze. The poor *Chevalier*! Where was she? would she ever arrive? should we sleep at Balachulish that night? or anywhere, except under those bright but inhospitable stars?

The pier-master, evidently pitying us, came up for a little more conversation. It taxed his powers somewhat. He spoke English like a foreigner, slowly, in carefully arranged sentences, and with words slightly misplaced or oddly used, and I think he understood us very imperfectly; still we talked—about the boat and the pier, and his life there, which must be in winter such an exceedingly solitary one, when this splendid Hutcheson line of tourist steamers leave, and only luggage-boats pass at rare intervals and according to weather, stopping at any hour of day or night. Often, he said, some luckless traveller had had to wait from morning to evening, or even all through the night, to catch the chance of being carried out of this far-away nook of the world into civilization.

He went away,—this civil, friendly old fellow, who had the inherent politeness of the Celtic race. Highlanders, Irish, and French, all possess it; and oh, what a blessing it is, especially in travelling. Once more there falls down upon us solitude and silence; until, hark! I fancy I hear

beating through the intense stillness of the sea something like a pulse. Can it be? Listen again. Yes, something is coming, and it must be the *Chevalier*. No other boat can it possibly be; which is one comfort. For five minutes, at least, we hearken to that faint throb of sound through the darkness, and then a glowworm light is seen to steal along the pier. It is the pier-master bringing his lantern. He hangs it up prominently, with its white light on one side and its red on the other. There can be no doubt now—the boat is coming. It is nearly nine o'clock. For three full hours have we been waiting for her; but what matter? she is come at last. Hungry, weary, sleepy, cold, we cross her gangway, and stagger down into her warm, dry, bright saloon, blessing D. Hutcheson and Co. with all our grateful hearts.

Oh, the meal which followed! Everything so clean, and wholesome, and pretty. There was capital sea-trout, and ham and eggs, for those whose appetites led them so far; for us and others, excellent tea, bread, butter and marmalade, in unlimited supply. Out of the shilling they charged for it, I fear the providers of the feast must have made but a very small profit, that night at least. Equally welcome it seemed to the two other occupants of the table—a gentleman and his wife, who was one of the most beautiful persons I had seen for many a long day.

She was such a pleasure to look at, that it was not till tea was quite ended that I went upon deck to watch a sight always rather mysterious to land-lubbers—the steering of a vessel by night straight on through the darkness of an unknown sea. In these narrow channels, full of rocks and islands, navigation must in winter be difficult, probably dangerous; only there could be no fear of collisions: our boat was the only thing moving upon that solitary sea. And when once the captain sung out, "A light ahead!" there was quite an excitement among the few passengers. "It's only Corran," persisted the man at the wheel, for once breaking his prescribed silence. "No," said the captain, "it's the *Staffa*: I see her two lights. Port your helm; that'll do, Jack!" And so the double stars went glimmering past, a long way off, and we were again alone with the night, the sea, and the almost invisible mountains. There was a fascination about it, and even though it was nearly ten o'clock, the sail ended only too soon.

Many people know Balachulish, where in a quiet inlet of the sea a splendid hotel has been built, to which very grand people go. We, who had been living completely out of the world, felt half afraid of its splendid civilization.

O sleep, thou art a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

and more especially when one is in that state of trial, and almost permanent weariness and worry, called by courtesy "a tour of pleasure." But things look different at night and in the morning; and when at 8 A.M. I was out on the shore, smelling the salt weed and investigating the mountains so picturesquely heaped together, the tribulations of last night had completely vanished. Our sole wrong was that, as usual, we had

to wait for breakfast. Is it possible for the Celtic mind ever to take in the virtue of punctuality? I fear not.

Our carrying out our plans last night was fortunate, for we found we had come in for the finale of the season. After to-day no tourist coach would run to Glencoe, though of course, even in winter, there is a small amount of traffic through that notable glen. English travellers, especially, seem to think a visit there indispensable; and in the quickly filled open omnibus now at the door, English tongues abounded, and h's were few. The people were of the customary tourist tribe—a little peculiar in dress, and sometimes in manner; lively and chatty, making comments with the not too courteous freedom of John Bull out for a holiday; and starting with the true John Bull feeling that everything in another country must be inferior to what we leave behind in our own. As perhaps it is—it ought to be—even as every man ought to think his own wife vastly superior to his neighbour's. But it is not quite civil to say so.

The first interest of our heterogeneous party, as it wound slowly along the shores of the loch, Loch Leven—a very narrow channel, which diverges from Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil—was the sight of a herd of cattle being conveyed from the other side in the most original and primitive fashion—by swimming. They were collected on a sloping pier of stones, and then pushed off, one by one, into the water, to follow their destiny—of course, not voluntarily; but as all four-footed animals can swim, the poor things soon submitted to fate, and struck out for land—all but one helpless calf, whose head had to be held above water by a man in one of the two boats which kept guard on either flank of the battalion. It was curious to watch the little fleet of horned heads slowly progressing across the loch, preceded by a huge bull, who courageously led the van, always a yard or two in advance, and was the first to climb up on the weed-covered rocks, and stand shaking dry his long dripping hide, with an air of mingled satisfaction and indignation. One by one his family followed him, and we left the whole herd, safely collected on the shore, looking a little damp and forlorn, but very picturesque, which ought to be a consolation for everything.

We looked anxiously for the "village" of Balachulish, having on our hands a trifling commission which we had promised to bring back from the regions of civilization, viz. gunpowder, a pack of cards, and some nut-crackers—three vital necessities in our glen, where the only daily duties were shooting, fishing, and nut-gathering, and the only evening entertainment conversation, which sometimes flags. It had never flagged yet: indeed we usually sat up fighting furiously till midnight—chiefly upon abstract questions; but still that resource might fail; and we faithfully promised to bring, at any rate, the cards. Alas! we might as well have gathered them on the bushes of Glencoe! The slate-quarries, which everybody told us was a place where there were "plenty of shops," proved to have only a baker's, butcher's, and one more; but the luxuries of life, as typified by cards and nut-crackers, were quite beyond our reach, as I should think of everybody hereabouts.

It was very tantalizing to have to pass the slate-mines unexamined, for

they were exceedingly curious. Those long slides, reminding one of the Slide of Alpnach, down which the slate-waggons come tearing to the loch-side; those lofty slate arches, built in such architectural proportion, underneath which the road winds; those slate fences, slate cottages, everything of slate; the air even was filled with a faint slate odour.

As we left the slate-village behind, and got again into the solitude of the mountains, our chattering companions became rather trying. These worthy English people showed about as much knowledge of Scotland—its geography, history, manners, and customs—as if it had been the interior of Africa. “That is a shealing,” said one. “What is a shealing?” asked a second lady. “Oh, a sort of cottage or hut where the inhabitants live. The word is derived from *shielding*, because it shields them from the weather.” Of Glencoe, or any story connected with it, few or none seemed to have the remotest information, or interest in getting information. One gentleman—and I here beg to make an exception in his favour, for we afterwards found both him and his wife to be most intelligent and pleasant people—sitting beside the driver, turned to point out the house “where the head of the clan was murdered.” “Oh, indeed,” blandly replied a young lady, pausing in an obvious—rather too obvious—flirtation. “Was it lately?” “Not *very* lately,” said the gentleman’s wife, with a quiet politeness that I am afraid I can admire far easier than I could have imitated.

Nature wipes out all curses in lapse of years, with her merciful, tender hand. The spot which was the scene of the worst of the massacre,—a little narrow valley, where the ruins of the houses still lie as they were left,—is now full of the sweet smell of bog-myrtle, and green with bright beds of moss. And the mountains that saw it all, to-day stand smiling in their veil of mystic haze, which softens the grim outlines of the pass, and, taking away its grandeur, adds to peace and beauty. For it was a thoroughly summer-day, in which one could scarcely imagine winter, or death, or destruction; no more than, a year or two after this terrible year 1870, travelling tourists, watching French or German farmers tilling their fields, will remember that some of them are battle-fields, sown with dead men’s bones, and watered with streams of blood.

Glencoe was, on the whole, not so fine as we had anticipated. But how can one expect to be overwhelmed with a sense of solitary grandeur when, at the most picturesque point, a knot of lively tourists gather round a little table, on which is spread bread, butter, milk, water, and something a good deal stronger than water, to which they do full justice? And what possible Ossianic enthusiasm can one get up when, on the mention of that hero’s name, a young lady—the same young lady, who has flirted straight on ever since—mildly observes, “Dear me? He wrote poetry, you say? Did he reside in these parts?”

She must have been a little surprised at his traditionary residence—rather uncomfortable even for a poet—a cave nearly at the top of the Black Rock, and only reached by ascending the bed of a waterfall. Our

driver, in pointing it out, mentioned, rather sarcastically, a romantic young Englishman, who, determining to perform, all alone, the feat of entering Ossian's cave, got up, but could not get down again, and had to call to his aid one of those Highland shepherds who are nearly as agile as their own sheep.

These shepherds, and a few sportsmen who come to shoot over the hills or fish in a lonely little loch at the head of the pass, said to contain very fine trout, are, when tourist-time is done, the only visitants of Glencoe; and its sole inhabitant is the widow-woman who keeps the small public-house where our half-way refreshment was spread. There is not a single Macdonald left in the glen. We thought it looked sadder in that bright sunshine than if it had been buried in cloud and gloom. How soon does nature forget!—but not sooner than man.

Back again we drove, in the same fashion as we came. Not a passenger paused in chatter, except one lady, who fell comfortably asleep. Evidently the dead Macdonalds, their rights and their wrongs, were not of the slightest consequence to these good English people. Nor were the mountains, with their bare outlines crossing and recrossing in such strange shapes; nor the gurgling of nearly dried-up torrents, which one could fancy, a month hence, would come tumbling down, with a hungry roar, carrying everything before them. I should like to pass through Glencoe in December.

Well, we had "done" Glencoe most conscientiously and completely; but in a holiday people often enjoy most the hours when they "did" scarcely anything, went nowhere, and looked at nothing, but just dauntered about in that perfect idleness which is delicious in proportion to its extreme rarity in one's existence. Thus, the two hours spent on the shore in front of the hotel, awaiting a three-o'clock dinner, were the pleasantest of our whole twenty-six. The air felt so pure, the sunshine so balmy, the hazy mountains smiled so sleepily upon the glassy sea. Still, we were not very sorry to be going home to our own glen. There was something dreadfully unhomelike in that large hotel, and the long table-d'hôte, laid for about thirty people, to which not more than half-a-dozen sat down. We looked forward to a most dreary dinner—but were mistaken.

I have been complaining of certain obnoxious tourists, who spoil with their silly chatter the pleasure of all the rest; but equally objectionable is the sullen traveller, who wraps himself up in his stony British reserve, and holds aloof from his fellow-creatures in what *he* calls "shyness," and thinks it rather a virtuous quality, when, in truth, it is only supreme self-conceit. He is such an important personage in his own eyes that he is always afraid of committing himself by interchanging a civil word or friendly action with a stranger. They may never meet again—why, then, take the trouble to be kind or pleasant? Why not, I should like to know, if it helps that brief moment of association to pass more brightly—sometimes even profitably? Two human minds, rubbing together for an hour or two, quite accidentally, are sometimes the better for the friction, both then and long afterwards. One of the most earnest talks I

ever had, was with an unknown fellow-traveller, who, at last, said, taking out a photograph, "Look here ; I have no idea of your name, nor you of mine ; we shall, in all probability, never meet again in this world—therefore, tell me what you think of this face, and I will tell you my story." It was a love-story, very touching, to which I gave both sympathy and, being asked, advice also. How it ended I am as ignorant now as then, for though, when the relator and I parted, we shook hands like old friends, we scrupulously abstained from giving or gaining the smallest clue to each other's identity. It will be the most extraordinary coincidence if we ever do meet again ; but I am sure we shall carry a mutual kindly remembrance to our lives' end.

So shall I of the little company at that table-d'hôte, of whom I equally know nothing. It does not matter who they were, or what they talked about, though their conversation chanced to be very interesting—it was the spirit of it and of them which I like to record—the cheerful cordiality of intelligent people, using their intelligence freely for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. It is your doubtful folk who are so anxious over their own dignity—your stupid folk, who are so afraid of doing a foolish thing.

We left them, and Balachulish, probably never to see either again in this world. Walking leisurely to the pier we stood and watched the boat, for once punctual, glide up through the narrow channel of Loch Eil, which leads to Fort William. Soon we were on board, and steaming back through that wonderful net-work of islands which we had passed last night in the darkness. Oh ! how lovely everything looked now ! That splendid sunset—one of those rose-red sunsets in which the sea repeats the sky, and is dyed incarnadine ! Even the mountains caught its glow, and became transfigured one by one. As for the sea, we seemed to have been sailing through waves of liquid crimson—the colour of those roses of heaven which never fade. When it did fade, it was only to "suffer a sea-change" into exquisite amber, and then into as soft and celestial a grey. Not a dozen times in one's life does one see such a sight as we saw that evening, sailing down Loch Linnhe.

When we reached Appin it was already twilight. Days instead of hours might have passed since we left it, so glad were we to see it again, and retrace, feature by feature, our beautiful glen. And when the young moon—could she be only twenty-six hours older than the moon of yesternight?—appeared over the western ridge, standing like a dancer, with her foot on the mountain-top ; when presently the stars began to sow themselves thickly overhead, and one or two earth-born stars, dip-candles in cottage windows, glimmered mysteriously here and there on the darkening hill-side, we said to ourselves, "Glencoe may be very fine, and perhaps it is well we have seen it ; but, after all, there is no glen like our glen."

I thought so then, I think so still ; but yet we have never regretted our innocent wander of Twenty-six Hours.

Leslie Stephen

Hours in a Library.

No. I.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

"LET me not injure the felicity of others," says Sir Thomas Browne in a suppressed passage of the *Religio Medici*, "if I say that I am the happiest man alive. I have that in me that can convert poverty into riches, adversity into prosperity, and I am more invulnerable than Achilles; fortune hath not one place to hit me." Perhaps, on second thoughts, Sir Thomas felt that the phrase savoured of that presumption which is supposed to provoke the wrath of Nemesis; and at any rate, he, of all men, is the last to be taken too literally at his word. He is a humourist to the core, and is here writing dramatically. There are many things in this book, so he tells us, "delivered rhetorically, many expressions therein merely tropical . . . and therefore also many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason." We shall hardly do wrong in reckoning amongst them this audacious claim to surpassing felicity, as we may certainly include his boast that he "could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans be quartered into pieces." And yet, if Sir Thomas were to be understood in the most downright literal earnest, perhaps he could have made out as good a case for his assertion as almost any of the troubled race of mankind. For, if we set aside external circumstances of life, what qualities offer a more certain guarantee of happiness than those of which he is an almost typical example? A mind endowed with an insatiable curiosity as to all things knowable and unknowable; an imagination which tinges with poetical hues the vast accumulation of incoherent facts thus stored in a capacious memory; and a strangely vivid humour that is always detecting the quaintest analogies, and, as it were, striking light from the most unexpected collocations of unpromising materials: such talents are by themselves enough to provide a man with work for life, and to make all his work delightful. To them, moreover, we must add a disposition absolutely incapable of controversial bitterness; "a constitution," as he says of himself, "so general that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things;" an absence of all antipathies to loathsome objects in nature—to French "dishes of snails, frogs, and toadstools," or to Jewish repasts on "locusts or grasshoppers;" an equal toleration—which in the first half of the seventeenth century is something astonishing—for all theological systems; an admiration even of our natural enemies, the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, and the Dutch; a love of all climates, of all countries; and, in short, an utter incapacity to "absolutely

detest or hate any essence except the devil." Indeed, his hatred even for that personage has in it so little of bitterness, that no man, we may be sure, would have joined more heartily in the Scotch minister's petition for "the puir de'il"—a prayer conceived in the very spirit of his writings. A man so endowed—and it is not only from his explicit assertions, but from his unconscious self-revelation that we may credit him with closely approaching his own ideal—is admirably qualified to discover one great merit of human happiness. No man was ever better prepared to keep not only one, but a whole stableful of hobbies, nor more certain to ride them so as to amuse himself, without loss of temper or dignity, and without rude collisions against his neighbours. That happy art is given to few, and thanks to his skill in it, Sir Thomas reminds us strongly of the two illustrious brothers Shandy combined in one person. To the exquisite kindness and simplicity of Uncle Toby he unites the omnivorous intellectual appetite and the humorous pedantry of the head of the family. The resemblance, indeed, may not be quite fortuitous. Though it does not appear that Sterne, amidst his multifarious pilferings, laid hands upon Sir Thomas Browne, one may fancy that he took a general hint or two from so congenial an author.

The best mode of approaching so original a writer is to examine the intellectual food on which his mind was nourished. He dwelt by preference in strange literary pastures; and their nature will let us into some secrets as to his taste and character. We will begin, therefore, by examining the strange furniture of his mind, as described in his longest, though not his most characteristic book—the *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*. When we turn over its quaint pages, we feel as though we were entering one of those singular museums of curiosities which existed in the pre-scientific ages. Every corner is filled with a strange, incoherent medley, in which really valuable objects are placed side by side with what is simply grotesque and ludicrous. The modern man of science may find some objects of interest; but they are mixed inextricably with strange rubbish that once delighted the astrologer, the alchemist, or the dealer in apocryphal relics. And the possessor of this miscellaneous collection accompanies us with an unfailing flow of amusing gossip: at one moment pouring forth a torrent of out-of-the-way learning; at another, making a really acute scientific remark; and then lapsing into an elaborate discussion of some inconceivable absurdity; affecting the air of a grave inquirer, and to all appearance fully believing in his own pretensions, and yet somehow indulging himself in a half-suppressed smile, which indicates that the humorous aspect of a question can never be far removed from his mind. The whole book, indeed, has that quality which is so delightful to the true lover of the humorous, but which, it must be confessed, is generally rather abhorrent to the vulgar, that we never quite know whether the author is serious. The numerous class which insists upon a joke being as unequivocal as a pistol-shot, and serious statements as grave as a Blue-book, should certainly keep clear of Sir Thomas Browne. His most con-

genial readers are those who take a simple delight in following out any quaint train of reflections, careless whether it may culminate in a smile or a sigh or in some thought in which the two elements of the sad and the ludicrous are inextricably blended. Sir Thomas, however, is in the *Inquiry* content generally with bringing out the strange curiosities of his museum, and does not care to draw any explicit moral. The quaintness of the objects unearthed seems to be a sufficient recompence for the labour of the search. Fortunately for his design, he lived in the time when a poet might have spoken without hyperbole of the "fairy tales of science." To us, who have to plod through an arid waste of painful observation and slow piecing together of cautious inferences before reaching the promised land of wondrous discoveries, the expression sometimes appears to be ironical. Does not science, we may ask with a *primâ facie* resemblance of right, destroy as much poetry as it generates? To him no such doubts could present themselves, for fairyland was still a province of the empire of science. Strange beings moved through the pages of natural history, which were equally at home in the *Arabian Nights* or in poetical apologues. The griffin, the phoenix, and the dragon were not yet extinct; the salamander still sported in flames; and the basilisk slew men at a distance with his deadly glance. More commonplace animals indulged in the habits which they had learnt in fables, and of which only some feeble vestiges now remain in the eloquence of strolling showmen. The elephant had no joints, and was caught by felling the tree against which he rested his stiff limbs in sleep; the pelican pierced its breast for the good of its young; ostriches were regularly painted with a horseshoe in their bills, to indicate their ordinary diet; storks refused to live except in republics and free states; the crowing of a cock put lions to flight, and men were struck dumb in good sober earnest by the sight of a wolf. The curiosity-hunter, in short, found his game still plentiful, and by a few excursions into Aristotle, Pliny, and other more recondite authors, was able still to display a rich bag for the edification of his readers. Sir Thomas Browne sets out on that quest with all imaginable seriousness. He persuaded himself, and he has persuaded some of his editors, that he was a genuine disciple of Bacon, by one of whose suggestions the *Inquiry* is supposed to have been prompted. Accordingly, as Bacon describes the idols by which the human mind is misled, Sir Thomas sets out with investigating the causes of error; but his introductory remarks immediately diverge into strange paths, from which it is obvious that the discovery of true scientific method was a very subordinate object in his mind. Instead of telling us by what means truth is to be attained, his few perfunctory remarks on logic are lost in an historical narrative, given with infinite zest, of the earliest recorded blunders. The period of history in which he most delighted was the antediluvian—probably because it afforded the widest field for speculation. His books are full of references to the early days of the world. He takes a keen personal interest in our first parents. He discusses the

unfortunate lapse of Adam and Eve from every possible point of view. It is not without a visible effort that he declines to settle which of the two was the more guilty, and what would have been the result if they had tasted the fruit of the Tree of Life before applying to the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Then he passes in review every recorded speech before the Flood, shows that in each of them, with one exception, there is a mixture of falsehood and error, and settles to his own satisfaction that Cain showed less "truth, wisdom, and reverence" than Satan under similar circumstances. Granting all which to be true, it is impossible to see how we are advanced in settling, for example, whether the Ptolemaic or the Copernican system of astronomy is to be adopted, or in extracting the grains of truth that may be overlaid by masses of error in the writings of alchemists. Nor do we really learn much by being told that ancient authorities sometimes lie, for he evidently enjoys accumulating the fables, and cares little for showing how to discriminate their degree of veracity. He tells us, indeed, that Medea was simply a predecessor of certain modern artists, with an excellent "recipe to make white hair black;" and that Actæon was a spirited master of hounds, who, like too many of his ancestors, went metaphorically, instead of literally, to the dogs. He points out, moreover, that we must not believe on authority that the sea is the sweat of the earth, that the serpent, before the Fall, went erect like man, or that the right eye of a hedgehog, boiled in oil, and preserved in a brazen vessel, will enable us to see in the dark. Such stories, he moderately remarks, being "neither consonant unto reason nor correspondent unto experiment," are unto us "no axioms." But we may judge of his scepticism by his remarks on "Oppianus, that famous Cilician poet." Of this writer, he says that, "abating the annual mutation of sexes in the hyæna, the single sex of the rhinoceros, the antipathy between two drums of a lamb's and a wolf's skin, the infirmity of cubs, the venation of centaures, and *some few others*, he may be read with delight and profit." The "*some few others*" is charming. Obviously, we shall find in Sir Thomas Browne no inexorably severe guide to truth; he will not too sternly reject the amusing because it happens to be slightly improbable, or doubt an authority because he sometimes sanctions a mass of absurd fables. Satan, as he argues at great length, is at the bottom of most errors, from false religions down to a belief that there is another world in the moon; but Sir Thomas takes little trouble to provide us with an Ithuriel's spear; and, indeed, we have a faint suspicion that he will overlook at times the diabolic agency in sheer enthusiasm at the marvellous results. The logical design is little more than ostensible; and Sir Thomas, though he knew it not himself, is really satisfied with any line of inquiry that will bring him in sight of some freak of nature or of opinion suitable to his museum of curiosities.

Let us, however, pass from the ante-room, and enter this queer museum. We pause in sheer bewilderment on the threshold, and despair of classifying its contents intelligibly within any moderate space. This

much, indeed, is obvious at first sight—that the title “vulgar errors” is to some extent a misnomer. It is not given to vulgar brains to go wrong by such complex methods. There are errors which require more learning and ingenuity than are necessary for discovering truths; and it is in those queer freaks of philosophical minds that Sir Thomas specially delights. Though far, indeed, from objecting to any absurdity which lies on the common high-road, he rejoices in the true spirit of a collector when he can discover some grotesque fancy by rambling into less frequented paths of inquiry. Perhaps it will be best to take down one or two specimens, pretty much at random, and mark their nature and mode of treatment. Here, for example, is that quaint old wonder, the phoenix, “which, after many hundred years, burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another.” Sir Thomas carefully discusses the pros and cons of this remarkable legend. In favour of the phoenix, it may be alleged that he is mentioned “not only by human authors,” but also by such “holy writers” as Cyril, Epiphanius, and Ambrose. Moreover, allusions are made to him in Job and the Psalms. “All which notwithstanding,” the following grave reasons may be alleged against his existence: First, nobody has ever seen a phoenix. Secondly, those who mention him speak doubtfully, and even Pliny, after telling a story about a particular phoenix which came to Rome in the censorship of Claudius, unkindly turns round and declares the whole story to be a palpable lie. Thirdly, the name phoenix has been applied to many other birds, and those who speak unequivocally of the genuine phoenix, contradict each other in the most flagrant way as to his age and habitat. Fourthly, many writers, such as Ovid, only speak poetically, and others, as Paracelsus, only mystically, whilst the remainder speak rhetorically, emblematically, or hieroglyphically. Fifthly, in the Scriptures, the word translated phoenix means a palm-tree. Sixthly, his existence, if we look closely, is implicitly denied in the Scriptures, because all fowls entered the ark in pairs, and animals were commanded to increase and multiply, neither of which statements are compatible with the solitary nature of the phoenix. Seventhly, nobody could have known by experience whether the phoenix actually lived for a thousand years, and, therefore, “there may be a mistake in the compute.” Eighthly, and finally, no animals really spring, or could spring, from the ashes of their predecessors, and it is impossible to believe that they could enter the world in such a fashion. Having carefully summed up this negative evidence—enough, one would have fancied, to blow the poor phoenix into summary annihilation—Sir Thomas finally announces his grave conclusion in these words—“How far to rely on this tradition we refer unto consideration.” And yet he feels impelled to add a quaint reflection on the improbability of a statement made by Plutarch, that “the brain of a phoenix is a pleasant bit, but that it causeth the headache.” Heliogabalus, he observes, could not have slain the phoenix, for it must of necessity be “a vain design to destroy any species, or mutilate the great accomplishment of six days.” To which it is added, by way of final

corollary, that after Cain had killed Abel, he could not have destroyed Eve, supposing her to have been the only woman in existence; for then there must have been another creation, and a second rib of Adam must have been animated.

We must not, however, linger too long with these singular speculations, for it is probable that phoenix-fanciers are becoming rare. It is enough to say briefly that if any one wishes to understand the natural history of the basilisk, the griffin, the salamander, the cockatrice, or the amphibœna—if he wishes to know whether a chamelion lives on air, and an ostrich on horseshoes—whether a carbuncle gives light in the dark, whether the Glastonbury thorn bore flowers on Christmas-day, whether the mandrake “naturally groweth under gallowses,” and shrieks “upon eradication”—on these and many other such points he may find grave discussions in Sir Thomas Browne’s pages. He lived in the period when it was still held to be a sufficient proof of a story that it was written in a book, especially if the book were Latin; and some persons, such as Alexander Ross, whose memory is preserved only by the rhyme in *Hudibras*, argued gravely against his scepticism.* For Sir Thomas, in spite of his strange excursions into the marvellous, inclines for the most part to the sceptical side of the question. He was not insensible to the growing influence of the scientific spirit, though he believed implicitly in witchcraft, spoke with high respect of alchemy and astrology, and refused to believe that the earth went round the sun. He feels that his favourite creatures are doomed to extinction, and though dealing lovingly with them, speaks rather like an attached mourner at their funerals than a physician endeavouring to maintain their flickering vitality. He tries experiments and has a taste for dissection. He proves by the evidence of his senses, and believes them in spite of the general report, that a dead kingfisher will not turn its breast to the wind. He convinced himself that if two magnetic needles were placed in the centre of rings marked with the alphabet (an odd anticipation of the electric telegraph, *minus* the wires) they would not point to the same letter by an occult sympathy. His arguments are often to the point, though overlaid with a strange accretion of the fabulous. In discussing the question of the blackness of negroes, he may remind benevolent readers of some of Mr. Darwin’s recent speculations. He rejects, and on the same grounds which Mr. Darwin declares to be conclusive, the hypothesis that the blackness is the immediate effect of the climate; and he points out, what is important in regard to “sexual selection,” that a negro may admire a flat nose as we admire an aquiline; though, of course, he diverges into extra-scientific questions when discussing the probable effects of the curse of Ham, and rather loses himself in a “digression concerning blackness.” We may fancy that this problem pleased Sir Thomas rather because it appeared to be totally insoluble than for any other reason; and in spite of his occasional gleams

* Ross, for example, urges that the invisibility of the phoenix is sufficiently accounted for by the natural desire of a unique animal to keep out of harm’s way.

of scientific observation, he is always most at home when on the borderland which divides the purely marvellous from the region of ascertainable fact. In the last half of his book, indeed, having exhausted natural history, he plunges with intense delight into questions which bear the same relation to genuine antiquarianism that his phoenixes and salamanders bear to scientific inquiry: whether the sun was created in Libra; what was the season of the year in Paradise; whether the forbidden fruit was an apple; whether Methuselah was the longest-lived of all men (a main argument on the other side being that Adam was created at the perfect age of man, which in those days was fifty or sixty, and thus had a right to add sixty to his natural years); what was the nature of St. John the Baptist's camel's-hair garment; what were the secret motives of the builders of the tower of Babel; whether the three kings really lived at Cologne—these and many other profound inquiries are detailed with all imaginable gravity, and the interest of the inquirer is not the less because he generally comes to the satisfactory and sensible conclusion that we cannot possibly know anything whatever about it.

The *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors* was published in 1646, and Sir Thomas's next publication appeared in 1658. The dates are curiously significant. Whilst all England was in the throes of the first civil war, Sir Thomas had been calmly finishing his catalogue of intellectual oddities. This book was published soon after the crushing victory of Naseby. King, parliament, and army, illustrating a very different kind of vulgar error, continued to fight out their quarrel to the death. Whilst Milton, whose genius was in some way most nearly akin to his own, was raising his voice in favour of the liberty of the press, good Sir Thomas was meditating profoundly on quincunxes. Milton hurled fierce attacks at Salmasius, and meanwhile Sir Thomas, in his quiet country town, was discoursing on "certain sepulchral urns lately found in Norfolk." In the year of Cromwell's death, the result of his labours appeared in a volume containing *The Garden of Cyrus* and the *Hydriotaphia*.

The first of these essays deserves notice as the book in which Sir Thomas has most unreservedly laid the reins upon the neck of his fancy. Borne by his strange hobby, he soared away from the troubles that raged in this sublunary sphere. He ransacks heaven and earth, he turns over all his stores of botanical knowledge, he searches all sacred and profane literature to discover anything that is in the form of an X, or that reminds him in any way of the number 5. It is needless to say that his labours are rewarded by an ample harvest. He seems, as it were, to have quincunx on the brain. From the garden of Cyrus, where the trees were arranged in this order, he rambles through the universe, stumbling over quincunxes at every step. To take, for example, his final, and, of course, his fifth chapter, we find him modestly disavowing an "inexcusable Pythagorism," and yet unable to refrain from telling us that five was anciently called the number of justice; that it was also called the divisive number; that most flowers have five

leaves ; that feet have five toes ; that the cone has a "quintuple division ;" that there were five wise and five foolish virgins ; that the "most generative animals" were created on the fifth day ; that the cabalists discovered strange meanings in the number five ; that there were five golden mice ; that five thousand persons were fed with five barley-loaves ; that the ancients mixed five parts of water with wine ; that plays have five acts ; that starfish have five points ; and that if any one inquire into the causes of this strange repetition, "he shall not pass his hours in vulgar speculations." We, however, must decline the task, and will content ourselves with a few characteristic phrases from his peroration. "The quincunx of heaven," he says, referring to the *Hyades*, "runs low, and 'tis time to close the five parts of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continueth precogitations, making cables of cobwebs, and wildernesses of handsome groves. . . . Night, which Pagan theology could make the daughter of chaos, affords no advantage to the description of order ; although no lower than that mass can we derive its genealogy. All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again ; according to the admirer of order and mystical mathematics of the City of Heaven. Although Somnus, in Homer, be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in these drowsy approaches of night. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act with our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour, which roused us from everlasting sleep ? Or have slumbering thoughts at that hour, when sleep itself must end, and, as some conjecture, all shall awake again ?"

"Think you," asks Coleridge, commenting upon this passage, "that there ever was such a reason given for going to bed at midnight, to wit, that if we did not, we should be acting the part of our antipodes ?" In truth, Sir Thomas finishes his most whimsical work whimsically enough. The passage gives no bad specimen of the quaint and humorous eloquence in which he most delights—snatching fine thought from sheer absurdities, and putting the homeliest truth into a dress of amusing oddity. It may remind us that it is time to leave the queer freaks of fancy, which occupy so large a part of his writings, and to endeavour to justify shortly the language of one of the acutest of recent critics,* who calls his "our most imaginative mind since Shakspeare." Everywhere, indeed, his imaginative writing is, if we may so speak, shot with his peculiar humour. It is difficult to select any eloquent passage which does not show this characteristic interweaving of the two elements. Throw the light from one side, and it shows nothing but quaint conceits ; from the other, and we have a rich glow of poetic colouring. His humour and his melancholy are inextricably blended ; and his melancholy itself is described to a nicety in the words of Jaques :—"It is a melancholy of his own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects,

* MR. LOWELL, in "Shakspeare Once More," *Among My Books*.

and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of his travels, in which his often rumination wraps him in a most humorous sadness." That most marvellous Jaques, indeed, is rather too much of a cynic, and shows none of the religious sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne; but if they could have talked together in the forest, poor Jaques would have excited a far closer sympathy than he receives from his very unappreciative companions. The books in which this "humorous sadness" find the fullest expression are the *Religio Medici* and the *Hydriotaphia*. The first apparently resulted from the "sundry contemplation of his travels," and is written throughout in his characteristic strain of thought. From his travels he had learnt the best lesson of a lofty toleration. The furious controversies of that age, in which the stake, the prison, and the pillory were the popular theological arguments, produced a characteristic effect on his sympathies. He did not give in to the established belief, like his kindly-natured contemporary Fuller, who remarks, in a book published about the same time with the *Religio Medici*, that even "the mildest authors" agree in the propriety of putting certain heretics to death. Nor, on the other hand, does he share the glowing indignation which prompted the great protests of Chillingworth and Taylor against the cruelties practised in the name of religion. Browne has a method of his own in view of such questions. He shrinks from the hard, practical world into spiritual meditation. He regards all opinions less as a philosopher than as a poet. He asks, not whether a dogma is true, but whether it is beautiful or quaint. If his imagination or his fancy can take pleasure in contemplating it, he is not curious to investigate its scientific accuracy. And therefore he catches the poetical side of creeds which differ from his own, and cannot even understand why anybody should grow savage over their shortcomings. He never could be angry with a man's judgment "for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days I should dissent myself." Travelling in this spirit through countries where the old faith still prevailed, he felt a lively sympathy for the Catholic modes of worship. Holy water and crucifixes do not offend him. He is willing to enter the churches and to pray with the worshippers of other persuasions. He is naturally inclined, he says, "to that which misguided zeal terms superstition," and would show his respect rather than his unbelief. In an eloquent passage, which might teach a lesson to some modern tourists, he remarks:—"At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought and memory of my Saviour. I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering my own. At a solemn procession I have

wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of laughter and scorn."

Very characteristic, from this point of view, are the heresies into which he confesses that he has sometimes fallen. Setting aside one purely fantastical theory, they all imply a desire for toleration even in the next world. He doubted whether the damned would not ultimately be released from torture. He felt great difficulty in giving up prayers for the dead, and thought that to be the object of such prayers, was "a good way to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history." These heresies, he says, as he never tried to propagate them, or to dispute over them "without additions of new fuel, went out insensibly of themselves." Yet he still retained, in spite of its supposed heterodoxy, some hope for the fate of virtuous heathens. "Amongst so many subdivisions of hell," he says, "there might have been one limbo left for these." With a most characteristic turn, he softens the horror of the reflection, by giving it an almost humorous aspect. "What a strange vision will it be," he exclaims, "to see their poetical fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies into real devils! How strange to them will sound the history of Adam, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of!"

The words may remind us of an often quoted passage from Tertullian; but the Father seems to gloat over the appalling doctrines, from which the philosophical humorist shrinks, even though their very horror has a certain strange fascination for his fancy. Heresies such as these will not be harshly condemned at the present day. From others of a different kind, Sir Thomas is shielded by his natural love of the marvellous. He loves to abandon his thoughts to mysterious contemplations; he even considers it a subject for complaint, that there are "not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith." "I love," he says, "to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation, and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learnt of Tertullian, *certum est quia impossibile est.*" He rejoices that he was not an Israelite at the passage of the Red Sea, or an early Christian in the days of miracles; for then his faith, supported by his senses, would have had less merit. He loves to puzzle and confound his understanding with the thoughts that pass the limits of our intellectual powers: he rejoices in contemplating eternity, because nobody can "speak of it without a solecism," and to plunge his imagination into the abysses of the infinite. "When I cannot satisfy my reason," he says, "I love to recreate my fancy." He recreates it by soaring into the regions where the most daring metaphysical logic breaks down beneath us, and delights in exposing his reason to the rude test of believing both sides of a contradiction. Here, as everywhere, the strangest freaks of fancy intrude themselves into his sublime contemplations. A mystic, when abasing reason in the presence

of faith, may lose sight of earthly objects in the splendour of the beatific vision. But Sir Thomas, even when he enters the holiest shrine, never quite loses his grasp of the grotesque. Wonder, whether produced by the sublime or the simply curious, has equal attraction for him. His mind is distracted between the loftiest mysteries of Christianity, and the strangest conceits of Talmudists or schoolmen. Thus, for example, whilst eloquently descanting on the submissiveness of his reason, he informs us (obviously claiming credit for the sacrifice of his curiosity) that he can read of the raising of Lazarus, and yet refrain from raising a "law case, whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title unto his former possessions." Or we might take the inverse transition, from the absurd to the sublime, in his meditations upon hell. He begins by inquiring whether the everlasting fire is the same with that of our earth. "Some of our chymicks," it appears, "facetiously affirm that, at the last fire, all shall be crystallized and reverberated into glass," but, after playing for some time with this and other strange fancies, he says in a loftier strain, though still with his odd touch of humour,—“Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which, to grosser apprehensions, represent hell. The hearts of men is the place the devils dwell in. I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his courts in my breast; Legion is revived in me. There was more than one hell in Magdalene, when there were seven devils; for every devil is a hell unto himself; he holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him; and thus a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction into hell hereafter.”

Sir Thomas's witticisms are like the grotesque carvings in a Gothic cathedral. It is plain that in his mind they have not the slightest tinge of conscious irreverence. They are simply his natural mode of expression; forbid him to be humorous and you might as well forbid him to speak at all. If the severity of our modern taste is shocked at an intermixture, which seemed natural enough to his contemporaries, we may find an unconscious apology in a singularly fine passage of the *Religio Medici*. Justifying his love of church music, he says,—“Even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer.” That power of extracting deep devotion from “vulgar tavern music” is the great secret of Browne's eloquence. It is not wonderful, perhaps, that, with our associations, the performance seems of questionable taste; and that some strains of tavern music mix unpleasantly in the grander harmonies which they suggest. Few people find their religious emotions stimulated by the performance of a nigger melody, and they have some difficulty in keeping pace with a mind which springs in happy unconsciousness, or rather in keen enjoyment, of the contrast from the queer or commonplace to the most exalted objects of human thought.

One other peculiarity shows itself chiefly in the last pages of the

Religio Medici. His worthy commentators have laboured to defend Sir Thomas from the charge of vanity. He expatiates upon his universal charity; upon his inability to regard even vice as a fitting object for satire; upon his warm affection to his friend, whom he already loves better than himself, and whom, yet in a few months, he will regard with a love which will make his present feelings seem indifference; upon his absolute want of avarice or any kind of meanness; and, which certainly seems a little odd in the midst of these self-laudations, upon his freedom from the "first and father sin, not only of man but of the devil, pride." Good Dr. Watts was shocked at this "arrogant temerity," and Dr. Johnson appears rather to concur in the charge. And certainly, if we are to interpret his language in a matter-of-fact spirit, it must be admitted that a gentleman who openly claims for himself the virtues of charity, generosity, courage, and modesty, might be not unfairly accused of vanity. To no one, as we have already remarked, is such a matter-of-fact criticism less applicable. If a humorist was to be denied the right of saying with a serious face what he does not quite think, we should make strange work of some of the most charming books in the world. The Sir Thomas Browne of the *Religio Medici* is by no means to be identified with the every-day flesh-and-blood physician of Norwich. He is the ideal and glorified Sir Thomas, and represents rather what ought to have been than what was. We all have such doubles who visit us in our day-dreams, and sometimes cheat us into the belief that they are our real selves, but most of us luckily hide the very existence of such phantoms; for few of us, indeed, could make them agreeable to our neighbours. And yet the apology is scarcely needed. Bating some few touches, Sir Thomas seems to have claimed little that he did not really possess. And if he was a little vain, why should we be angry? Vanity is only offensive when it is sullen or exacting. When it merely amounts to an unaffected pleasure in dwelling on the peculiarities of a man's own character, it is rather an agreeable literary ingredient. Sir Thomas defines his point of view with his usual felicity. "The world that I regard," he says in the spirit of the imprisoned Richard II., "is myself: it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation." That whimsical inversion of the natural order is the key to the *Religio Medici*. We, for the nonce, are to regard Sir Thomas Browne as a world, and to study the marvels of his microcosm instead of the outside wonders. And, to say the truth, it is a good and kindly world—a world full of the strangest combinations, where even the most sacred are allied with the oddest objects. Yet his imagination everywhere diffuses a solemn light such as that which falls through painted windows, and which somehow harmonizes the whole quaint assemblage of images. The sacred is made more interesting instead of being degraded by its association with the quaint; and on the whole, after a stay in this microcosm, we feel better, calmer, more tolerant, and a good deal more amused than when we entered it.

Passing from the portrait to the original, we may recognize, or fancy that we recognize, the same general features. Sir Thomas assures us that his life, up to the period of the *Religio Medici*, was a "miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable." Johnson, with his usual sense, observes that it is rather difficult to detect the miraculous element in any part of the story open to our observation. "Surely," he says, "a man may visit France and Italy, reside at Montpelier and Padua, and at last take his degree at Leyden, without anything miraculous." And although Southey endeavours to maintain that the miracle consisted in Browne's preservation from infidelity, it must be admitted that to the ordinary mind that result seems explicable by natural causes. We must be content with Johnson's explanation, that, in some sense, "all life is miraculous;" and, in short, that the strangeness consists rather in Browne's view of his own history, than in any unusual phenomena. Certainly, no man seems on the whole to have slipped down the stream of life more smoothly. After his travels he settled quietly at Norwich, and there passed forty-five years of scarcely interrupted prosperity. In the *Religio Medici* he indulges in some disparaging remarks upon marriage. "The whole world," he says, "was made for man; but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God; woman the rib and crooked part of man." He wishes, after the fashion of Montaigne, that we might grow like the trees, and avoid this foolish and trivial ceremony; and therefore—for such inferences are perfectly legitimate in the history of a humorist—he married a lady, of whom it is said that she was so perfect that "they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism," had ten children, and lived very happily ever afterwards. It is not difficult, from the fragmentary notices that have been left to us, to put together some picture of his personal appearance. He was a man of dignified appearance, with a striking resemblance, as Southey has remarked, to Charles I., "always cheerful, but never merry," given to unseasonable blushing, little inclined to talk, but strikingly original when once launched in conversation; sedate in his dress, and obeying some queer medical crotchets as to its proper arrangement; always at work in the intervals of his "drudging practice;" and generally a sober and dignified physician. From some letters which have been preserved we catch a view of his social demeanour. He was evidently an affectionate and liberal father, with good old orthodox views of the wide extent of the paternal prerogative. One of his sons was a promising naval officer, and sends home from beyond the seas accounts of such curiosities as were likely to please the insatiable curiosity of his parent. In his answers, the good Sir Thomas quotes Aristotle's definition of fortitude for the benefit of his gallant lieutenant, and argues elaborately to dissuade him from a practice which he believes to prevail in "the king's ships, when, in desperate cases, they blow up the same." He proves by most excellent reasons, and by the authority of Plutarch, that such self-immolation is an unnecessary strain of gallantry; yet somehow

we feel rather glad that Sir Thomas could not be a witness to the reception of this sensible, but perhaps rather superfluous advice, in the mess-room of the *Marie Rose*. It is more pleasant to observe the carefulness with which he has treasured up and repeats all the compliments to the lieutenant's valour and wisdom which have reached him from trustworthy sources. This son appears to have died at a comparatively early age; but with the elder son, Edward—who, like his father, travelled in various parts of Europe, and then became a distinguished physician—he maintained a long correspondence, full of those curious details in which his soul delighted. His son, for example, writes from Prague that “in the mines at Brunswick is reported to be a spirit; and another at the tin mine at Stackenwald, in the shape of a monke, which strikes the miners, playeth on the bagpipe, and many such tricks.” They correspond, however, on more legitimate inquiries, and especially on the points to be noticed in the son's medical lectures. Sir Thomas takes a keen interest in the fate of an unlucky “oestridge” which found its way to London in 1681 and was doomed to illustrate some of the vulgar errors. The poor bird was induced to swallow a piece of iron weighing two-and-a-half ounces, which, strange to say, it could not digest. It soon afterwards died “of a soden,” whether from the severity of the weather or from the peculiar nature of its diet.

The one blot on his character is that he gave evidence in the well-known trial of the witches before Sir Matthew Hale in 1664, and thereby contributed to one of the latest instances of witch-murder in England. All that can be said is that his belief was a little too sincere, and that a doctrine pardonable enough in his speculative moods, should have startled him when exemplified in actual flesh and blood.

The great glory of his life was his receiving the honour of knighthood from Charles II. in 1671. Dr. Johnson is eloquent on the skill of his favourite monarch in discovering excellence, and his virtue in rewarding it, though, as a twinge of conscience compels him to add, “with such honorary distinctions at least as cost him nothing.” The good doctor died in 1682, in the 77th year of his age, and met his end, as we are assured, in the spirit of his own writings. “There is,” he says, “but one comfort left, that, though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death.” Or, to take another passage, for his meditations were often amongst the tombs, he says, with his usual quaint and eloquent melancholy, “When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath from me. Could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I could not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this to be a man, or to have according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I

can with patience embrace this life, yet, in my best meditations, do often defy death."

The man who wrote thus, and lived and died in the spirit of his words, was, by certain of our matter-of-fact friends, called an atheist. Why, it seems impossible to conjecture, unless toleration is considered to be an indication of unbelief. No man, at any rate, has breathed a more exalted religious sentiment into his writings, and it is impossible to study them without at once smiling at him and loving him.

A few remarks on his peculiar style may be added. Johnson, though generally appreciative, calls him "obscure," "rugged," and "pedantic." The last epithet is obviously more or less deserved. He has the propensity, common to the learned men of his day, to coin amazing Latinisms. Here, for example, are a few taken pretty much at random from his posthumous work, the *Christian Morals*:—"assuefaction," "minorates," "exantlation," "quodlibetically," "salvifically," "longevous," "exuperances." He says elsewhere that "omneity informed nullity into an essence" at the creation; and in discussing the interesting question of the mode of Haman's death, defines the obscure term "hanging" by the circumlocution, "illaqueation or pendulous suffocation." But setting aside such freaks, which belong nearly as much to his period as to his individual taste, he can hardly be called an obscure, and still less, a "rugged" writer. There are occasional faults of construction, it is true, which would naturally shock an Addisonian taste, and blemishes which would have been removed by a more careful polish. But he is generally intelligible without an effort; and "ruggedness" is a decidedly infelicitous epithet. His sentences move, it may be, with rather too elaborate a stateliness; they are crammed with the remote allusions that are constantly thronging into his mind, and have a certain sententious and epigrammatic turn; but they are full of a subtle and stately melody, bespeaking a fine musical ear. They have not the impetuous energy of a true rhetorician; they do not expand into the diffuse eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, nor are they animated by the indignant passion of Milton; but they are the grave, quiet utterances of a meditative mind, and their form would be more suitable for a lecture-room than for a pulpit or the floor of a senate, and most suitable for a closet. He must be read in a corresponding spirit; one must stop often to appreciate the flavour of a quaint allusion, and lay down the book at intervals to follow out some sharply diverging line of thought. So read, in the quiet of a retired study, or beneath the dusty shelves of some ancient library—and books, to be thoroughly enjoyed, require appropriate scenery as well as appropriate moods,—no congenial student will find fault with Sir Thomas's stately periods. Rather he will admit that the form is in admirable harmony with the matter; and that the sentences march to a most appropriate air. As a general description, it may perhaps be said that they are just too diffuse and too far-fetched to be aphorisms. The *Christian Morals*, for example, consists of a series of maxims, which fail for want of a little concentration. They are to the genuine aphorism

what a nebulous system is to a sun. Every now and then we find some striking and genuine aphorism, as, this, for example, which almost reminds us in language and policy of a modern French epigram—"Natural parts and good judgments rule the world; *states are not governed by ergotisms*;" but as a rule, the thought has not quite enough specific gravity. He wants that concentrated force of mind which gives immortality to Bacon's essays.

But we have perhaps dwelt long enough upon Sir Thomas's peculiar qualities of style. Whatever they may be, he must certainly be ranked amongst the great masters of our language. If some shade of oblivion has passed over him, as we have drifted further from the order of thought in which he most delighted, the result is not surprising. Immortality, or, indeed, life beyond a couple of centuries, is given to few literary artists. If we are disposed to complain, Sir Thomas shall himself supply the answer, in a passage from the *Hydriotaphia*, which, though described by Hallam as the best written of his treatises, seems to be scarcely so characteristic as the *Religio Medici*. It contains, however, many eloquent passages, and here are some of his reflections on posthumous fame. The end of the world, he says, is approaching, and "Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector." "And, therefore, useless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories with present considerations seems a vanity out of date, and a superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live as long in our names, as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion to the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted into thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment."

The argument is worthy of Dr. Cumming; the language and the sentiment of Milton.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOMeward AND HOME AGAIN.



THE room was in flames, Baroness Turckems plucking at the bell-rope, my father looking big and brilliant.

"Hold hand!" he shouted to the frenzied baroness.

She counter-shouted; both of them stamped feet; the portico sentinel struck the butt of his musket on the hall-doors; bell answered bell along the upper galleries.

"Foolish woman, be silent," cried my father.

"Incendiary!" she half-shrieked.

He turned to the princess, begging her to retire, but she stared at him, and I too, after having seen him deliberately apply the flame of her lamp to the curtains deemed

him mad. He was perfectly self-possessed, and said, "This will explain the bell!" and fetched a deep breath, and again urged the princess to retire.

Peterborough was the only one present who bethought him of doing fireman's duty. The risk looked greater than it was. He had but to tear the lighted curtains down and trample on them. Suddenly the baroness called out, "The man is right! Come with me, princess; escape, your highness, escape! And you," she addressed me—"you rang the bell, you!"

"To repair your error, baroness," said my father.

"I have my conscience pure; have you?" she retorted.

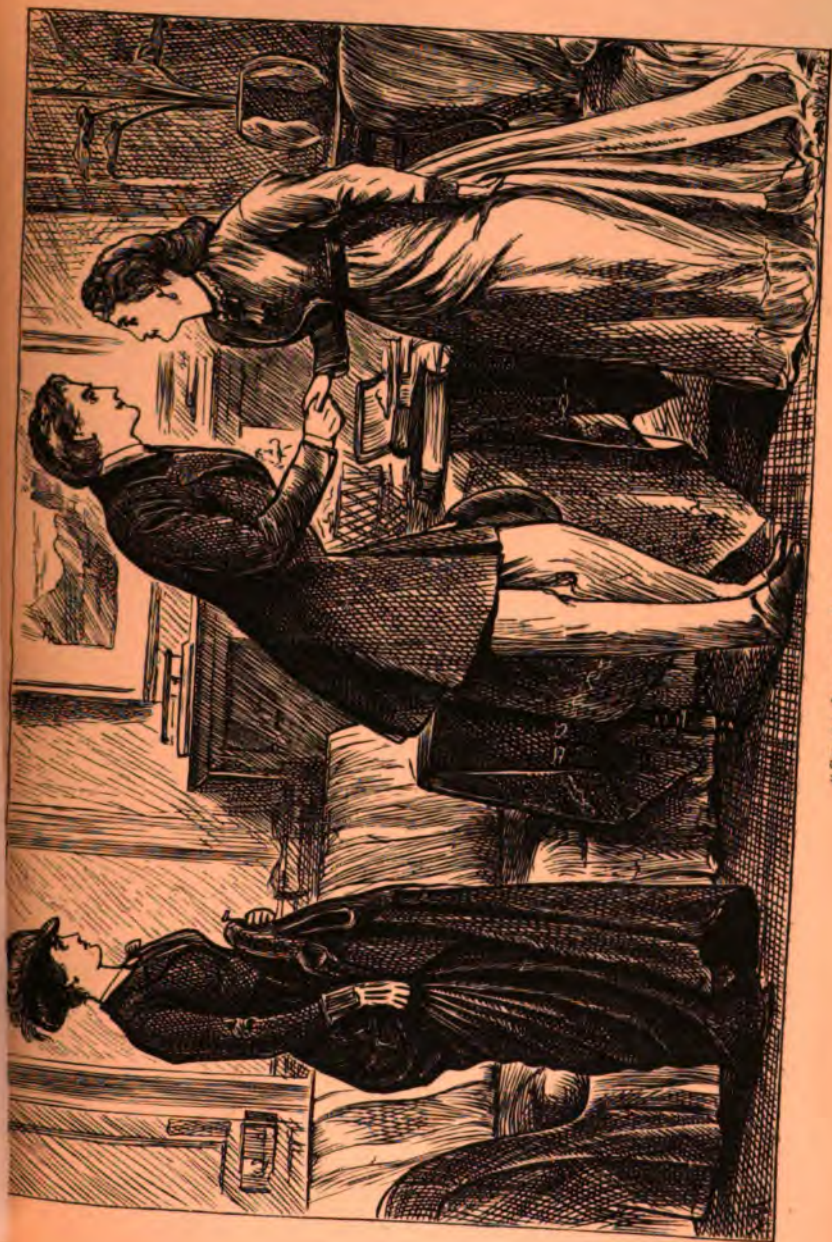
He bowed and said, "The fire will also excuse your presence on the spot, baroness."

"I thank my God I am not so cool as you," said she.

"Your warmth"—he bent towards her—"shall always be your apology, baroness."

"SHALL JANET GO?" SAID J.

"Your warmth"—he bent towards her—"shall always be your apology, baroness."



"SHALL JANET GO?" SAID I.

Seeing the curtains extinguished, Ottilia withdrew. She gave me no glance.

All this occurred before the night-porter, who was going his rounds, could reach the library. Lacqueys and maids were soon at his heels. My father met Prince Ernest with a florid story of a reckless student, either asleep or too anxious to secure a particular volume, and showed his usual consideration by not asking me to verify the narrative. With that, and with high praise of Peterborough, as to whose gallantry I heard him deliver a very circumstantial account, he, I suppose, satisfied the prince's curiosity, and appeased him, the damage being small compared with the uproar. Prince Ernest questioned two or three times, "What set him ringing so furiously?" My father made some reply.

Ottilia's cloud-pale windows were the sole greeting I had from her on my departure early next morning, far wretcheder than if I had encountered a misfortune. It was impossible for me to deny that my father had shielded the princess: she would never have run for a menace. As he remarked, the ringing of the bell would not of itself have forced her to retreat, and the nature of the baroness's alarm demanded nothing less than a conflagration to account for it to the household. But I felt humiliated on Ottilia's behalf, and enraged on my own. And I had, I must confess, a touch of fear of a man who could unhesitatingly go to extremities, as he had done, by summoning fire to the rescue. He assured me that moments such as those inspired him and were the pride of his life, and he was convinced that, upon reflection, "I should rise to his sublime pitch." He deluded himself with the idea of his having foiled Baroness Turckems, nor did I choose to contest it, though it struck me that she was too conclusively the foiler. She must have intercepted the letter for the princess. I remembered acting carelessness in handing it to my father for him to consign it to one of the domestics, and he passed it on with a flourish. Her place of concealment was singularly well selected under the sofa-cover, and the little heaps of paper-bound volumes. I do not fancy she meant to rouse the household; her notion probably was to terrorize the princess, that she might compel her to quit my presence. In rushing to the bell-rope, her impetuosity sent her stumbling on it with force, and while threatening to ring, and meaning merely to threaten, she rang; and as it was not a retractable act, she continued ringing, and the more violently upon my father's appearance. Catching sight of Peterborough at his heels, she screamed a word equivalent to clergyman. She had lost her discretion, but not her wits. For any one save a lover—thwarted as I was, and perturbed by the shadow falling on the princess—my father's aplomb and promptness in conjuring a check to what he assumed to be a premeditated piece of villany on the part of Baroness Turckems, might have seemed tolerably worthy of admiration. Me the whole scene affected as if it had burnt my skin. I loathed that picture of him, constantly present to me, of his shivering the glass of Ottilia's semi-classical night-lamp, gravely asking her pardon, and stretching the flame to the

curtain, with large eyes blazing on the baroness. The stupid burlesque majesty of it was unendurable to thought. Nevertheless, I had to thank him for shielding Ottilia, and I had to brood on the fact that I had drawn her into a situation requiring such a shield. He, meanwhile, according to his habit, was engaged in reviewing the triumphs to come. "We have won a princess!" And what England would say, how England would look, when, on a further journey, I brought my princess home, entirely occupied his imagination, to my excessive torture—a state of mind for which it was impossible to ask his mercy. His sole link with the past appeared to be this notion that he had planned all the good things in store for us. Consequently I was condemned to hear of the success of the plot, until—for I had not the best of consciences—I felt my hand would be spell-bound in the attempt to write to the princess; and with that sense of incapacity I seemed to be cut loose from her, drifting back into the desolate days before I saw her wheeled in her invalid chair along the sands and my life knew sunrise. But whatever the mood of our affections, so it is with us island wanderers: we cannot gaze over towards England, knowing the old country to be close under the sea-line, and not hail it, and partly forget ourselves in the time that was. The smell of sea-air made me long for the white cliffs, the sight of the white cliffs revived pleasant thoughts of Riversley, and thoughts of Riversley thoughts of Janet, which were singularly and refreshingly free from self-accusations. Some love for my home, similar to what one may have for winter, came across me, and some appreciation of Janet as well, in whose society I was sure to be at least myself, a creature much reduced in altitude, but without the cramped sensations of a man on a monument. My hearty Janet! I thanked her then for seeing me of my natural height.

Some hours after parting with my father in London, I lay down to sleep in my old home, feeling as if I had thrown off a coat of armour. I awoke with a sailor's song on my lips. Looking out of window at the well-known features of the heaths and dark firs, and waning oak copses, and the shadowy line of the downs stretching their long whale-backs south to west, it struck me that I had been barely alive of late. Indeed one who consents to live as I had done in a hope and a retrospect, will find his life slipping between the two, like the ships under the striding colossus. I shook myself, braced myself, and saluted every one at the breakfast-table with the frankness of Harry Richmond. Congratulated on my splendid spirits, I was confirmed in the idea that I enjoyed them, though I knew of something hollow which sent an echo through me at intervals. Janet had become a fixed inmate of the house. "I've bought her, and I shall keep her; she's the apple of my eye," said the squire, adding with characteristic scrupulousness, "if apple's female." I asked her whether she had heard from Temple latterly. "No; dear little fellow!" cried she, and I saw in a twinkling what it was that the squire liked in her, and liked it too. I caught sight of myself, as through a rift of cloud, trotting home from the hunt to a glad, frank, unpretending mate,

with just enough of understanding to look up to mine. For a second or so it was pleasing, as a glance out of his library across hill and dale will be to a strained student. Our familiarity sanctioned a comment on the growth of her daughter-of-the-regiment moustache, the faintest conceivable suggestion of a shadow on her soft upper lip, which a poet might have feigned to have fallen from her dark thick eyebrows.

"Why, you don't mean to say, Hal, it's not to your taste?" said the squire.

"No," said I, turning an eye on my aunt Dorothy, "I've loved it all my life."

The squire stared at me to make sure of this, muttered that it was to his mind a beauty, and that it was nothing more on Janet's lip than down on a flower, bloom on a plum. The poetical comparisons had the effect of causing me to examine her critically. She did not raise a spark of poetical sentiment in my bosom. She had grown a tall young woman, firmly built, light of motion, graceful perhaps; but it was not the grace of grace; the grace of simplicity, rather. She talked vivaciously and frankly, and gave (to friends) her whole eyes and a fine animation in talking; and her voice was a delight to friends; there was always the full ring of Janet in it, and music also. She still lifted her lip when she expressed contempt or dislike of persons; nor was she cured of her trick of frowning. She was as ready as ever to be flattered; that was evident. My grandfather's praise of her she received with a rewarding look back of kindness; she was not discomposed by flattery, and threw herself into no postures, nor blushed very deeply. 'Thank you for perceiving my merits,' she seemed to say; and to be just, I should add that one could fancy her saying, you see them because you love me. She wore her hair in a plain knot, peculiarly neatly rounded away from the temples, which sometimes gave to a face not aquiline a look of swiftness. The face was mobile, various, not at all suggestive of bad temper, in spite of her frowns. The profile of it was less assuring than the front, because of the dark eyebrows' extension and the occasional frown, but that was not shared by the mouth, which was, I admitted to myself, a charming bow, running to a length at the corners like her eyebrows, quick with smiles. The corners of the mouth would often be in movement, setting dimples at work in her cheek, while the brows remained fixed, and thus at times a tender meditative air was given her that I could not think her own. Upon what could she possibly reflect? She had not a care, she had no education, she could hardly boast an idea—two at a time I was sure she never had entertained. The sort of wife for a fox-hunting lord, I summed up, and hoped he would be a good fellow.

Peterborough was plied by the squire for a description of German women. Blushing and shooting a timid look from under his pendulous eyelids at my aunt, indicating that he was prepared to go the way of tutors at Riversley, he said he really had not much observed them.

"They're a whitey-brown sort of women, aren't they?" the squire

questioned him, "with tow hair and fish eyes, high o' the shoulder, bony, and a towel skin and gone teeth, so I've heard tell. I've heard that's why the men have all taken to their beastly smoking."

Peterborough ejaculated: "Indeed! sir, really!" He assured my aunt that German ladies were most agreeable, cultivated persons, extremely domesticated, retiring; the encomiums of the Roman historian were as well deserved by them in the present day as they had been in the past; decidedly, on the whole, Peterborough would call them a virtuous race.

"Why do they let the men smoke, then?" said the squire. "A pretty style o' courtship. Come, sit by my hearth, ma'am; I'll be your chimney—faght! dirty rascals!"

Janet said: "I rather like the smell of cigars."

"Like what you please, my dear—he'll be a lucky dog," the squire approved her promptly, and asked me if I smoked.

I was not a stranger to the act, I confessed.

"Well," he took refuge in practical philosophy, "a man must bring some dirt home from every journey: only don't smoke me out, mercy's sake."

Here was a hint of Janet's influence with him, and of what he expected from my return to Riversley.

Peterborough informed me that he suffered persecution over the last glasses of port in the evening, through the squire's persistent inquiries as to whether a woman had anything to do with my staying so long abroad. "A lady, sir?" quoth Peterborough. "Lady, if you like," rejoined the squire. "You parsons and petticoats must always mince the meat to hash the fact." Peterborough defended his young friend Harry's moral reputation, and was amazed to hear that the squire did not think highly of a man's chastity. The squire acutely chagrined the sensitive gentleman by drawling the word after him, and declaring that he tossed that kind of thing into the women's wash-basket. Peterborough, not without signs of indignation, protesting, the squire asked him point-blank if he supposed that Old England had been raised to the head of the world by such as he. In fine, he favoured Peterborough with a lesson in worldly views. "But these," Peterborough said to me, "are not the views, dear Harry—if they are the views of ladies of any description, which I take leave to doubt—not the views of the ladies you and I would esteem. For instance, the ladies of this household." My aunt Dorothy's fate was plain.

In reply to my grandfather's renewed demand to know whether any one of those High-Dutch women had got hold of me, Peterborough said: "Mr. Beltham, the only lady of whom it could be suspected that my friend Harry regarded her with more than ordinary admiration was hereditary princess of one of the ancient princely houses of Germany." My grandfather thereupon said, "Oh!" pushed the wine, and was stopped.

Peterborough chuckled over this "Oh!" and the stoppage of further questions, while acknowledging that the luxury of a pipe would help to

make him more charitable. He enjoyed the port of his native land, but he did, likewise, feel the want of one whiff or so of the less restrictive foreigner's pipe ; and he begged me to note the curiosity of our worship of aristocracy and royalty ; and we, who were such slaves towards rank, and such tyrants in our own households,—we Britons were the great sticklers for freedom ! His conclusion was, that we were not logical. We would have a throne, which we would not allow the liberty to do anything to make it worthy of rational veneration ; we would have a peerage, of which we were so jealous that it formed almost an assembly of automaton ; we would have virtuous women, only for them to be pursued by immoral men. Peterborough feared, he must say, that we were an inconsequent people. His residence abroad had so far unhinged him ; but a pipe would have stopped his complainings.

Moved, perhaps, by generous wine, in concert with his longing for tobacco, he dropped an observation of unwonted shrewdness ; he said : "The squire, my dear Harry, a most honourable and straightforward country gentleman, and one of our very wealthiest, is still, I would venture to suggest, an example of old blood that requires—I study race—varying, modifying, one might venture to say correcting ; and really, a friend with more privileges than I possess, would or should throw him a hint that no harm has been done to the family by an intermixture . . . old blood does occasionally need it—you know, I study blood—it becomes too coarse, or, in some cases, too fine. The study of the mixture of blood is probably one of our great physical problems."

Peterborough commended me to gratitude for the imaginative and chivalrous element bestowed on me by a father that was other than a country squire ; one who could be tolerant of innocent habits, and not of guilty ones—a further glance at the interdicted pipe. I left him almost whimpering for it.

The contemplation of the curious littleness of the lives men and women lived in this England of ours, made me feel as if I looked at them out of a palace balcony-window ; for no one appeared to hope very much, or to fear ; people trotted in their different kinds of harness ; and I was amused to think of my heart going regularly in imitation of those about me. I was in a princely state of mind indeed, not disinclined for a time to follow the general course of life, while despising it. An existence without colour, without anxious throbbing, without salient matter for thought, challenged contempt. But it was exceedingly funny. My aunt Dorothy, the squire, and Janet submitted to my transparent inward laughter at them, patiently waiting for me to share their contentment, in the deluded belief that the hour would come. The principal items of news embraced the death of Squire Gregory Bulsted, the marriage of this and that young lady, a legal contention between my grandfather and Lady Maria Higginson, the wife of a rich manufacturer newly located among us, on account of a right of encampment on Durstan Heath, my grandfather taking side with the gipsies, and beating her lady-

ship—a friend of Heriot's, by the way. Concerning Heriot, my aunt Dorothy was in trouble. She could not, she said, approve his behaviour in coming to this neighbourhood at all, and she hinted that I might induce him to keep away. I mentioned Julia Bulsted's being in mourning, merely to bring in her name tentatively.

"Ay, mourning's her outer rig, never doubt," said the squire. "Flick your whip at her, she's a charitable soul, Judy Bulsted! She knits stockings for the poor. She'd down and kiss the stump of a sailor on a stick o' timber. All the same, she oughtn't to be alone. Pity she hasn't a baby. You and I'll talk over it by-and-by, Harry."

Kiomi was spoken of, and Lady Maria Higginson, and then Heriot.

"M—m—m—m rascal!" hummed the squire. "There's three, and that's not enough for him. Six months back a man comes over from Surreywards, a farm he calls Dipwell, and asks after you, Harry; rigmaroles about a handsome lass gone off. . . . some scoundrel! You and I'll talk it over by-and-by, Harry."

Janet raised and let fall her eyebrows. The fiction that, so much having been said, an immediate show of reserve on such topics preserved her in ignorance of them, was one she subscribed to merely to humour the squire. I was half in doubt whether I disliked or admired her want of decent hypocrisy. She allowed him to suppose that she did not hear, but spoke as a party to the conversation. My aunt Dorothy blamed Julia. The squire thundered at Heriot; Janet, liking both, contented herself with impartial comments. "I always think in these cases that the women must be the fools," she said. Her affectation was to assume a knowledge of the world and all things in it. We rode over to Julia's cottage, on the outskirts of the estate now devolved upon her husband. Irish eyes are certainly bewitching lights. I thought, for my part, I could not do as the captain was doing, serving his country in foreign parts, while such as these were shining without a captain at home. Janet approved his conduct, and was right. "What can a wife think the man worth who sits down to guard his house-door?" she answered my slight innuendo. She compared the man to a kennel-dog. "This," said I, "comes of made-up matches," whereat she was silent.

Julia took her own view of her position. She asked me whether it was not dismal for one who was called a grass-widow, and was in reality a salt-water one, to keep fresh, with a lap-dog, a cook and a maid-servant, and a postman that passed the gate twenty times for twice that he opened it, and nothing to look for but this disappointing creature day after day! At first she was shy, stole out a coy line of fingers to be shaken, and lisped; and out of that mood came right-about-face, with an exclamation of regret that she supposed she must not kiss me now. I projected, she drew back. "Shall Janet go?" said I. "Then if nobody's present I'll be talked of," said she, moaning queerly. The tendency of her hair to creep loose of its bands gave her handsome face an aspect deliriously wild. I complimented her on her keeping so fresh, in spite of her salt-

water widowhood. She turned the tables on me for looking so powerful, though I was dying for a foreign princess. "Oh! but that'll blow over," she said; "anything blows over as long as you don't go up to the altar;" and she eyed her ringed finger, wobegone, and flashed the pleasantest of smiles with the name of her William. Heriot, whom she always called Walter Heriot, was, she informed me, staying at Durstan Hall, the new great house, built on a plot of ground that the Lancashire millionaire had caught up, while the squire and the other landowners of the neighbourhood were sleeping. "And if you get Walter Heriot to come to you, Harry Richmond, it'll be better for him, I'm sure," she added, and naively: "I'd like to meet him up at the Grange." Temple, she said, had left the navy and was reading in London for the Bar—good news to me.

"You have not told us anything about your princess, Harry," Janet observed on the ride home.

"Do you take her for a real person, Janet?"

"One thinks of her as a snow-mountain you've been admiring."

"Very well; so let her be."

"Is she kind and good?"

"Yes."

"Does she ride well?"

"She rides remarkably well."

"She's fair, I suppose?"

"Janet, if I saw you married to Temple, it would be the second great wish of my heart."

"Harry, you're a bit too cruel, as Julia would say."

"Have you noticed she gets more and more Irish?"

"Perhaps she finds it is liked. Some women can adapt themselves . . . they're the happiest. All I meant to ask you is, whether your princess is like the rest of us?"

"Not at all," said I, unconscious of hurting.

"Never mind. Don't be hard on Julia. She has the making of a good woman; a girl can see that; only she can't bear loneliness, and doesn't understand yet what it is to be loved by a true gentleman. Persons of that class can't learn it all at once."

I was pained to see her in tears. Her figure was straight, and she spoke without a quaver of her voice.

"Heriot's an excellent fellow," I remarked.

"He is. I can't think ill of my friends," said she.

"Dear girl, is it these two who made you unhappy?"

"No; but dear old grandada! . . ."

The course of her mind was obvious. I would rather have had her less abrupt and more personal in revealing it. I stammered something.

"Heriot does not know you as I do," she said, strangling a whimper.

"I was sure it was serious, though one's accustomed to associate princesses with young men's dreams. I fear, Harry, it will half break our dear old

grandada's heart. He is rough, and you have often been against him, for one unfortunate reason. If you knew him as I do you would pity him sincerely. He hardly grumbled at all at your terribly long absence. Poor old man! he hopes on."

"He's incurably unjust to my father."

"Your father has been with you all the time, Harry? I guessed it."

"Well?"

"It generally bodes no good to the Grange. Do pardon me for saying that. I know nothing of him; I know only that the squire is generous, and *that* I stand for him with all my might. Forgive me for what I said."

"Forgive you; with all my heart. I like you all the better. You're a brave partisan. I don't expect women to be philosophers."

"Well, Harry, I would take your side as firmly as anybody's."

"Do, then; tell the squire how I am situated."

"Ah!" she half sighed, "I knew this was coming."

"How could it other than come? You can do what you like with the squire. I'm dependent on him, and I am betrothed to the Princess Ottilia. God knows how much she has to trample down on her part. She casts off—to speak plainly, she puts herself out of the line of succession, and for whom? for me. In her father's lifetime she will hardly yield me her hand; but I must immediately be in a position to offer mine. She may: who can tell? she is above all women in power and firmness. You talk of generosity; could there be a higher example of it?"

"I dare say; I know nothing of princesses," Janet murmured. "I don't quite comprehend what she has done. The point is, what am I to do?"

"Prepare him for it. Soothe him in advance. Why, dear Janet, you can reconcile him to anything in a minute."

"Lie to him downright?"

"Now what on earth is the meaning of that, and why can't you speak mildly?"

"I suppose I speak as I feel. I'm a plain speaker, a plain person. You don't give me an easy task, friend Harry."

"If you believe in his generosity, Janet, should you be afraid to put it to proof?"

"Grandada's generosity, Harry? I do believe in it as I believe in my own life. It happens to be the very thing I must keep myself from rousing in him, to be of any service to you. Look at the old house!" She changed her tone. "Looking on old Riversley with the eyes of my head even, I think I'm looking at something far away in the memory. Perhaps the deep red brick causes it. There never was a house with so many beautiful creepers. Bright as they are, you notice the roses on the wall. There's a face for me for ever from every window; and good-by, Riversley! Harry, I'll obey your wishes."

So saying, she headed me, trotting down the heath-track.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JANET RENOUNCES ME.

AN illness of old Sewis, the butler,—amazingly resembling a sick monkey in his bed—kept me from paying a visit to Temple and seeing my father for several weeks, during which time Janet loyally accustomed the squire to hear of the German princess, and she did it with a decent and agreeable cheerfulness that I quite approved of. I should have been enraged at a martyr-like appearance on her part, for I demanded a sprightly devotion to my interests, considering love so holy a thing, that where it existed, all surrounding persons were bound to do it homage and service. We were thrown together a great deal in attending on poor old Sewis, who would lie on his pillows recounting for hours my father's midnight summons of the inhabitants of Riversley, and his little Harry's infant expedition into the world. Temple and Heriot came to stay at the Grange, and assisted in some rough scene-painting—torrid colours representing the island of Jamaica. We hung it at the foot of old Sewis's bed. He awoke and contemplated it, and went downstairs the same day, cured, he declared; the fact being that the unfortunate picture testified too strongly to the reversal of all he was used to in life, in having those he served to wait on him. The squire celebrated his recovery by giving a servants' ball. Sewis danced with the handsomest lass, swung her to supper, and delivered an extraordinary speech, entirely concerning me, and rather to my discomposure, particularly so when it was my fate to hear that the old man had made me the heir of his savings. Such was his announcement in a very excited voice, but incidentally upon a solemn adjuration to the squire to beware of his temper—govern his temper and not be a turncoat. We were present at the head of the supper-table to hear our healths drunk. Sewis spoke like a half-caste oblivious of his training, and of the subjects he was at liberty to touch on as well. Evidently there was a weight of foreboding on his mind. He knew his master well. The squire excused him under the ejaculation, "Drunk, by the Lord!" Sewis went so far as to mention my father. "He no disgrace, sar, he no disgrace, I say! but he pull one way, old house pull other way, and 'tween 'em my little Harry torn apieces, squire. He set out in the night. 'You not enter it any more!' Very well. I go my lawyer next day. You see my will, squire. Years ago, and little Harry so high. Old Sewis not the man to change. He no turncoat, squire. God bless you, my master; you recollect, and ladies tell you if you forget, old Sewis no turncoat. You hate turncoat. You taught old Sewis, and God bless you, and Mr. Harry, and British Constitution, all, Amen!"

With that he bounded to bed. He was dead next morning.

The squire was humorous over my legacy. It amounted to about seventeen hundred pounds invested in Government Stock, and he asked me what I meant to do with it; proposed a charity to be established on

behalf of decayed half-castes, insisting that servants' money could never be appropriated to the uses of gentlemen. All the while he was muttering "Turncoat! eh? turncoat!" proof that the word had struck where it was aimed. For me, after thinking on it, I had a superstitious respect for the legacy, so I determined, in spite of the squire's laughter over "Sixty pounds per annum!" to let it rest in my name. I saw for the first time the possibility that I might not have my grandfather's wealth to depend upon. He warned me of growing miserly. With my father in London living freely on my property, I had not much fear of that. However, I said discreetly, "I don't mind spending when I see my way."

"Oh! see your way," said he. "Better a niggard than a chuckfist. Only there's my girl: she's good at accounts. One'll do for them, Harry?—ha'n't been long enough at home yet?"

Few were the occasions when our conversation did not diverge to this sort of interrogation. Temple and Heriot, with whom I took counsel, advised me to wait until the idea of the princess had worn its way into his understanding, and leave the work to Janet. "Though," said Heriot to me aside, "upon my soul, it's slaughter." He believed that Janet felt keenly. But then, she admired him, and so they repaid one another.

I won my grandfather's confidence in practical matters on a trip we took into Wales. But it was not enough for me to be a man of business, he affirmed; he wanted me to have some ambition; why not stand for our county at the next general election? He offered me his Welsh borough if I thought fit to decline a contest. This was to speak as mightily as a German prince. Virtually, in wealth and power, he was a prince; but of how queer a kind! He was immensely gratified by my refraining to look out for my father on our return journey through London, and remarked that I had not seen him for some time, he supposed. To which I said, no, I had not. He advised me to let the fellow run his length. Suggesting that he held it likely I contributed to "the fellow's" support: he said generously, "Keep clear of him, Hal: I add you a thousand a year to your allowance," and damned me for being so thoughtful over it. I found myself shuddering at a breath of anger from him. Could he not with a word dash my hopes for ever? The warning I had taken from old Sewis transformed me to something like a hypocrite, and I dare say I gave the squire to understand that I had not seen my father for a very long period and knew nothing of his recent doings. "Been infernally quiet these last two or three years," the squire muttered of the object of his aversion. "I heard of a City widow last, sick as a Dover packet-boat 'bout the fellow! Well, the women are ninnies, but you're a man, Harry; you're not to be taken in any longer, eh?"

I replied that I knew my father better now, and was asked how the deuce I knew him better. It was the world I knew better after my stay on the Continent.

I contained myself enough to say, "Very well, the world, sir."

"Flirted with one of their princesses?" He winked.

"On that subject I will talk to you some other time," said I.

"Got to pay an indemnity? or what?" He professed alarm, and pushed for explanations with the air of a man of business ready to help me if need were. "Make a clean breast of it, Harry. You're not the son of Tom Fool the Bastard for nothing, I'll swear. All the same you're Beltham; you're my grandson and heir, and I'll stand by you. Out with 't! She's a princess, is she?"

The necessity for correcting his impressions taught me to think the moment favourable. I said, "I am engaged to her, sir."

He returned promptly: "Then you'll break it off."

I shook my head.

"Why, you can't jilt my girl at home!" said he.

"Do you find a princess objectionable, sir?"

"Objectionable? She's a foreigner. I don't know her. I never saw her. Here's my Janet I've brought up for you, under my own eyes, out of the way of every damned soft-sawdterer, safe and plump as a melon under a glass, and you fight shy of her and go and engage yourself to a foreigner I don't know and never saw! By George, Harry, I'll call in a parson to settle you soon as ever we sight Riversley. I'll couple you, by George, I will! 'fore either of you know whether you're on your legs or your backs."

We were in the streets of London, so he was obliged to moderate his vehemence.

"Have you consulted Janet?" said I.

"Consulted her? ever since she was a chick with half a feather on."

"A chick with half a feather on," I remarked, "is not always of the same mind as a piece of poultry of full plumage."

"Hang your sneering and your talk of a fine girl, like my Janet, as a piece of poultry, you young rooster! You toss your head up like a cock too conceited to crow. I'll swear the girl's in love with you. She does you the honour to be fond of you. She's one in a million. A handsome girl, straight-backed, honest, just a dash, and not too much, of our blood in her."

"Consult her again, sir," I broke in. "You will discover she is not of your way of thinking."

"Do you mean to say she's given you a left-hander, Harry?"

"I have only to say that I have not given her the option."

He groaned going up the steps of his hotel, faced me once or twice, and almost gained my sympathy by observing, "When we're boys, the old ones worry us; when we're old ones, the boys begin to tug!" He rarely spoke so humanly,—rarely, at least, to me.

For a wonder, he let the matter drop; possibly because he found me temperate. I tried the system on him with good effect during our stay in London; that is, I took upon myself to be always cool, always courteous, deliberate in my replies, and not uncordial, though I was for representing

the reserved young man. I obtained some praise for my style and bearing among his acquaintances. To one lady passing an encomium on me, he said, "Oh, some foreign princess has been training him,"—which seemed to me of good augury.

My friends Temple and Heriot were among the Riversley guests at Christmas. We rode over to John Thresher's, of whom we heard that the pretty Mabel Sweetwinter had disappeared, and understood that suspicion had fallen upon one of us gentlemen. Bob, her brother, had gone the way of the bravest English fellows of his class—to America. We called on the miller, a soured old man. Bob's evasion affected him more than Mabel's, Martha Thresher said, in derision of our sex. I was pained to hear from her that Bob supposed me the misleader of his sister; and that he had, as she believed, left England, to avoid the misery of ever meeting me again, because he liked me so much. She had been seen walking down the lanes with some one resembling me in figure. Heriot took the miller's view, counting the loss of one stout young Englishman to his country of far greater importance than the escapades of dozens of girls, for which simple creatures he had no compassion: he held the expression of it a sham. It was given them to exercise the choice whether they would be prey to the natural hawk, man, if they liked it; pity was waste of breath, nonsense. Temple bantered him capitally by tracing the career of the natural hawk gorged with prey, and the mighty service he was of to his country. Heriot retorted that all great men had, we should find, entertained his ideas about women; but he was compelled to admit that a vast number of very small ones were similarly to be distinguished. He had grown terribly coxcombical. Without talking of his conquests, he talked largely of the ladies who were possibly in the situation of victims to his grace of person, though he did not do so with any unctuous boasting. On the contrary, there was a rather taking undertone of regret that his enfeebled over-fat country would give her military son no worthier occupation. He laughed at the mention of Julia Bulsted's name. "She proves, Richie, marriage is the best of all receipts for women, just as it's the worst for men. Poor Billy Bulsted, for instance, a first-rate seaman, and his heart's only half in his profession since he and Julia swore their oath; and no wonder,—he made something his own that won't go under lock and key. No military or naval man ought ever to marry."

"Stop," said Temple, "is the poor old country to be denied a chance of heirs of their gallant bodies? How about continuing the race of heroes?"

Heriot commended him to rectories, vicarages, and curates' lodgings for breeding grounds, and coming round to Julia related one of the racy dialogues of her married life. "The salt-water widow's delicious. Billy rushes home from his ship in a hurry. 'What's this Greg writes me?'—'That he's got a friend of his to drink with him, d'ye mean, William?'—'A friend of yours, ma'am.'—'And will you say a friend of mine is not

a friend of yours, William? '—' Julia, you're driving me mad! '—' And is that far from crazy where you said I drove you at first sight of me, William?' Back to his ship goes Billy with a song of love and constancy."

I said nothing of my chagrin at the behaviour of the pair who had furnished my first idea of the romantic beauty of love.

"Why does she talk twice as Irish as she used to, Heriot?"

"Just to coax the world to let her be as nonsensical as she likes. She's awfully dull; she has only her nonsense to amuse her. I repeat: soldiers and sailors oughtn't to marry. I'm her best friend. I am, on my honour: for I'm going to make Billy give up the service, since he can't give her up. There she is!" he cried out, and waved his hat to a lady on horseback some way down the slope of a road leading to the view of our heathland: "There's the only girl living fit to marry a man and swear she'll stick to him through life and death."

He started at a gallop. Temple would have gone too at any possible speed, for he knew as well as I did that Janet was the girl alone capable of winning a respectful word from Heriot; but I detained him to talk of Ottilia and my dismal prospect of persuading the squire to consent to my proposal for her, and to dower her in a manner worthy a princess. He doled out his yes and no to me vacantly. Janet and Heriot came at a walking pace to meet us, he questioning her, she replying, but a little differently from her usual habit of turning her full face to the speaker. He was evidently startled, and, to judge from his posture, repeated his question, as one would say, 'You did this?' She nodded, and then uttered some rapid words, glanced at him, laughed shyly, and sank her features into repose as we drew near. She had a deep blush on her face. I thought it might be that Janet and her loud champion had come to particular terms, a supposition that touched me with regrets for Temple's sake. But Heriot was not looking pleased. It happened that whatever Janet uttered struck a chord of opposition in me. She liked the winter and the winter sunsets, had hopes of a frost for skating, liked our climate, thought our way of keeping Christmas venerable, rejoiced in dispensing the squire's bounties—called them bounties, joined Heriot in abusing foreign countries to the exaltation of her own—all this with "Well, Harry, I'm sorry you don't think as we do. And we do, don't we?" she addressed him.

"I reserve a point," he said, and not playfully.

She appeared distressed, and courted a change of expression in his features, and I have to confess that never having seen her gaze upon any one save myself in that fashion, which was with her very winning, especially where some of her contralto tones of remonstrance or entreaty aided it, I felt as a man does at a neighbour's shadow cast over his rights of property.

Heriot dropped to the rear: I was glad to leave her with Temple, and glad to see them canter ahead together on the sand of the heaths.

"She has done it," Heriot burst out abruptly. "She has done it!"

he said again. "Upon my soul, I never wished in my life before that I was a marrying man: I might have a chance of ending worth something. She has won the squire round with a thundering fib, and you're to have the German if you can get her. Don't be in a hurry. The squire'll speak to you to-night: but think over it. Will you? Think what a girl this is. I believe on my honour no man ever had such an offer of a true woman. Come, don't think it's Heriot speaking—I've always liked her, of course. But I have always respected her, and that's not of course. Depend upon it, a woman who can be a friend of men is the right sort of woman to make a match with. Do you suppose she couldn't have a dozen fellows round her at the lift of her finger?—the pick of the land! I'd trust her with an army. I tell you, Janet Ilchester's the only girl alive who'll double the man she marries. I don't know another who wouldn't make the name of wife laugh the poor devil out of house and company. She's firm as a rock; and sweet as a flower on it! Will that touch you? Bah! Richie, let's talk like men. I feel for her because she's fond of you, and I know what it is when a girl like that sets her heart on a fellow. There," he concluded, "I'd ask you to go down on your knees and pray before you decide against her!"

Heriot succeeded in raising a certain dull, indistinct image in my mind of a well-meaning girl, to whom I was bound to feel thankful, and felt so. I thanked Heriot, too, for his friendly intentions. He had never seen the Princess Ottilia. And at night I thanked my grandfather. He bore himself, on the whole, like the good and kindly old gentleman Janet loved to consider him. He would not stand in my light, he said, recurring to that sheet-anchor of a tolerant sentence whenever his forehead began to gather clouds. He regretted that Janet was no better than her sex in her preference for rakes, and wished me to the deuce for bringing Heriot into the house, and not knowing when I was lucky. "German great-grandchildren, eh!" he muttered. No Beltham had ever married a foreigner. What was the time fixed between us for the marriage? He wanted to see his line safe before he died. "How do I know this foreign woman'll bear?" he asked, expecting an answer. His hand was on the back of a chair, grasping and rocking it; his eyes bent stormily on the carpet; they were set blinking rapidly after a glance at me. Altogether his self-command was creditable to Janet's tuition.

Janet met me next day, saying with some insolence (so it struck me from her liveliness): "Well, it's all right, Harry? Now you'll be happy, I hope." I did not shine in my reply. Her amiable part appeared to be to let me see how brilliant and gracious the commonplace could be made to look. She kept Heriot at the Grange, against the squire's remonstrance and her mother's. "It's to keep him out of harm's way: the women he knows are not of the best kind for him," she said, with astounding fatuity. He submitted, and seemed to like it. She must be teaching Temple to skate figures in the frost, with a great display of good-humoured patience, and her voice at musical pitches. But her principal

affectation was to talk on matters of business with Mr. Burgin and Mr. Trewint, the squire's lawyer and bailiff, on mines and interest, on money and economical questions; not shrinking from politics either, until the squire cries out to the males assisting in the performance, "Gad, she's a head as good as our half-dozen put together," and they servilely joined their fragmentary capitals in agreement. She went so far as to retain Peterborough to teach her Latin. He was idling in the expectation of a living in the squire's gift. The annoyance for me was that I could not detach myself from a contemplation of these various scenes, by reverting to my life in Germany. That preposterous closing to my interview with Otilia blocked the way, and I was unable to write to her—unable to address her even in imagination, without pangs of shame at the review of the petty conspiracy I had sanctioned to entrap her to plight her hand to me, and without perpetually multiplying excuses for my conduct. So to escape them I was reduced to study Janet, forming one of her satellites. She could say to me impudently, with all the air of a friendly comrade, "Had your letter from Germany yet, Harry?" She flew—she was always on the chase. I saw her permit Heriot to kiss her hand, and then the squire appeared, and Heriot and she burst into laughter, and the squire, with a puzzled face, would have the game explained to him, but understood not a bit of it, only growled at me; upon which Janet became serious and chid him. I was told by my aunt Dorothy to admire this behaviour of hers. One day she certainly did me a service: a paragraph in one of the newspapers spoke of my father, not flatteringly: "Richmond is in the field again," it commenced. The squire was waiting for her to hand the paper to him. None of us could comprehend why she played him off and denied him his right to the first perusal of the news; she was voluble, almost witty, full of sprightly Roxalana petulance. "This paper," she said, "deserves to be burnt," and she was allowed to burn it—money article, mining column as well—on the pretext of an infamous anti-Tory leader, of which she herself composed the first sentence to shock the squire completely. I had sight of that paper sometime afterwards. Richmond was in the field again, it stated, with mock flourishes. But that was not the worst. My grandfather's name was down there, and mine, and Princess Otilia's. My father's connection with the court of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld was alluded to as the latest, and next to his winning the heiress of Riversley, the most successful of his ventures, inasmuch as his son, if rumour was to be trusted, had obtained the promise of the hand of the princess. The paragraph was an excerpt from a gossiping weekly journal, perhaps less malevolent than I thought it. There was some fun to be got out of a man who, the journal in question was informed, had joined the arms of England and a petty German principality stamped on his plate and furniture.

My gratitude to Janet was fervent enough when I saw what she had saved me from. I pressed her hand and held it. I talked stupidly, but I made my cruel position intelligible to her, and she had the delicacy, on

this occasion, to keep her sentiments regarding my father unuttered. We sat hardly less than an hour side by side—I know not how long hand in hand. The end was an extraordinary trembling in the limb abandoned to me. It seized her frame. I would have detained her, but it was plain she suffered both in her heart and her pride. Her voice was under fair command—more than mine was. She counselled me to go to London at once. “I would be off to London if I were you, Harry,”—‘for the purpose of checking my father’s extravagances,’ would have been the further wording, which she spared me; and I thanked her, wishing, at the same time, that she would get the habit of using choicer phrases whenever there might, by chance, be a stress of emotion between us. Her trembling, and her “I’d be off,” came into unpleasant collision in the recollection. I acknowledged to myself that she was a true and hearty friend. She listened with interest to my discourse on the necessity of my being in Parliament before I could venture to propose formally for the hand of the princess, and undertook to bear the burden of all consequent negotiations with my grandfather. If she would but have allowed me to speak of Temple, instead of saying, “Don’t, Harry, I like him so much!” at the very mention of his name, I should have sincerely felt my indebtedness to her, and some admiration of her fine spirit and figure besides. I could not even agree with my aunt Dorothy that Janet was handsome. When I had to grant her a pardon I appreciated her better.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MY BANKERS’ BOOK.

THE squire again did honour to Janet’s eulogy and good management of him.

“And where,” said she, “would you find a Radical to behave so generously, Harry, when it touches him so?”

He accorded me his permission to select my side in politics, merely insisting that I was never to change it, and this he requested me to swear to, for (he called the ghost of old Sewis to witness) he abhorred a turncoat.

“If you’re to be a Whig, or a sneaking half-and-half, I can’t help you much,” he remarked. “I can pop a young Tory in for my borough, maybe; but I can’t insult a number of independent Englishmen by asking them to vote for the opposite crew; that’s reasonable, eh? And I can’t promise you plumpers for the county neither. You can date your Address from Riversley. You’ll have your house in town. Tell me this princess of yours is ready with her hand, and,” he threw in roughly, “is a respectable young woman, I’ll commence building. You’ll have a house fit for a prince in town and country, both.”

Temple had produced an effect on him by informing him that ‘this

princess of mine ' was entitled to be considered a fit and proper person, in rank and blood, for an alliance with the proudest royal houses of Europe, and my grandfather was not quite destitute of consolation in the prospect I presented to him. He was a curious study to me of the Tory mind, in its attachment to solidity, fixity, certainty, its unmatched generosity within a limit, its devotion to the family, and its family eye for the country. An immediate introduction to Ottilia would have won him to enjoy the idea of his grandson's marriage ; but not having seen her, he could not realize her dignity, nor even the womanliness of a foreign woman.

"Thank God for one thing," he said : "we shan't have that fellow bothering—shan't have the other half of your family messing the business. You'll have to account for him to your wife as you best can. I've nothing to do with him, mind that. He came to my house, stole my daughter, crazed her wits, dragged us all"

The excuse to turn away from the hearing of abuse of my father was too good to be neglected, though it was horribly humiliating that I should have to take advantage of it—vexations that I should seem chargeable with tacit lying in allowing the squire to suppose the man he hated to be a stranger to the princess. Not feeling sure whether it might be common prudence to delude him even passively, I thought of asking Janet for her opinion, but refrained. A stout deceiver has his merits, but a feeble hypocrite applying to friends to fortify him in his shifts and tergiversations must provoke contempt. I desired that Janet might continue to think well of me. I was beginning to drop in my own esteem, which was the mirror of my conception of Ottilia's view of her lover. Now, had I consulted Janet, I believe the course of my history would have been different, for she would not then, I may imagine, have been guilty of her fatal slip of the tongue that threw us into heavy seas when we thought ourselves floating on canal waters. A canal barge (an image to me of the most perfect attainable peace), suddenly, on its passage through our long fir-woods, with their scented reeds and flowering rushes, wild balsam and silky cotton-grass beds, sluiced out to sea and storm, would be somewhat in my likeness soon after a single luckless observation had passed at our Riversley breakfast-table one Sunday morning.

My aunt Dorothy and Mr. Peterborough were conversing upon the varieties of Christian sects, and particularly such as approached nearest to Anglicanism, together with the strange saddening fact that the Christian religion appeared to be more divided than, Peterborough regretted to say, the forms of idolatry established by Buddh, Mahomet, and other impostors. He claimed the audacious merit for us that we did not discard the reason of man : we admitted man's finite reason to our school of faith, and it was found refractory. Hence our many divisions.

"The Roman Catholics admit reason?" said Janet, who had too strong a turn for showing her keenness in little encounters with Peterborough.

"No," said he ; "the Protestants." And anxious to elude her, he

pressed on to enchain my aunt Dorothy's attention. Janet plagued him meanwhile, and I helped her. We ran him and his schoolboy, the finite refractory, up and down, until Peterborough was glad to abandon him, and Janet said, "Did you preach to the Germans much?" He had officiated in Prince Ernest's private chapel: not, he added in his egregious modesty, not that he personally wished to officiate.

"It was Harry's wish?" Janet said, smiling.

"My post of tutor," Peterborough hastened to explain, "was almost entirely supernumerary. The circumstances being so, I the more readily acquiesced in the title of private chaplain, prepared to fulfil such duties as devolved upon me in that capacity, and acting thereon I proffered my occasional services. Lutheranism and Anglicanism are not, doubtless you are aware, divided on the broader bases. We are common Protestants. The Papacy, I can assure you, finds as little favour with one as with the other. Yes, I held forth, as you would say, from time to time. My assumption of the title of private chaplain, it was thought, improved the family dignity—that is, on *our* side."

"Thought by Harry?" said Janet; and my aunt Dorothy said, "You and Harry had a consultation about it?"

"Wanted to appear as grand as they could," quoth the squire.

Peterborough signified an assent, designed to modify the implication. "Not beyond due bounds, I trust, sir."

"Oh! now I understand," Janet broke out in the falsetto notes of a puzzle solved in the mind. "It was his father! Harry proclaiming his private chaplain!"

"Mr. Harry's father did first suggest ——" said Peterborough, but her quickly altered features caused him to draw in his breath, as she had done after one short laugh.

My grandfather turned a round side-eye on me, hard as a cock's.

Janet immediately started topics to fill Peterborough's mouth: the weather, the walk to church, the probable preacher. "And, grandada," said she to the squire, who was muttering ominously with a grim under-jaw, "His private chaplain!" and for this once would not hear her,— "Grandada, I shall drive you over to see papa this afternoon." She talked as if nothing had gone wrong. Peterborough, criminal red, attacked a jam-pot for a diversion. "Such sweets are rare indeed on the Continent," he observed to my aunt Dorothy. "Our home-made dainties are matchless."

"Private chaplain!" the squire growled again.

"It's you that preach this afternoon," Janet said to Peterborough. "Do you give us an extempore sermon?"

"You remind me, Miss Hechester, I must look to it: I have a little trimming to do."

Peterborough thought he might escape, but the squire arrested him. "You'll give me five minutes before you're out of the house, please. D'ye smoke on Sundays?"

"Not on Sundays, sir," said Peterborough, openly and cordially, as to signify that they were of one mind regarding the perniciousness of Sunday smoking.

"See you don't set fire to my ricks with your foreign chaplain's tricks. I spied you puffing behind one t'other day. There," the squire dispersed Peterborough's unnecessary air of abstruse recollection, "don't look as though you were trying to hit on a pin's head in a bushel of oats. Don't set my ricks on fire—that's all."

"Mr. Peterborough," my aunt Dorothy interposed her voice to soften this rough treatment of him with the offer of some hot-house flowers for his sitting-room.

"Oh, I thank you!" I heard the garlanded victim lowing as I left him to the squire's mercy.

Janet followed me out. "It was my fault, Harry. You won't blame him, I know. But will he fib? I don't think he's capable of it, and I'm sure he can't run and double. Grandads will have him fast before a minute is over."

I told her to lose no time in going and extracting the squire's promise that Peterborough should have his living,—so much it seemed possible to save.

She flew back, and in Peterborough's momentary absence, did her work. Nothing could save the unhappy gentleman from a distracting scene and much archaic English. The squire's power of vituperation was notorious; he could be more than a match for roadside navvies and predatory tramps in cogency of epithet. Peterborough came to me drenched, and wailing that he had never heard such language,—never dreamed of it. And to find himself the object of it!—and worse, to be unable to conscientiously defend himself! The pain to him was in the conscience,—which is like the spleen, a function whose uses are only to be understood in its derangement. He had eased his conscience to every question right out, and he rejoiced to me at the immense relief it gave him. Conscientiously he could not deny that he knew the squire's objection to my being in my father's society; and he had connived at it, "for reasons, my dearest Harry, I can justify to God and man, but not—I had to confess as much—not, I grieve to say, to your grandfather. I attempted to do justice to the amiable qualities of the absent. In a moment I was assailed with epithets that . . . and not a word is to be got in when he is so violent. One has to make up one's mind to act Andromeda, and let him be the sea-monster, as somebody has said; I forget the exact origin of the remark."

The squire certainly had a whole ocean at command. I strung myself to pass through the same performance. To my astonishment I went unchallenged. Janet vehemently asserted that she had mollified the angry old man, who, however, was dark of visage, though his tongue kept silence. He was gruff over his wine-glass: the blandishments of his favourite did not brighten him. From his point of view he had been

treated vilely, and he was apparently inclined to nurse his rancour and keep my fortunes trembling in the balance. Under these circumstances it was impossible for me to despatch a letter to Ottilia, though I found that I could write one now, and I sat in my room writing all day,—most eloquent stuff it was. The shadow of misfortune restored the sense of my heroical situation, which my father had extinguished, and this unlocked the powers of speech. I wrote so admirably that my wretchedness could enjoy the fine millinery I decorated it in. Then to tear the noble composition to pieces was a bitter gratification. Ottilia's station repelled and attracted me mysteriously. I could not separate her from it, nor keep my love of her from the contentions into which it threw me. In vain I raved, "What is rank?" There was a magnet in it that could at least set me quivering and twisting, behaving like a man spell-bound, as madly as any hero of the ballads under a wizard's charm.

At last the squire relieved us. He fixed that side-cast cock's eye of his on me, and said, "Where's your bankers' book, sir?"

I presumed that it was with my bankers, but did not suggest the possibility that my father might have it in his custody; for he had a cheque-book of his own, and regulated our accounts. Why not? I thought, and flushed somewhat defiantly. The money was mine.

"Any objection to my seeing that book?" said the squire.

"None whatever, sir."

He nodded. I made it a point of honour to write for the book to be sent down to me immediately.

The book arrived, and the squire handed it to me to break the cover, insisting, "You're sure you wouldn't rather not have me look at it?"

"Quite," I replied. The question of money was to me perfectly unimportant. I did not see a glimpse of danger in his perusing the list of my expenses.

"'Cause I give you my word I know nothing about it now," he said.

I complimented him on his frank method of dealing, and told him to look at the book if he pleased, but with prudence sufficiently awake to check the declaration that I had not once looked at it myself.

He opened it. We had just assembled in the hall where breakfast was laid during winter, before a huge wood fire. Janet had her teeth on her lower lip, watching the old man's face. I did not condescend to be curious; but when I turned my head to him he was puffing through thin lips, and then his mouth crumpled in a knob. He had seen sights.

"By George, I must have breakfast 'fore I go into this!" he exclaimed, and stared as if he had come out of an oven.

Dorothy Beltham reminded him that prayers had not been read.

"Prayers!" He was about to objurgate, but affirmatively her motion to ring the bell for the servants, and addressed Peterborough: "You read 'em abroad every morning?"

Peterborough's conscience started off on its inevitable jog-trot at a touch of the whip. "A—yes; that is—oh, it was my office." He had to

recollect with exactitude: "I should specify exceptions; there were intervals . . ."

"Please, open your Bible," the squire cut him short; "I don't want a damned fine edge on everything."

Partly for an admonition to him, or in pure nervousness, Peterborough blew his nose monstrously: an unlucky note; nothing went well after it. "A slight cold," he murmured, and resumed the note, and threw himself maniacally into it. The unexpected figure of Captain Bulsted on tiptoe, wearing the ceremonial depressed air of intruders on these occasions, distracted our attention for a moment.

"Fresh from ship, William?" the squire called out.

The captain ejaculated a big word, to judge of it from the aperture, but it was mute as his footing on the carpet, and he sat and gazed devoutly towards Peterborough, who had waited to see him take his seat, and must now, in his hurry to perform his duty, sweep the peccant little red-bound book to the floor. "Here, I'll have that," said the squire. "Allow me, sir," said Peterborough; and they sprang into a collision.

"Would you jump out of your pulpit to pick up an old woman's umbrella?" the squire asked him in anger, and muttered of requiring none of his clerical legerdemain with books of business. Tears were in Peterborough's eyes. My aunt Dorothy's eyes dwelt kindly on him to encourage him, but the man's irritable nose was again his enemy.

Captain Bulsted chanced to say in the musical voice of inquiry: "Prayers are not yet over, are they?"

"No, nor never will be with a parson blowing his horn at this rate," the squire rejoined. "And mind you," he said to Peterborough, after dismissing the servants, to whom my aunt Dorothy read the morning lessons apart, "I'd not have had this happen, sir, for money in lumps. I've always known I should hang the day when my house wasn't blessed in the morning by prayer. So did my father, and his before him. Fiddle! sir, you can't expect young people to wear decent faces when the parson's hopping over the floor like a flea, and trumpeting as if the organ-pipe wouldn't have the sermon at any price. You tried to juggle me out of this book here."

"On my!—indeed, sir, no!" Peterborough proclaimed his innocence, and it was unlikely that the squire should have suspected him.

Captain Bulsted had come to us for his wife, whom he had not found at home on his arrival last midnight.

"God bless my soul," said the squire, "you don't mean to tell me she's gone off, William?"

"Oh! dear, no, sir," said the captain, "she's only cruising."

The squire recommended a draught of old ale. The captain accepted it. His comportment was cheerful in a sober fashion, notwithstanding the transparent perturbation of his spirit. He answered my aunt Dorothy's questions relating to Julia simply and manfully, as became a

gallant seaman, cordially excusing his wife for not having been at home to welcome him, with the singular plea, based on his knowledge of the sex, that the nearer she knew him to be the less able was she to sit on her chair waiting like Patience. He drank his ale from the hands of Sillabin, our impassive new butler, who had succeeded Sewis, the squire told him, like a Whig Ministry the Tory; proof that things were not improving.

"I thought, sir, things were getting better," said the captain.

"The damndest mistake ever made, William. How about the Fall of Man, then? eh? You talk like a heathen Radical. It's Scripture says we're going from better to worse, and that's Tory doctrine. And stick to the good as long as you can! Why, William, you were a jolly bachelor once."

"Sir, and ma'am," the captain bowed to Dorothy Beltham, "I have, thanks to you, never known happiness but in marriage, and all I want is my wife."

The squire fretted for Janet to depart. "I'm going, grandada," she said. "You'll oblige me by not attending to any matter of business to-day. Give me that book of Harry's to keep for you."

"How d'ye mean, my dear?"

"It's bad work done on a Sunday, you know."

"So it is. I'll lock up the book."

"I have your word for that, grandada," said Janet.

The ladies retired, taking Peterborough with them.

"Good-by to the frocks! and now, William, out with your troubles," said the squire.

The captain's eyes were turned to the door my aunt Dorothy had passed through.

"You remember the old custom, sir!"

"Ay, do I, William. Sorry for you, then; infernally sorry for you now, that I am! But you've run your head into the halter."

"I love her, sir; I love her to distraction. Let any man on earth say she's not an angel, I flatten him dead as his lie. By the way, sir, I am bound in duty to inform you I am speaking of my wife."

"To be sure you are, William, and a trim schooner-yacht she is."

"She's off, sir; she's off!"

I thought it time to throw in a word. "Captain Bulsted, I should hold any man but you accountable to me for hinting such things of my friend."

"Harry, your hand," he cried, sparkling.

"Hum; his hand!" growled the squire. "His hand's been pretty lively on the Continent, William. Here, look at this book, William, and the bundle o' cheques! No, I promised my girl. We'll go into it to-morrow, he and I, early. The fellow has shot away thousands and thousands—been gallivanting among his foreign duchesses and countesses. There's a petticoat in that bank-book of his; and more than one, I wager.

Now he's for marrying a foreign princess—got himself in a tangle there, it seems."

"Mightily well done, Harry!" Captain Bulsted struck a terrific encomium on my shoulder, groaning, "May she be true to you, my lad!"

The squire asked him if he was going to church that morning.

"I go to my post, sir, by my fireside," the captain replied; nor could he be induced to leave his post vacant by the squire's promise to him of a sermon from the new rector that would pickle his temper for a whole week's wear and tear. He regretted extremely that he could not enjoy so excellent a trial of his patience, but he felt himself bound to go to his post and wait.

I walked over to Bulsted with him, and heard on the way that it was Heriot who had called for her and driven her off. "The man had been, I supposed," Captain Bulsted said, "deputed by some of you to fetch her over to Riversley. My servants mentioned his name. I thought it advisable not to trouble the ladies with it to-day." He meditated. "I hoped I should find her at the Grange in the morning, Harry. I slept on it, rather than startle the poor lamb in the night."

I offered him to accompany him at once to Heriot's quarters.

"What! and let my wife know I doubted her fidelity. My girl shall never accuse me of that."

As it turned out, Julia had been taken by Heriot on a visit to Lady Maria Higginson, the wife of the intrusive millionaire, who particularly desired to know her more intimately. Thoughtless Julia, accepting the impudent invitation without scruple, had allowed herself to be driven away without stating the place of her destination. She and Heriot were in the Higginsons' pew at church. Hearing from Janet of her husband's arrival, she rushed home, and there, instead of having to beg forgiveness, was summoned to grant pardon. Captain Bulsted had drawn largely on Squire Gregory's cellar to assist him in keeping his post.

The pair appeared before us fondling ineffably next day, neither one of them capable of seeing that our domestic peace at the Grange was unseated. "We're the two wretchedest creatures alive; haven't any of ye to spare a bit of sympathy for us?" Julia began. "We're like on a pitchfork. There's William's duty to his country, and there's his affection for me, and they won't go together, because Government, which is that horrid Admiralty, fears pitching and tossing for post-captains' wives. And William away, I'm distracted, and the Admiralty's hair's on end if he stops. And, 'deed, Miss Beltham, I'm not more than married to just half a husband."

The captain echoed her, "Half! but happy enough for twenty whole ones, if you'll be satisfied, my duck."

Julia piteously entreated me, for my future wife's sake, not to take service under Government. As for the Admiralty, she said, it had no characteristic but the abominable one that it hated a woman. The squire laid two or three moderately coarse traps for the voluble frank creature,

which she evaded with surprising neatness, showing herself more awake than one would have imagined her. Janet and I fancied she must have come with the intention to act uxorious husband and Irish wife for the distinct purpose of diverting the squire's wrath from me, for he greatly delighted in the sight of merry wedded pairs. But they were as simple as possible in their display of happiness. It chanced that they came opportunely. My bankers' book had been the theme all the morning, and an astonishing one to me equally with my grandfather. Since our arrival in England, my father had drawn nine thousand pounds. The sums expended during our absence on the Continent reached the perplexing figures of forty-eight thousand. I knew it too likely, besides, that all debts were not paid. Self—self—self drew for thousands at a time ; sometimes, as the squire's convulsive forefinger indicated, for many thousands within a week. It was incomprehensible to him until I, driven at bay by questions and insults, and perceiving that concealment could not long be practised, made a virtue of the situation by telling him (what he in fact must have seen) that my father possessed a cheque-book as well as I, and likewise drew upon the account. We had required the money ; it was mine, and I had sold out Bank Stock and Consols,—which gave very poor interest, I remarked, cursorily—and had kept the money at my bankers', to draw upon according to our necessities. I pitied the old man while speaking. His face was livid ; language died from his lips. He asked to have little things explained to him—the two cheque-books, for instance,—and what I thought of doing when this money was all gone : for he supposed I did not expect the same amount to hand every two years ; unless, he added, I had given him no more than a couple of years' lease of life when I started for my tour. "Then the money's gone," he summed up ; and this was the signal for redemanding explanations. Had he not treated me fairly and frankly in handing over my own to me on the day of my majority ? Yes.

"And like a fool, you think—eh ?"

"I have no such thought in my head, sir."

"You have been keeping that fellow in his profligacy, and you're keeping him now. Why, you're all but a beggar ! . . . Comes to my house, talks of his birth, carries off my daughter, makes her mad, lets her child grow up to lay hold of her money, and then grips him fast and peeks him, fleeces him ! . . . You're beggared—d'ye know that ? He's had the two years of you, and sucked you dry. What were you about ? What were you doing ? Did you have your head on ? You shared cheque-books ? Good ! . . . The devil in hell never found such a fool as you ! You had your house full of your foreign bonyrobers—eh ? Out with it ! How did you pass your time ? Drunk and dancing ?"

By such degrees my grandfather worked himself up to the pitch for his style of eloquence. I have given a faint specimen of it. When I took the liberty to consider that I had heard enough, he followed me out of the library into the hall, where Janet stood. In her presence he

charged the princess and her family with being a pack of greedy adventurers, conspirators with 'that fellow' to plunder me; and for a proof of it, he quoted my words, that my father's time had been spent in superintending the opening of a coal-mine on Prince Ernest's estate. "That fellow pretending to manage a coal-mine!" Could not a girl see it was a shuffle to hoodwink a greenhorn? And now he remembered it was Colonel Goodwin and his daughter who had told him of having seen 'the fellow' engaged in playing court-buffoon to a petty German prince, and performing his antics, cutting capers like a clown at a fair.

"Shame!" said Janet.

"Hear her!" The squire turned to me.

But she cried: "Oh! granddada, hear yourself! or don't, but be silent. If Harry has offended you, speak like one gentleman to another. Don't rob me of my love for you: I haven't much besides that."

"No, because of a scoundrel and his young idiot!"

Janet frowned in earnest, and said: "I don't permit you to change the meaning of the words I speak."

He muttered a proverb of the stables. Reduced to behave temperately, he began the whole history of my bankers' book anew—the same queries, the same explosions and imprecations.

"Come for a walk with me, dear Harry," said Janet.

I declined to be protected in such a manner, absurdly on my dignity; and the refusal, together possibly with some air of contemptuous independence in the tone of it, brought the squire to a climax. "You won't go out and walk with her? You shall go down on your knees to her and beg her to give you her arm for a walk. By God! you shall, now, here, on the spot, or off you go to your German princess, with your butler's legacy, and nothing more from me but good-by and the door bolted. Now, down with you!"

He expected me to descend.

"And if he did, he would never have my arm." Janet's eyes glittered hard on the squire.

"Before that rascal dies, my dear, he shall whine like a beggar out in the cold for the tips of your fingers!"

"Not if he asks me first," said Janet.

This set him off again. He realized her prospective generosity, and contrasted it with my actual obtuseness. Janet changed her tactics. She assumed indifference. But she wanted experience, and a Heriot to help her in playing a part. She did it badly—overdid it; so that the old man, now imagining both of us to be against his scheme for uniting us, counted my iniquity as twofold. Her phrase, "Harry and I will always be friends," roused the loudest of his denunciations upon me, as though there never had been question of the princess, so inveterate was his mind's grasp of its original designs. Friends! Would our being friends give him heirs by law to his estate and name? And so forth. My

aunt Dorothy came to moderate his invectives. In her room the heavily-burdened little book of figures was produced, and the items read aloud; and her task was to hear them without astonishment, but with a business-like desire to comprehend them accurately, a method that softened the squire's outbursts by degrees. She threw out hasty running commentaries: "Yes, that was for a yacht;" and, "They were living at the court of a prince;" such and such a sum was "large, but Harry knew his grandfather did not wish him to make a poor appearance."

"Why, do you mean to swear to me, on your oath, Dorothy Beltham," said the squire, amazed at the small amazement he created, "you think these two fellows have been spending within the right margin? What'll be women's ideas next?"

"No," she answered, demurely. "I think Harry has been extravagant, and has had his lesson. And surely it is better now than later? But you are not making allowances for his situation as the betrothed of a princess."

"That's what turns your head," said he; and she allowed him to have the notion, and sneer at herself and her sex.

"How about this money drawn since he came home?" the squire persisted.

My aunt Dorothy reddened. He struck his finger on the line marking the sum, repeating his demand; and at this moment Captain Bulsted and Julia arrived. The ladies manoeuvred so that the captain and the squire were left alone together. Some time afterwards the captain sent out word that he begged his wife's permission to stay to dinner at the Grange, and requested me to favour him by conducting his wife to Bulsted: proof, as Julia said, that the two were engaged in a pretty hot tussle. She was sure her William would not be the one to be beaten. I led her away, rather depressed by the automaton performance assigned to me; from which condition I awoke with a touch of horror to find myself paying her very warm compliments; for she had been coquettish and charming to cheer me, and her voice was sweet. We reached a point in our conversation I know not where, but I must have spoken with some warmth. "Then guess," said she, "what William is suffering for your sake now, Harry;" that is, "suffering in remaining away from me on your account:" and thus, in an instant, with a skill so intuitive as to be almost unconscious, she twirled me round to a right sense of my position, and set me reflecting, whether a love that clad me in such imperfect armour as to leave me penetrable to these feminine graces—a plump figure, swinging skirts, dewy dark eyelids, laughing red lips—could indeed be absolute love. And if it was not love of the immortal kind, what was I? I looked back on the thought like the ship on its furrow through the waters, and saw every mortal perplexity, and death under. My love of Ottilia delusion? Then life was delusion! I contemplated Julia in alarm, somewhat in the light fair witches were looked on when the faggots were piled for them. The sense of her unholy attractions abased and mortified me;

and it set me thinking on the strangeness of my disregard of *Mdlle. Jenny Chassediane* when in Germany, who was far sprightlier, if not prettier, and, as I remembered, had done me the favour to make discreet play with her eyelids in our encounters, and long eyes in passing. I caught myself regretting my coldness of that period; for which regrets I could have swung the scourge upon my miserable flesh. *Ottilia's* features seemed dying out of my mind. "Poor darling Harry!" *Julia* sighed. "And d'ye know, the sight of a young man far gone in love gives me the trembles?" I rallied her concerning the ladder scene in my old school-days, and the tender things she had uttered to *Heriot*. She answered, "Oh! I think I got them out of poets and chapters about love-making, or I felt it very much. And that's what I miss in *William*; he can't talk soft nice nonsense. I believe him, he would if he could, but he's like a lion of the desert: not made for cookery. It's a roar!"

I rejoiced when we heard the roar. Captain *Bulsted* returned to take command of his ship not sooner than I wanted him, and told us of a fierce tussle with the squire. He had stuck to him all day, and up to 11 P.M. "By George! Harry, he had to make humble excuses to dodge out of eyeshot a minute. Conquered him over the fourth bottle! And now all's right. He'll see your dad. 'In a barn?' says the squire. 'Here's to your better health, sir,' I bowed to him; 'gentlemen don't meet in barns; none but mice and traps make appointments there.' To shorten my story, my lad, I have arranged for the squire and your excellent progenitor to meet at *Bulsted*: we may end by bringing them over a bottle of old *Greg's* best. 'See the boy's father,' I kept on insisting. The point is, that this confounded book must be off your shoulders, my lad. A dirty dog may wash in a duck-pond. You see, Harry, the dear old squire may set up your account twenty times over, but he has a right to know how you twirl the coin. He says you don't supply the information. I suggest to him that your father can, and will. So we get them into a room together. I'll be answerable for the rest. And now top your boom, and to bed here: off in the morning, and tug the big vessel into port here! And, Harry, three cheers, and another bottle to crown the victory, if you're the man for it?"

Julia interposed a decided negative to the proposition; an ordinarily unlucky thing to do with bibulous husbands, and the captain looked uncomfortably checked; but when he seemed to be collecting to assert himself, the humour of her remark, "Now, no bravado, *William*," disarmed him.

"Bravado, my sweet chuck?"

"Won't another bottle be like flashing your sword after you've won the day?" said she.

He slung his arm round her, and sent a tremendous whisper into my ear—"A perfect angel!"

I started for London next day, more troubled æsthetically regarding the effect produced on me by this order of perfect angels than practically

anxious about material affairs, though it is true that when I came into proximity with my father, the thought of his all but purely mechanical power of making money spin, fly, and vanish, like sparks from a fire-engine, awakened a serious disposition in me to bring our monetary partnership to some definite settlement. He was living in splendour, next door but one to the grand establishment he had driven me to from Dipwell in the old days, with Mrs. Waddy for his housekeeper once more, Alphonse for his cook. Not living on the same scale, however, the troubled woman said. She signified that it was now the whirlwind. I could not help smiling to see how proud she was of him, nevertheless, as of a god-like charioteer—in pace, at least. “Opera to-night,” she answered my inquiries for him, admonishing me by her tone that I ought not to be behindhand in knowing his regal rules and habits. Praising his generosity, she informed me that he had spent one hundred pounds, and offered a reward of five times the sum, for the discovery of Mabel Sweetwinter. “Your papa never does things by halves, Mr. Harry!” Soon after she was whimpering, “Oh, will it last?” I was shown into the room called “The princess’s room,” a miracle of furniture, not likely to be occupied by her, I thought, the very magnificence of the apartment striking down hope in my heart like cold on a nerve. “Your papa says the whole house is to be for you, Mr. Harry, when the happy day comes.” Could it possibly be that he had talked of the princess? I took a hasty meal and fortified myself with claret to have matters clear with him before the night was over.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1871.

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LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.
LEIPZIG: ALPHONS DÜRR. NEW YORK: WILLMER AND ROGERS.
MELBOURNE: G. ROBERTSON. SYDNEY: W. MADDOCK. ADELAIDE: W. C. RIGBY.
TASMANIA: WALCH AND SONS.

* * *The TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE will be published on June 5th, handsomely bound in embossed cloth, price Seven Shillings and Sixpence.*

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MR. FATHER STOOD UP AND, HAVING, HARRIADDED

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1871.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I SEE MY FATHER TAKING THE TIDE AND AM CARRIED
ON IT MYSELF.



Y father stood in the lobby of the Opera, holding a sort of open court, it appeared to me, for a cluster of gentlemen hung round him; and I had presently to bow to greetings which were rather of a kind to flatter me, leading me to presume that he was respected as well as marvelled at. The names of Mr. Serjeant Wedderburn, Mr. Jennings, Lord Alton, Sir Weeton Slater, Mr. Monterez Williams, Admiral Loftus, the Earl of Witlington, were among those which struck my ear, and struck me as good ones. I could not perceive anything of the air

of cynical satellites in these gentlemen—on the contrary they were cordially deferential. I felt that he was encompassed by undoubted gentlemen, and my warmer feelings towards my father returned when I became sensible of the pleasant sway he held over the circle, both in speaking and listening. His sympathetic smile and semi-droop of attention; his readiness, when occasion demanded it, to hit the key of the subject and help it on with the

right word ; his air of unobtrusive appreciation ; his sensibility to the moment when the run of conversation depended upon him—showed inimitable art coming of natural genius ; and he did not lose a shade of his superior manner the while. Mr. Serjeant Wedderburn, professionally voluble, a lively talker, brimming with anecdote, but too sparkling, too prompt, too full of personal relish of his point, threw my father's urbane supremacy into marked relief ; and so in another fashion did the Earl of Wiltington, "a youth in the season of guffaws," as Jorian DeWitt described him, whom a jest would seize by the throat, shaking his sapling frame. Jorian strolled up to us goutily. No efforts of my father's would induce him to illustrate his fame for repartee, so it remained established. "Very pretty waxwork," he said to me of our English beauties swimming by. "Now, those women, young Richmond, if they were inflammable to the fiftieth degree, that is, if they had the fiftieth part of a Frenchwoman in them, would have canvassed society on the great man's account long before this, and sent him to the top like a bubble. He wastes his time on them. That fat woman he's bowing to is Viscountess Sedley, a porcine empress, widow of three, with a soupçon of bigamy to flavour them. She mounted from a grocer's shop, I am told. Constitution has done everything for that woman. So it will everywhere—it beats the world ! Now he's on all-fours to Lady Rachel Stokes—our pure aristocracy ; she walks as if she were going through a doorway, and couldn't risk an eyelid. I'd like to see her tempting St. Anthony. That's little Wreckham's wife : she's had as many adventures as Gil Blas before he entered the Duke of Lerma's service." He reviewed several ladies, certainly not very witty when malignant, as I remembered my father to have said of him. "The style of your Englishwoman is to keep the nose exactly at one elevation, to show you're born to it. They daren't run a gamut, these women. These English women are a fiction ! The model of them is the nursery-miss, but they're like the names of true lovers cut on the bark of a tree—awfully stiff and longitudinal with the advance of time. We've our Lady Jezebels, my boy ! They're in the pay of the bishops, or the police, to make vice hideous. The rest do the same for virtue, and get their pay for it somewhere, I don't doubt ; perhaps from the newspapers, to keep up the fiction. I tell you, these Englishwomen have either no life at all in them, or they're nothing but animal life. 'Gad, how they dizen themselves ! They've no other use for their fingers. The wealth of this country's frightful !"

Jorian seemed annoyed that he could not excite me to defend my countrywomen ; but I had begun to see that there was no necessity for the sanguine to encounter the bilious on their behalf, and was myself inclined to be critical. Besides, I was engaged in watching my father, whose bearing towards the ladies he accosted did not dissatisfy my critical taste, though I had repeated fears of seeing him overdo it. He summoned me to an introduction to the Countess Szezedy, a merry little Hungarian dame.

"So," said she at once, speaking German, "you are to marry the romantic head, the Princess Ottilia of Eppenwelzen! I know her well. I have met her in Vienna. Schöne Seele and *bas bleu*! It's just those that are won with a duel. I know Prince Otto too." She prattled away, and asked me whether the marriage was to take place in the summer. I was too astounded to answer.

"No date is yet fixed," my father struck in.

"It's the talk of London," she said.

Before I could demand explanations of my father with regard to this terrible rumour involving Ottilia, I found myself in the box of the City widow, Lady Sampleman, a grievous person, of the complexion of the autumnal bramble-leaf, whose first words were: "Ah! the young suitor! And how is our German princess?" I had to reply that the theme was more of German princes than princesses in England. "Oh! but," said she, "you are having a—shall I call it—national revenge on them? 'I will take one of your princesses,' says you; and as soon as said done! I'm dying for a sight of her portrait. Captain DeWitt declares her heavenly—I mean, he says she is fair and nice, quite a lady—that of course! And never mind her not being rich. You can do the decoration to the match. H'm," she perused my features; "pale! Lovelorn? Excuse an old friend of your father's. One of his very oldest, I'd say, if it didn't impugn. As such, proud of your alliance. I am. I speak of it everywhere—everywhere."

Here she dramatized her circulation of the gossip. "'Have you heard the news?' 'No! what?' 'Fitz-George's son marries a princess of the German realm.' 'Indeed!' 'True as gospel.' 'And how soon?' 'In a month; and now you will see the dear neglected man command the Court . . .'"

I looked at my father: I felt stifling with confusion and rage. He leant over to her, imparting some ecstatic news about a great lady having determined to call on her to regulate the affairs of an approaching grand ball, and under cover of this we escaped.

"If it were not," said he, "for the Chassediane—you are aware, Richie, poor Jorian is lost to her?—he has fallen at her quicksilver feet. She is now in London. Half the poor fellow's income expended in bouquets! Her portrait, in the character of the widow Lefourbe, has become a part of his dressing apparatus; he shaves fronting her play-bill. His first real *affaire de cœur*, and he is forty-five! So he is taken in the stomach. That is why love is such a dangerous malady for middle-age. As I said, but for Jenny Chassediane, our Sampleman would be the fortune for Jorian. I have hinted it on both sides. Women, Richie, are cleverer than the illustrious Lord Nelson in not seeing what their inclinations decline to see, and Jorian would do me any service in the world except that one. You are restless, my son?"

I begged permission to quit the house, and wait for him outside. He, in return, begged me most urgently to allow myself to be introduced to

Lady Edbury, the stepmother of Lord Destrier, now Marquis of Edbury; and, using conversational pressure, he adjured me not to slight this lady, adding, with more significance than the words conveyed, "I am taking the tide, Richie." The tide took me, and I bowed to a lady of impressive languor, pale and young, with pleasant manners, showing her character in outline, like a glove on the hand, but little of its quality. She accused my father of coming direct from 'that person's' box. He replied that he never forsook old friends. "You should," was her rejoinder. It suggested to me an image of one of the sister Fates cutting a thread.

My heart sank when, from Lady Edbury too, I heard the allusion to Germany and its princess. "Some one told me she was dark?"

"Blonde," my father corrected the report.

Lady Edbury "thought it singular for a German woman of the Blood to be a brunette. They had not much dark mixture among them, particularly in the north. Her name? She had forgotten the name of the princess."

My father repeated: "The Princess Ottilla, Princess of Eppenwalzen-Sarkeld."

"Brunette, you say?"

"The purest blonde."

"A complexion?"

"A complexion to dazzle the righteous!"

Lady Edbury threw a flying glance in a mirror: "The unrighteous you leave to us then?"

They bandied the weariful shuttlecock of gallantry. I bowed and fled. My excuse was that I had seen Anna Penrhys in an upper tier of boxes, and I made my way to her, doubting how I should be welcomed. "The happy woman is a German princess, we hear!" she set me shivering. Her welcome was perfectly unreserved and friendly. She asked the name of the lady whose box I had quitted, and after bending her opera-glass on it for a moment, said with a certain air of satisfaction: "She is young;" which led me to guess that Lady Edbury was reputed to be Anna's successor; but why the latter should be flattered by the former's youth was one of the mysteries for me then. Her aunt was awakened from sleep by the mention of my name. "Is the man here?" she exclaimed, starting. Anna smiled, and talked to me of my father, saying that she was glad to see me at his right hand, for he had a hard battle to fight. She spoke of him with affectionate interest in his fortunes; no better proof of his generosity as well as hers could have been given me. I promised her heartily I would not be guilty of letting our intimacy drop, and handed the ladies down to the crush-room, where I saw my father leading Lady Edbury to her carriage, much observed. Destrier, the young marquis, coming in to meet the procession from other haunts, linked his arm to his friend Witlington's, and said something in my hearing of old 'Duke Fitz,' which provoked, I fancied, signs of amusement equivalent to tittering in a small ring of the select assembly.

Lady Sampleman's carriage was called. "Another victim," said a voice. Anna Penrhys walked straight out to find her footman and carriage for herself.

I stood alone in the street, wondering, fretting, filled with a variety of ugly sensations, when my father joined me humming an air of the opera. "I was looking for Jorian, Richie. He had our Sampleman under his charge. He is off to the Chassediane. Well! And well, Richie, you could not bear the absence from your dada? You find me in full sail on the tide. I am at home, if our fortunes demand it, in a little German principality, but there is," he threw out his chest, "a breadth in London: nowhere else do I breathe with absolute freedom—so largely: and this is my battlefield. By the way, Lady Edbury accounts you complete; which is no more to say than that she is a woman of taste. The instance: she positively would not notice that you wear a dress-coat of a foreign cut. Correct it to-morrow; my tailor shall wait on you. I meant to point out to you that when a London woman has not taken note of that, the face and the man have made the right impression on her. Richie, dear boy, how shall I speak the delight I have in seeing you! My arm in yours, old Richie! strolling home from the fashion: this seems to me what I dreamt of! All in sound health at the Grange? She too, the best of women?"

"I have come on very particular business," I interposed briefly.

He replied, "I am alive to you, Richie; speak."

"The squire has seen my bankers' book. He thinks I've been drawing rather wildly: no doubt he's right. He wants some sort of explanation. He consents to an interview with you. I have come to ask you to go down to him, sir."

"To-morrow morning, without an hour's delay, my dear boy. Very agreeable will be the sight of old Riversley. And in the daylight!"

"He prefers to meet you at Bulsted. Captain Bulsted offers his house for the purpose. I have to warn you, sir, that we stand in a very exceptional position. The squire insists upon having a full account of the money rendered to him."

"I invite him to London, Richie. I refer him to Dettermain and Newson. I request him to compute the value of a princess."

"You are aware that he will not come to your invitation."

"Tell me, then, how is he to understand what I have established by the expenditure, my son? I refer him to Dettermain and Newson."

"But you must know that he sets his face against legal proceedings involving exposure."

"But surely, Richie, exposure is the very thing we court. The innocent, the unjustly treated, court it. We *would* be talked about; you *shall* hear of us! And into the bargain an hereditary princess. Upon my faith, Mr. Beltham, I think you have mighty little to complain of."

My temper was beginning to chafe at the curb. "As regards any feeling about the money, personally, sir, you know I have none. But I

must speak of one thing. I have heard to-night, I confess with as much astonishment as grief, the name . . . I could not have guessed that I should hear the princess's name associated with mine, and quite openly."

"As a matter of course." He nodded, and struck out a hand in wavy motion.

"Well, sir, if you can't feel for her or her family, be good enough to think of me, and remember that I object to it."

"For you all," said he, buoyantly; "I feel for you all, and I will act for you all. I bring the princess to your arms, my dear boy. You have written me word that the squire gives her a royal dowry—have you not? My combinations permit of no escape to any one of you. Nay, 'tis done. I think for you, I feel for you, I act for you. By heaven, you shall be happy! Sigh, Richie, sigh; your destiny is now entrusted to me!"

"I dare say I'm wasting my breath, sir, but I protest against false pretences. You know well that you have made use of the princess's name for your own purposes."

"Most indubitably, Richie, I have; and are they not yours? I must have social authority to succeed in our main enterprise. Possibly the princess's name serves for a temporary chandelier to cast light on us. She belongs to us. For her sake we are bringing the house she enters into order. Thus, Richie, I could tell Mr. Beltham: you and he supply the money, the princess the name, and I the energy, the skilfulness, and the estimable cause. I pay the princess for the use of her name with the dowry, which is royal; I pay you with the princess, who is royal too; and I, Richie, am paid by your happiness most royally. Together, it is past contest that we win.—Here, my little one," he said to a woman, and dropped a piece of gold into her hand, "on condition that you go straight home." The woman thanked him and promised.—"As I was observing, we are in the very tide of success. Curious! I have a slight inclination to melancholy. Success, quotha? Why, hundreds before us have paced the identical way homeward at night under these lamps between the mansions and the park. The bare thought makes them resemble a double line of undertakers. The tomb is down there at the end of them—costly or not. At the age of four, on my birthday, I was informed that my mother lay dead in her bed. I remember to this day my astonishment at her not moving. 'Her heart is broken,' my old nurse said. To me she appeared intact. Her sister took possession of me, and of her papers, and the wedding-ring—now in the custody of Dettermain and Newson—together with the portraits of both my parents; and she, poor soul, to sustain me, as I verily believe—she had a great idea of my never asking unprofitably for anything in life—bartered the most corroborative of the testificatory documents, which would now make the establishment of my case a comparatively light task. Have I never spoken to you of my boyhood? My maternal uncle was a singing-master and master of elocution. I am indebted to him for the cultivation of my voice. He taught me an

effective delivery of my sentences. The English of a book of his called *The Speaker* is still to my mind a model of elegance. Remittances of money came to him from an unknown quarter; and, with a break or two, have come ever since up to this period. My old nurse—heaven bless her!—resumed the occupation of washing. I have stood by her tub, Richie, blowing bubbles and listening to her prophecies of my exalted fortune for hours. On my honour, I doubt, I seriously doubt, if I have ever been happier. I depend just now—I have to avow it to you—slightly upon stimulants . . . of a perfectly innocuous character. Mrs. Waddy will allow me a pint of champagne. The truth is, Richie—you see these two or three poor pensioners of mine, honi soit qui mal y pense—my mother has had hard names thrown at her. The stones of these streets cry out to me to have her vindicated. I am not tired; but I want my wine."

He repeated several times before he reached his house-door that he wanted his wine, in a manner to be almost alarming. His unwonted effort of memory, the singular pictures of him which it had flashed before me, and a sort of impatient compassion, made me forget my wrath. I saw him take his restorative at one draught. He lay down on a sofa, and his valet drew his boots off and threw a cloak over him. Lying there, he wished me gaily good-night. Mrs. Waddy told me that he had adopted this system of sleeping for the last month. "Bless you, as many people call on him at night now as in the day," she said; and I was induced to suppose he had some connection with the Press. She had implicit faith in his powers of constitution, and would affirm that he had been the death of dozens whom the attraction had duped to imitate his habits. "He is now a Field-Marshal on his campaign." She betrayed a twinkle of humour. He must himself have favoured her with that remark. The report of the house-door frequently shutting in the night suggested the passage of his aides-de-camp.

Early in the morning, I found him pacing through the open doors of the dining-room and the library, dictating to a secretary at a desk, now and then tossing a word to Dettermain and Newson's chief clerk. The floor was strewn with journals. He wore Hessian boots; a voluminous black cloak hung loosely from his shoulders.

"I am just settling the evening papers," he said, after greeting me, with a show of formality in his warmth; and immediately added, "That will do, Mr. Jopson. Put in a note—'Mr. Harry Lepel Richmond of Riversley and Twn-y-glas, my son, takes no step to official distinction in his native land save through the ordinary Parliamentary channels.' Your pardon, Richie; presently. I am replying to a morning paper."

"What's this? Why print my name?" I cried.

"Merely the correction of an error. I have to insist, my dear boy, that you claim no privileges: you are apart from them. Mr. Jopson, I beseech you, not a minute's delay in delivering that. Fetch me from the printer's my pamphlet this afternoon. Mr. Jacobs, my compliments to

Dettermain and Newson: I request them to open proceedings instant, and let the world know of it. Good-morning, gentlemen."

And now, turning to me, my father fenced me with the whole weight of his sententious volubility, which was the force of a river. Why did my name appear in the papers? Because I was his son. But he assured me that he carefully separated me from public companionship with his fortunes, and placed me on the side of my grandfather, as a plain gentleman of England, the heir of the most colossal wealth possibly in the country.

"I dis-sociate you from me, Richie, do you see? I cause it to be declared that you need, on no account, lean on me. Jopson will bring you my pamphlet—my Declaration of Rights—to peruse. In the Press, in Literature, at Law, and on social ground, I meet the enemy, and I claim my own; by heaven, I do! And I will down to the squire for a distraction, if you esteem it necessary, certainly. Half-a-dozen words to him. Why, do you maintain him to be insensible to a title for you? No, no. And ask my friends. I refer him to any dozen of my friends to convince him I have the prize almost in my possession. Why, dear boy, I have witnesses, living witnesses, to the ceremony. Am I, tell me, to be deprived of money now, once again, for the eleventh time? Oh! And put aside my duty to you, I protest I am bound in duty to her who bore me—you have seen her miniature: how lovely that dear woman was! how gentle!—bound in duty to her to clear her good name. This does not affect you . . ."

"Oh, but it does," he allowed me to plead.

"Ay, through your love for your dada."

He shook me by both hands. I was touched with pity, and at the same time in doubt whether it was not an actor that swayed me; for I was discontented, and could not speak my discontent; I was overborne, overflowed. His evasion of the matter of my objections relating to the princess I felt to be a palpable piece of artfulness, but I had to acknowledge to myself that I knew what his argument would be, and how overwhelmingly his defence of it would spring forth. My cowardice shrank from provoking a recurrence to the theme. In fact, I submitted consciously to his masterful fluency and emotional power, and so I was carried on the tide with him, remaining in London several days to witness that I was not the only one. My father, admitting that money served him in his conquest of society, and defying any other man to do as much with it as he did, replied to a desperate insinuation of mine, "This money I spend, I am actually putting out to interest as much as, or more than, your grandad." He murmured confidentially, "I have alarmed the Government. Indeed, I have warrant for saying I am in communication with its agents. They are bribing me; they are positively bribing me, Richie. I receive my stipend annually. They are mighty discreet. So am I. But I push them hard. I take what they offer: I renounce none of my claims."

Janet wrote that it would be prudent for me to return.

"I am prepared," my father said. "I have only to meet Mr. Beltham in a room—I stipulate that it shall be between square walls—to win him. The squire to back us, Richie, we have command of the entire world. His wealth, and my good cause, and your illustrious union—by the way, it is announced definitively in this morning's paper."

Dismayed, I asked what was announced.

"Read," said he. "This will be something to hand to Mr. Beltham at our meeting. I might trace it to one of the embassies, Imperial or Royal. No matter—there it is."

I read a paragraph in which Otilia's name and titles were set down; then followed mine and my wealthy heirship, and—woe was me in the perusing of it!—a roundabout vindication of me as one not likely to be ranked as the first of English commoners who had gained the hand of an hereditary foreign princess, though it was undoubtedly in the light of a commoner that I was most open to the congratulations of my countrymen upon my unparalleled felicity. A display of historical erudition cited the noble inferiors by birth who had caught princesses to their arms—Charles, Humphrey, William, John. Unto this list a later Harry!

The paragraph closed by fixing the nuptials to take place before the end of the season.

I looked at my father to try a struggle with him. The whole man was efflorescent.

"Can't it be stopped?" I implored him.

He signified the impossibility in a burst of gesticulations, motions of the mouth, smiling frowns; various patterns of an absolute negative beating down opposition.

"Things printed can never be stopped, Richie. Our Jorian compares them to babies baptized. They have a soul from that moment, and go on for ever!—an admirable word of Jorian's. And a word to you, Richie. Will you swear to me by the veracity of your lover's heart, that paragraph affords you no satisfaction? He cannot swear it!" my father exclaimed, seeing me swing my shoulder round, and he made me feel that it would have been a false oath if I had sworn it. But I could have sworn that I had rather we two were at the bottom of the sea than that it should come under the princess's eyes. I read it again. It was in print. It looked like reality. It was at least the realization of my dream. But this played traitor and accused me of being crowned with no more than a dream. The sole practical thing I could do was to insist on our starting for Riversley immediately, to make sure of my own position. "Name your hour, Richie," my father said confidently: and we waited.

A rather plainer view of my father's position, as I inclined to think, was afforded to me one morning at his breakfast-table, by a conversation between him and Jorian DeWitt, who brought me a twisted pink note from Mdlle. Chassediane, the which he delivered with the air of a dog made to disgorge a bone, and he was very cool to me indeed. The

cutlets of Alphonse were subjected to snappish criticism. "I assume," he said, "the fellow knew I was coming?"

"He saw it in my handwriting of yesterday," replied my father. "But be just to him, acknowledge that he is one of the few that perform their daily duties with a tender conscience."

"This English climate has bedevilled the fellow! He peppers his dishes like a mongrel Indian reared on mangoes."

"Ring him up, ring him up, Jorian. All I beg of you is not to disgust him with life, for he quits any service in the world to come to me, and, in fact, he suits me."

"Exactly so: you spoil him."

My father shrugged. "The state of the case is that your stomach is growing delicate, friend Jorian."

"The actual state of the case being, that my palate was never keener, and consequently my stomach knows its business."

"You should have tried the cold turbot with oil and capers."

"Your man had better stick to buttered eggs, in my opinion."

"Say, porridge!"

"No, I'll be hanged if I think he's equal to a bowl of porridge."

"Carême might have confessed to the same!"

"With this difference," cried Jorian in a heat, "that he would never have allowed the thought of any of your barbarous messes to occur to a man at table. Let me tell you, Roy, you astonish me: up till now I have never known you guilty of the bad taste of defending a bad dish on your own board."

"Then you will the more readily pardon me, Jorian."

"Oh, I *pardon* you," Jorian sneered, tripped to the carpet by such ignoble mildness. "A breakfast is no great loss."

My father assured him he would have a serious conversation with Alphonse, for whom he apologized by saying that Alphonse had not, to his knowledge, served as hospital cook anywhere, and was therefore quite possibly not sufficiently solicitous for appetites and digestions of invalids.

Jorian threw back his head as though to discharge a spiteful sarcasm with good aim; but turning to me, said, "Harry, the thing must be done; your father must marry. Notoriety is the season for a pick and choice of the wealthiest and the loveliest. I refuse to act the part of warming-pan any longer; I refuse point blank. It's not a personal feeling on my part; my advice is that of a disinterested friend, and I tell you candidly, Roy, set aside the absurd exhibition of my dancing attendance on that last rose of Guildhall,—*egad*, the alderman went like summer, and left us the very picture of a fruity autumn,—I say you can't keep her hanging on the tree of fond expectation for ever. She'll drop."

"Catch her, Jorian; you are on guard."

"Upwards of three hundred thousand, if a penny, Roy Richmond! Who? I? I am not a fortune-hunter."

"Nor am I, friend Jorian."

"No, it's because you're not thorough: you'll fall between the stools."

My father remarked that he should visit this upon Mr. Alphonse.

"You shook off that fine Welsh girl, and she was in your hand—the act of a madman!" Jorian continued. "You're getting older: the day will come when you're a flat excitement. You know the first Lady Edbury spoilt one of your best chances when you had the market. Now you're trifling with the second. She's the head of the Light Brigade, but you might fix her down, if she's not too much in debt. You're not at the end of your run, I dare say. Only, my good Roy, let me tell you, in life you mustn't wait for the prize of the race till you touch the goal—if you prefer metaphor. You generally come forward about every seven years or so. Add on another seven, and women'll begin to think. You can't beat Time, mon Roy."

"So," said my father, "I touch the goal, and women begin to think, and I can't beat time to them. Jorian, your mind is in a state of confusion. I do not marry."

"Then, Roy Richmond, hear what a friend says. . . ."

"I do not marry, Jorian, and you know my reasons."

"Sentiments!"

"They are a part of my life."

"Just as I remarked, you are not thorough. You have genius and courage out of proportion, and you are a dead failure, Roy; because, no sooner have you got all Covent Garden before you for the fourth or fifth time, than in go your hands into your pockets, and you say—No, there's an apple I can't have, so I'll none of these; and, by the way, the apple must be tolerably withered by this time. And you know perfectly well, (for you don't lack common sense at a shaking, Roy Richmond,) that you're guilty of simple madness in refusing to make the best of your situation. You haven't to be taught what money means. With money—and a wife to take care of it, mind you—you are pre-eminently the man for which you want to be recognized. Without it—Harry'll excuse me, I must speak plainly—you're a sort of a spectacle of a bob-cherry, down on your luck, up on your luck, and getting dead stale and never bitten; a familiar curiosity!" Jorian added, "Oh, by Jingo! it's not nice to think of."

My father said: "Harry, I am sure, will excuse you for talking, in your extreme friendliness, of matters that he and I have not—and they interest us deeply—yet thought fit to discuss. And you may take my word for it, Jorian, that I will give Alphonse his medical dose. I am quite of your opinion that the kings of cooks require it occasionally. Harry will inform us of Mdlle. Chassediane's commands."

The contents of the letter permitted me to read it aloud. She desired to know how she could be amused on the Sunday.

"We will undertake it," said my father. "I depute the arrange-

ments to you, Jorian. Respect the prejudices, and avoid collisions, that is all."

Captain DeWitt became, by convenient stages, cheerful, after the pink slip of paper had been made common property, and from a seriously-advising friend, in his state of spite, relapsed to the idle and shadow-like associate, when pleased. I had to thank him for the gift of fresh perceptions. Surely it would be as well if my father could get a woman of fortune to take care of him!

We had at my request a consultation with Dettermain and Newson on the eve of the journey to Riversley, Temple and Jorian DeWitt assisting. Strange documentary evidence was unfolded and compared with the date of a royal decree: affidavits of persons now dead; a ring, *the* ring; fans, and lace, and handkerchiefs with notable initials; jewelry stamped 'To the Divine Anastasia' from an adoring Christian name; old brown letters that shrieked 'wife' when 'charmer' seemed to have palled; oaths of fidelity ran through them like bass notes. Jorian held up the discoloured sheets of ancient paper, saying: "Here you behold the mummy of the villain Love!" Such love as it was—the love of the privileged butcher for the lamb. The burden of the letters, put in epigram, was rattlesnake and bird. A narrative of Anastasia's sister, Elizabeth, signed and sealed, with names of witnesses appended, related in brief bald English the history of the events which had killed her. It warmed pathetically when dwelling on the writer's necessity to part with letters and papers of greater moment that she might be enabled to sustain and educate her sister's child. She named the certificate; she swore to the tampering with witnesses. The number and exact indication of the house where the ceremony took place was stated—a house in Soho;—the date was given, and the incident on that night of the rape of the beautiful Miss Armett by mad Lord Beaumaris at the theatre doors, aided by masked ruffians, after Anastasia's performance of *Zamira*.

"There are witnesses I know to be still living, Mr. Temple," my father said, seeing the young student-at-law silent and observant. "One of them I have under my hand; I feed him. Listen to this."

He read two or three insufferable sentences from one of the love-epistles, and broke down. I was ushered aside by a member of the firm to inspect an instrument prepared to bind me as surety for the costs of the appeal. I signed it. We quitted the attorneys' office convinced (I speak of Temple and myself) that we had seen the shadow of something.

CHAPTER XL.

MY FATHER'S MEETING WITH MY GRANDFATHER.

My father's pleasure on the day of our journey to Bulsted was to drive me out of London on a lofty open chariot, with which he made the circuit of the fashionable districts, and caused innumerable heads to

turn. I would have preferred to go the way of other men, to be unnoticed, but I was subject to an occasional glowing of undefined satisfaction in the observance of the universally acknowledged harmony existing between his pretensions, his tastes and habits, and his person. He contrived by I know not what persuasiveness and simplicity of manner and speech to banish from me the idea that he was engaged in playing a high stake; and though I knew it, and he more than once admitted it, there was an ease and mastery about him that afforded me some degree of positive comfort still. I was still most securely attached to his fortunes. Supposing the ghost of dead Hector to have hung over his body when the inflamed son of Peleus whirled him at his chariot wheels round Troy, he would, with his natural passions sobered by Erebus, have had some of my reflections upon force and fate, and my partial sense of exhilaration in the tremendous speed of the course during the whole of the period my father termed his Grand Parade. I showed just such acquiescence or resistance as were superinduced by the variations of the ground. Otherwise I was spell-bound; and beyond interdicting any further public mention of my name or the princess's, I did nothing to thwart him. It would have been no light matter.

We struck a station at a point half-way down to Bulsted, and found little Kiomi there, thunder in her brows, carrying a bundle, and purchasing a railway-ticket, not to travel in our direction. She gave me the singular answer that she could not tell me where her people were; nor would she tell me whither she was going, alone, and by rail. I chanced to speak of Heriot. One of her sheet-lightning flashes shot out. "He won't be at Bulsted," she said, as if that had a significance. I let her know we were invited to Bulsted. "Oh, she's at home;" Kiomi blinked, and her features twitched like whipcord. The reply came quick and keen to my thought. I suspected a mishap to one or the other of my friends, little guessing which one claimed my sympathy. My father desired her to enlighten him upon his fortune at an extreme corner of the station, where martins flew into sand-holes, which was his device to set her up in money for her journey. After we had seen her off, he spoke of her, and puffed, remarking that he had his fears; but he did not specify them. I saw that she was possessed by some one of her furies. That girl's face had the art of making me forget beautiful women, and what beauty was, by comparison.

It happened that the squire came across us as we were rounding the slope of larch and fir plantation near a part of the Riversley hollows, leading to the upper heath-land, where, behind a semicircle of birches, Bulsted lay. He was on horseback, and called hoarsely to the captain's coachman, who was driving us, to pull up. "Here, Harry," he sung out to me, in the same rough voice, "I don't see why we should bother Captain William. It's a bit of business, not pleasure. I've got the book in my pocket. You ask—is it convenient to step into my bailiff's cottage hard

by, and run through it? Ten minutes 'll tell me all I want to know. I want it done with. Ask."

My father stood up and bowed, bareheaded.

My grandfather struck his hat and bobbed.

"Mr. Beltham, I trust I see you well."

"Better, sir, when I've got rid of a damned unpleasant bit o' business."

"I offer you my hearty assistance."

"Do you? Then step down and come into my bailiff's."

"I come, sir."

My father alighted from the carriage. The squire cast his gouty leg to be quit of his horse, but not in time to check my father's advances and ejaculations of condolence."

"Gout, Mr. Beltham, is a little too much a proof to us of a long line of ancestry."

His hand and arm were raised in the form of a splint to support the squire, who glared back over his cheek-bone, horrified that he could not escape the contact, and in too great pain from arthritic throes to protest: he resembled a burglar surprised by justice. "What infernal nonsense . . . fellow talking now?" I heard him mutter between his hoppings and dancings, with one foot in the stirrup and a toe to earth, the enemy at his heel, and his inclination half bent upon swinging to the saddle again. I went to relieve him. "Damn! . . . Oh, it's you," said he.

The squire directed Uberly, his groom, to walk his horse up and down the turf fronting young Tom Eckerthy's cottage, and me to remain where I was; then hobbled up to the door, followed at a leisurely march by my father. The door opened. My father swept the old man in before him, with a bow and flourish that admitted of no contradiction, and the door closed on them. I caught a glimpse of Uberly screwing his wrinkles in a queer grimace, while he worked his left eye and thumb expressively towards the cottage, by way of communicating his mind to Samuel, Captain Bulsted's coachman; and I became quite of his opinion as to the nature of the meeting, that it was comical and not likely to lead to much. I thought of the princess and of my hope of her depending upon such an interview as this. From the hour when I stepped on the sands of the Continent to the day of my quitting them, I had been folded in a dream: I had stretched my hand to the highest things of earth, and here now was the retributive material money-question, like a keen scythe-blade!

The cottage-door continued shut. The heaths were darkening. I heard a noise of wheels, and presently the unmistakable voice of Janet, saying, "That must be Harry." She was driving my aunt Dorothy. Both of them hushed at hearing that the momentous duel was in progress. Janet's first thought was of the squire. "I won't have him ride home in the dark," she said, and ordered Uberly to walk the horse home. The ladies had a ladies' altercation before Janet would permit my aunt to yield her place and proceed on foot, accompanied by me. Naturally the best

driver of the two kept the whip. I told Samuel to go on to Bulsted, with word that we were coming; and Janet, nodding bluntly, agreed to direct my father as to where he might expect to find me on the Riversley road. My aunt Dorothy and I went ahead slowly: at her request I struck a pathway to avoid the pony-carriage, which was soon audible; and when Janet, chattering to the squire, had gone by, we turned back to intercept my father. He was speechless at the sight of Dorothy Beltham. At his solicitation she consented to meet him next day; his account of the result of the interview was unintelligible to her as well as to me. Even after leaving her at the park-gates, I could get nothing definite from him, save that all was well, and that the squire was eminently practical; but he believed he had done an excellent evening's work. "Yes," said he, rubbing his hands, "excellent! making due allowances for the emphatically commoner's mind we have to deal with." And then to change the subject he dilated on that strange story of the man who, an enormous number of years back in the date of the world's history, carried his little son on his shoulders one night when the winds were not so boisterous, though we were deeper in winter, along the identical road we traversed, between the gorse-mounds, across the heaths, with yonder remembered fir-tree clump in sight and the waste-water visible to footfarers rounding under the firs. At night-time he vowed that, as far as Nature permitted it, he had satisfied the squire—"completely satisfied him, I mean," he said, to give me sound sleep. "No doubt of it; no doubt of it, Richie." He won Julia's heart straight off, and Captain Bulsted's profound admiration. "Now I know the man I've always been adoring since you were so high, Harry," said she. Captain Bulsted sighed: "Your husband bows to your high good taste, my dear." They relished him sincerely, and between them and him I suffered myself to be dandled once more into a state of credulity, until I saw my aunt Dorothy in the afternoon subsequent to the appointed meeting. His deep respect and esteem for her had stayed him from answering any of her questions falsely. To that extent he had been veracious. It appeared that, driven hard by the squire, who would have no waving of flags and lighting of fireworks in a matter of business, and whose 'commoner's mind' chafed sturdily at a hint of the necessity for lavish outlays where there was a princess to win, he had rallied on the fiction that many of the cheques, standing for the bulk of the sums expended, were moneys borrowed by him of me, which he designed to repay, and was prepared to repay instantly—could in fact, the squire demanding it, repay as it were on the spot; for behold, these borrowed moneys were not spent; they were moneys invested in undertakings, put out to high rates of interest; moneys that perhaps it would not be advisable to call in without a season of delay; still, if Mr. Beltham, acting for his grandson and heir, insisted, it should be done. The moneys had been borrowed purely to invest them with profit on my behalf: a gentleman's word of honour was pledged to it.

The squire grimly gave him a couple of months to make it good.

Dorothy Beltham and my father were together for about an hour at Eckerthy's farm. She let my father kiss her hand when he was bending to take his farewell of her, but held her face away. He was in manifest distress, hardly master of his voice, begged me to come to him soon, and bowing, with "God bless you, madam, my friend on earth!" turned his heel, bearing his elastic frame lamentably. A sad or a culprit air did not befit him: one reckoned up his foibles and errors when seeing him under a partly-beaten aspect. At least, I did; not my dear aunt, who was compassionate of him, however thoroughly she condemned his ruinous extravagance, and the shifts and evasions it put him to. She feared that, instead of mending the difficulty, he had postponed merely to exaggerate it in the squire's mind; and she was now of opinion that the bringing him down to meet the squire was very bad policy, likely to result in danger to my happiness; for, if the money should not be forthcoming on the date named, all my father's faults would be transferred to me as his accomplice, both in the original wastefulness and the subterfuges invented to conceal it. I recollected that a sum of money had really been sunk in Prince Ernest's coal-mine. My aunt said she hoped for the best.

Mounting the heaths, we looked back on the long yellow road, where the carriage conveying my father to the railway-station was visible, and talked of him, and of the elements of antique tragedy in his history, which were at that period, let me say, precisely what my incessant mental efforts were strained to expel from the idea of our human life. The individual's freedom was my tenet of faith; but pity pleaded for him that he was well-nigh irresponsible, was shamefully sinned against at his birth, one who could charge the gods with vindictiveness, and complain of the persecution of natal Furies. My aunt Dorothy advised me to take him under my charge, and sell his house and furniture, make him live in bachelor chambers with his faithful waiting-woman and a single manservant.

"He will want money even to do that," I remarked.

She murmured, "Is there not some annual income paid to him?"

Her quick delicacy made her redden in alluding so closely to his personal affairs, and I loved her for the nice feeling. "It was not much," I said. The miserable attempt to repair the wrongs done to him with this small annuity angered me; and I remembered, little pleased, the foolish expectations he founded on this secret acknowledgment of the justice of his claims. "We won't talk of it," I pursued. "I wish he had never touched it. I shall interdict him."

"You would let him pay debts with it, Harry?"

"I am not sure, aunty, that he does not incur a greater debt by accepting it."

"One's wish would be that he might not ever be in need of it."

"Ay, or never be caring to find the key of it."

"That must be waste of time," she said.

I meant something else, but it was useless to tell her so.

CHAPTER XLL

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SPLENDOURS AND PERPLEXITIES OF MY
FATHER'S GRAND PARADE.

JANET, in reply to our inquiries as to the condition of the squire's temper, pointed out in the newspaper a notification of a grand public ball to be given by my father, the first of a series of three, and said that the squire had seen it and shrugged. She thought there was no positive cause for alarm, even though my father should fail of his word ; but expressed her view decidedly that it was an unfortunate move to bring him between the squire and me, and so she blamed Captain Bulsted. This was partly for the reason that the captain and his wife, charmed by my father, were for advocating his merits at the squire's table : our ingenuity was ludicrously taxed to mystify him on the subject of their extravagant eulogies. They told him they had been invited, and were going to the great London balls.

"Subscription balls?" asked the squire.

"No, sir," rejoined the captain.

"Tradesmen's balls, d'ye call 'em, then?"

"No, sir; they are balls given by a distinguished gentleman."

"Take care it's not another name for tradesmen's balls, William."

"I do not attend tradesmen's balls, sir."

"Take care o' that, William."

The captain was very angry. "What," said he, turning to us, "what does the squire mean by telling an officer of the Royal Navy that he is conducting his wife to a tradesmen's ball?"

Julia threatened malicious doings for the insult. She and the squire had a controversy upon the explication of the word gentleman, she describing my father's appearance and manners to the life. "Now listen to me, squire. A gentleman, *I* say, is one you'd say, if he wasn't born a duke, he ought to have been, and more shame to the title! He turns the key of a lady's heart with a twinkle of his eye. He's never mean—what he has is yours. He's a true friend; and if he doesn't keep his word, you know in a jiffy it's the fault of affairs; and stands about five feet eleven: he's a full-blown man;" and so forth.

The squire listened, and perspired at finding the object of his abhorrence crowned thus in the unassailable realms of the abstract. Julia might have done it more elegantly; but her husband was rapturous over her skill in portraiture, and he added: "That's a gentleman, squire; and that's a man pretty sure to be abused by half the world."

"Three-quarters, William," said the squire; "there's about the computation for your gentleman's creditors, I suspect."

"Ay, sir; well," returned the captain, to whom this kind of fencing in the dark was an affliction, "we make it up in quality, in quality."

"I'll be bound you do," said the squire; "and so you will so long as you're only asked to dance to the other poor devils' fiddling."

Captain Bulsted bowed. "The last word to *you*, squire."

The squire nodded. "I'll hand it to your wife, William."

Julia took it graciously. "A perfect gentleman! perfect! confound his enemies!"

"Why, ma'am, you might keep from swearing," the squire bawled.

"La! squire," said she, "why, don't you know the National Anthem?"

"National Anthem, ma'am! and a fellow, a velvet-tongued—confound *him*, if you like."

"And where's my last word, if you please?" Julia jumped up, and dropped a provoking curtsy.

"You silly old grandada!" said Janet, going round to him; "don't you see the cunning woman wants to dress you in our garments, and means to boast of it to us while you're finishing your wine?"

The old man fondled her. I could have done the same, she bent over him with such homely sweetness. "One comfort, *you* won't go to these gingerbread balls," he said.

"I'm not invited," she moaned comically.

"No; nor shan't be, while I can keep you out of bad company."

"But, grandada, I do like dancing."

"Dance away, my dear; I've no objection."

"But where's the music?"

"Oh, you can always have music."

"But where are my partners?"

The squire pointed at me.

"You don't want more than one at a time, eh?" He corrected his error: "No, the fellow's engaged in another quadrille. Mind you, Miss Janet, he shall dance to your tune yet. D'ye hear, sir?" The irritation excited by Captain Bulsted and Julia broke out in fury. "Who's that fellow danced when Rome was burning?"

"The Emperor Nero," said Janet. "He killed Harry's friend, Seneca, in the eighty-somethingth year of his age; an old man, and—hush, grandada!" She could not check him.

"Hark you, Mr. Harry; dance your hardest up in town with your ribs and reps, and the lot of ye; all very fine while the burning goes on: you won't see the fun of dancing on the ashes. A nice king of Rome Nero was next morning! By the Lord, if I couldn't swear you'll be down on your knees to an innocent fresh-hearted girl's worth five hundred of the crew you're for partnering now while you've a penny for the piper."

Janet shut his mouth, kissed him, and held his wine up. He drank, and thumped the table. "We'll have parties here, too. The girl shall have her choice of partners: she shan't be kept in the background by a young donkey. Take any six of your own age, and six sensible men, to try you by your chances. By George, the whole dozen 'd bring you in

non-compos. You've only got the women on your side because of a smart face and figure."

Janet exclaimed indignantly, "Grandada, I'm offended with you;" and walked out on a high step.

"Come, if he has the women on his side," said Captain Bulsted, mildly.

"He'll be able to go partnering and galloping as long as his bankers 'll let him, William—like your gentleman! That's true. We shall soon see."

"I leave my character in your hands, sir," said I, rising. "If you would scold me in private, I should prefer it, on behalf of your guests; but I am bound to submit to your pleasure, and under any circumstances I remember, what you appear to forget, that you are my grandfather."

So saying, I followed the ladies. It was not the wisest of speeches, and happened, Captain Bulsted afterwards informed me, to be delivered in my father's manner, for the squire pronounced emphatically that he saw very little Beltham in me. The right course would have been for me to ask him then and there whether I had his consent to start for Germany. But I was the sport of resentments and apprehensions; and indeed I should not have gone. I could not go without some title beyond that of the heir of great riches.

Janet kept out of my sight. I found myself strangely anxious to console her: less sympathetic, perhaps, than desirous to pour out my sympathy in her ear, which was of a very pretty shape, with a soft unpierced lobe. We danced together at the Riversley Ball, given by the squire on the night of my father's ball in London. Janet complimented me upon having attained wisdom. "Now we get on well," she said. "Grandada only wants to see us friendly, and feel that I am not neglected."

The old man, a martyr to what he considered due to his favourite, endured the horror of the ball until supper-time, and kept his eyes on us two. He forgot, or pretended to forget, my foreign engagement altogether, though the announcement in the newspapers was spoken of by Sir Roderick and Lady Ilchester and others.

"How do you like that?" he remarked to me, seeing her twirled away by one of the young Rubreys.

"She seems to like it, sir," I replied.

"Like it!" said he. "In my day you wouldn't have caught me letting the bloom be taken off the girl I cared for by a parcel o' scampish young dogs. Right in their arms! Look at her build. She's strong; she's healthy; she goes round like a tower. If you want a girl to *look* like a princess [—]"

His eulogies were not undeserved. But she danced as lightly and happily with Mr. Fred Rubrey as with Harry Richmond. I congratulated myself on her lack of sentiment. Later, when in London, where *Mdlle. Jenny Chassediane* challenged me to perilous sarabandes, I wished that

Janet had ever so small a grain of sentiment, for a preservative to me. Ottilia glowed high and distant; she sent me no message; her image did not step between me and disorder. The whole structure of my idea of my superior nature seemed to be crumbling to fragments; and beginning to feel in despair that I was wretchedly like other men, I lost by degrees the sense of my hold on her. It struck me that my worse fears of the effect produced on the princess's mind by that last scene in the lake-palace must be true, and I abandoned hope. Temple thought she tried me too cruelly. Under these circumstances I became less and less resolutely disposed to renew the forlorn conflict with my father concerning his prodigal way of living. "Let it last as long as I have a penny to support him!" I exclaimed. He said that Dettermain and Newson were now urging on his case with the utmost despatch in order to keep pace with him, but that the case relied for its life on his preserving a great appearance. He handed me his division of our twin cheque-books, telling me he preferred to depend on his son for supplies, and I was in the mood to think this a partial security.

"But you can take what there is," I said.

"On the contrary, I will accept nothing but minor sums—so to speak, the fractional shillings; though I confess I am always bewildered by silver," said he.

I questioned him upon his means of carrying on his expenditure. His answer was to refer to the pavement of the city of London. By paying here and there he had, he informed me, made a concrete for the wheels to roll on. He calculated that he now had credit for the space of three good years—ample time for him to fight his fight and win his victory.

"My tradesmen are not like the tradesmen of other persons," he broke out with a curious neigh of supreme satisfaction in that retinue. "They believe in me. I have de facto harnessed them to my fortunes; and if you doubt me on the point of success, I refer you to Dettermain and Newson. All I stipulate for is to maintain my position in society to throw a lustre on my Case. So much I must do. My failures hitherto have been entirely owing to the fact that I had not my son to stand by me."

"Then you must have money, sir."

"Yes, money."

"Then what can you mean by refusing mine?"

"I admit the necessity for it, my son. Say you hand me a cheque for a temporary thousand. Your credit and mine in conjunction can replace it before the expiration of the two months. Or," he meditated, "it might be better to give a bond or so to a professional lender, and preserve the account at your bankers' intact. The truth is, I have, in my interview with the squire, drawn in advance upon the material success I have a perfect justification to anticipate, and I cannot allow the old gentleman to suppose that I retrench for the purpose of giving a larger array of figures to your bankers' book. It would be sheer madness. I cannot do it. I

cannot afford to do it. When you are on a runaway horse,—I prefer to say a racehorse,—Richie, you must *ride* him. You dare not throw up the reins. Only last night Wedderburn, appealing to Loftus, a practical sailor, was approved when he offered—I forget the subject-matter—the illustration of a ship on a lee-shore: you are lost if you do not spread every inch of canvas to the gale. Retrenchment at this particular moment is perdition. Count our gains, Richie. We have won a princess”

I called to him not to name her.

He persisted: “Half a minute. She is won; she is ours. And let me, in passing,—bear with me one second,—counsel you to write to Prince Ernest instantanè, proposing formally for his daughter, and, in your grandfather’s name, state her dowry at fifty thousand per annum.”

“Oh, you forget!” I interjected.

“No, Richie, I do not forget that you are off a lee-shore; you are mounted on a skittish racehorse, with, if you like, a New Forest fly operating within an inch of his belly-girths. Our situation is so far ticklish, and prompts invention and audacity.”

“You must forget, sir, that in the present state of the squire’s mind, I should be simply lying in writing to the prince that he offers a dowry.”

“No, for your grandfather has yielded consent.”

“By implication, you know he withdraws it.”

“But if I satisfy him that you have not been extravagant?”

“I must wait till he is satisfied.”

“The thing is done, Richie, done. I see it in advance—it is done. Whatever befalls me, you, my dear boy, in the space of this two months, may grasp your fortune. Besides, here is my hand. I swear by it, my son, that I shall satisfy the squire. I go farther; I say I shall have the means to refund to you—the means, the money. The marriage is announced in our prints for the summer—say early June. And I undertake that you, the husband of the princess, shall be the first gentleman in England—that is, Europe. Oh! not ruling a coterie; not dazzling the world with entertainments.” He thought himself in earnest when he said, “I attach no mighty importance to these things, though there is no harm I can perceive in leading the fashion—none that I see in having a consummate style. I know your taste, and hers, Richie, the noble lady’s. She shall govern the intellectual world—your poets, your painters, your men of science. They *reflect* a beautiful sovereign mistress more exquisitely than almost aristocracy does. But you head our aristocracy also. You are a centre of the political world. So I scheme it. Between you, I defy the Court to rival you. This I call distinction. It is no mean aim, by heaven! I protest, it is an aim with the mark in sight, and not out of range.”

He whipped himself up to one of his oratorical frenzies, of which a cheque was the common fruit. The power of his persuasiveness in speech, backed by the spectacle of his social accomplishments, con-

tinued to subdue me, and I protested only inwardly even when I knew that he was gambling with fortune. I wrote out many cheques, and still it appeared to me that they were barely sufficient to meet the current expenses of his household. Temple and I calculated that his Grand Parade would try the income of a duke, and could but be a matter of months. Mention of it reached Riversley from various quarters, from Lady Maria Higginson, from Captain Bulsted and his wife, and from Sir Roderick Ilchester, who said to me, with fine accentuation, "I have met your father." Sir Roderick, an Englishman reputed of good breeding, informed the son that he had actually met the father in lofty society, at Viscountess Sedley's, at Lady Dolchester's, at Bramham DeWitt's, and heard of him as a frequenter of the Prussian and Austrian embassy entertainments; and also that he was admitted to the exclusive dinner-parties of the Countess de Strode, "which are," he observed, in the moderated tone of an astonishment devoting itself to propagation, "the cream of society." Indubitably, then, my father was no impostor: society proved it. The squire listened like one pelted by a storm, sure of his day to come at the close of the two months. I gained his commendation by shunning the metropolitan balls, nor did my father press me to appear at them. It was tacitly understood between us that I should now and then support him at his dinner-table, and pass bowing among the most select of his great ladies. And this I did, and I felt at home with them, though I had to bear with roughnesses from one or two of the more venerable dames, which were not quite proper to good breeding. Old Lady Kane, great-aunt of the Marquis of Edbury, was particularly my tormentor, through her plain-spoken comments on my father's legal suit; for I had to listen to her without wincing, and agree in her general contempt of the Georges, and foil her queries coolly, when I should have liked to perform Jorian DeWitt's expressed wish to "squeeze the acid out of her in one grip, and toss her to the gods that collect exhausted lemons." She took extraordinary liberties with me.

"Why not marry an Englishwoman? Rich young men ought to choose wives from their own people, out of their own sets. Foreign women never get on well in this country, unless they join the hounds to hunt the husband."

She cited naturalized ladies famous for the pastime. Her world and its outskirts she knew thoroughly, even to the fact of my grandfather's desire that I should marry Janet Ilchester. She named a duke's daughter, an earl's. Of course I should have to stop the scandal: otherwise the choice I had was unrestricted. My father she evidently disliked, but she just as much disliked an encounter with his invincible bonhomie and dexterous tongue. She hinted at family reasons for being shy of him, assuring me that I was not implicated in them. "The Guelph pattern was never much to my taste," she said, and it consoled me with the thought that he was not ranked as an adventurer in the houses he entered. I learnt that he was supposed to depend chiefly on my vast resources.

Edbury acted the part of informant to the inquisitive barridan: "Her poor dear good-for-nothing Edbury! whose only cure would be a nice, well-conducted girl, an heiress." She had cast her eye on Anna Penrhys, but considered her antecedents doubtful. Spotless innocence was the sole receipt for Edbury's malady. My father, in a fit of bold irony, proposed Lady Kane for President of his Tattle and Scandal Club,—a club of ladies dotted with select gentlemen, the idea of which Jorian DeWitt claimed the merit of starting, and my father surrendered it to him, with the reservation that Jorian intended an association of backbiters pledged to reveal all they knew, whereas the club, in its present form, was an engine of morality and decency, and a social safeguard, as well as an amusement. It comprised a Committee of Investigation, and a Court of Appeal: its object was to arraign slander. Lady Kane declined the honour. "I am not a washerwoman," she said to me, and spoke of where dirty linen should be washed, and was distressingly broad in her innuendoes concerning Edbury's step-mother. This club sat and became a terror for a month, adding something to my father's reputation. His inexhaustible conversational art and humour gave it such vitality as it had. Ladies of any age might apply for admission when well seconded: gentlemen under forty-five years were rigidly excluded, and the seniors must also have passed through the marriage ceremony. Outside tattle and scandal declared that the club was originated to serve as a tub for Lady Edbury, but I chose to have no opinion upon what I knew nothing of.

These matters were all ephemeral, and freaks; they produced, however, somewhat of the same effect on me as on my father, in persuading me that he was born for the sphere he occupied, and rendering me rather callous as to the sources of ways and means. I put my name to a bond for several thousand pounds, in conjunction with Lord Edbury, thinking my father right in wishing to keep my cheque-book unworried, lest the squire should be seized with a spasm of curiosity before the two months were over. "I promise you I surprise him," my father said repeatedly. He did not say how: I had the suspicion that he did not know. His confidence and my growing recklessness acted in unison. Happily the newspapers were quiet. I hoped consequently to find peace at Riversley; but there the rumours of the Grand Parade were fabulous, thanks to Captain Bulsted and Julia, among others. These two again provoked an outbreak of rage from the squire, and I, after hearing them, was almost disposed to side with him; they suggested an inexplicable magnificence, and created an image of a man portentously endowed with the capacity to throw dust in the eyes. No description of the balls could have furnished me such an insight of their brilliancy as the consuming ardour they awakened in the captain and his wife. He reviewed them: "Princely entertainments! Arabian Nights!"

She built them up piecemeal: "The company! the dresses! the band! the supper!" The host was a personage supernatural. "Aladdin's magician, if you like," said Julia, "only—good! A perfect gentleman!"

and I'll say again, confound his enemies." She presumed, as she was aware she might do, upon the squire's prepossession in her favour, without reckoning that I was always the victim.

"Heard o' that new story 'bout a Dauphin?" he asked.

"A Dauphin?" quoth Captain Bulsted. "I don't know the fish."

"You've been in a pretty kettle of 'em lately, William. I heard of it yesterday on the Bench. Lord Shale, our new Lord-Lieutenant, brought it down. A trick they played the fellow 'bout a Dauphin. Serve him right. You heard anything 'bout it, Harry?"

I had not.

"But I tell ye there is a Dauphin mixed up with him. A Dauphin and Mr. Ik Dine!"

"Mr. Ik Dine?" exclaimed the captain, perplexed.

"Ay, that's German lingo, William, and you ought to know it if you're a loyal sailor—means 'I serve.'"

"Mr. Beltham," said the captain, seriously, "I give you my word of honour as a man and a British officer, I don't understand one syllable of what you're saying; but if it means any insinuation against the gentleman who condescends to extend his hospitalities to my wife and me, I must, with regret, quit the place where I have had the misfortune to hear it."

"You stop where you are, William," the squire motioned to him. "'Gad, I shall have to padlock my mouth, or I shan't have a friend left soon . . . confounded fellow. I tell you they call him Mr. Ik Dine in town—Ik Deen, some say. That's the worst of a foreign language: no two people speak it alike. Ik Deen and a Dauphin! They made a regular clown and pantaloons o' the pair, I'm told. Couple o' pretenders to thrones invited to dine together and talk over their chances and show their private marks. Oho! by-and-by, William! You and I! Never a man made such a fool of in his life!"

The ladies retired. The squire continued, in a furious whisper:—

"They got the two together, William. 'Who are you?' 'I'm a Dauphin; who are you?' 'I'm Ik Dine, bar sinister.' 'Oh!' says the other, 'then I take precedence of you!' 'Devil a bit,' says the other; 'I've got more spots than you.' 'Proof,' says one. 'You first,' t'other. 'Count,' one cries. T'other sings out, 'Measles.' 'Better than a dying Dauphin,' roars t'other; and swore both of 'em 'twas nothing but port-wine stains and pimples. Ha! ha! And, William, will you believe it?—the couple went round begging the company to count spots—ha! ha!—to prove their big birth! Oh, Lord, I'd ha' paid a penny to be there! A Jack o' Bedlam Ik Deen damned idiot!—makes name o' Richmond stink." Captain Bulsted shot a wild stare round the room to make sure that the ladies had gone. "I tell ye, William, I had it from Lord Shale himself only yesterday on the Bench. He brought it to us hot from town—didn't know I knew the fellow; says the fellow's charging and firing himself off all day and all night too—can't make him out.

Says London's mad about him: lots o' women, the fools! Ha, ha! a Dauphin!"

"Ah, well, sir," Captain Bulsted supplicated feverishly, rubbing his brows and whiskers.

"It's true, William. Fellow ought to be taken up and committed as a common vagabond, and would be anywhere but in London. I'd jail him 'fore you cocked your eye twice. Fellow came here and talked me over to grant him a couple o' months to prove he hasn't swindled his son of every scrap of his money. We shall soon see. Not many weeks to run! And pretends—fellow swears to me—can get him into Parliament; swears he'll get him in 'fore the two months are over! An infernal——"

"Please to recollect, sir; the old hereditary shall excuse you——"

"Gout, you mean, William? By——"

"You are speaking in the presence of his son, sir, and you are trying the young gentleman's affection for you hard."

"Eh? 'Cause I'm his friend? Harry," my grandfather faced round on me, "don't you know I'm the friend you can trust? Hal, did I ever borrow a farthing of you? Didn't I, the day of your majority, hand you the whole of your inheritance from your poor broken-hearted mother, with interest, and treat you like a man? And never played spy, never made an inquiry, till I heard the scamp had been fastening on you like a blood-sucker, and singing hymns into the ears of that squeamish dolt of a pipe-smoking parson, Peterborough—never thought of doing it! Am I the man that dragged your grandmother's name through the streets and soiled yours?"

I remarked that I was sensible of the debt of gratitude I owed to him, but would rather submit to the scourge, or to destitution, than listen to these attacks on my father.

"Cut yourself loose, Harry," he cried, a trifle mollified. "Don't season ~~his~~ stew—d'ye hear? Stick to decent people. Why, you don't expect he'll be locked up in the Tower for a finish, eh? It'll be Newgate, or the Bench. He and his Dauphin—ha! ha! A rascal crow and a Jack Dauphin!"

Captain Bulsted reached me his hand. "You have a great deal to bear, Harry. I commend you, my boy, for taking it manfully."

"I say no more," quoth the squire. "But what I said was true. The fellow gives his little dinners and suppers to his marchionesses, countesses, duchesses, and plays clown and pantaloon among the men. He thinks a parcel o' brodered petticoats 'll float him. So they may till a tradesman sent stark mad pops a pin into him. Harry, I'd as lief hang on to a fire-ship. Here's Ilchester tells me . . . and Ilchester speaks of him under his breath now as if he were sitting in a pew funking the parson. Confound the fellow! I say he's guilty of treason. Pooh! who cares! He cuts out the dandies of his day, does he? He's past sixty, if he's a month. It's all damned harlequinade. Let him twirl off one columbine or another, or a dozen, and then the last of him! Fellow

makes the world look like a farce. He's got about eight feet by five to caper on, and all London gaping at him—geese! Are you a gentleman and a man of sense, Harry Richmond, to let yourself be lugged about in public—by the Lord! like a pair of street-tumblers in spangled haunch-bags, father and boy, on a patch of carpet, and a drum banging, and tossed and turned inside out, and my God! the ass of a fellow strutting the ring with you on his shoulder! That's the spectacle. And you, Harry, now I'll ask you, do you mean your wife—egad, it'd be a pretty scene, with your princess in hip-up petticoats, stiff as bottle-funnel top down'ards, airing a whole leg, and knuckling a tambourine!"

"Not crying, my dear lad?" Captain Bulsted put his arm round me kindly, and tried to catch a glimpse of my face. I let him see I was not going through that process. "Whew!" said he, "and enough to make any Christian sweat! You're in a bath, Harry. I wouldn't expect the man who murdered his godmother for one shilling and fivepence three-farthings the other day, to take such a slinging, and think he deserved it."

My power of endurance had reached its limit.

"You tell me, sir, you had this brutal story from the Lord-Lieutenant of the county?"

"Ay, from Lord Shale. But I won't have you going to him and betraying our connection with a ——"

"Halloo!" Captain Bulsted sang out to his wife on the lawn. "And now, squire, I have had my dose. And you will permit me to observe that I find it emphatically what we used to call at school black-jack."

"And you were all the better for it afterwards, William."

"We did not arrive at that opinion, sir. Harry, your arm. An hour with the ladies will do us both good. The squire," he murmured, wiping his forehead as he went out, "has a knack of bringing us into close proximity with hell-fire when he pleases."

Julia screamed on beholding us, "Aren't you two men as pale as death!"

Janet came and looked.

"Merely a dose," said the captain. "We are anxious to play battledore and shuttlecock madly."

"So he shall, the dear!" Julia caressed him. "We'll all have a tournament in the wet-weather shed."

Janet whispered to me, "Was it—the Returning Thanks?"

"The what?" said I, with the dread at my heart of something worse than I had heard.

She hailed Julia to run and fetch the battledores, and then told me she had been obliged to confiscate the newspapers that morning and cast the burden on post-office negligence. "They reach grandada's hands by afternoon post, Harry, and he finds objectionable passages blotted or cut out; and as long as the scissors don't touch the business columns and the debates, he never asks me what I have been doing. He thinks I keep a

scrap-book. I haven't often time in the morning to run an eye all over the paper. This morning it was the first thing I saw."

What had she seen? She led me out of view of the windows and showed me.

My father was accused of having stood up at a public dinner and returned thanks on behalf of an Estate of the Realm:—it read monstrously. I ceased to think of the suffering inflicted on me by my grandfather.

Janet and I, side by side with the captain and Julia, carried on the game of battledore and shuttlecock, in a match to see whether the unmarried could keep the shuttle flying as long as the married, with varying fortunes. She gazed on me, to give me the comfort of her sympathy, too much, and I was too intent on the vision of my father either persecuted by lies, or guilty of hideous follies, to allow the match to be a fair one. So Julia could inform the squire that she and William had given the unmarried pair a handsome beating when he appeared peeping round one of the shed-pillars.

"Of course you beat 'em," said the squire. "It's not my girl's fault." He said more, to the old tune, which drove Janet away.

I remembered, when back in the London vortex, the curious soft beauty she won from casting up her eyes to watch the descending feathers, and the brilliant direct beam of those thick-browed, firm clear eyes, with her frown, and her set lips and brave figure, when she was in the act of striking to keep up a regular quick fusillade. I had need of calm memories. The town was astir, and humming with one name.

The last Phase in the Junius Controversy.

I PRESUME that the curious and extremely interesting volume which Mr. Twisleton and M. Chabot, the "expert," have just given to the public—*The Handwriting of Junius Professionally Investigated*—will be accepted by the greater part of it as virtually settling the venerable question of the authorship of the Letters. That it will do so entirely, and to the satisfaction of the whole world, it would be a great deal too much to expect. Too many inveterate prepossessions—if I may use the word without offence—are engaged in maintaining the "anti-Franciscan" side of the dispute, to allow it to collapse without long "flurry" (as people say of a dying whale) of greater or less intensity. As I write these lines, I perceive from the current periodicals that the opponents have taken up the glove, that there are practised intellects ready to criticize and pull to pieces the conclusions of the skilful "expert" even before (to the apprehension of ordinary mortals) they could have had time even to follow out the close and complicated chain of reasoning by which M. Chabot endeavours to demonstrate those conclusions: a subject which it would take a spell of serious consideration to master, is sifted contemptuously in a few rapid pages. Besides this, there are many who are really no partisans, but who have attached themselves to the opinion that there is something still to discover, with the pertinacity which a mere love for intellectual puzzles engenders. I remember Mr. Babbage once informing me that, within a limited section of Northern Italy, he had found at the same time three *savans* at work independently to achieve the squaring of the circle. How many patient and busy-brained seekers are still, or were a few years ago, obscurely, but determinedly, engaged in quest of Junius, I (from my experience as editor of Francis's Memoirs) am to a certain extent in a condition to say. I could refer to the correspondents who honoured me with their detailed refutations, and their manifold suggestions, from those whose laborious inquiries seemed to have employed minds of no common power for years of study, down to one, at least, who offered to sell me the secret of Junius "for a consideration." There must be very many such, to whom the prosaic solution that the plain road is the true one, that the mysterious libeller was really no one but the long-suspected clerk in the War Office, will remain as unwelcome as was, in Walter Scott's story, the death of the hare who had for years been the solitary *raison d'être* of a provincial coursing-club. To all such I can offer only one consolation: the joint authors of this volume prove, or seek to prove, at all events, no more than this, that Francis was the "hand-writer" of *Junius* (to use a very convenient novelty in language introduced

by Mr. Twisleton, for the word describes both an amanuensis and a transcriber.) But the proof of the handwriting does not establish the authorship. It is still open to contend, for those who love a difficult cause, that the author may have been some great personage, who employed the penmanship of Francis. And Francis was in many respects the man for such employment—easily accessible, close, busy, needy, ambitious; a man without the propensity to loose talk which is the most dangerous of qualities in the deeply trusted; a man who would keep a secret as he would guard his purse—if it was made thoroughly worth his while to do so. At the same time, knowing Francis as I do, I must confess that I could not have slept in quiet if I had felt myself to be a libeller, and him my confidant. But the supposition is, at all events, maintainable. Let us try the experiment by submitting a new candidate. I do so really, not by way of paradox or of pleasantry, but only to suggest that the field is not worked out; that, although I myself entertain no reasonable doubt that the result of farther inquiry will only confirm the common belief, such inquiry is yet free; and, at the same time that, if conducted otherwise than in mere idleness, it should be subject to certain axioms of possibility.

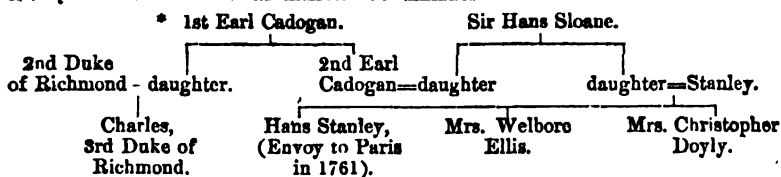
For instance: I cannot avoid intimating—for however trivial the remark may appear, the canon seems to be most inadequately present to the minds of the Junian polemics—that the mere criterion of style is quite sufficient to exclude from competition at least five-and-thirty out of the forty candidates for Junian honours, whom Mr. Parkes enumerates in his portion of the *Memoirs of Francis*. It is a strangely misplaced exercise of ingenuity to endeavour painfully to establish a case in favour of this or that personage, on the ground of political sympathies, or circumstantial coincidences, or any other combination of reasons, when it is certain from his written remains that his language is not that of Junius, nor anything at all approaching it. A man cannot feign a style, except by a very brief effort: least of all, a weaker the style of a stronger. “Never rack his body, madam,” said Bacon to Elizabeth, of some unlucky wight who had fallen under suspicion with her Majesty of being the author of a lampoon, “rack his style.” “Give him pen and paper, and require of him to compose something, and I will answer on my credit whether he be the man or not.” But by this it must not be understood that mere difference of literary merit—disparities of power—afford a sufficient criterion of non-identity. That is a dictum of over-criticism which has been too freely applied on this and other questions. My meaning is merely this: that whoever wrote Junius must have been a master of the pen: what is called a “practised” writer; though this amount of excellence, usually acquired by writing for the press, is sometimes attained by those whose practice has been small, but who are endowed with a happy faculty of imitation. The number of those who can write tolerably well, in this sense, is not very great even now, outside of what may be termed the literary profession: a hundred years ago it was relatively smaller. But the difference between one who possesses, and one who does not possess, this mastery of the pen, is as great

as that between a trained fencer and one who has not learnt the use of his weapons. Now the application of this simple test would make very short work indeed, as I have said, of nearly all the "persons of quality" on whom suspicion has fallen. To suppose that the nervous, terse, epigrammatic sentences of Junius could have been composed, or his terrible earnestness assumed, by such boneless and sinewless penmen as Lord Temple, for instance, or Lord George Sackville—the two most favoured aristocratic names in the running—would be about as reasonable as to attribute the authorship of Churchill's satires to Lady Temple, whose affectionate lyric effusions to her lord adorn the Grenville correspondence. The style of people born to elevated rank, and never drilled to hard work, is not often masterly, either in point of sustained energy, or of finish; but this deficiency is particularly remarkable in the society of the period we are now considering. There was scarcely one man in the peerage, or noble houses of that day, who has left any record of his literary workmanship at all, who could possibly have been convicted of this charge, due regard being had to internal evidence. One and all might have pleaded privilege of clergy, in the reverse sense. It has been over and over again asserted, and remains as the commonest of all anti-Franciscan arguments, that Francis in his own name never wrote anything nearly so good as Junius. But compare the composition of Francis—his speeches, his political dissertations—merely as literary works, as specimens of diction, with the remains of his various competitors of rank, and note the difference between the forcible hand of the accomplished pamphleteer, who had worked for bread as well as fame, and the feeble fingering of the amateur.

Yet there is one marked exception, at least, to be made from this sweeping criticism of mine. There was one exalted nobleman of that day who could write almost as well (for purposes of political reasoning and invective) as a good newspaper correspondent; and it does so happen that this nobleman, in the external circumstances of his career, more nearly suited the supposed outward characteristics of Junius than any other who has been named, or could be named, as an aspirant for the honours of the great libeller. And yet, strange to say, he never has been publicly so named. He is not in Mr. Parkes's list of candidates, or any other which I have examined. Let us see.

Charles, third Duke of Richmond, was a man of between thirty and forty when the celebrated letters appeared. He had held office (Secretary of State) in the first Rockingham administration, was all his life a staunch Whig, and in the latter part of it a good deal more. A man of great fearlessness and resolution; "not to be intimidated by supercilious words, nor humbled by invective," says his admirer Horace Walpole; but of strong temper, and regarded as impracticable by his colleagues. On the whole, he and Junius thought singularly alike "of the Republic." To a certain extent he was a liegeman of Chatham; but (like Junius) with intervals of revolt. Twice he withstood that "insolent minister" as he termed him, to his face: once (in 1766) he actually drove him for a time from the House of Lords; but they became allies again. He

became also a strong partisan of American independence, and (in later life) of Parliamentary Reform: things both of them obnoxious to Junius: but whoever studies Junius sympathetically will perceive that he was in a fair way to be converted on both these subjects (as we know that Francis was). Nothing is more marked in Junius than his personal hostility to George the Third. The enmity between the Duke of Richmond and that monarch was most intense, even in that age of stinging political spites arising out of trifling causes: nor is it, in fact, easily explicable. "The Duke," says Walpole, "for years resented the King's breach of his word," in an insignificant matter about the command of the "Blue Guards," (in which, *pace* Walpole, it is by no means clear that the King was in the wrong), "and though he paid his duty to the Queen, he constantly left the drawing-room without approaching the King." George the Third, writing to Lord North in 1773, says, in one of his insane outbursts of anger, that a certain event "shows the Duke of Richmond's blackness, if it wanted any elucidation, and that his whole conduct is dictated by malevolence:" the event in question being merely that his Grace had made himself troublesome by opposing the East India Regulation Bill in its several stages. Again, Junius, we know, spares Lord Holland: Lord Holland was the Duke's brother-in-law. Junius's familiarity with military and War-Office details is well known. The Duke of Richmond was a soldier, and an accomplished one, had served abroad, took much interest in questions of military economy and management: in Lord Rockingham's second administration he became Master-General of the Ordnance. Junius took up the Falkland Islands' question with rather remarkable vehemence: it was a special subject of the Duke's. Junius, as every one repeats, got into a violent quarrel with Lord Barrington for ill-treating one Christopher Doyly, a clerk in his Lordship's office: and who in the world would have troubled himself to make public the official sorrows of Christopher Doyly—so say the Franciscans one and all—except his close associate and fellow-clerk, Philip Francis? I beg pardon of my friends: there was one great man who might, and very probably would, for he united an interest in War-Office matters and a personal alliance with Doyly. Doyly's wife was a connection of the Duke's mother, a Cadogan. The subjoined slice of pedigree explains the relationship.*



It will be observed in how important a way this bit of genealogy—besides illustrating the hypothetical case to which I have assigned it—bears on that of Francis. Much has been said about the kind of knowledge which Junius displays respecting people and things of fashionable life; slight and fragmentary, quite insufficient for a "person of quality," and yet more than could be expected from one of Francis's antecedents. Now, Francis's close connection with Doyly would just serve

Once more, if any high political character wrote or dictated these letters, one may pretty safely conjecture that he would avoid drawing attention to himself. Junius, I believe, never mentions the Duke of Richmond at all. His Grace was, in point of demeanour, a thoroughly fine gentleman; a master of that "grand manner" which some have deemed essential to their conceptions of the person of Junius.* In one feature only, that I can discover, may the parallel be *à priori* pronounced a failure. The Duke was esteemed, except by very violent politicians like Lord Loughborough, a man of scrupulous honour: what Junius was in this respect we can conjecture. But then men of honour, like men of virtue, are sometimes found out.

Now these things being so, there remains the single, but most pertinent question: Can the Duke's pretensions stand the unerring literary test? can he pass through the narrow wicket-gate which will admit none, however "Juniable" in all other respects, except thoroughly accomplished masters of the pen? Let us "rack his style." He had "a great deal of sense," says Walpole, and showed "amazing quickness," in his French negotiation (1767). He passed, however, for an indolent man: nor, I believe, did he ever publish any writings. But it so happens that several of his letters, on public, or rather party affairs, are preserved in the Rockingham correspondence. Have they, or have they not, any "Junian ring" about them? The first which I will cite is termed in the *Edinburgh Review* (1854) an "admirable letter;" it conveys the writer's reasons for declining to join a projected coalition (1779). The following brief extract may serve only to give an idea of it:—

If we are not to make the arrangements, and are yet to be supposed to have the management of affairs, it becomes surely not only fair, but necessary, that we should have a specific description of that share of government proposed for us, which is to give us the means, weight, and authority to carry our measures; or if it is not intended that we are to direct the measures, it is necessary that we should have a precise idea of those to which we are called to accede. Without one of these, it is merely an offer of place without power, under a bargain to screen those whom we have been so long condemning.

The next relates to an earlier attempt at coalition; which he equally condemned (1767):—

Is it not impossible to form a junction of the whole? Would there be places enough, if the different politics and passions of the parties could agree? Are not the Ministry distressed to keep, and the Bedfords distressed to get, their places? Must not, therefore, each of them be ready to join your lordship? If you cannot unite the whole, which should you prefer joining with, in point of consistency as to measures and in point of prudence? First, as to security of their attachment to you; and, secondly, as to probability of success in the closet? Have the present ministers any favourite measures in view to which they require your compliance? Have the

to supply him with that sort of gossip about high life which would be useful for his newspaper purposes. His appeals to Welbore Ellis, as an advocate with Lord North, (from India,) are also thus explained.

* Sir N. W. Wraxall describes (from hearsay) the demeanour of the three Whig leaders whom George the Third invested with the Garter in 1782. "The Duke of Devonshire advanced up to the Sovereign, with his phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown. Lord Shelburne came forward, bowing on every side, smiling and fawning, like a courtier. The Duke of Richmond presented himself, easy, unembarrassed, and with dignity, like a gentleman."

Bedfords none as to America, and are their notions of trade and foreign affairs likely to be submitted to your lordship, particularly Mr. Grenville's? Is it most prudent to trust to the security of Mr. Rigby, Lord Sandwich, Lord Gower, Lord Temple, and Mr. Grenville, or to the Duke of Grafton and General Conway? . . . Are you sure that Yorke is not already leaving you for Grenville? If you join the Bedfords and Grenvilles, and of course separate from Conway, will they not outrate you in speeches both in the House of Lords and House of Commons? Can you suppose that a party which has the best speakers in both houses will submit to remain inferior to another party, and act in subordination, or even upon an equality, with it?

The last which I will select expresses his state of feeling after the Lord George Gordon riots (1780):—

I do despair of the State. I never should despair of it against any combination of foreign foes; but I do despair, seeing the domestic enemies it has, and their power. All attempt to meddle is sure to return nothing but additional vexation. I have long thought so, and the late trials have not altered my mind, or diminished my aversion to interfering with public business. If the nation can so tamely bear all it has borne, and the evident loss of their own liberty, without stirring, and will submit to be led by Scotch fanatics, and to the tune of the bagpipe—set Newgate loose, and burn London, turning against the best friends of liberty, and confounding them with its worst enemies—such a nation cannot be saved.

Unless I am mistaken, the man who wrote thus was an artist; one accustomed to, and understanding, the use of the pen; and if reasonable probability were shown me from other circumstances that he was the author of Junius, I should not feel justified in rejecting his claim for dissimilarity of style, that of Junius being undoubtedly artificial and forced, like his handwriting. Further than this I could not go. In point of fact, I have been only maintaining a paradox by way of illustration; but it is no paradox of my inventing. I owe it to an unknown correspondent, one of the many who favoured me with suggestions and criticisms on the appearance of the *Memoirs*. This writer, to whom I hereby tender my respectful acknowledgments, sent me an argument in earnest on behalf of the third Duke of Richmond, much more detailed and more ingenious than the summary which I have submitted in these pages. But though interested, I need not say I remained unconvinced. I think I could myself show, by certain biographical particulars, that his Grace could not possibly have been Junius. There is, however, no occasion for fighting a shadow. I am only anxious to point out how easy it is to come near the mark in this sort of inquiry,—how difficult to hit it. Let any candid examiner compare the number of conjectures, plausibilities, light indications, piecemeal hints, brought together to back up the claim of this or of any other candidate except one, with the close, cogent, self-connected mass of testimony, missing in no link, open to no distinct and tangible objection, which establishes that of the one in question, Francis—evidence which would be regarded as conclusive in any research, were it not that as no single element in it can be pronounced mathematically certain, it is always open to incredulity to deny the moral certainty of the whole—and he will probably, from this mere comparison of comparisons, be led straight to the obvious and ordinary conclusion.

I say so, in very truth, without any prepossession of my own,

although, of course, I expect no one to believe me. It is singular, and almost ludicrous, to note the amount of personal feeling and acrimony which have been imported into the recent revival of the Junian contest; where they are about as appropriate as in the discussion of a mathematical problem. Every one who advances what he thinks a new contribution to a doctrine in which almost all our soberest inquirers into the history of that period have acquiesced, is treated in divers quarters as if he was either a crotchety paradox-monger; or an unconvincible fool, proof alike against reasoning and sarcasm; or, very commonly, as a designing personage, who is trying to throw dust in the eyes of the public, and thinks no sin of suppression, misinterpretation, exaggeration, in the furtherance of his cause. Even I, in the business-like exercise of an editor's duty to reduce within printable limits the multifarious manuscript remains of Sir Philip, have found myself accused of "making careful selections" from his correspondence, impliedly with sinister views, when heaven knows that my only care in the matter was to let Francis tell his own story with as little revision and shortening as necessity would admit. Critics would gain by reserving their suspicion for really suspicious cases; and not supposing that persons of common honesty go deliberately to work in fabricating, or suppressing, or "selecting"—all which means the same thing—for no greater stake than the establishment of a proposition in which no mortal has the slightest interest except that of curiosity.

For myself—if I may be excused another egotistical paragraph—I have said that I never took up the controversy with any special eagerness. I was content to follow in the wake of my contemporaries who had studied it best, such as Macaulay and Stanhope. My own desultory researches, had contributed to keep me straight in the same direction. But I was anything rather than a partisan, and when the papers of Sir Philip were placed in my hand, I should, as far as vanity goes, have been much better satisfied if I could have elaborated from them some novel and captivating theory, than in being forced to content myself with the stereotyped solution of the old riddle; I should much have preferred to be the Dr. Livingstone of Junian exploration, instead of tailing off in the ordinary track of humdrum travellers. But this was not to be. By the time my eye had run over ream after ream of that magnificent handwriting—when I had become acquainted with the views, real and pretended, the thoughts, hopes, dreams, dissimulations, disdains, of that powerful though limited intellect—the truth of the common theory established itself in my mind, beyond the force of ingenuity to disprove it. It was, if I may so say, the moral evidence of the identity which interested me even more than the external, overpowering as I hold this to be. As to the latter branch, my new researches only confirmed me in conclusions well ascertained before: they showed me how Francis ran parallel with Junius through their whole career; how he knew the same persons, was familiar with the same events, great and small, had the same likes and dislikes, and so forth. They established the very convincing result that if you study the life of Francis day by day, almost hour by hour, and com-

pare its events with the events of Junius, letter by letter, you nowhere come to an incompatibility ; that there is no one letter which you can prove that Francis could not have written, from evidence of time, place, ignorance, or any other such obstacle. The coincidences are of course most numerous and minute, but these you may try to explain away or contest their importance ; you cannot rank against them the non-coincidences, for—except in the case of a slight deviation or two evidently for the purpose of misleading—such do not exist. And it is in this way that the proof for Francis differs from that attempted on behalf of each of his forty competitors : the claim of each of whom breaks down at some point or other ; all of them now recognized failures, as I infer from their having been all abandoned ; the present school of anti-Franciscans confining itself wholly within the limits of negation. The study, as I pursued it, reminded me more and more of the child's toy called a labyrinth : all roads, save one, towards the centre of the maze, are crossed, sooner or later, by transverse bars ; one only conducts thither, through many intricacies, but without an obstacle.

But, as I have said, the moral evidence which I seemed to discover was to me, I will not say more convincing, but more attractive. It was the study of his remains which opened the recesses of his character, such as I deem them, to my inspection. I found out that Francis was, so to speak, two men : a "Bifrons" in reality as well as in fictitious name. To the eyes of superficial observers, an obscure, hard-working man, with a feeble wife and craving family, of ignoble tastes and insignificant associations, fond of his wine, his rubber, and his not very respectable "larks," but in no respect distinguished, except by a somewhat better education, from the ordinary run of Government clerks of his day.* Secretly, a busy, resolute, unscrupulous, political intriguer : full of ambition, cherishing the proudest anticipations, and satisfied of his own abilities to fill the highest destinies. And this I say without the slightest reference either to Junius or to those earlier presumed achievements of Francis as a newspaper correspondent on which Mr. Parkes laid so much stress. Thus much is evidenced simply by his own correspondence in his own name, and by his morsels of autobiography, corroborated as these are in the eyes of the minute inquirer by the papers of Chatham and of Calcraft. Francis, says one combatant in the discussion, was better employed at the date of the Falkland Islands letters than in newspaper controversy : for Francis writes

* The descendants of the collateral American branches of Sir Philip's family are still numerous in the United States, and possess some traditions respecting him. I have been favoured with the sight of some of their correspondence of the time. One of their beliefs is, that his father, the Doctor, once visited America : and that his presence there is testified by the preservation of a dishonoured cheque. Another is, that Sir Philip was himself illegitimate. It will be remembered that Mr. Parkes could make out nothing of his mother's history. "The date and place of her marriage are unknown."—*Memoirs*, p. i. There is a curious letter to Richard Tilghman from his own father (after Richard's return to Philadelphia) expressing the surprise of the family at Philip's Indian appointment, and saying that he certainly has "the luck of a bastard." Richard replies by a very affectionate panegyric on his cousin and comrade, whom he pronounces worthy of any good fortune. I give these trifling old rumours only for what they are worth, seeing no ground for belief in either.

to his brother-in-law at that date, "We lead a jolly kind of life. This night to a concert, on Thursday to a Ridotto, on Saturday the opera," and so forth. Quite true; and yet Francis, in his autobiographical fragment already referred to (preserved in the strictest privacy), declares that at that same date he was deeply at work with Calcraft in endeavouring to raise on his legs the fallen idol, Lord Chatham. "If Chatham had come in I could have commanded anything." The man was double, half drinking with Tilghman, half plotting with Calcraft. On no other supposition can you really reconcile his inconsistencies as Francis. But admit that supposition, and you remove the chief improbability, such as it is, which may be urged against his claim to Junius, and you remove at the same time the extreme antecedent improbability against the great fact of his career—the appointment of this small dismissed clerk to the joint government of India.

While on this subject of personal character—since I am already hopelessly engaged in digressions—let me refer incidentally to two singular passages, which seem like what an Italian art-scholar would term "*pentimenti*" on the part of Junius. Such are rare. Junius was "not a man that he should repent." But now and then the melting mood came even over him. He had done injustice, and in his stern way he would make amends. One of these relates to the case of Sir William Draper. How Junius attacked and ridiculed that officer we all know. Nevertheless, "when Francis had to repel the charge of having allowed himself to be included in the list of managers of the impeachment of Hastings, his personal enemy, to whom does he appeal? To the very last person in the world to whom Junius would have appealed—to Draper. Those who knew Sir William Draper, I am sure, will acknowledge that there could not be a stricter and more scrupulous judge of points of honour than he was." So observes an anti-Franciscan, not unnaturally, to show that Francis could not have written Junius. Study Francis well, and you will see how shrewd a suspicion it raises the other way. Draper had been the friend of Francis's father: a familiar personage to Francis himself. His reference to Draper was therefore to a backer whom he had the right to invoke. The attack of Junius on Draper had been wantonly mischievous. And (if tradition speaks truly) Draper had expressed himself forgivingly and good-humouredly of his unknown assailant. And he was now dead. Even Francis might be capable of this kind of posthumous generosity, and feel as if he had performed a sacrifice to Nemesis.

The other instance I quote from Mr. Twisleton's Preface (p. xxxiii.) I am ashamed to say I had overlooked it in compiling the Memoirs. Mr. Twisleton's more industrious eyes have discerned it, and noted its value. In a note by Junius to his Letter to the Duke of Grafton (December 12th, 1769), one Mr. George Ross is spoken of as "the Scotch agent and *worthy* confidant of Lord Mansfield." But in 1771, fate so willed it that Francis, after his retirement from the War Office, had to ask Ross a favour: namely, to use his interest with Lord Suffolk to get him, Francis, another place. Ross replied kindly, and seems to have tried to accom-

plish the object. Now, in what is called the Booksellers' Edition of Junius, 1789, which has the appearance of having been revised by Junius himself, the insulting word "worthy" is significantly omitted.

I repeat, therefore, that no one can go effectively into this question unless he is prepared to resist the temptation to cut knots by short and sharp sentences ; to say that it is "impossible," or even "improbable," that Francis should have used this or that expression of Junius, because, apparently, contrary to his interest, or inconsistent with his known sentiments, or likely to endanger his secret. This can be decided but approximately, and that only by a very careful weighing of probabilities, a process to which, I must say, as far as I have observed, ordinary Junian combatants show little inclination. Remember Fielding's parable of the Wiltshire thief. Three constables are pursuing a supposed offender. They pass a public-house with the sign of the "Wiltshire Inn." "Let us go in," says the first ; "for the thief is a Wiltshire man, and, therefore, likely to stop there." "No," says the second ; "for that very reason he will not stop there, for fear of being followed." "Yes," reasoned the third, "he may have gone there to disconcert suspicion by facing it." While they are thus arguing the question *à priori* at the door, the culprit escapes *à posteriori* by a back-window. And attempts to solve a problem on moral probabilities as to whether a man is likely to do this or that under given circumstances, are very apt to end in some such unsatisfactory way, particularly where the subject is such a "dodger" as Junius must have been, and as Francis certainly was.

No writer has expressed this element of the question so much to my mind as the distinguished French *littérateur*, Charles de Rémusat ("Encore un Mot sur Junius," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th Sept., 1868). He writes as a steady and unconverted Franciscan, though by no means an intolerant one :—

Hence arises the impossibility, or at all events the difficulty, of judging safely of the origin of these letters by their contents, and of assigning probability or improbability for or against the suspected party. If in some pages one reads something contrary to the known sentiments, to the probable affections, to the evident wishes of him to whom one attributes them, it seems assuredly very logical to conclude at once that they are not his ; but it is necessary at the same time to remember that we have before us a work of fiction and importance, the stratagem of one who conceals himself, the manifesto of a combatant who does not want to be seized or discovered. Such, then, is the singular nature of the work imposed on the seekers after Junius, that they must needs distrust the ordinary methods of investigation in similar cases, give the go-by to coincidences and analogies which seem to be proofs, accept at times those contradictions and disparities which appear to raise objections. The coincidences which one seems to perceive between known opinions and pseudonymous writings, between a private life and a part acted in public, are not certain indications ; and inconsistencies are not improbabilities. Everything may be turned in two senses, and the *pour et contre* may be equally deduced from the same comparisons. The same individual may be Junius both because he resembles him and is unlike him ; and much sagacity and attention are required to make the choice. This is a great source of perplexity. This description, however, is not altogether unfavourable to Francis. On the contrary, we may remark in his life and character features agreeing with the supposed duplicity of the personage whom we are trying to discover. He was at once ardent and secret, hasty and calculating ; he loved vengeance and mystery ;

his judgment was severe, his conscience loose ; he had more rigour than justice, more of principles than of scruples, more of pride than of dignity. He wanted very little of the merits and vices necessary to being Junius. He had the heart of Junius : had he his genius ? That is more doubtful.

One canon of probability on this subject may however, I think, be laid down with some approach to confidence. A man in possession of a dangerous secret will no doubt put himself to some inconvenience and restraint, and do some unlikely things with a view to avoid its detection. But one thing he will hardly do : break through his habits, and alter his settled course of life. I mention this with a view to a proof of identity, which Mr. Parkes considered a very convincing one ; but of which I do not think others have taken much notice ; that afforded by the catalogue of Francis's library. It will be found detailed in No. I. of the Appendix to the second volume of the Memoirs. Francis, as is easily collected from his remains, was a man whose time was much spent in meditating on himself : not only in planning what he had to do, but reconsidering all that he had done ; chewing the cud of past life. He was a very vain man, but whose vanity was in general rather concentrated and silent than demonstrative. And hence it resulted that while he was always a great collector of pamphlets, these were such as almost invariably related to matters in which he had himself been engaged : his own or others' speeches in debates in which he had taken part, his own or others' tracts on subjects which he had, for special reasons, taken up. He was a collector, not from curiosity about others, but from *le besoin de se parler de soi-même*. These tracts he bound up in volumes, year by year or nearly so.

Now, from 1774, the year in which he became a high public functionary, to the end of his public life, this collection contained some eighty volumes ; and the contents were almost all of the type to which I have referred, of personal interest to himself, and chiefly to his career in parliament. With a little pains, one might almost specify the reason which led him to purchase every article. Prior to 1774—when he was an obscure man of no known influence in public affairs at all—there were about twenty volumes. These relate almost wholly, not, of course, to matters in which he took part as Francis—for there were none—but to matters in which Junius, or Candor, or the other personages of Woodfall's imaginary staff, took part. Compare the contents of one earlier and one later volume only, and my meaning will be plain. But, if you wish to examine for yourself, compare the whole series, and the result will equally bear me out.

VOL. XXVIII.

London Museum, January, 1770 (containing article on Junius, corrected).

London Museum, February and March, 1770.

Oxford Magazine, April, 1770.

Letter from Junius.

London Museum, April, 1770 (Remarks, p. 266 : Junius).

London Museum, June, 1770.

A Letter to Dr. Johnson, 1770.

Dr. Johnson's *False Alarm*, 1770.

Letter to Dr. Blackstone, 1770.

In ré S. Vaughan, 1770.

VOL. LII.

Investigation of Mr. Eden's Treaty, 1787.

View of Treaty with France: Eden.

Woollen Draper's letter on French Treaty, 1786.

Thoughts on the Westminster Scrutiny.

Speech of Flood on the French Treaty, 1787.

Blake: The True Policy of Great Britain.

Principles of British Policy, 1787.

Appeal to Landed Interest.

Francis, we know, took the field in the debate on Pitt's French Treaty, and made thereon one of his best speeches.

To sum up the evidence, the collection made by Francis continues the collection made by Junius, and the two together form a convenient and almost complete chronological index of the continuous lives of Junius-Francis. Mr. Parkes was, I think, warranted in his high estimate of this piece of evidence. And yet it is clearly open to the objection, that Francis was "unlikely" to leave on his library shelves a standing indication of the identity of the two personages. Why did he so? I must answer with M. de Rémusat. I cannot explain, because I cannot enter fully into the why and wherefore of such a designer. But I believe the reason to be what I have suggested. The pleasure of following up a self-indulgent habit which had become a law, the reluctance to break up a cherished series of records of the past, was stronger than any apprehension of risk.*

To return once more, in the irregularity of this rambling discussion, to the last words of the passage above quoted from M. de Rémusat, in which he expresses the ordinary doubt whether Francis possessed the peculiar talent of Junius. I have said already that the ordinary anti-Franciscan argument—the only one which ever had the slightest weight with me—is the literary inferiority of Francis to Junius; although, at the most, inferiority only, and not such diversity as disentitles, far too plainly, sundry great and titled personages from the honour of competition. Francis was, at all events, a master of the pen, as Burke pronounced him, if not equalling Junius at his best. I have alluded in the *Memoirs* (vol. ii. p. 292) to one or two well-known instances in the history of literature of writers who have achieved fame by a single work, to the peculiarities of which no other sample of their writing approaches. M. de Rémusat has supplied one or two more. "If our Constituent

* It would be interesting to fill the lacuna in Francis's library caused by the disappearance of the "vellum-bound sett" of Junius which he ordered from Woodfall. But, after the exercise of much ingenuity, the problem of tracing its history appears to be given up. All that results from the inquiry seems to be that several copies have been seen answering the description, as may well be the case. One such copy has been traced into the possession of a member of the family of Metcalfe, in India (see the correspondence on the subject in *Notes and Queries*). And I was informed by a Calcutta friend whom I consulted on the subject, that this "sett" was believed there to have been left behind by Francis on quitting India, and that it was destroyed at Delhi in the mutiny. But it remains to be proved, in the first place, that Junius's order was ever executed. Woodfall's last letter to him (March 7, 1773) seems to imply that the books were sent; but Woodfall asks in that letter for farther directions; and no answer, not even an acknowledgment, is preserved. Now, on March 8, 1773, Francis heard of his father's death at Bath, whither, no doubt, he proceeded.—(*Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 320.)

Assembly had never existed, who would speak about the works of Mirabeau? A few strong and just thoughts, drowned in the declamatory trivialities of his improvised pamphlets, would perhaps not have secured him two lines in French literary history. Supposing that Louis de Montalte had preserved his secret, and that the origin of the *Petites Lettres* had remained in the shade, who would have dreamt of concluding, from the mathematical works of Pascal, or from his *Thoughts on Religion*, that he was the author of the *Provinciales*? Who," he proceeds, "would have discovered the forger of the manuscript of St. Helena (which bore so strongly the Napoleonic impress) in M. de Châteaueux, the respectable author of *Agronomic Travels in Italy*? From these examples we may judge," he concludes, "of the difficulties, variations, and uncertainties which attend the search after the true author of Junius." I should rather say, of the difficulty of disproving the claim of Francis by mere literary comparison.

I must, however, bring to a close these desultory observations on so exhausted a subject, which may have no attraction except for a few of my readers, though from recollection of long study and much love it still interests myself. I can only say—boldly confronting the blame which I may incur for self-opinion—that, when I take up something new on the controversy, the Scotch proverb constantly recurs to me, "It's ill talking between a full man and a fasting." I have been led by circumstances to pursue it in its details by very extensive comparison, whether successfully or not. By far the most of those whose lucubrations I light on have done nothing of the kind. Their acuteness may be far greater than mine; but I perceive only too plainly that they have dealt but idly with the acquisition of knowledge, that they have rarely striven to master the subject as a whole, and that, if they have mastered any separate portion of it, this has been chiefly for gladiatorial purposes, to enable them to take a showy rather than substantial part in the conflict. Now this is an unsatisfactory way, as lawyers well know, of combating any case resting on evidence; but it is especially so where the evidence (as in that for Francis) is almost wholly cumulative. By cumulative evidence of identity we mean, I apprehend, this: evidence consisting of a variety of propositions, each borrowing no assistance (except casually) from the others, but constituting, as far as it goes, an independent proof by itself. An objection which shakes only one of these propositions is only good as far as it goes—*valeat quantum*, it does not touch the others. But in Junius controversy it seems to be constantly assumed that to invalidate one article of a cumulative proof is the same thing as to destroy a link in a connected proof, which is altogether another matter. A burglary has been committed: a man has been seen going from the house at the critical moment: he wore a white hat, had one eye, limped, spoke a Yorkshire dialect. What of that? asks the anti-Franciscan. Men with white hats, one-eyed men, lame men, Yorkshire men, are anything but scarce. True: but men combining these four qualities are not very likely to be met with. The constable will be pretty safe in seizing

on the first he finds. You, my friend the objector, are confusing an argument founded on the number of distinct and parallel proofs with an argument arising from a chain of facts linked together.

To apply this distinction to the Junius case, Macaulay's celebrated "five points," on which some sarcastic commentary has been expended, afford a plain instance of the "cumulative" argument. First, Junius was some one acquainted with the technical forms of the Secretary of State's office. Secondly, he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War Office. Thirdly, he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly those of Lord Chatham. Fourthly, he bitterly resented the appointment of Chamier to the place of Deputy-Secretary at War. Fifthly, he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. "Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatsoever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence." I do not myself think that any one can study the Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis in earnest and impartially and not find each of the "five points" corroborated there by testimony of which Macaulay knew nothing. But I am concerned, not with the value of the proof, but with the ordinary method of controverting it. This is by the piecemeal argument, which, in such a case, proves nothing. There were many clerks in the War Office: there were several takers of notes in the House of Lords; Lord Holland had laid many persons under obligation; and so forth. All of no value, unless you can fix on some one person, other than Francis, who answers all these tests. And this, as yet, every partaker in the fray has failed to do.

Now, by way of contrast, let us take from the same controversy an instance of a chain of argument, in which if one link snaps the whole is broken. We shall find it in Mr. Twisleton's singular story of the verses to Miss Giles, headed in his volume "Collateral Evidence." It furnishes in truth one of the most remarkable instances of circumstantial testimony ever adduced. Receive the evidence as Mr. Twisleton gives it, and it is simply irresistible. The opponent can only deny the evidence; and it is exceedingly difficult to do this. The tale is briefly as follows.—Miss Giles was acquainted with Francis. She received (in the Junius period) a copy of verses, enclosed in an anonymous letter. She preserved both. They can be seen in fac-simile. The letter is in the Junian handwriting. The verses are not. They are in the handwriting of Tilghman, a relative and companion of Francis. And Tilghman, in a letter to Francis, written long afterwards and on quite a different occasion, reminds him of these verses as his, Francis's own, composition. It is obvious that the proof is on the surface perfect. But it is obvious also that it rests on the truth of several distinct propositions. Disprove one of them, and the whole fails. Show, for instance (and this is attempted, I see, in some recent criticism), in defiance of the deliberate judgment of Mr. Chabot, that the letter is not in the Junian handwriting, and all the rest amounts to nothing, or so

little as not to be worth importing into the controversy. Any one who, professing that he has disproved this one particular, aims at the disproof of other particulars also, rather shows that he is conscious of weakness in the main proposition of his negative case. The fallacy of a cumulative argument can be shown for the most part only *seriatim*, by pulling down the cumulus. The fallacy of a chain of argument is demonstrated by a sharp and successful blow struck at a single link. All beyond this is expenditure of superfluous energy.

Thus much in reference only to certain incidental points raised in this inveterate contest, which, like the ghost-battle in the plains of Châlons, seems likely never to end, the dead combatants rising at night to fight the field over again. It is of much more importance to direct attention to the discoveries, or rather explorations, of Mr. Chabot in the field of handwriting. Not that there is much absolutely new in them, as regards the special question at issue. Most people were reasonably satisfied with the approximative comparisons made by Taylor and others between the manuscripts of Francis and private letters of Junius to Woodfall.*

Mr. Chabot, as we know, is an "expert" in the science of handwriting: one (as Mr. Twisleton defines the term) "recognized as such in courts of justice, to whom cases of disputed writing are systematically submitted from time to time for their professional opinion, and who are prepared to state detailed reasons for every such opinion they give." His is a profession to which recent changes in the law, admitting comparison of manuscripts to a greater extent than the pedantry of our hidebound jurisprudence used to allow, have given great additional importance. His testimony and that of Mr. Hethercliff, his only rival in the pursuit, has, I believe, already decided issues of great weight, under the direction of the judge, and to the satisfaction of the jury. He has been formally consulted, and pronounces, without hesitation, on the identity of Francis and Junius. The verdict of such a man on the question now before us will probably, with most candid people, turn the scale at once. He is very unlikely to be mistaken, and he has really no temptation to mislead. But he has not been contented with assertion. This volume contains a mass of proof, most carefully elaborated and digested by himself, exposing the gradual method by which he arrived for his own part at certitude on the subject. I may say in passing that his dissertation is of the highest value on the general subject of tests of the law of handwriting, and that it is in this respect that it will, in the long-run, chiefly commend itself to the reader; but I am concerned at present with the old question only. On that I should myself have certainly deemed it complete as far as any

* It is rather singular, by the way, to observe acute and well-informed combatants in the present controversy repeating a passage in Charles Butler's *Reminiscences* about the handwriting of the Junius letters themselves, which Charles Butler fancied he had seen in the possession of Wilkes. That "fancy" had been exposed long before. There is no reason whatever to suppose what no other evidence attests, and what is in itself excessively improbable—that the MS. of Junius was preserved at all. The anecdote, thus unconfirmed by any other testimony, was plainly a freak of memory of the garrulous and clever old "reminiscent." I knew him well. Most likely he had seen some of the Woodfall MSS., and possibly in company with Wilkes.

product of the human mind, which may deceive, and may be deceived, can be so. But this is not the case, and will not for a time be the case. There are and will be dissenters. And this follows partly from the inveteracy of partisanship; partly from a certain distrust of "experts" in general, which must be fairly met and allowed for.

An "expert"—one, that is, who professes a technical and accurate knowledge of subjects on which people in general merely guess, or reason loosely from individual cases—is always an unpleasant intruder in a "free fight." He is as unwelcome as a scientific agriculturist in a club of country farmers, or a political economist in a party of "practical" people. We are a little afraid of him, as of a schoolmaster: suspicious, as of a detective officer. All these, however, are trivial causes of the popular expression of distrust in experts: there remains one much more serious. Unhappily, we have but too good reason to distrust an "expert" in the witness-box. It is within the habitual knowledge of all of us; and soft speeches and circumlocutions will not modify the hard truth, that he is expected and understood to represent the views of the party who calls him, not to give impartial deductions from facts. And this established disgrace to our jurisprudence will continue, until our legislature adopts the simplest and most thorough of all reforms—that of refusing absolutely to the parties in a cause the liberty of calling experts (those familiar with the subject will easily understand the necessary limitations to which this suggestion is subject, and I cannot here enter on them), but allowing the Court itself to invoke their assistance whenever the Court may deem it requisite. Until this is effected, the testimony of all experts will labour under not unreasonable discredit; and that discredit is certain to be made the most of by the rhetoric of the bar and of partisanship.

The joint authors of the volume have therefore adopted the only course open to them: the straightforward and the convincing one. M. Chabot has laid before the public, not merely the results of his inquiry, but the whole process of it. He explains, one by one, the reasons why he deems this or that coincidence in the two handwritings significant, or suspicious, or important: and why the mass of such coincidences, on the cumulative principle, is conclusive. Every one with a pair of eyes, and reasonable patience, can follow out each several thread for himself; can connect them as M. Chabot has done, or try to disjoin them if he is dissatisfied. No material for the disproof, any more than for the proof, is wanting. The volume is complete and self-sufficing. And, this being so, it is perhaps not too much to hope that, if its conclusions are controverted, they will be so in a serious way, and not by mere sarcasms on the character of "experts," and on the credulity of those who have faith in them. As regards Mr. Twisleton's part in the business, it is sufficient to say that he has brought his witness into the box with that calm and moderate demeanour which becomes one who conducts a case; presenting him simply such as he is, without undignified anticipation of objections or defiance to objectors.

The following is as fair an instance as I can well separate from the

context of the manner of proof; presuming that it is to be read as a separate chapter of a "cumulative" argument. It may serve also as a kind of "monograph" on the habitual formation of the letter R, and may be useful as such to others besides Junian disputants.

Junius and Francis each give a preference to the *r* with its shoulder to the left in all cases where it follows either of the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, or *u*. . . . The converse of the preceding rule takes place in respect of the vowel *o*, for notwithstanding the ready command alike by Junius and by Francis of a letter *r* having its shoulder to the left, it was a rooted habit with both, in all syllables in which the letter *r* follows the vowel *o*, to form the *r* after one model only, with its shoulder to the right. Francis has made eight departures only from this practice in 460 instances, and Junius six only in 465 instances.

Now I do not deny that, when I first came to this passage, the suspicion was aroused that M. Chabot had been guilty here of a little overingenuity. Surely, I thought to myself, there is some reason connected with comparative facility in the formation of letters for this almost unerring preference of the *r* with shoulder to the right after *o*: I think this is so, and I myself, for one, always form this combination of letters just as Francis did. But I was hasty.

A very fair question arises, whether there is not some natural law, tendency, or bias, leading persons who form the letter *r* in two distinct manners, with respect to the position of its shoulder, to adapt each to certain distinct cases. Possibly there may be: but this supposition is not warranted by facts. In thirteen of the fifty photo-lithographed pages in this volume there will be found not less than fourteen clear instances of the letter *r* with its shoulder to the left after the vowel *o*: a number nearly equalling that to be found in all the pages of Junius and Francis together. . . . Hence the supposition of any natural tendency to write the letter *r* with its shoulder to the right when it follows the vowel *o* must be discarded. The habitual employment [of that method to the exclusion of the other] must therefore be attributed to a peculiarity of the writer. The question then arises whether this peculiarity existed *accidentally* in two different individuals. [Certainly singular and suspicious, but certainly not conclusive. But then], if this question is answered in the affirmative, the further question will immediately arise, whether these two individuals *accidentally* agreed in forming the letter *r* with its shoulder to the right, after the common formation of the letter *f* in the words *from*, *friend*, &c.

Also after the letter *w* in the word *write*, and its derivatives.

Also in forming the initial letter *r* with its shoulder to the *left* before the vowel *e* in such words as "reason," "ready," "rely," &c., with a definite proportion of exceptions.

Again, if it is asserted that all this was accidental, was it likewise accidental that, although these two individuals formed the single and double *r* with shoulders to the right after the vowel *o*, they formed it with shoulders to the left after the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, and *u*; making it an exception when in the word *Sir*? And if all this is asserted to have been accidental and not the result of habit, the question then remains whether it is likewise accidental that these very same individuals agreed in the formation of twelve or thirteen variations of the letter *r*, many of them of very marked and distinctive formations.—p. 21.

The following incidental lecture on a special branch of the subject—the frequency of the junction of words—shows the minute attention paid to it by Mr. Chabot, and the results,—

The facsimiles from Junius's writing, bound up in this volume, contain as nearly as possible 12,450 words, and those from that of Francis about 12,500. Therefore the amount of writing in the two hands under comparison is very nearly equal. In

each there are at least 1,500 instances of junction of words. And there are doubtless many more instances than those which appear in the printed plates (owing to the difficulty of reproducing the fine lines of junction).

However common a junction of words may be in other handwriting, it is a point which demands attention when it is considered that the very extreme of this practice distinguishes the writings of Lady Temple, Lord George Sackville, Hugh Boyd, Dr. Willmot, and other competitors for the Junian hand. In some of them not only a disjunction of words, but also a disjunction of letters, denotes their want of fluency in the use of the pen. In the latter respect the writing of Lady Temple, particularly, is in marked contrast to that of Junius.—p. 57.

One more extract will shew the manner in which M. Chabot deals with the peculiar cross-purpose involved in his chief inquiry: namely, that he is dealing, not with an ordinary hand, but a feigned one. He selects certain special cases, in which the writing of Junius does in fact diverge from that of Francis, and explains how the divergences are artificial, and tend to prove the case which they appear at first to confuse. He gives two or three specimens of this: one will serve to elucidate our meaning. "When Junius was more intent than common on disguising his hand he terminated the tails of the letters *g* and *y* in a dot (instead of a loop)." M. Chabot then proceeds:

These are positive and practical dissimilarities; but to regard them in a hand intended to be *all* dissimilar, as evidence that Francis did not write the Junian letters, is to expose one's eyes to the dust intended to be thrown into them, and thereby achieve the object for which they were intended. They are, however, ineffective to that end, when, in the same hand, all the common functions, as well as many uncommon functions of those letters by Francis are observed (see Plate I.), and particularly when these dissimilarities, which are all prevailing in *some* of the Junian letters, are as absent from *others* of those letters as they are from the letters of Francis.—p. 45.

The reader will, of course, understand these are mere selections from a large mass of inquiry, and not very intelligible without the facsimiles accompanying it in the work, and given only to invite him to further investigation for himself. From handwriting let us proceed to paper. Mr. Parkes (among others) laid great stress on the fact that the material then in use at the War Office was constantly employed by Junius. But Mr. Twisleton has looked far more microscopically into the subject:—

I have examined in every way most minutely the quality of the paper, both as regards colour, texture, and thickness, of Junius's first letter to Mr. Grenville, of the 6th of February, 1768, and I find it perfectly agrees in each of those particulars with the first sheet of Junius's letter, written little more than two months before, viz. on 5th of December, 1767. The two sheets of paper on which those letters are written also agree in the following particulars:—The device of the water-mark is the same; the initials of the maker is the same; the water-lines, which are not quite parallel, are the same width apart, showing that the paper has been made in the same frame or mould.

And, further, I find that the two sheets of paper are so exactly of the same size and shape, both having been cut slightly out of truth, whereby the top edge of the paper is not mathematically parallel with the bottom edge, that I cannot doubt they have been taken from one and the same quire of paper. And, furthermore, I find that the colour of the ink with which these two letters have been written is the same in both. Where the ink lies thinly, the writing is pale and somewhat brown: whereas, where the writing has been written with a full pen, it is quite black.—p. xxiii.

One of the first points in the comparison of handwriting, which drew suspicion on Francis—even in his lifetime—was the peculiarity universal in Junius, common in him, and very forcibly exemplified and insisted on by M. Chabot, of enclosing his initial signature between two parallel dashes. Here is an anecdote picked up by Mr. Twisleton thereanent :—

After the publication of *Junius Identified*, Mr. William Blake (of Danesbury) was in a country-house with Sir Philip Francis, and happened to converse with him on the poetry of Lord Byron, to which Sir Philip expressed his aversion. This induced Mr. Blake to single out for his perusal the well-known lines in the *Glaucous*, beginning with "He who hath bent him o'er the dead." Francis read them, went to a writing-table, seized a piece of paper, wrote down on it a string of words which he extracted from those lines, ending with "nothingness" and "changeless," added below them the word "senseless," and then rapidly subscribed his initials *between two dashes*. On observing the signature, Mr. Blake said to him, "Pray will you allow me to ask you, Sir Philip, do you *always* sign your initials in that manner?" Sir Philip merely answered gruffly, "I know what you mean, sir," and walked away.—*Preface*, p. xxx.

I must leave the rest of the accumulated evidence to substantiate itself in the mind of the student, only reminding him, once more, that no one can expect to appreciate it who contents himself with a mere superficial examination; and conclude with the very striking words in which Mr. Twisleton sums up the impression produced on himself by the revelation of the truth when he has mastered it, in company with M. Chabot, by repeated and laborious examination :—

The principles which underlie all proof by comparison of handwritings are very simple, and when distinctly enunciated, appear to be self-evident. To prove that two documents were written by different hands, discrepancies must be pointed out in them which cannot be accounted for by accident or by disguise. These principles are easy to understand, but to exemplify them in discussion is by no means always easy. It is not the merely having bodily eyes which enables any one to see in two documents either discrepancies or coincidences. In the words of Epicharmus, which are the motto of this work, "Mind sees, and mind hears; all things else are deaf and blind." Fossil shells have been visible on the crust of the earth ever since it has been trodden by man. Nothing was wanting to see them but mind. "We receive but what we give," as the poet Coleridge says. This is notoriously true in botany, mineralogy, zoology, and all the sciences of observation. It is not merely by looking at a plant, a mineral, or an animal that any one really sees it. This is true of all the productions of nature, and it is equally true of whatever is elevating, or beautiful, or graceful, or minute in the works of man. It is true of a cathedral, a statue, a picture, of Grecian vases or of ancient coins. It is likewise true of handwritings. It is idle for an unpractised volunteer to look at two documents, and to suppose that he sees what is in them. He does not know what to believe. He may fancy that two handwritings are similar, when their essential differences are numerous; or he may pronounce them to be wholly unlike, when, radically, they are identical.—*Preface*, p. lxxv.

Where is the seeker after truth in whose mind these words will not awaken a responsive chord? Where is he who has not felt the penetrating and overmastering joy which attends this acquisition of a new sense? when, either through the quiet process of investigation, or through some sudden and seemingly casual enlightenment, he finds himself possessed of the ray of light which will render all things clear—the key which will unlock every secret chamber—the clue which will conduct

* οὐς ὁρᾷ καὶ οὐς ἀκούει : τὰλλα κῶφα καὶ τυφλά.

through every intricacy ? That one moment of the exclamation "Eureka !" is worth ten years of laborious life. I have made myself familiar, in my wanderings, with the external features of an often traversed wild primitive waste, without (as it happened) paying the slightest attention to the antiquarian problems which its traces of former habitations were calculated to illustrate. Those traces were no more to me than the indications of gold to the sheep-farmers in Australia before the hour of discovery struck. Accident has since led me to devote attention to these points of local archæological interest. The site of the primeval villages, the rock altar, the fortified position, has been indicated to me. Henceforth my eyes are opened. What I saw nowhere, I now see everywhere. Every familiar, but hitherto silent spot addresses me in a new language ; and all that seems strange to me in this novel world is, that my vision had never been unsealed to discern its meaning before. So, again, I have explored more than one well-known mountain region with something of a mountaineer's enthusiasm, but without attaching any meaning to their features illustrative of the history of the earth's surface. I have been subsequently led to form some acquaintance, let us say, with the glacial theory of geologists ; returning to the same spot, I have been surprised, almost awed, to find that old confused appearances had passed away, and all had become new and regular ; to trace (or fancy I traced) the gigantic vestiges of ice-action on wide tracts of rocky desert, which spoke to me only the inarticulate language of chaos before. And in the same manner full many a lawyer, after perplexing his faculties for many an hour in laborious but undirected examination of some complicated title, or some baffling, unconnected mass of evidence, has found himself suddenly, and by what seems like intuition—although, in fact, the result and reward of the most searching analysis—in possession of that master-knowledge which unravels the whole ; and then, on once more going over the documents, is himself astonished at his former perplexity. It is impossible to express the peculiar and heartfelt delight which discoveries of this kind impart in language more expressive than this, in which Mr. Twisleton describes the similar effect of enlightenment after long obscurity, through the ascertainment of new principles of judgment, whereby to conduct such vexed questions of identity—whether through comparison of handwriting or of other phenomena—as that with which we are now dealing. The "mighty maze" ceases to be "without a plan," and all subsequent investigation becomes simple and easy, because conducted through the medium of pre-established tests, and not that of rude conjecture.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

Bluebeard's Keys.*

PART II.

WHEN my familiar critic H. read a little history I wrote some short time ago, she said she did not think the story properly finished. She wanted to know what happened afterwards. "How did it all come straight?" said she, shutting up her book, and bringing out her knitting pins.

I told her that I was surprised that, with all her experience of life, she should imagine that things *did* come straight, or that people ever extricated themselves from their difficulties.

"But *something* happened," H. repeated. "Did Barbi come back? Did Fanny relent and marry him, after all, notwithstanding his two dead wives and Lucetta's reproachful letters?"

I answered gravely that the point of my story was, that they did *not* marry. Most stories end with a wedding, the climax of mine was, that the wedding was happily broken off. H., who was in a teasing mood, laughed and said, "that if this was my ideal of perfect happiness, there seemed to be no lack of it in the world."

Then she asked me whether Barbi would really have killed Fanny if she had married him.

"It was not a real actual death with which Fanny was threatened by a marriage with Barbi," I said, "but rather a slow extinction of life. Do you remember Mr. K. telling us that a man bored him one day until he fainted, so much had his heart's action been lowered? Don't you know, H., how the society of some people seems actually to absorb what little vitality we have left of our own, while that of others does give us new life;" and as I spoke I could not help thinking how much of my own life's life had come to me from the good friend and faithful companion of all these long years.

The very loops of her cap-strings seemed to suit me, the gentle clicket of her knitting-needles, and the soft trick of her velvet shoe, as it beat time unconsciously to the motion of her hands.

"All the same; I am not quite certain," H. said absently, knitting in a fresh skein of wool; "if an unhappy marriage is not better than none at all, and if your Fanny might not have made something out of the Marquis? Are you *quite* sure Barbi never came back for her."

"Quite sure," said I; "Fanny is in England now, and I saw the

* See CORNHILL MAGAZINE for February, 1871.

Marquis when I was last at Rome. My friend, Mr. Phidias, pointed him out to me."

"Unmarried?" asked persistent H.

"Unmarried," I answered drily.

When the brothers appear galloping into the celebrated Bluebeard's castle just in the nick of time, to rescue their sister from the hands of that ferocious noble, the history finishes off, but we don't know what happens to any of them, except that Fatima is safe from her horrible husband; the brothers have cut off his head with his own scimitar. No one makes any remark; there is not even an inquest. The executioners peacefully succeed (such is the state of the law in fairy tales) to a share of the rich inheritance, and we take it for granted that Fatima gives a decent burial to the poor wives who have been hanging up so long in the cupboard. One question in particular will never be answered. What did the *first* wife see when she peeped in with the key?

When I tried some months ago to tell a little story about one of the many Bluebeards of our own generation, I left off somewhat abruptly, where the two Brothers of the confraternity came in by a garden staircase, and delivered the Marchese's frightened betrothed from his violence. It was true she deserved a scolding for reading his old love-letters; but Barbi's fury was out of all bounds. He was a man of strong words and fierce deeds, and at the same time morbidly and superstitiously remorseful. He had abandoned Lucetta, and she had died by her own deed, and he was her murderer. The church had pardoned the offence which he himself could not forgive. He clung to the church in desperate agony, as a falling man clings to the ledge which alone sustains him. For a time Fanny's little hand had seemed to this forlorn and miserable man like one new link to life, and now this frail support had failed him. He had thought that she loved him. It was all a dream and a temptation—a deception of Satan to lure him away from the only repentance by which he could ever obliterate the past. The priests had warned him. Now he felt that they had been wise in their warnings. How dared he think of love any more, of home life, and sweet home ties?

The Marquis went pacing with heavy tread between his two companions. They made no allusion to the scene they had witnessed—they walked in silence along the sunny street to the convent close by, where the Brothers were waiting and the company assembling that was to convey the corpse for burial.

The bell had ceased tolling, of which the sound had drowned Anne's voice when she called for help, and Barbi was walking in a funeral procession, dressed in his blue silk gown, with a taper in his hand, while the two sisters still remained as he had left them, clinging to each other; they could not realize what had happened, they could not understand that they were free—free to go where they would, to search cabinets, to unlock cupboard-doors, to marry, to dance, to sing, to weep as they liked. Barbi would never trouble them more.

"Come," said Fanny, taking Anne's cold hand in hers. Anne looked at her sister in wonder. Fanny wiped her eyes, and they began to shine then and there; her cheeks began to burn; she walked erect and undismayed through the great rooms, at which she was perhaps looking for the last time, out upon the cool marble stairs, where purer air seemed to blow and purer lights to play. Fanny looked transformed. "Free!" she said to herself, drawing a long breath. She had not known until now how she had dreaded the thought of a life spent with that man. The thought had seemed to choke and freeze and weigh her down, though she had never owned it; she might be miserable, she might be lonely some day, but she was free. This feeling of liberty seemed to give her a courage and strength that she had never felt before; she feared no one any more—not her mother—not even poor Barbi in all his mad rage and frantic agony. What a strange man—what a strange episode in her life. Ah! she should be always ashamed for herself and sorry for him.

Anne looked at her sister in admiration. She hardly knew what had happened, whether it was all broken off, whether Barbi was really gone, whether Fanny would have strength to keep to her determination when she came to face her mother's reproaches. Anne need not have been afraid.

Old Olympia coming and going in the outer sala, had thrown a shawl over Fanny's bird-cage to still the bird's shrill clamour; the shutters were closed, and in a cool corner of the room the old woman was laying a five-o'clock tea-table, with shining cups and basons, and some of Fanny's favourite cakes. It was a sunny, tiring, sweet afternoon, which seemed burning on to many soft hums and tones—cooings of doves and sleepy voices that were echoing and calling in the street outside. Light and sound came shaded and softened through the closed shutters. In England we should respect Mrs. de Travers' big room, with the domed ceiling and frescoed Cupids and goddesses, even though it looked bare and somewhat dismantled. In Italy people thought it small for summer heats, but comfortably furnished. Olympia, whose own home was hidden in an archway opening on the street, would discourse to her children of the magnificence of the family she served. To-day she stood on the window-ledge, as she peeped out through the half-closed shutter: outside there was a drone of distant hammers, and a great gold silence—the light was falling on the sunblinds of the opposite windows, on the balconies, courts, and tenements; all round about spread the city encircled by hills, with great St. Peter's rearing in the midst. Old Olympia had only looked out to see if her neighbour, the washerwoman, had hung out her clothes to dry, and then, being satisfied, came back to her work again.

"Thé, thé, sempre thé," thought the old donna; "they ruin their digestions, the English rich; the lady mother is asleep, but the young ones will come in and call for thé, thé. We who labour have to wait upon them, while they rest like the saints in heaven. Hé—she

snores." Olympia then went, cautiously paddling in her slippers, to look at the lady mother, sunk back in the big chair in the little inner room, resting after the fatigue of a drive in the Marquis's carriage, and the excitement of some news she had found when she came in, in a letter from Tourniquet Castle. There she rested, flushed and oblivious, or lazily awakening only to go to sleep again. Were not her labours nearly over? had not her many sacrifices been repaid at last? Merit was always recognized sooner or later; and whatever people might say, she began to think this world very comfortable after all, and the weather delicious. She held the letter loosely in her hand to read to the girls when they came in.

Does not one gleam of luck reflect another? Here was a piece of crowning news, written in Lord Tortillion's trembling old writing—a piece of news that only a few weeks ago would have transported Mrs. de Travers into a seventy-seventh heaven, but which now seemed to be barely her right, and a part of all the rest. What was an extra two hundred a year with the dazzling vistas opening out on every side? "Wretched old man!" thought Mrs. de Travers, "at last he condescends to recognize his own flesh and blood. My child's creditable choice, my own long sacrifices, have brought him to a more Christian state of mind. It will be a mercy if he is taken before he has time to harden once more." Lord Tortillion had altered his will, and left an annuity of 250*l.* a year between the three—so he sent word. He was always altering his will; but this time he was also seriously ill. "I shall send to the doctor," thought Mrs. de Travers, "and insist upon being told the real state of the case. He is quite capable of shamming dead on purpose to vex me. *Nothing* will induce me to put off Fanny's wedding one hour." To tell the truth, under some circumstances, to some people, a death's-head at a banquet is not always as unwelcome as they would have us suppose.

By degrees Mrs. de Travers' comfortable world seemed to fade into phantoms and visions: alternate festoons of orange-flowers and pink tape were adorning her light slumbers. Sometimes she awoke just enough to listen for a moment to the tolling of the bell from the Capuchin church close by, and when that ceased, to the chirps of Fanny's bird in its cage; or she would open her eyes and sleepily watch old Olympia coming and going at her work. Sometimes the little Cupids in the ceiling would start fluttering for a moment out of their places. She could hear the tranquil drone of the insects, the distant cooing of the doves. It was a pity to sleep to such sweet music; but Mrs. de Travers, dreaming off into deeper depths, would lose her thread again, and wander away, through vague and shining realms, from the realities around her.

"She is of those who sleep," thinks Olympia; "I am of those who watch. I had no chance when I was born—no, nor ever shall, while that good-for-nothing Domenico leaves me to work and slave for all the house. Now all is ready. Here are more rich gifts for the Signorina! The

mamma sleeps as sleep the happy. Ah, she is well contented, the lady mother ! ”

Presently it seemed to Mrs. de Travers that there was a murmuring of voices somewhere, reaching even to dreamland, and that the two draped statues of Ceres and Proserpine from the marble staircase came and stood before her in their white stone garments ; and then she thought that Ceres sighed deeply and said, “ Who shall tell her ? ” and that Proserpine flung her wreath to the ground, and answered, “ I will ! ” and Proserpine’s wreath bloomed into myrtle and orange-flower, and from Ceres’ cornucopia flowed a stream of gold waving and shining and stamped with Lord Tortillion’s profile, and everything was delightful and splendid. It was one of the last, and thinnest, and sunniest of the dreams of poor Maria de Travers’ life ; and awakening at last, with a start, she saw—not gold, not orange-blossoms, not goddesses with flowing garments—but her Anne and Fanny standing before her, silent, with looks so strange and grave that the mother’s heart began to fail, and the good news she had meant to tell them died away on her lips. Even old Olympia had noticed their curious suppressed excitement, and she stood transfixed in the doorway with her pile of teacups, waiting to see what would happen. Anne’s hair had fallen loose and was hanging all wildly over her shoulders. Fanny looked calmer, but there was a peculiar set expression in her face. The Cupids might fly back to their homes in the frescoed ceiling, the orange-flowers vanish into air, and the diamonds crumble into their primeval coal ; Mrs. de Travers awakened from her dream to hear her daughter’s voice, saying, “ Mamma, I have broken off my engagement ; I am not going to be married.”

“ Oh, mamma, it has been so terrible ! ” said Anne.

“ Terrible ! What is terrible ? ” and poor Mrs. de Travers turned from one to the other. “ What is it ? ” she says, awakening to some catastrophe as she meets her daughters’ looks.

Anne spoke—

“ Oh, mamma, he would have killed her ! His first wife died of grief. Thank heaven, it was time to save her ! ” and poor Anne put her arms round her sister.

“ Anne—wretched, wretched girl—how dare you speak to me like this ? ” cried the mother, in a hoarse, choking voice. “ How do you dare to say such wicked things ? ”

“ But the things are true, mamma,” said Fanny, speaking very quietly ; “ he owns to them. I have broken off my engagement. It is my doing, not Anne’s. I had rather die than marry him now. Mamma, I hate him ! ” cried the girl, suddenly changing her voice, “ and I hate myself ; oh, I hate myself ! ” and she burst out sobbing, and hid her face on her sister’s shoulder.

“ I—I don’t understand. You should not say such things,” said Mrs. de Travers, looking up at Anne, and trying to smile in a vacant, frightened way. “ Anne, your sister is a little nervous, and overdone,

take her to her room. Here, quick, for goodness' sake! some one is coming, it may be him."

The door-bell had rung a minute before, and Olympia had shuffled off. The Signoria must settle its own affairs, there was some one ringing, that was her business. And while Fanny was crying, and her mother realizing the truth as well as she could, Olympia—perhaps it was as well—came back ushering in Lady Castleairs. "That great tall one," she announced at the door, while Lady Castleairs' plumed head was already appearing over her scraggy old top-knot.

Poor Mrs. de Travers' early training stood her in some good stead as she turned to receive her visitor. She could have cried too, boxed Fanny's ears, gone into hysterics. But she shook hands affectionately with her visitor, and invited her to be seated.

As for Anne and Fanny, they had already disappeared: they could hear the two voices answering each other from the darkened room within, where little Fanny was lying, stretched out upon her bed, trembling and quivering now that all was over. Trembling and miserable, and yet, as I have said, relieved beyond the power of words to express. Already she had wondered how she should feel going back to her old self again, her work and her shabby gown and makeshifts, to the dreary, weary, blessed old round that she had so hated only a month before, and yet Fanny felt now as if it could never be dreadful again as it was before. She herself was different, and she had found out that to every human being is granted a certain will and liberty of action and feeling which should be as much part of life as faith or affection itself. Happy those who find this out in time, and who have courage and constancy to keep to the clue. Anne sat by her sister's bed, holding her hand close in hers, and feeling as if Fanny had been given back to her from the grave.

"Dear Anne," said Fanny, looking into her sister's face, "you must be happier than I have been: you deserve to be happy, I didn't. Don't look so sad; I'm being good, now," said Fanny, "but, Anne, I can't go on as I did before: mamma can't expect it."

"Poor mamma!" said Anne, "she is so disappointed."

("Yes, these are the emeralds," they heard their mother saying in the next room.

And then Lady Castleairs: "Very pretty.")

Miss de Travers hardly knew at that moment whether it was all over or not: whether Barbi was a murderer or not: what had happened: how everything had come about: she seemed still to hear the furious blows striking on the door: the toll of the bell without: her own frightened cries for help. Would Lady Castleairs never go? why did she sit there when they were all in such bewilderment?

Poor Mrs. de Travers was going through with her rôle—smiling dry smiles, forcing herself to listen, pinching her fingers over the clasps, and displaying Fanny's treasures. "No, Lady Castleairs should suspect nothing," she said to herself, while she could scarcely contain her

impatience so as to answer her friend's numerous questions, or to display all the tokens of those precious possessions which seemed already so nearly slipping out of her grasp.

Rome is the city of beautiful jewels. They are everywhere; in the earth, in the sky, in the light, in the flowers of the Campagna, in gold, and the cunning of the worker. Here were great, cool, sparkling stones,—emeralds and diamonds, such as we scarcely dream of over here. White pearl-drops lie shining on their velvet cushions,—opals reflecting the tenderest lights.

"Did he send all these? he must be immensely rich," said Lady Castleairs, in her grating voice.

"The opals came this morning," said Mrs. de Travers. "He has been most splendid in his attentions. And then for an instant the emeralds and the diamonds seemed to rise up and swim before her, and her heart sank down, down, in a sort of despair, as she thought of this splendid tide which might be even now already flowing away and leaving but a wreck behind.

"One hears all sorts of stories," said Lady Castleairs, "but one don't believe more than half. Of course you know that he is entirely under the dominion of the priests. (What very fine coral!) I scarcely like to repeat all I hear," Lady Castleairs went on to say, "but I think it is friendly to give you a hint."

Poor Mrs. de Travers, from her rack, with another smile, said that she was not afraid to hear anything that Lady Castleairs wished to mention. The Marquis was one in whom she had so entire a confidence that no scandal could affect her opinion of him.

"Perhaps that is as well," said the Viscountess. "What day have you determined on for the wedding?" And she fixed her two eyes so sternly upon the anxious face opposite, that poor Mrs. de Travers gave a nervous start, lost her presence of mind for a moment, and faltered something about "lawyers—slight uncertainty—Lord Tortillion's state of health."

Then the visitor ominously asked whether it was true that the Marquis had invited a large party of guests for that evening to dine with him at the Hôtel d'Angleterre?

"It is only a gentleman's dinner. He has no one here—not even a kitchenmaid; all his large establishment is at Florence," Mrs. de Travers explained, still flurried.

"You are quite right to take this view of the question," said Lady Castleairs; "and, of course, I shall only say what you wish me to repeat on the subject. But if there should be any difficulty, and if you would rather not come to Princess Appoloni's to-night, or to the Melvilles' breakfast, I will make your excuses with pleasure."

"Dear me! the girls would not miss the reception for anything," cried Mrs. de Travers. "And as for the picnic, we start before post-time. If there is bad news of Lord Tortillion, we should not know it till our return."

How she knew that she knew it, poor Mrs. de Travers could hardly have told you. As her tormentor left her, she felt that it was already spread half over the town that the marriage was broken off. What did it mean? How could it have happened? She tried to collect her thoughts. She must be firm with Barbi—yielding to Fanny. Above all, she must know what had passed.

When, some twenty minutes later, Mrs. de Travers, after an agitating interview with her daughter, rushed down to the great door of Barbi's apartments below and pulled the bell, old Angelo opened in his usual sleepy way. The Marquis had come home and gone out again, he said. He had met the English lady on the stairs. Where was he gone? He was gone to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. He was coming back to dress.

Mrs. de Travers left a peremptory message that he should come up and speak to her when he returned. But he did not come. And then six o'clock struck, but no Marquis.

Fanny still lay on her bed in the darkened room. Anne went from her sister to her mother, trying in vain to comfort them. But Mrs. de Travers would not be comforted. Then the sun set in imperial pomp beyond the city plains, with strange and beautiful wreaths of vapour; the bells began to toll, deep and sweet-mouthed; the lights shook, and changed, and brightened, and began to die; the soft thrill of evening once more spread from populous street to street, from piazza to piazza; the Tiber flowed gold between its banks.

Olympia and Anne went from window to window unclosing the shutters and letting in the light.

"He must be here directly," cried Mrs. de Travers from the inner room. "Olympia, go and demand if the Marchese is not coming up."

Anne was standing at the passage window when her mother gave the order. She was looking down listless into the court-yard at the back of the house, where a crumbling gateway of classic proportions led to a great closed wing of the palace. Beyond the gate an entrance led into the wide and stately garden, that lay already darkening and mystical, while the distant hills and strings of cedars glowed in the evening fires. The doors of the closed gateway opened, and some one came out of the closed wing and walked quickly away straight across the yard, without looking to the right or the left.

"Mamma," said Anne, "the Marquis will not come. I have just seen him cross the yard."

"I believe, Anne, you do it on purpose," cried her mother, exasperated.

Mrs. de Travers was somewhat pacified when Angelo brought a hasty little pencil-note.

"I cannot come up, being late for those who expect me. I shall be at the Palazzo Appoloni to-night.—O. B."

Palazzo Appoloni was like other old Italian palaces:—First, a court-

yard for the horses' hoofs, then a great staircase leading to echoing halls, to solemn vaults, opening from one to another, to servants' waiting-rooms, to ante-rooms with vast floors of brick, to galleries travelling on into ball-rooms. There was space for a whole London street beneath the roof of the old palace ; but the street might change and fall away, while the stately family home stood firm, scarcely touched by time. On the walls hung warriors and cardinals and statesmen, grand ladies, dark-eyed and silent, with jewels of great worth ; a bygone pomp of past centuries and past beauty and valour ; down below the same beautiful jewels, and the ladies and warriors of to-day, were passing, alive but silent, through the dim doorways. The crowd pressed on through a grandiose sort of twilight : all was dim and stately. The mighty rocks of walls seemed to absorb the light from the wax-candles, the tapestry scarcely covered their stony massiveness. Here and there in a side-room stood a salver piled with sugar and 'cakes and crystallized fruit heaped up, but no one seemed to touch the sweetmeats. Besides the many pictures, some worthless, some priceless, there were statues and fragments of statues and marble columns, there were ancient suits of armour hanging up high overhead, and faded trophies of victory : arms that would clash no more, spears that would wound never again.

The beautiful dark-eyed Princess C. goes by in velvet and pearls : she was married at sixteen to a man of fifty, ill-humoured and cruel and niggardly, so people say. How sweet she looks, how gentle and patient. A cardinal passes, attended by his acolyte ; two or three grand-looking young Romans follow ; then comes a pale wizened woman, like a wooden figure on a shrine, with diamonds like pigeon's eggs : she is one of the Quasta Cambiales. Then comes a foreigner married to the Duke of Manglascudi : she has a homely, commonplace air among these goddesses stepping down from Olympus — crowned and stately Junos and Ceres and Minervas. Is that a Minerva in a corner half hidden by a trophy of arms and rusty cuirasses ? a pale face shrinking away behind the rusty helm ; a shivering white dress and two impatient hands working nervously together ? It is only little Fanny, who had given in to her mother's persistence, hating herself all the while for coming, for allowing herself to be dressed and brought forth from the dark room where she had been hiding all these hours. She had come, somewhat to Mrs. de Travers' surprise, suddenly yielding to the entreaties with which she had been plied. She had come, not because she was weak, but because, for all her weakness, she felt herself strong. She wanted to see Barbi once more, alone and yet in company ; she wanted to tell him one last time that she had wronged him too, and had no right to judge him. This was the end of her long hours of thought. Yes, she hated him, but at the same time she felt some immense pity for the poor unhappy wretch whom she at least had used with little mercy, and she longed to tell him so. Fanny, watching the solemn company from her dim corner, looked almost as pale as her own white dress. She had grown very small and

thin suddenly ; some intangible change had passed over her. Her dark hair was pinned back, she had no jewels, only this white dress.

Lady Castleairs came up and established herself by her country-woman. "I met the Marchese as I was leaving your door : I daresay he told you," said she. "How ill the poor man is looking.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. de Travers, unblushingly. Then she went on : "I am expecting him every minute ; he promised to come after his dinner."

"And did he give you my message ?" said the Viscountess. "The Melvilles declare they *must* have him. They are two gentlemen short already. He pretends he is engaged."

Fanny gave a new little shiver when she heard Barbi's name ; but instinctively, even as she listened, she withdrew from the crowd step by step into the dark corner.

Anne stood a few yards before her, shielding her as best she could, parrying questions, intercepting forward people. The rumour—so it often happens—of the broken engagement had spread long before the fact itself existed. To-night Mrs. de Travers, beaming lambent and gorgeous, stood bowing affably in her flower-crowned wig, the very image of prosperity and success. People looking at her began to unwhisper the whispers. Fanny cared not what they said : she watched the doors anxiously and listened indifferently to the beginnings and ends of odd sentences as they reached her ears—the scattered echoes of life. She often heard Barbi's name and sometimes her own in the confusion of sounds. About ten o'clock some young men came in who had been dining at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. They were laughing at the dinner. "It was most preposterous," said one. "I believe poor Barbi had ordered every single dish upon the carte."

"He must have chosen his wine the same way," said another : "we were served alphabetically."

"How should he know anything about wine," said the first, "except, perhaps, his native pigskins ? Is the dinner over ? Did he come away too ?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I left him alternately biting his nails and making the sign of the cross."

"Hush, there he is," said the first, pointing back over his shoulder.

Fanny's heart began to beat very quick ; she hardly dared look. She thought of the first time she had met Barbi, with his great shining star, and how he had stopped and spoken to her, — poor little neglected creature that she was ; and now, now she did not know what to think or what to feel. Was there none to tell her ?

A priest, who had come in the suite of one of the cardinals, had been quietly examining the arms of which the trophy was composed. He overheard what the young Romans said, and he turned and went in the direction in which they had pointed, his flying robe swelling as he fitted along.

"The Marchese! Did any one say he was come?" cried Mrs. de Travers, bustling off in the same direction.

Fanny could hardly stand, but leant against the old pile, looking white and pale and ready to faint. Anne watched her anxiously.

"I must be going," said Lady Castleairs. "I am always up early. And remember the Melvilles on Wednesday."

Fanny came out of her corner as Lady Castleairs rustled off, bowing to one person and another. Anne, too, went a few steps forward; and through a doorway, half draped by a curtain, the sisters saw the person they were expecting coming along, with his great star, looking about and evidently seeking them. Mrs. de Travers saw him too, and was excitedly rushing up to meet him, when a departing cardinal's procession came up the middle of the room. The crowd made way, great ladies curtsayed low. Mrs. de Travers, who prided herself upon her devout adherence to the Church, greatly against her will stopped short to perform a profound genuflexion. When she arose the people had pushed on in front of her, the procession was passing on, she could not see Barbi for an instant. Had he vanished, star and all? Anne and Fanny saw him as he passed close beside them. He did not see them. The cardinal was speaking to him, and the priest who had been waiting so long was walking between him and them.

The next minute Mrs. de Travers returned with a changing face. "Come with me. Now, Fanny, be quick," she said sharply. "He is going: a priest called him away just as he was hurrying up to speak to me. But we will follow. Quick, I tell you."

Fanny, hardly knowing what she was doing, followed her mother as she was bid on through the crowd, along the long ball-room, across the great inner hall (where also stood a raised throne like Barbi's). "He must have passed this way," said Mrs. de Travers, courageously. She did not know that there was a private entrance for the cardinal specially opened. Then they came out into the great outer hall, where the servants were sitting in rows, waiting with cloaks and with wrappers, while others stood ready to call the great ladies' carriages.

"Are you going?" said Lady Castleairs, coming up with a man behind her who was carrying her rugs. "I know you have no carriage? Shall I take you home?"

"We are—we are going back to the saloon," said Mrs. de Travers, looking round quite desperate. She seemed to see the fold of a priest's skirt disappearing among the crowd of waiting servants. "Barbi lent us the carriage, and I am looking for him."

"Mamma, I want to go," said a faint voice. "I am so tired." All Fanny's courage seemed suddenly failing. "Will you take me?" she asked Lady Castleairs. I am not well.

"Certainly. Good-night, Mrs. de Travers. Very odd of the Marquis." And downstairs the lady hurried, followed by her little companion.

Fortunately for Fanny the Viscountess went fast asleep immediately she got into her carriage, and the drive was a short one through the moonlit streets. The horses stopped at the gates of the Palazzo Barbi, and Fanny jumped out into the great silver sea that was flooding the court. "We won't drive in," said Lady Castleairs, waking up suddenly: "it is such an awkward turn. Good-night. What a beautiful night!" And the carriage started off once more with Lady Castleairs' head still out of window.

Fanny looked up at the flashing sky that flooded its light upon the old palace with its many windows: the stream came flowing through the dark piles and columns that led to the garden beyond. She started as a figure of a man suddenly appeared from the corner of the gateway, holding out its hand—a figure in rippling moonlit rags, with a shaggy beard—and asking for alms. She shook her head, for she had no money to give, and, frightened by his persistence, hurried across the court, and ran up the great staircase, springing up two and three of the marble steps at a time. The footpaces followed her a little way, and then stopped short and died away; and Fanny, with a beating heart, seized the chain of the bell, and rang for old Olympia to open to her, feeling safe at last at their own door, and thankful to get home to the cool darkness, to lie quietly stretched out on her bed, and cry over the wretchedness of the day. She waited a minute, and then she rang again a long peal, which set one bell jangling upon another. The steps had ceased, but she was not sure but that the man might return. Why did not Olympia awaken? A second and third time she rang, and then raised the heavy knocker and struck a loud thundering blow, that seemed to echo from wall to wall down the great marble quarry of steps and statues and arches. Still there was no answer. With a sudden chill, Fanny began to realize that Olympia, instead of staying as usual, had gone home for the night. Her mother had the key. For an hour or more she should have to wait there all alone until the others returned. Her heart sank at the prospect. She was alone, in her thin white evening dress. Only a day before a Neapolitan deputy had been murdered on his own staircase. It is said that the Roman staircases are less safe than the streets. All night long the great gates stand open; thieves and tramps resort to them for the night, and homeless dogs and people take refuge there. A few weeks ago Fanny would have waited without fear, but her nerve was somewhat shaken by all she had gone through. Minutes seemed unending, time seemed leaden, her heart beat on. Then the clocks of the city came striking and echoing chill against the dome of marble. Fanny thought of the day that was passed; ill sounds and sights came pursuing her like the ghosts of a wild pack of flying hounds. She shivered, and hid her face in her hands.

A week or two ago she could scarcely tell what was fact, what was hope, in her dazzling schemes. Now to-night, in this still moonlight, she had seemed to see clear at last: a veil had fallen from her eyes. The moonlight came shifting and playing so strangely, that it seemed to Fanny

as if the statues were trembling and coming to life. Was something stirring in the shadow? How cold she was! Every minute seemed to add to her terrors. In the midst of it all, the thought of old Angelo in his lodge below occurred to her with a ray of comfort. Perhaps he was there, close at hand. He might have a key, or he would let her sit in his lodge until they came home. Why had she not remembered this before? Summoning her courage, Fanny flitted down again, flying along the many steps, expecting a figure at every landing to start out and bar her way.

No one moved, and once more she stood outside in the starlight of the court. Still and flashing and lovely, and so silent that she could hear the soft frôle of her muslins upon the stone. The moonlight filled the court. It lighted up the ancient marbles of the palace; it seemed to meet the starlight in a silver radiance. Something in the quietness and beauty of the hour gave her new strength and courage. But the lodge was empty, and as silent as the palace. Angelo was out, perhaps tempted by this lovely night. Fanny looked in through the uncurtained window. He had left his lamp against his return. Its light was burning red and earthly in the silver.

From under the archway and pillars that lead from the court to the gardens, the moonlight came in alternate white radiance and black shadow. It was all unearthly and beautiful and terrible at once. She could see the stars flash between the columns. Surely some one passed from one shadow to another. She could bear it no longer, and fitfully wandered across the court into the street outside the gates, and stood looking at the stars and listening for the wheels of the carriage. A distant figure was kneeling at a shrine at a street corner, and this somewhat reassured her. Again the quarters struck and came clanging from steeple after steeple. The beggar was gone, or sleeping under the archways. Then the sound reached her of some voices shouting a tipsy chorus from a side-street.

Suddenly it struck her how strange it would look to any one to see her standing there, with her bare head, with flowers, and in her white dress and shoes in the rippling moonlight, and once more she retreated as a group of men appeared, shouting and straggling as they tramped along.

Their voices seemed to break the mystical silence, and fill it with a strange melancholy jar of revelry. One of them saw her, and seemed to point her out, another gave a shout and came reeling towards the gate. Once more she turned frightened towards the house. She flew across the court and up the marble stairs a second time, sinking down breathless on a step, with pulses throbbing. Time was not time, but terror, as she waited, expecting every horror of an excited imagination; and then she distinctly heard once more the sound of steps falling upon the marble, and mounting deliberately flight by flight. Fanny pressed her hand against her heart. She was sick with fright; while rising dark against the moonlight, came the shadow of a man, strange and distorted by the slanting

rays; but suddenly, in a moment, she knew it. It was Barbi—Barbi, whom she had looked for in vain that evening.

Barbi saw her plain in the moonlight, and came forward with a strange scared face. It may have been the silver moonlight that made him look so pale.

"Fanny," he said, in an awe-struck voice, "speak!" And as she faintly smiled and tried to utter—"It is you? I saw you"—"Yes, it is me," said Fanny, speaking quietly now. "I expect my mother every instant. I am shut out."

"Poor child! you were frightened. Was it thus my prayers were answered? I wanted to see you," said Barbi, "and I prayed at the Madonna's shrine." Then his voice faltered. "Good-by, little Fanny," he said. "We must part. It is fate."

"Where are you going?" asked the girl. "I also wanted to see you. I want to tell you that I too have been to blame," she said, with much feeling. "I have deceived you and wronged you. I shall never forgive myself. I did not love you as . . ."

"Ah, hush! do not tell me that," Barbi said gently, speaking as he had never spoken before. "It is I who must give my whole life for my crimes."

"What do you mean? You have no wrongs against *me*," Fanny went on, passionately; "none—none!" And she shivered as she spoke, because she was so sad—because his face looked so terrible and pale. It was like a ghost there before her, not a living man.

"I was passing in the street, and I saw you," said Barbi; "but I thought it was a vision of my brain. You were sent to my help. There is still pity for my weakness. Fanny, will you do me a service? Will you do what I have not courage to do for myself?" His voice sank into a whisper. "Will you burn the letters and the clothes that you discovered? Here are the keys," he said. And he raised his hand and held out the keys.

She had no need to ask what they were. Laying her hand on his, and holding him back for an instant, she asked, "Where are you going?"

He looked at her with a frightened, fierce look, and shook off her gentle touch.

"That is nothing to you," he said. Then softening again, "Good-by, my little Fanny; I trust you now. They are coming. Do not tell them of this. See, this is the key of the garden stairs, by which you must enter. You will have nothing more to fear. Think of me sometimes and pray for my rest."

He was looking at her still. He was gone.

Fanny stood dazed and bewildered. The moon had travelled round to her dark landing-place, and she stood up, illumined and gentle and changed. She heard horses' feet and carriage-wheels and voices down below; then the flash of a lantern came darting up the stairs, and her mother and sister rustling wearily home, escorted by old Angelo.

Fanny heard old Angelo's croaking tones saying, "Eh, Signorina, let me come. It is not well for ladies like you to be alone on these stairs at night."

"Anne!" cried Fanny, running to meet them.

"Fanny!" cried her horrified sister and mother at once.

Mrs. de Travers, who was coming home cross and jarred and utterly disquieted, looked as weary as Fanny herself. Black lines were under her eyes, and black words, alas! in her mouth. But Anne sprang forward and caught her sister in her arms just as she had fainted away.

Barbi, hearing them come, waited in a dark corner until they had passed, then he walked across the court and the street, and so went on through the quiet places until he came to the great swinging doors of the Capuchin convent, where the monks were assembled at matins, although the night was at its darkest, and the morning sun shining upon distant seas. The chapel was lighted up, their voices seemed to rise to meet Barbi as he opened the doors. He stopped for an instant—he looked back once—he could see the upper windows of his own palace as it reared black against the solemn sky. There was a light still burning in one of the upper windows, and with all the strength of his strange sad, mad heart he sent a longing blessing and farewell to the little maiden safe sheltered under that roof. Then he walked to his accustomed place and fell down upon his knees.

His prayer had been granted. He had left his companions—it was only to see her once more, as she crossed the threshold of her house. But the pitiful Madonna had given him more than he had asked, and a cruel impulse had impelled Fanny to tell him the truth and that she had never loved him. Barbi, watching for Fanny, had known that he too was watched; he had waited and passed from one shadow to another; and once the shadows had been propitious, and brought him face to face with the frightened girl. Now he fell on his knees and knelt motionless, the only stranger at this solemn service, coming before dawn in the darkness of the night.

When it was over he rose with the rest, and advancing towards the altar, of which the lights were beginning to be extinguished, he asked to speak to the Prior, and passed in with the rest through the side-door of the altar.

All that night Fanny slept and woke, and slept and dreamt again; sometimes she cried out in her sleep, and then Anne was by her side in a moment, bending over and comforting her. She had whispered to Anne, and told her everything in the darkness, and Anne, very grave, would not say what was in her mind. "He must be going away; you won't see him again; we must burn his papers before his absence is known," Anne had said.

"I must go," Fanny said, "alone, as he wished it. Oh, Anne, how shall we ever live through to-morrow?"

Very early in the morning Fanny was wide-awake; Anne, tired out,

was breathing softly in her bed. But Fanny could not sleep, she could not rest: the fright of the day before had shaken her nerves. She jumped out of bed, and pattered with bare feet across the marble floor to the great unshuttered window, through which a clear morning light was breaking. What a strange sight was this! Rome lay flooded in a floating sea of mist at her feet. Domes and chimneys, steeples, convent belfries rising above the level of this dazzling lake, looking like the masts and sails of a mighty fleet floating on the surface of the waters. The great arc of St. Peter's dominated over all—the sky was clear and light in the east.

Down in the mist lay hidden as yet all the life and sound, all the cares and sights of the coming day. The loneliness of their hill-top, its peace and tranquillity, seemed to calm her excited nerves. It seemed to Fanny as if a veil had fallen from her eyes. Now she saw Barbi, as he was, half-reasonable, half educated, with violent uncontrollable impulses, and yet with a certain humility and singleness of heart that made her ashamed. She thought how she had nearly sold herself and deceived him, for what? for a cypher on her pocket-handkerchief, for a string of beads round her neck, for a daily drive in the great swinging coach, from which (the door with the heraldic lion once closed upon her) there would be no escape until the day when she might have taken her place in the sumptuous family vault. What hope could there have been for her?—and, after all, hope counts for something in the sum of daily life. Suddenly brightening and sweetening came the recollection of a hundred girlish uncounted dreams of possible sympathy and happiness, and then poor foolish Fanny burst out crying at the thought. "Not for me—never for me!" she said, in her tears. "I deserve nothing. Oh, that I knew he was safe! What will this coming day be like? how shall I ever live through it?"

When a girl who has taken a great decision in life suddenly comes face to face with familiar things again, they seem to take new meanings and imports: vivid possibilities come flashing into the mind in juxtaposition: no wonder if the actual facts are distorted for a time; she can scarcely tell what is fact and what is hope in her dazzling schemes. The past itself seems lighted up by the future.

So it had been with Fanny; and now she stood alone, once more free and poor, leaning against the old embrasure, trying to see her way through the mists.

And to-morrow was now to-day, a long weary day of reproach and languor, of uncertainty and conflicting rumours.

Mrs. de Travers breakfasted in her room. She was very angry to find the girls absent when she came out in her dressing-gown to talk things over. She sat down, and relieved her feelings, and wrote a long letter to Barbi. "Why had he broken his promise the night before? Why had he left without speaking to her? She did not write to blame him, and therefore she did not spare Fanny, who was no daughter of hers if she did not appreciate his noble, generous qualities. She would candidly confess that her child's conduct had been thought less in the extreme;

but Fanny was full of grief and repentance ; she had fainted the night before on her return," and so on, and so on ; with a postscript mentioning Lord Tortillion's handsome intentions. "I know you too well, my dear son-in-law (you *must* let me call you so)," said Mrs. de Travers, "to imagine you will care for the money ; but the intentions of that aged man will touch your generous nature." Olympia was called to carry this epistle down, and bring back an immediate answer.

"Quick, give me my seal from the desk, and the wax and the taper," says her mistress. "The silver taper, Olympia, and the matches off the chimney-piece."

Olympia went fumbling about.

"I know not," she said ; "there is nothing. Hé ! what would the gracious mistress ? She asks that which is not. Holy Virgin, it is not !"

Mrs. de Travers rose herself to look. The taper was gone ! She nearly boxed Olympia's ears. She had stolen it ! She was a thief ! and she should be given to the police ! Anne and Fanny came in for their share when they returned.

"I took the taper, mamma," said Anne, sadly ; "do not blame Olympia." And she went into her room, and brought it back, with the matches.

"The candle is burnt away ! What have you been doing ?" shrieks poor Mrs. de Travers.

Anne only sighed ; but she did not answer her mother.

"Fanny, am I not to be answered ? Something *must* be done !" Mrs. de Travers cried. "Why don't you exert yourself ?"

"I have done all I had to do, mamma," Fanny said, looking her mother steadily in the face : she was sorry for her, but she feared her no longer.

We have all lived these long interminable days of dull expectation and unacknowledged anxiety, when there is nothing to do, nothing to say, nothing to feel, except weariness and distaste. Mrs. de Travers' letter came back to her unopened. The Marchese was absent : he had not come home : he was supposed to have been called away unexpectedly to Florence. His chaplain called that afternoon to ask if letters had been received for him ; he did not seem surprised at his absence. He also wanted some papers Barbi had left behind. The Lord Marquis must have returned the previous night before starting on his journey ; there were marks of burnt papers in the grate and the droppings of a taper ; no one else could have got in, for even Angelo no longer possessed the garden key, and had given it up to the Marquis. The hours lagged by. Mrs. de Travers railed and scolded, Fanny lay on her bed, Anne went from one to the other, one or two people called and left cards, but Olympia said the ladies did not receive. Mr. Melville was among the callers. "We count upon you for to-morrow," he wrote on his card. "We start at 8.30 from our house. I hope you have better news of Lord Tortillion."

The news by that post was much better. The old man had rallied and sent for his lawyer, so wrote Mrs. de Travers' ally.

People afterwards said what bad taste Mrs. de Travers showed in sending her daughters to the Melvilles' picnic. She should, in common decency, have kept them quietly at home. Their grandfather dying, Fanny's lover vanished no one knew whither, this was no time for excitement and dissipations. Dissipation! poor little Fanny looked on with such a piteous face, such wistful eyes, that those who met their glance forgave her anything. Henry Melville told his mother afterwards that she would have more than forgiven Anne if she had known from what a home of persecution she had persuaded Fanny to escape for an hour or two. Mrs. de Travers' ill-humour, acting upon a torpid organization, had stirred up strange ailments. She was scarcely accountable for her violence. She thought herself the most injured and ill-used of women: it was a martyrdom she inflicted on the two poor girls, upon Fanny especially, who with bitter self-reproach told herself that she was partly the cause of her mother's distress. And yet if it were all to do over again she would do it.

"I am really too unwell to come too. But if my dear children are happy, it is all I care for. It is so unfortunate the Marquis has been called away. Good gracious, Anne, Fanny, what have you been doing to yourselves?" cried their mother as the two young ladies came in ready dressed for their expedition. The girls had put on their shabby old gowns again, and poor Mrs. de Travers felt that never was a woman so plagued and persecuted: she would have spoken her mind, but Henry Melville was there; he had come to fetch them in his mother's carriage. He looked surprised, but he admired Anne too much to care how she was clothed. The sisters were dressed alike once more in old black silk frocks they had made themselves, and yet Anne, in her black and shabby blue feathers, looked gracious and dazzling, and more than one person gazed at her as she passed.

Fanny's sallow face ill became her blue feather—she was out of heart, out of spirits. She was not happy as she might have been in this sweet world of art, of nature, of flowers, with the melody of lovely sights in every place and corner. She never spoke and scarcely looked up. As they drove into the Piazza di Spagna, they met one of those quaint and graceful processions that pass through the streets of Rome:—A company of peasant people going off into the country to be engaged as servants and labourers. One by one they cross the street, men with their staves, women bravely marching in their exodus. Some are old beyond their years, some looking like statues out of the Vatican, marching off with bundles of old clothes upon their classic heads. It should have been Sunday by rights, for Sunday is the day they usually start; perhaps this procession was behind time and had loitered on the way.

One of the labourers, a ragged old man with a shabby beard, looked up into Fanny's face as he passed the carriage. "Hé, Signorina," he said, "have you not a baiocc'?" I saw you last night as I lay on the stairs: you did not see me in the shadow. He was not there whom you

expected." He looked so wicked that Fanny shrunk away ; Mr. Melville looked surprised ; the peasants passed on their way towards St. Peter's.

It was a great dazzling Italian day. Italian days seem longer and more vivid than any others. Every minute is marked, something is happening and passing away, reflections lighting the red cypress-trees, flowers blooming, pigeons flying across the blue, or rubbing their breasts upon the yellow marble of a window lintel. Waters foam, and figures fill their earthen pitchers. You look up at the great palaces, with their treasures enshrined ; outside are stone galleries, with blue high vaults, and statues and pictures glittering and alive. A grand conception of a saint in flying drapery comes down the steps of the Pincio. Little Beppo and his sister, the little models, come dancing to the carriage-step with soft monkey hands. Some one flings them a silver coin, and the boy and girl dance back, laughing and pointing their ribboned feet. Beppo flings his little high-crowned hat into the air, Stella tumbles over with a winsome little caper, as she gives the coin to her beautiful Albanian mother, who sits resting and watching the children, with her chin upon her hands and a great basket of violets shining at her feet.

There were three carriages and some dozen people, and they set off rolling along the uneven pavements out by the Via Sacra towards the hills. They were to lunch on a hill-side : they were to visit the beautiful gardens of the Villa Aladini, that grow silver, and emerald, and golden trees, of which the blossoms scent the winds as they blow across silver grey plains, brightening with rainbow light. They reached their journey's end by devious roads, by desolate bridges crossing half-dried streams. Every moment they neared the hills where the treasure was hidden. It was a day marked for all of them. To some it came shining out of other days, in mere delight and almost perfect happiness ; by Anne and her sister it was long remembered as one of the saddest and sweetest in all their life. Sorrow came to them that day, smiling tenderly. The happiness of one brightened the other sister's gloom. They had their luncheon in the inn. Prince G., who was of the party, had brought some soup and a silver saucepan. Mr. W.—good friend from across the sea—brought fruits and viands and Est and Falernian wine, which dear E., with grey circling eyes, dispensed with her two fair hands.

They had lunched off fruit and wine, and patties ; they had visited the garden by the lake, and the blue waters, and the pink roses, and the noble terrace of the Villa Aladini. Fanny stood a little apart, watching the birds fly out across the rippling sea of grove and glade towards the shining horizon. It was a day of wonder and delight for some : to Fanny, as I have said, it was one of the loveliest and saddest of her life. Anne called her as they left the solemn villa, among its rippling leaves and silver shade, and came through an iron gate into a lane winding up between tree-stems, through which the ocean of country shines. They came out, one by one and two by two, through lanes of sweet sharp-leaved Spanish chestnut. There were green grasses on either side, fringed

and upspringing in a spring confusion ; blue-eyed flowers peeping, white starwort, anemonies, white and lilac, and blue orchis rearing through the flowing grasses ; broom hanging golden on the bush, and then here and there sweet hedges of rose-trees, brazen-pink, sweet and glittering, and falling in profusion.

So winding onwards, with a glance at a distant line of sea, they come at last upon a plateau, where some of the party are already assembled. The great hills are tossing close at hand. Henry Melville points out to Anne a white dot on a far-away mountain.

"That is Cato's Villa," he says ; "and there is Castel Gondolfo crowning that solemn summit." They look out. What a faint sweetness, what a lovely silence seems to surround them, and bring them together. She has her hands full of flowers, and her eyes seem full of light.

The two were looking out. Fanny had turned away almost resentfully from the beauty to which she seemed scarcely attuned. For some minutes past a chaunt had been sounding in their ears from a little chapel standing not far off on the hill-side. It is a chapel belonging to the Capucins, and to which they send their brothers out from Rome for change and rest and retirement. Fanny moved towards the old steps that led to the door, with Mrs. F., an English lady who was of the party. Anne and Henry Melville followed more slowly ; but, instead of following, lingered outside on the steps. The two ladies went on alone, pushed the swing-door, and came suddenly out of the light into a cold and shady chancel, dim and chill, although everything was so warm and bright without : for the narrow windows, high-slit above the altar, scarcely cast their slender stream of light beyond the little choir. The officiating monks stood round the altar, upon which stood a carved image of the founder of their order. They stood as motionless : their hands were crossed upon their tired breasts, their deep voices were chaunting the Penitential Psalms, their brown cowls were thrown back from their faces. They were young men for the most part. It seemed sad to think that for them the feast of life was already ended, its great lights put out, its generous profusion wasted—only for them this dim-vaulted screen, this melancholy wail, now coming to an end. Very grand they looked—indifferent, unconscious—as they stood grouped round their stony founder. One of them only moved. His face was deadly pale, his dull fixed eyes were burning dimly. He had a blue-black beard, his great brown hands were clasped against his heart.

"Come away," whispered Mrs. F., with a shiver. "It is so cold in here."

Fanny started as if she had not heard. She was standing with a scared face looking at this monk, and when Mrs. F. spoke she gave a low cry and stepped back, and put her hand up against the stone wall to hold by. When she came a minute later from the church into the light again, Anne, who was sitting on the step outside with Mr. Melville, was frightened to see her looks.

"Are you ill?" she said, rising and coming forward. "What is it, dear?"

"Barbi is there," Fanny whispered, clinging to her sister and trembling. "It was him. Yes, it was, indeed,"—and she sank down upon the low wall. Anne, without a word, hurried into the church; but, as she entered, the psalm had come to an end, and the monks turned and disappeared one by one through the door. One brown cow! after another passed out, and then the door shut and all was silent. Anne could not tell whether she had seen Barbi or not. She came out to her sister again, her sweet face full of tender concern.

"I cannot tell, darling," she said; "the service is over."

The two friends were greatly shocked when they heard the girl's story. Mr. Melville offered to go to the convent to make inquiries.

"You can trust me," he said to Fanny. "Your sister will tell you why."

The three women waited somewhat apart from the others for his return. The shadows were beginning to lengthen and the sun to turn westwards. The carriages came slowly up the hill to carry them away.

They were all waiting for Mr. Melville. He came back looking very grave. "They will tell me nothing," he said. "They say they know nothing. I have seen the Prior, but he is only a sub-Prior, and refers me to the convent in Rome."

They drove home in silence. Kind Mrs. F. held Fanny's hand in hers; her husband good-naturedly followed in the next carriage; and Henry Melville was able to find a place near Anne—Anne, who, with a beaming face, sad though she was, could not but enjoy her drive and her companionship. They went through golden lights below—overhead a quivering heaven-light of love and sunshine and happy hope.

The old black gown looked radiant to Henry Melville's eyes. The two young people wondered if it was their happiness that made the plains so beautiful, that illumined and vibrated from every rock and flower, and ruin, or was it the light of the glorious Italian fires, burning for sad people as well as for merry ones, for the lonely as well as for those in the good company of love?

There was no doubt afterwards that it was Barbi that Fanny had seen at Albano. When Mr. Melville went to the convent in Rome, the Prior made no secret of the Marquis having joined the community two nights before. He had passed several retreats in the convent, and indeed had spent three days among them only a week before. His disappearance made a great talk in Rome that winter. People were curious to know how Fanny bore her disappointment: they might have blamed her more, if Anne's marriage to Henry Melville had not been announced just about this time, and diverted the various gossips of that friendly Babel. Henry Melville was rich, well-connected, and able to protect his poor little sister-in-law from malicious tongues. I am afraid that in so doing he sometimes sacrificed Mrs. de Travers.

Poor thing! Anne's happy prospects brought her but little comfort; neither did she enjoy Lord Tortillion's death and legacy as she might have done had her own state of health been less precarious. Barbi's lawyer brought a deed of gift, by which all his presents to Fanny were assured to her, as well as a certain sum of money that he was able to withhold from the splendid gifts he brought to the convent. She did not refuse to take it, although she may not have wished that its use should be known. The estates and palaces, of course, passed to the heir-at-law—a distant cousin of the Barbi family, of a nobler name and pretension even than theirs. The little apartment, shabby no longer, is changed and merged into an adjoining suite of rooms, which have for years past been inhabited by bright and gifted and good friends. Hospitable doors are set wide open, cordial voices greet you as you enter; and a grey-eyed maiden who watches from her high casement told me the story of Barbi late one starry summer's night.

They all left Rome as soon as they could move Mrs. de Travers, whose illness was more serious than they had apprehended at first.

Anne was married in London. Fanny remained by her mother, who had seemed to rally for the occasion, and who was able to be present at the ceremony in the identical velvet which had been prepared for Fanny's own wedding. But after the ceremony she discovered that the dressmaker had made up the dress the wrong way of the stuff. This had such an effect upon her that it brought on another attack, and she sank a few days after, holding Fanny's hand, and trying to speak as she looked wistfully up in her face.

And Fanny? She has never married. She is not one of the very happiest women of my acquaintance, but she is one of the most contented; her life is happier than the average, and bright and melancholy too.

Anne, however, is always looking about, and is quite determined that her sister is to be very happy indeed. Fanny laughs, and shakes her head, and runs away to the little orphanage she has set up with Barbi's money, and where she teaches the children to read. She has many *protégés*; and there are none in whom she takes more interest than those little Italian boys who wander about London with their merry and forlorn faces, making a summer drone with their shepherds' pipes.

Persistence.



BECAUSE I begged so hard,
 She has at last unbarred
 The treasure-chamber of her fastened heart,
 And Love's feet enter in,
 That waited long to win
 Their way, nor would from closed doors depart;
 His patient, faithful feet
 Find favour with my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
 This, then, is my reward—
 Love the wayfarer becomes Love the guest;
 No more in streets of scorn
 He turns away forlorn,
 His tired feet find rooms of shaded rest,
 Where all their dusty heat
 Is cooled by my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
 For once my fate ill-starred
 Is swayed by the mild night of happy moons.
 Only one lightest touch!
 Only! but, oh, how much!
 Love wearies out whom well he importunes;
 And well did he entreat
 This mercy of my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
 Years, with sad seasons marred,
 Are lightened backwards as with sudden suns.
 Yea, over life's whole skies
 The light of her dear eyes
 Travels; like dawn and sunset shed at once.
 Mixed in one glory, meet
 All days this day, my Sweet!

Because I begged so hard,
The shadow doth retard
Upon the dial one delicious hour;
One hour that is not found
Within the day's dull round,
But added by great Love's exerted power.
Let time move on, its beat
Is music now, my Sweet!

Still do I beg her hard,
For inner gates still guard,
And as he passed, so Love again would pass;
Entering in fear and bound,
Returning free and crowned.
The going of his feet shall fail, alas!
But now their eager heat
Must win its way, my Sweet!

F. NAPIER BROOME.



An Escape from the Prisons of the "Piombi."

IN a paper on "The Records of the Venetian Inquisition," published in this Magazine for January, 1871, page 41, the writer promised to return on a future opportunity to the subject of the "Confidants" employed by the Inquisition, and the recorded cases of escape from its prisons.

The two branches of the subject are singularly linked together by the strange circumstance that the most remarkable man in the whole list of the secret agents of the Tribunal, was also the hero of the most extraordinary by far of the very few cases of escape from the prisons of the Inquisition that ever occurred.

This man was the once notorious Giacomo Casanova. His extraordinary life and adventures made him well known in his own day from one end of Europe to the other. And his Memoirs, written by himself in his old age, would have made him much better known than he is to English readers of the present day, were it not that the book is one of the most scandalously licentious and grossly immoral which was ever issued from the press. Though Casanova was a Venetian by birth and education, he has written the memoirs of his life in French; and a cheap popular edition of the work for general reading was published at Paris in 1848, in four foolscap octavo volumes.

It is impossible to recommend any English person to read this book; but the representation of the state of society, especially at Venice about the middle of the eighteenth century, is most extraordinary. Even to the reader, to whom the social condition of Paris under Louis XV. is nothing new, the cynicism of corruption described as having been universal at Venice seems almost past belief. No doubt this Giacomo Casanova was a most worthless and profligate scoundrel; and it is to be expected that the account given by such a man of any society in which he had lived, would paint it under its worst aspect. Nevertheless, after all reasonable allowance has been made on this score, it is impossible to doubt that, with the exception perhaps of the latter times of the Roman Empire, the world has never seen so grossly corrupt a society as that of Venice at the time spoken of. It must be admitted, too, that the unblushing narrative of abominations of all sorts, which Casanova has put forth as the story of his life, has very much the air of being a truthful story. He was a man of very considerable talent, and his book is undeniably well written. He constantly gives the names of those to whom he is attributing the most unheard-of profligacy; and in many cases the names so given are well known in contemporary history. Some of the worst abominations, for instance, narrated by him, with an utter apparent unconsciousness

that he is saying anything which ought not to be said, are attributed to a Mr. Murray, who was the representative of England at Venice at the time (1756). The nature, too, of some of the things he professes to have done himself, is such as to make it seem improbable that any man could tell them of himself falsely. He relates, for instance, with perfect coolness and impassibility, how he became a partner in a gambling bank, which was fraudulently carried on, and made large profits by swindling and false play! But his main resource was imposing upon the credulity of the wealthy by a pretended method of divining the secrets of the future; all which, and the base swindling of it, he recounts with perfect self-satisfaction. Indeed, one of the most curious features of the book, as a picture of the time, is the truly wonderful gullibility and fatuous credulity which he finds among people of all classes of society; just at a time, it is curious to remark, when all belief in revealed religion was giving way.

Such is the nature of almost every page of this extraordinary book. But there is one passage of it, of considerable extent, which may be read without any offence. It consists of the pages in which he describes with minute detail, and at considerable length, the manner of his escape from the prisons of the Inquisition.

There were many other cases, in which the same persons were at one period of their lives confidential agents of the Tribunal, and at another its prisoners. But in all these instances the employment of "confidant" came first; and it was some abuse of the position which led to the imprisonment. It was not so in the case of Casanova.

This man was born at Venice in 1725. His father had run away from a family in a higher social position and had become an actor. He ran away with a shoemaker's daughter, who became an actress, and appeared on the stage with her husband for the first time in London in 1727. The first part of his memoirs—about a volume and a half out of the four volumes—describe with the most unblushing cynicism his career at Venice, in such sort as to justify what has been said above of the state of society at Venice at that period. This portion of his work brings his story of his life to the July of 1755, when he was thirty years old. It was early one morning of that month that Casanova received a visit from the dreaded "Fante" of the Inquisition, known popularly at Venice as "Messer grande." He was ordered to dress himself; did so, and found a posse of archers in the outer room. "It is singular," he remarks on this occasion, "that at London, where everybody is brave, they only employ one man to arrest another; whereas in my dear country (Venice), where everybody is a great coward, they require thirty for the same purpose. Perhaps it is because the coward in the character of assailant is more afraid than the coward assailed, a situation which may sometimes give to a coward the courage of despair."

He is taken before the Secretary to the Inquisition, who merely looks at him, and says to the officer, "That's the fellow, is it? Put him into

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safe keeping." And he is at once taken to the terrible "Piombi." No sort of intimation was given to him as to the nature of the offence or accusation which had led to his arrest, and he protests that he was wholly innocent of any crime against the State which it would have been the duty of the Inquisitors to take cognizance of. But his own account of himself describes him as an habitual and systematic cheater at play; as habitually preying on the credulity of people—sundry patricians of Venice among the number—by swindling pretences of divination; as an avowed disbeliever in the doctrines of religion; as an habitual desecrator of nunneries and sharer in the profligacy of their inmates; and surely there is enough here to induce a Tribunal, which considered itself charged with the general supervision of the conduct of the citizens, to deem it high time to put an end to such a career, without having recourse, as Casanova in his memoirs has, to the supposition that his misfortune was caused by the friendship of one of the Inquisitors for a play-writer whose works Casanova had bitterly ridiculed.

He proceeds to describe minutely the prison under the roof of the Ducal Palace, to which he was conducted; and any visitor to the sights of Venice may still satisfy himself of the perfect accuracy of the description. These prisons were enormously strong wooden boxes, the doors of which opened on the main open space of the huge garret beneath the leads of the Palace. That one in which Casanova was confined was about twelve feet square by five and a half feet high, besides a sort of recess in one of the sides large enough to hold a small bed. This cage was, or rather *is*,—for it remains precisely *in statu quo*,—lighted by a window two feet square in the door, which, as the writer says, would have rendered the prison tolerably light, had not the main corner-beam of the building projected across the outer window, from which the borrowed light of the prison was derived, so as to obscure it almost entirely. For this reason, and by reason of the extra lowness of the den, which made it impossible to stand upright in it, and which was caused by the situation of it under the corner of the roof, this prison in which Casanova was placed, was the worst in the whole range of the "Piombi."

And when Casanova entered his prison it was July!

His description of his sufferings there, written apparently with the simplicity of perfect truth, is very terrible. He found his prison absolutely void of any article of furniture whatsoever, unless a plank one foot wide, fixed in the wall at a height of four feet from the floor, could be called such. In the garret on which the hole in his door looked, he saw great numbers of immense rats, which compelled him to close the shutter belonging to it for fear that his prison should be invaded by them. The gaoler who conducted him asked him, before leaving him, what he would wish to eat. He answered, with ill-humour, that he had not yet determined. Thereupon the man turned on his heel, locked the door, and left him. He remained, he says, standing with his arms resting on the lower frame of the little window for eight hours in a sort of stupor.

Then, as the darkness of night began to deepen the gloom of his prison, he was roused by the sound of the large bell of a clock not far off, and was startled and terrified at the thought that no human being had come near him to bring food or any other necessary. A transport of rage, he says, seized him, and he began to rave and scream and shout with the utmost power of his voice for a good hour,—of course without the smallest indication that any human ear had heard his cries!

After this, being perfectly exhausted, he threw himself on the floor of his dungeon, and slept till he was awakened by the clock tolling midnight. He relates how, stretching out his hand on awaking, it came in contact with another hand cold as that of a corpse; how he was overpowered with horror almost to the losing of his senses; how he came to the conclusion that the dead body of a prisoner put to death in the solitude of that awful place must have been put into his cell while he slept—as a warning, perhaps, of the fate that awaited himself; and how, after awhile, he found that it was his own other hand which he had grasped, which had become deadly cold and altogether insensible from the arm having been bent under him, as he lay on the hard boards.

There was no more sleeping after that, and he sat still listening to the clock as it tolled the hours, till at half-past eight, the gaoler returned to the cell, and asked him whether he had yet made up his mind what he would like to eat?

Then he perceived that his long fasting had been a punishment for the pert answer he had given to his gaoler when asked what he would like to eat, and had not arisen from any intention on the part of the Inquisitors to starve him to death.

This time he ordered the materials of a good dinner, whereupon the gaoler asked him for money to buy the things with. He had three sequins in his purse, and handed one of them to the gaoler. He was then asked whether he did not want a bed and some articles of furniture; "for," said Lorenzo, the gaoler, "if you suppose that you are put here for a short time only you are mistaken." The man handed him a pencil and paper and told him to write down what he wanted. He made out a list, and, on reading it to Lorenzo—who could not do so himself—was told that many of the articles named must be scratched out. "Books, paper, pens, razors, looking-glass; all that must be scratched out, for those things are forbidden here." Then the man asked where he was to go for the bed and articles of clothing and furniture; and, having received instructions on this point, departed.

At mid-day Lorenzo returned, with two or three subordinates, bringing the dinner and the other articles, together with an ivory spoon, purchased with part of the prisoner's money, and which was the only utensil permitted him to eat with. He also brought two large volumes, which the Secretary, who could not permit him to have the books he had asked for (which, in truth, were anything but edifying reading), had sent him as a favour. These books turned out to be, one of them, the work of a Spanish

nun, entitled *The Mystic City of the Sister Maria de Jesus, of Agrada*; the other, *The Adoration of the Holy Ghost of our Lord Jesus Christ*, by the Jesuit Caravita.

Despite the bed which it had been allowed him to have, the following night was worse than the one which had preceded it. The noise made by the rats, and the stunning sound of the great bell of the clock of St. Mark, which seemed as if it were absolutely in the cell, prevented the possibility of sleep. The dreadful heat, which drove the prisoner to lay aside every article of clothing or covering, and caused the perspiration to fall in streams from his body, seemed to make the drawing of each breath a painful effort. And the innumerable swarms of fleas, which fixed themselves on every part of his body, threw him into nervous convulsions and poisoned all his blood.

At the end of nineteen days the three sequins, which the prisoner had had in his pocket at the time of his arrest, were all gone. Lorenzo asked for money to buy the morrow's dinner, and was told that his prisoner had none. The next day he came and told him that the Tribunal had assigned him fifty sous a day for his maintenance.

"Seventy-five livres a month," states Casanova, "was more than I needed, inasmuch as I had no longer any appetite. The extreme heat, and the inanition caused by want of proper nourishment, had enfeebled me. We were in the 'Dog-days.' And the power of the sun's rays, which beat directly on my prison, kept me as in a furnace; so that the perspiration which flowed from my wretched body soaked the floor on either side of the chair, on which I was compelled to sit in a state of perfect nudity."

The next day he was so manifestly ill that the gaoler, without any demand on his part, brought him a physician. The doctor succeeded in curing him of the fever which had prostrated him, obtained for him a volume of Boëthius instead of the volumes of mystic piety which the secretary had selected for him; and also permission to walk every day in the open space of the garret for a few minutes, while the gaoler was occupied in making his bed and sweeping his cell.

This permission it was which rendered possible, as the reader will see, that celebrated escape from the "Piombi," which would otherwise have been utterly impossible.

One day in November a very startling incident happened. The prisoner was standing at the little window in the door of his cell, gazing at the outer window, the light from which was, as has been mentioned, almost entirely obscured by the huge corner-beam of the roof which projected over it. All of a sudden, Casanova saw this immense beam turn a little on its axis towards one side, and then turn slowly back again. He thought for a moment that he must have gone mad, and lost the correct use of his senses. But a certain swimming of the cell having at the same moment nearly thrown him off his legs, he doubted not, after a moment of reflection, that the phenomenon was caused by an earthquake. It was, in fact,

a slight manifestation of the same earthquake that was in that same hour destroying Lisbon.

It was one day shortly after the earthquake that the prisoner took advantage of the few minutes' walk in the garret which had been permitted to him, while the gaoler was sweeping out his cell, to cast a shrewd and curious eye on a variety of objects of the kind which may be supposed to accumulate in the course of years in such a place. Among these he spied a small polished piece of black marble, which he picked up, secreted, and carried back with him to his cell, without in the least knowing, as he declares, to what use he should or could ever put it. It turned out afterwards to be touchstone. And upon another similar occasion, a few days subsequently, he found, hidden under a heap of old waste-paper, a large iron bolt as thick as a man's thumb, and about a foot and a half long. He laid hands on this, succeeded in hiding it under the dressing-gown he had, and conveying it into his cell. A safe hiding-place was found for it in the stuffed seat of the arm-chair, which he had been allowed to send for. Then, with incredible patience and labour, and at the cost of wearing and lacerating his hands to the bone, he succeeded, by dint of rubbing the end of the bolt on the marble, in producing a sharp point at the end of the former. And thus he was in possession of a very formidable and effective weapon, whether for offence or defence.

Still he had not as yet the smallest idea of what use this weapon could be to him. But, after four days of meditation on the subject, he determined to attempt making with it a hole in the floor of his cell! His previous knowledge of the geography of the vast palace assured him that his cell must be situated immediately over the room of the Secretary to the Inquisition. And his plan was to make a hole in the floor and in the ceiling below it, also of wood, large enough for his body to pass through it, then to let himself down by the sheets of his bed in the night, hide himself under the great table in the middle of the Secretary's room, and then, as soon as the doors should be opened, which was regularly done every morning, escape from the Palace, trusting that he might be able to do so, among the number of people frequenting the stairs and passages of the vast building, without attracting attention.

Of course the difficulties attending such a scheme were enormous. The first that arose was the difficulty of preventing his gaoler from detecting the work he was engaged on during its progress, for he had reason to think that he should have to pierce three very considerable thicknesses of planking before he could reach the panelling which formed the ceiling of the room below. The difficulty was rendered greater by the daily habit of the gaoler to sweep out his cell, which he himself had insisted on being done in the hope of thus alleviating the torment of the fleas.

This was the plan he conceived for conquering this first obstacle.

He told the servants of the gaoler who swept the cell not to do so. They readily enough saved themselves that trouble, and nothing was said

for a week. But the prisoner was far too cautiously cunning to trust to this for commencing his operations. This was but the beginning of his plan. At the end of a week Lorenzo asked why he did not choose to have his cell swept.

"Because, the fact is, the dust so caused gives me such an access of cough that I am afraid of some fatal accident."

"I will have the floor sprinkled then, sir."

"Alas, Lorenzo! that would be worse still. The damp would give me a cold, which would assuredly kill me with coughing."

So for another week the cell remained unswept. At the end of that time, either from some suspicion or from thinking the operation necessary, the gaoler one morning told his men to remove the bed and sweep out the cell. He lighted a candle, moreover, for the better performing this work, which led the prisoner to think that his suspicions had been aroused. The cell was duly swept, and everything was found in proper order. But when Lorenzo made his daily visit the next morning, his prisoner was coughing with the most frightful violence. He exhibited his handkerchief soaked with blood, which he had carefully drawn from his finger; declared that the sweeping of the dust in his cell had endangered his life, and that a doctor must be called to him.

The doctor was quite deceived, and volunteered an anecdote of a case of a young man who had broken a blood vessel from swallowing dust. The gaoler was thoroughly taken in, and swore by all that was holy that he would never again sweep the cell of a prisoner with such delicate lungs.

Then, and not till then, Casanova began the long labour of digging a hole in the flooring of his cell under his bed.

Then he was prevented from pursuing his work by the arrival of a new prisoner, who was made to share his cell. It was not till fifteen days after Easter that he was delivered from the presence of this sharer of his captivity. He then once more set to work with redoubled activity, fearing the arrival of some new partner in his cell. And in three weeks he had dug through three thicknesses of planking, making together six inches of thickness. But beneath that he found a flooring of that sort of mixed marble fragments and cement, which is so common in all Venetian buildings. This at first made him despair, but, with immense difficulty and perseverance, he overcame this obstacle also; and, at the end of four more days, had reached the panel which formed the ceiling of the room below.

Just then a new prisoner was again brought to share Casanova's cell. He turned out to be an old acquaintance of his. And when the new-comer, tormented in the same way that Casanova had been, demanded why the cell should not be swept out, he found himself obliged to tell him the truth, and showed him the progress he had made towards a possibility of escape. The new-comer promised to aid Casanova to descend into the chamber below, but declined to attempt flight himself.

At last, on the 28th of August, when he had been in the "Piombi"

rather more than a year, the preparations for his flight were completed, all but breaking through the last skin of the panel of the ceiling—which, of course, had been left intact with the most minute care; and he fixed the night of the 27th for the attempt. But, on the 25th, a terrible misfortune happened to him. The gaoler on that morning, entering his cell with a cheerful visage, wished him joy of the good news he brought him: he was to be moved from that cell, the worst in the whole range, to one recently vacated, which had much more air and light.

Here was a blow! That all the painful labour he had so patiently undergone was thrown away, was the least part of the misfortune. His attempt at evasion would infallibly be discovered.

His only solace in this terrible moment was, that his arm-chair, in which the sharpened bolt he had prepared with so much toil was concealed, was moved into the other cell with him.

Then the storm burst. No sooner was the prisoner's bed removed than the terribly accusing hole in the floor was but too apparent. The gaoler returned to the new cell, where the prisoner was, foaming at the mouth with rage. And he might well be angry; for the escape of a prisoner was his own death-warrant.

His first demand was for the tools with which the flooring had been cut, and the name of the attendant turnkey who had furnished them. The prisoner remained mute. The gaoler said savagely that he could soon find the means to make him speak.

"If I am put to the torture, of course I must tell the truth. I shall have to confess that you yourself supplied me with the tools!" said Casanova, with unflinching steadiness. The subordinates grinned, and the gaoler, having in vain searched the person and cell of the prisoner, rushed out of the cell blaspheming horribly, and holding his head between his hands in an agony of rage and perplexity.

A short time for reflection convinced him that his safest plan was to cause the hole to be mended, and say nothing about it.

During eight days the gaoler revenged himself on his prisoner for his attempt at evasion by shutting up the window, which gave air and light to the cell, and by bringing him food that was utterly uneatable. On the ninth day, in compliance with the demand of the prisoner, Lorenzo brought his account of the expenditure of the fifty sous a day allowed by the Tribunal for Casanova's keep. He thought fit to bring him at the same time an excellent roast-fowl, and a basket of lemons, which had been sent by a friend of the prisoner's in the town. Casanova, despite the fury he had been feeling all these days against the gaoler, was so pleased that he told the man to keep the balance of several sequins which resulted from the account. Lorenzo then, in milder fashion, strove to persuade Casanova to tell him how he had obtained the tools needed for making the hole in the other cell. The prisoner calmly replied that he himself (the gaoler) had furnished them to him. Then in answer to his adjurations and entreaties for explanation as to what the prisoner meant,

and how he (Lorenzo) had supplied him with tools, he replied gravely that he would tell him, and would tell him with perfect truth; but that he would only do so in the presence of the Secretary!

The unhappy goaler was checkmated, cowed, and beaten. He ended by imploring his prisoner to say no word more upon the subject, and to remember that he was a poor man, who had a wife and family depending upon him, and who would assuredly be ruined by the discovery of what the prisoner had done, despite his vigilance.

Thenceforward the relations between prisoner and goaler were more amicable. And the unlucky man began a course of indulgences, which eventually led to the escape of his captive.

Casanova begged for books to read. He had read all those that had been allowed to him. The goaler said that there was a prisoner in a neighbouring cell who had several books, which no doubt he would be willing to lend to his fellow-prisoner.

The captive in the neighbouring cell turned out to be a monk, imprisoned for licentious conduct. He made no difficulty in lending his books. Casanova lent his in return. And thus a system of correspondence was readily established between them.

Ever since Casanova's removal into his new cell, and the discovery of the hole in the floor of the old one, the goaler or his assistants had every morning sounded every part of the floor and walls of his prison. But he observed that they never thought of sounding the ceiling! He at once determined that it must be by that way alone that he could escape.

But how was it possible for him to get at the ceiling? or, even if he could do so, how could the long labour of making a hole through the solid woodwork of it be accomplished either in one day or without immediately attracting the attention of his goaler?

The scheme he hit upon was this.—In the first place he communicated all his plans to his neighbouring prisoner the monk, and found him willing to join in an attempt at escape. Then he instructed him to cause the goaler to buy for him several of the ordinary devotional broadsides, with prints of the virgin and saints, etc. And these he was to stick up all about the sides of his cell, as for purposes of devotion; and behind one of these, constantly replaced so as to conceal the work, a hole was to be made by the monk in the side of his cell. There remained, however, the great difficulty of conveying the invaluable sharpened bolt to the monk, without which he had no means of even attempting the work. At last there seemed to be an opportunity of attempting this. It was a chance!—one involving tremendous risk! But then every portion of the scheme necessarily involved risks which offered only a small chance of ultimate success; and if the thing was to be attempted at all, it was useless to recoil before such chances.

One of the volumes lent by the monk to Casanova was a large folio, bound in parchment loose at the back, in the fashion in which old books, especially Italian books, are often seen. Casanova tried to conceal the

bolt inside the binding of the back of this book. The weapon was too long! It protruded nearly an inch at either end! Nevertheless his powers of invention were not yet finally conquered. Some festival occurred, on which a certain sort of cake, or pudding, of macaroni, made with much oil, was usually eaten. Casanova told the gaoler that he wished, in return for the kindness received from his neighbour prisoner, to send him and the companion in his cell (for there was another prisoner in the monk's cell, a certain Conte Asquin, an old and immensely fat man,) a dish of macaroni for the festival, prepared by his own hands. He furnished the money necessary for buying the different articles, and then saying that he meant to do the thing as handsomely as possible, begged the gaoler to bring him the largest dish he could get. The manner was, it seems, to prepare macaroni after this fashion in one of those very large, flat, shallow copper dishes, which are still so frequently seen in Italy. All the preparations were accomplished according to the prisoner's wishes. He prepared his *plat*, taking especial care that the dish should be filled with oil to the very brim, so that it could only be carried with great care, and in the most perfect equilibrium. Then he placed it on the folio with the precious bolt in it, sticking out at either end, but not so far as not to be hidden by the dish. Then, when the gaoler came, he told him to take the book and the dish together into the neighbouring cell. He put them himself into the man's hands, laughingly begging him to take the utmost care not to spill the oil. Of course the monk had been informed of the whole scheme, and knew with what precautions he was to receive the present.

All went well; and the unconscious gaoler thus himself carried the weapon which was to open a way for the escape of the captives!

The plan of sticking up pictures of saints on the sides of the monk's cell, so as to hide his operations on them with the bolt turned into a spike, also succeeded perfectly. In a few days he had made a hole in the wooden wall of the cell, and was able to get out of it, and on to the roof of that in which Casanova was confined: on which he began his operations, taking extreme care, of course, to leave a thin skin of wood untouched till the moment of evasion should have arrived.

This was eventually fixed for the 31st of October at mid-day. The morning visit of the gaoler and his assistants would be then over, and (unless in consequence of some unusual occurrence) there would be no fear of any further visit till the next morning. At mid-day precisely he heard the monk on the ceiling above him, and in a very few minutes more the thin crust of wood, which alone remained, was broken through, and the monk descended into Casanova's cell.

The next difficulty to be overcome arose from the fear and misgivings of his accomplice, who, despite the success of their enterprise up to that point, began to feel sure that they never should succeed in getting absolutely free out of the Palace. His lamentations, predictions of failure, and reproaches when he found that the enterprise was a more

arduous one than he had anticipated, had to be listened to, not without infinite disgust, by the bolder spirit, on whom was now cast all the difficulty of the undertaking. And these difficulties, already overcome, were as nothing to those now before them.

The first step, however, after they had got on to the top of the cell, through the hole which the monk had made, presented no great difficulty. This was to rip open a sufficient portion of the leaden roofing of the Palace to allow them to pass out on to the roof; and by the help of the sharpened bolt this was readily accomplished. To reach the ridge of the roof was a matter of much greater difficulty. It had been necessary to wait till midnight before getting on to the roof, because it was a bright moonlight night: all Venice would be walking on the Square of St. Mark; the fugitives would have been seen on the roof; and it was, therefore, absolutely essential to wait till the moon had gone down. But in the meantime a thick fog arose, which, if it had the advantage of increasing the darkness, brought with it the very serious disadvantage of making the leads so slippery that it was with the most extreme difficulty that they were able to crawl on hands and knees up the steep ascent. Of course a slip would have been immediately fatal. By dint of exceeding exertion, Casanova mainly dragging up the monk as well as himself, they succeeded in seating themselves astride the ridge.

The next step was to find some means of fixing the end of the rope by which they were to let themselves down into the *piazza* from the roof. This rope had been prepared by the assiduous labour of the hours between the last morning visit of the goaler and the time of escape; and was composed of all their bedding torn into shreds, twisted and carefully knotted. They had enough of it to reach from the roof to the ground; but a long and scrupulous examination of the entire roof served only to show unmistakably that there was no possibility of fixing the rope to any object that could be trusted to hold it.

Then truly the prospect began to look very black indeed! To give up all hope of escape and return to their cells was by no means the worst before them. It would have been absolutely impossible to conceal the traces of their outbreak, and condemnation to the "Pozzi"* for life would have been the sure consequence. Rather than that, Casanova was thoroughly resolved to precipitate himself into the Canal that runs between the Ducal Palace and the prison on the other side of the "Bridge of Sighs."

At last in the course of his examination of every part of the roof, he

* The "Pozzi,"—literally "wells,"—are a range of prisons, yet more terrible than the "Piombi," constructed among the foundations of the Ducal Palace, without light, and accessible only by a dark stair leading from the first floor of the Palace, and by a little postern on the level of the Canal, underneath the "Bridge of Sighs," by which the bodies of executed criminals, and of those who died there, were removed. Thus, the gorgeous public life of Venice, the assemblies of its senators and statesmen, the stately ceremonial of its receptions, were all transacted with despair and wailing over their heads, and despair and wailing under their feet!

observed a small garret window in that slope of the roof which looked towards the Canal. To descend the slope of the roof, though not less dangerous, was far less difficult than to climb up it. Casanova let himself slide down, trusting to his power of directing himself forwards, and being pulled up by the little roof of the window. He succeeded in this. Then lying along the ridge of this little roof on his stomach, with his legs extended up the slope of the main roof above it, he projected his head far enough over the edge of the roof of the window to see that it was a small window of little panes set in lead, and protected by an iron grating. Of course the window mattered little. But the iron grating?

With infinite labour, at the most frightful risk of being precipitated into the Canal below, and with hands lacerated and bleeding, Casanova, after a quarter of an hour's work, succeeded in wrenching the grating from the wall with his trusty sharpened bolt. Then he returned to the spot on the main ridge of the roof where he had left his companion, who received him with a torrent of imprecations for having been so long absent. Nevertheless, he continued to labour for his escape as well as for his own. Having succeeded in getting the monk on to the roof of the now open little window, it was not very difficult for one of the two to be let down through the window by means of the cord by the other. But how was the second to follow? The monk absolutely refused to help Casanova to descend. The latter, therefore, tied the cord round the body of the former, and succeeded in letting him down till he reached a floor. They found that the distance from the window to the floor was at least fifty feet. And now Casanova was alone on the roof, utterly at a loss to find the means of rejoining his companion. At last, after much search, he discovered on a remote part of the roof a ladder left there by workmen. With considerable labour and difficulty he succeeded in dragging it to the little ridge roof over the small garret window. But then came the question how, unaided by any other hand, he was to get one end of the long ladder in at the window. Below the window, it is to be understood, there was nothing save a few yards of very steeply sloping leads, a narrow stone cornice gutter, and then—the sheer fall of some two hundred feet into the Canal below! The extreme difficulty and peril of the operation to be performed may be readily conceived!

Perched on the roof of the garret window, however, he did contrive, by the aid of his cord of bedclothes, to get one end of the ladder into the aperture of the window, and to pull it onwards till the end struck against the roof of the window in the inside. In this position it is easy to understand that no amount of force could make it enter further, save by raising the other end, which projected far beyond the extreme edge of the roof of the Palace. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to attempt this. Casanova let himself slip down on his stomach till the toes of his feet rested against the outside of the marble gutter which forms the cornice of the roof,—the toes only, for the gutter was too shallow to admit of more. In this position he strove to raise the ladder, having, as will be understood,

a strong leverage against him, inasmuch as the part projecting beyond the fulcrum formed by his hand was much longer than that between his hand and the other end inside the window.

While using his utmost effort to accomplish this, he raised himself on his knees in order to exert more strength; his toes slipped, and he was launched over the edge of the roof, till, by one of those instinctive and despairing efforts of which a man is capable only in similar desperate circumstances, he found himself arrested in his downward course by the clinging of his elbows to the cavity of the gutter. "A horrible moment," he says, writing many years afterwards when an old man, "at which I still shudder, and which it is, perhaps, impossible to imagine in all its horror. The natural instinct of preservation caused me, almost without knowing what I was doing, to exert my utmost strength to cling on, and—I am almost tempted to say miraculously—I succeeded."

Lacerated, bleeding, trembling, streaming with perspiration at every pore, he did succeed in regaining his position on the roof. The effort, which had so nearly cost him his life, had pushed the ladder three or four feet further into the window; and the remainder of the task of rejoining the monk on the floor of the room into which the window opened was comparatively easy.

As also was the remainder of his escape from the Palace. There were a few doors to be broken open, but the trusty weapon which had already stood him in such good stead, soon disposed of them. And in that vast building at that hour of the night, and especially just at that time of the year, when it was the habit of Venetian officers of state to take a few days' holiday at their estates on the mainland, there was little danger of any noise being heard.

After the breaking, more or less difficult, of a few doors, the fugitives found themselves at the head of the great staircase, so well known to travellers, which leads from the great corridor, running round the interior of the court of the Palace on the first floor. Thence the way was perfectly open to them to the head of the yet better known "giant" stairs, and at the foot of them to the main door of the Palace. This was shut and locked, because it was not yet the hour at which it was opened in the morning. It stands always open all day, but Casanova judged that it was wisest not to wait for that hour of the morning. Having first repaired as well as he could the mischief done both to his flesh and his clothes by the various incidents of his escape—which it was not so easy to do, for both clothes and limbs were torn to bits and covered with blood, but he had still the bundle containing his wardrobe with him—he showed himself at one of the grated windows looking from the court on to the piazza.

Then some early passer-by saw him, and went to tell the porter that there was a man locked up in the court. Casanova says that, dressed as he was, he looked just like a man who had left a ball and passed the rest of the night in debauchery and disorder. The monk was dressed like a peasant. Placing himself close to the door, with the monk behind him,

and grasping his sharpened bolt in his hand, thoroughly determined to strike the porter down with it if he should make any resistance to his exit, he awaited the opening of the door; and the instant it was opened glided through it on to the open piazza. The porter seemed too much struck with amazement to do aught but stand agape and stare, so there was no need for violence; and Casanova and his companion, passing quickly to the "riva" of the "piazzetta," had no difficulty in finding a couple of gondoliers to take them to Mestre.

But the escaped prisoner knew too well the ways of the power against which he was trying the resources of his courage and wit, to imagine for an instant that he was really free till he had placed himself on the further side of the frontier of the territory of the Republic; and the nearest point at which this could be accomplished was the boundary separating the dominions of Venice from those of the Bishop of Trent.

This, after a variety of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which cannot here be related at length, he succeeded in accomplishing.

Before leaving Mestre he found himself face to face with a "sbirro," or officer in the employment of the Inquisition, who knew him personally and knew that he ought then to have been in the "piombi" of the Ducal Palace. Fortunately the spot was solitary, and he escaped by menacing the life of the officer. This danger, as well as many others, was brought upon him by the selfishness, cowardice, and imbecility of the monk his companion, whom nevertheless he would not desert (much to his honour, if his own account is to be credited) till he saw him safe and provided for in Germany. One night he passed in the house of a chief officer of the police of the Inquisition, who was absent from home scouring the country in search of him, and to whose wife he represented that he was a friend of her husband.

At Munich he found friends who took him with them to Paris, where, as ever, he once more fell on his legs, and began a new course of very extraordinary adventures, of which by no means the least curious was that which made him, about eighteen years subsequently, a "confidant"—i.e. spy and informer—of the Tribunal, whose means of action he stigmatizes as infamous, when they were exerted against himself.

The special business for the sake of which he was in the first instance employed was the difficult and delicate one of preventing certain Armenian monks, who had separated themselves from the well-known Armenian convent existing on one of the islands of the lagoon under the protection of Venice, from obtaining an establishment at Trieste. This he accomplished to the satisfaction of his employers; and his communications with the terrible Tribunal on the subject are sufficiently curious to be worth condensing from the highly interesting volumes of records which Signor Bazzoni has made known to historical students.

But this paper has already run to too great a length for it to be possible to attempt doing so on the present occasion.

An African Harem.

I ONCE travelled with Dr. Livingstone, and with him visited Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, which lie between the northern extreme of Madagascar and the African coast. The voyage to Johanna was not a pleasant one: fever clung to us, fuel failed us, the ship sailed badly, and through an oversight on the part of the officer then in charge of the *Pioneer*, the tanks had not been replenished before we left the river Rovumah, and we had tapped our last cask of water before we arrived at our destination.

When we first sighted Johanna it seemed like a huge pyramid enveloped in a purple haze, and floating on the sun-burnished ocean; but as we drew nearer we saw that, like most islands of volcanic origin, it was wild and broken in outline, and that its surface was everywhere varied by hill and valley, cliff and chasm, gentle slope and irregular plateau. Although in the latitude of perpetual summer, Johanna is clothed with an everlasting verdure. The highest summit, 6,000 feet above the sea, is ever green with the bramble, the creeping vine, and other plants which find life in the moist and soil-filled crevices. The lower altitudes are rich with a most luxuriant vegetation. The plateaus are "florid with an unfading prime." And in many of the deeper valleys, so dense is the canopy of foliage spread by huge trees and parasitic shrubs which hang on their branches, that the sunbeams never enter to disperse the mists of the morning. In these shades the birds seek shelter from the heat of noon-tide, and reptiles and insects, which love damp places, and hate the sun, find their abodes. This unceasing fertility is owing to the clouds which here shed a constant moisture on the hill-tops, and feed streams which rush and roar along the steep and rugged water-courses, and wind through the lower valleys with slower pace and softer music, until they enter the tropical sea. Seed-time and harvest, therefore, are constantly united, and fruitful summer presides over the whole year.

Johanna is dominated by a race of Arabs which claims to have supplied Eastern Africa with most of its petty potentates. The King of Johanna is the lord and master of about 10,000 souls, of whom all but a tithe are Africans and slaves. It is the policy of Great Britain to maintain the independence of the King of Johanna, and other little sovereigns, against the designs of those who covet territory in these parts of the world; had it not been for this, Johanna would long since have passed into the possession of the French.

We did not make for Muzumudu, the capital, but for Pomoney, a

village on the western side of the island, where there is a small but safe harbour joined by the coral reef, and where lived an Englishman, who was then British Consul for the Comoros, but whose principal occupation was the cultivation of sugar. Our little ship glided into the harbour, and we let go our anchor just as the last glow of the sun passed away from the hills, and the stars began to shine through the orange-tinted sky. Then there came on board two Arabs, who wore grand apparel, who carried swords with richly ornamented hilts and scabbards, who were high in position amongst the great men of the island, and who were anxious for the privilege and profit of washing our soiled linen and replenishing our larder. The slave-trade was, in all probability, their natural occupation, but that had but lately been rudely interfered with by our cruisers; and so these two worthies, cut-throats ingrain they looked to be, were reduced to the ignoble employment of bidding one against the other for the advantage of our patronage. After a fashion they both spoke English, for Johanna has been a rendezvous for British ships for many years, and the English language is one of the most general accomplishments of its inhabitants. Said one of these men to me, "Listen. Have nothing with that man" (his rival for our favours). "His woman kill your shirt, beat it to pieces. He give you meat no good—old cow. He sell you bad milk, bad eggs, bad banana, bad orange, bad cocoanut,—all things bad. He make pay very much. Listen. My woman wash shirt good. Me sell meat, everything, all good, all for little money. Say finish?"

"Finish"—the word with which they close a bargain—I did not say, and he turned from me in unconcealed disgust. A few minutes afterwards the other fellow preferred his claims. Said he, "That man no good. He lie, he cheat, very much. Suppose give him shirt, what he do? He keep, ship go away, no see shirt again. Give *me* shirt, my woman wash, you have back to-morrow. That good, eh? Me sell beef, goat, limes, banana, melon, all things, all you like, all good—very good. Say finish?"

"Finish" was not said, for the Consul had come on board, and Dr. Livingstone having learnt from him that there was no coal at the naval dépôt at Pomoney, and that one of her Majesty's ships was at Muzumudu for repairs, with a good supply, determined upon going round to that town on the morrow.

The larger houses of Muzumudu face the sea. They are flat-roofed, white, and without ornament, having but few windows, and those quite small. From the sea they looked like so many prisons. The houses of the poorer folk and of many of the slaves are built in a narrow valley, and stretch up the hill on either side of a stream. The odour of this town, from the absence of any sort of drainage, is most offensive. As compared with the mainland of Africa the climate of Johanna is healthy, but the habits of the people expose them to every sort of sickness.

We went on shore as soon as we arrived, and found ourselves in the presence of the King, who, with his princes and great men, was going to

say his prayers at the principal mosque of the town, the day being a high day, the last day of the Ramadan, during the season of which all pious Mussulmans fast and pray from sunrise to sunset, and feast and sin from sunset to sunrise. The King, on seeing the Consul, who had accompanied us from Pomoney, stopped to shake hands with him. Dr. Livingstone and others were then introduced to him. The King was handsomely dressed in fine white robes embroidered with a flowered pattern, and he wore a large white muslin turban. He seemed about twenty-five years of age, his person was slight and graceful, his face almost handsome, and, contrasted with the faces of his attendants, of amiable expression. He carried no weapon, but most of his suite, who were all splendidly dressed, were armed with swords and daggers. Before proceeding on his way, he invited us to his palace on the morrow.

About ten o'clock next morning a Prince Mahomet, who was the King's first-cousin, and by several years his senior, came on board the *Pioneer* in order to conduct us to the King. The Prince was lean and short of stature, his voice was harsh, and his countenance expressed a mind that was "vile and villanously mean."

A great concourse of people had assembled on the shore. There were Africans of all ages and both sexes, and all in a state of almost nudity; there were half-castes better dressed, but not more attractive in appearance; and there were two or three Arabs of high degree, who awaited our landing in order to accompany us into the presence of their sovereign. In our progress to the palace we were preceded and followed by a crowd of people. Many of these poor creatures were suffering from ulcerous sores loathsome to look at; others from that most frightful of all physical evils, elephantiasis. The streets through which we passed were ill-paved and narrow,—so narrow, that with outstretched arms we could touch the houses on either side. These swarmed with inhabitants, who came to the doors to see us. Half-castes glared at us, and good-tempered, fat African women laughed at us, and held up their little fat babies for us to admire; and all contributed, by their dirt and disease, to taint the air we breathed. Indeed, the odour from the crowd about us, and from the filth under our feet, was intolerable, and we were thankful when we found ourselves in the court-yard of the royal residence.

The exterior of the King's palace was not attractive; it consisted of four stone walls, with a few square holes for doors and windows. The council-chamber, which opened into the court-yard, was a large square room, meanly furnished with benches for seats, and largely partaking of the general filthiness of the town. The inner apartments were better cared for. The room occupied by the King was amply supplied with couches and looking-glasses, and the walls and ceiling were painted with divers colours, after the fashion obtaining amongst these people.

The King was sitting on a couch covered with crimson damask, and on either side of him sat his attendants; he wore white robes without ornaments of any kind; they had on grand apparel; he was unarmed; they all

had swords; he received us without embarrassment, but the manifest self-consciousness of those about him was most assuming; all chewed betel-nut, and all, the King included, expectorated copiously and frequently.

Sidi Abdramman, a shrewd-looking old man, who spoke English excellently, and whose daughter was one of the King's wives, seated himself on a mat in front of the royal couch to act as interpreter; for the King seemed to know less of the English language than most of his subjects. He professed himself anxious to hear of Dr. Livingstone's travels, and the Doctor was willing to gratify him; but after listening for a few minutes his curiosity was satisfied, he clapped his hands, and two slave girls, who had evidently been waiting near at hand for this signal, entered the room with sherbet in yellow glass goblets. The day was hot, the sherbet was cool and pleasant, and having drunk of it we took our departure. The Prince Mahomet again attended us.

On our way back to the ship the Prince was loquacious. He spoke English well, he had been a considerable traveller, and he was proud of his knowledge of the world. He had a grievance, and he was not long in making us acquainted with it.

"Look at me!" cried he. "Look at me! My father's father was King of Johanna, and ought to be the King of Mayotta" (another of the Comoros); "but the French have taken Mayotta; they cheated me out of my rights by giving the old king, my uncle, very much money. To me they gave nothing, and now I, instead of being a king, am nothing. Bah! a man like I am to be obliged to hold his nose and say nothing." Evidently his subordinate position in Johanna was irksome to him, and he looked like a man that might become dangerous to his royal cousin.

It had been arranged that we should stay a few days at Johanna, and when the Prince heard of the intended sojourn, he said, "Ah! you have been to see the King, now come and see me. Will you come?"

"Prince, you are such a churlish set of people with respect to your women. If we visit your houses we see men only; now if you come to our houses we should introduce you to the ladies of our households," I ventured to remark.

"Ah, yes, I know your custom with women is different to ours," said he. "Every nation has its own custom. What is good for one may not be so good for another. Your custom is very good for you, perhaps. Our custom is good for us, that we know. But I am a man who has seen many things and many places, and I have not the prejudices which some of my people have; and if you will do me the honour of paying me a visit, you shall see my wives. Now will you come?"

"Under such circumstances, certainly," said Dr. Livingstone, and the visit was arranged for the next day but one.

At the time appointed the Prince came off to the ship in order to take us on shore in his own boat. He was arrayed in a magnificent dress of bright blue silk, ornamented with gold lace, and he was evidently in a

delightful state of self-consciousness. Dr. Livingstone, two other gentlemen, and myself were ready to accompany him. When we gained the shore we found that the news of our purposed visit to the Prince's Hareem had become known to many, and there was a considerable assemblage of slaves and the poorer half-castes to greet and to follow us. This demonstration may have been arranged by the Prince; he was certainly pleased with it; and he marched ahead of us as though a person of greater importance than the King himself. I could not help thinking, as we went on our way, that the sentiment with which he regarded the King was far from loyal.

The Prince's establishment consisted of a group of buildings surrounded by a wall of stone. One of the houses was much larger than the rest, and to this we were taken. After passing through a desolate-looking ante-room we entered an apartment about forty feet square; but though its proportions were noble, its appearance was not attractive. The furniture was scanty, mean, and much worn; the chintz that covered the couches was faded, and the glasses that hung on the whitewashed walls were with one exception cracked; the floor was uncarpeted. This was the Prince's own apartment, and this probably accounted for the poverty of its appearance. Each wife has her own chamber, and as the greater part of her dowry is expended upon the decorating and furnishing of it, the Prince's room probably afforded no fair indication of the character of his whole establishment. Here it was, however, we were to have audience of the ladies.

After inviting us to be seated, the Prince left us, in order to apprise his wives of our arrival. He went out by a doorway covered by a damask hanging, which, we presumed, led to the ladies' apartments. He returned in a few minutes, and with him came, not a wife but a little Malay woman, old and shrivelled, but full of vivacity. Her sharp, shrill voice rang through the room when she announced that the ladies would soon appear. She was evidently the janitress of the Hareem, and the Prince seemed to be much in awe of her. She was born at Cape Town, but had many years ago married a Johanna man. She spoke English very imperfectly, but Dutch like a Dutchlander; and when she found that Dr. Livingstone could speak that language, her pleasure was so demonstrative I thought she would have embraced him. It seemed greatly to cheer her old heart to hear once more that most ugly of all languages. She asked a multiplicity of questions about Cape Town. She rattled away at the highest pitch of her voice until her excitement fairly broke her down; then she seemed to recollect herself, and, with a kind of chuckle, said, "Now I will send in the ladies," and ran off with quite a youthful agility.

After she had retired, the Prince, who was evidently excited and somewhat nervous, said,—“My wives say I must tell you of a little custom we have whenever strangers are introduced to them. When they come in, they will each one of them come to each of you, and you will have to go

through a little ceremony each of you with each of them. Oh, it is not much, it is not what you think," he continued, with a shrewd smile. "It is only this. Each of them will hold in her hand a little bit of bread, and each of you will break off a small piece from each, and eat it. That done, we are friends—always friends."

We expressed gratification and ready compliance. The ladies not appearing, he disappeared behind the curtain again, but quickly returned. The curtain was then withdrawn, and, standing in a row on either side of the passage, we saw a number of little slave-girls, some of whom were very gaily dressed. Then there came from a room at the end of the passage a stout lady about twenty-five years of age, whose face was only saved from being commonplace by her large and really beautiful eyes. Her appearance as she entered the room was dazzling. The bodice of her dress was of cloth-of-gold; the short skirt was of Indian muslin, elaborately worked with gold and silver thread; her drawers were of the same material and similarly ornamented. Her naked feet were slipped into richly-adorned sandals, and on her head she wore a purple velvet fez-shaped cap that was refulgent with gold lace and jewels. Round her waist she had a jewelled zone, and round her neck "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" were multiplied in a barbarous profusion; she had rings on all her fingers, she wore bracelets, armlets, and anklets of gold: and her ears were strangely decorated, for not only were the lower lobes perforated, but the rim of each ear was pierced in several places, and instead of one jewelled drop, each ear sustained four or five. The first effect produced on me by this profuse display of personal ornamentation was amazement, and then the absurdity of it appeared so great that it was difficult to refrain from laughter. Yet we could not help being pleased with the woman who had taken so much pains with herself to please us; and when she came forward to shake hands, which she did rather awkwardly, we bowed our lowest and smiled our sweetest. To her succeeded a tall, finely-built, very handsome woman, of about twenty years of age. Her figure was perfect; the grace of her carriage was faultless, and her large black eyes were so lustrous they seemed to flash light. With the first lady the richness of costume was most prominent, but with this woman the beauty of her person far outshone the magnificence of her attire. She was dressed and ornamented, with some slight variation, like unto her sister-wife, to whom, indeed, she was really sister; for the Prince informed us that they were the children not only of the same father but by the same mother. She moved towards us like a queen—self-possessed and gracious; and though she had not the manner of a European lady, the mode of her hand-shaking was unimpeachable. A few moments elapsed before the third wife presented herself. Her appearance was insignificant, her features expressionless: her eyes lacked lustre, her form, though not angular, was spare and destitute of all grace; her movements were awkward, and though dressed not less grandly than the others, her costume appeared far less resplendent.

The Prince appeared to feel that we were conscious of her defects, for, as she turned from us after the usual salutation, he exclaimed, "Oh, she is a very tame wife!" (These ladies, be it said, did not understand English.) The curtain over the doorway fell; no other lady appeared. To our look of inquiry the Prince replied, "That is all. I have but three wives—only three. If I had as many as my birth entitles me to, I should have twelve—as many as the King; but the French have my island, and so I am only a poor devil with but three wives!"

The introductions ended, the senior lady came forward and held out to us what looked like a thin slice of gingerbread, from which we each broke off a small portion and ate it. It was abominable to the taste; a vile compound of bad oil, Indian cornmeal, and sweets. The ladies then seated themselves on a couch opposite to that on which we sat; and we were instructing the Prince to convey to them our thanks for the great honour they had done us in granting this interview, and an unbounded admiration of themselves, when, by all that is shocking, we discovered that they chewed betel-nut! For, right and left, with a volume, a precision, and a force that a Yankee might have envied, they began to relieve themselves of the consequences of this abominable habit. Up to this point all had seemed consistent with the place and the occasion; but this was a feature in the romance of the Hareem that I had not looked for. However, we expressed our gratification, and our sentiments being made known to the ladies, they showered upon us smiles and pleasant glances. At this juncture the Prince's mother entered the room. She was a very fat, very dirty, but very cheerful old woman. Her dress was a simple robe of brown cotton without ornament of any kind. The Prince rose as she entered and led her to a seat; his manner in doing this was most respectful and almost affectionate. He told us that she was a very religious woman, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was regarded as a saint. She asked us especially after a gentleman whose acquaintance she made when he was a gallant captain of a British man-of-war, and who was now an aged admiral, and declared that if she were not so old she would undertake the journey to England to feast her eyes on him once more. She showed us a gold watch which she had received from the East India Company in acknowledgment of her kindness to certain English ladies and children, the passengers of one of the Company's ships that had been wrecked on the reef that runs around Johanna. She took them into her house and entertained them for weeks, and from them obtained the knowledge she possessed of the English language. She was certainly a good-natured old woman, and had she not every two or three minutes ejected a torrent of coloured fluid from her mouth, she might have been agreeable.

Our conversation with this old lady was interrupted by the entrance into the room of three African slave-girls, who were very prettily attired in vestments of many colours. Two of them carried silver trays, the

contents of which were hidden from our eyes by veils of white muslin; the third was laden with sherbet. At an indication from the chief wife, the sherbet-bearer approached and knelt before us, and continued kneeling until we had emptied our glasses and replaced them on the tray. Then one bearing a veiled tray went up to the ladies, and knelt before them. Upon the veil being removed we saw four bouquets, composed of the blossom of a sweet-scented shrub that had been sewn on to a piece of calico cut into the shape of a heart. She who had the pre-eminence with the ladies, took a bouquet and looked and smiled at Dr. Livingstone, who went up to her and received it from her hands, and then gallantly fastened it on to the breast of his coat. We were each similarly favoured. Then the third girl approached with her burden, and upon the veil being removed, we found that it consisted of four mouthfuls of betel-nut, wrapped in the leaf with which it is masticated. Again a pleasant smile and a sunny glance brought us to the ladies, and we each received our portion of betel-nut. But what were we to do with it? We had disposed of the bouquets satisfactorily, but the betel-nut puzzled us. Was it intended for use or for show? The Prince explained that as it was the custom of the English to offer wine to their guests, so was it the custom of his people to offer betel-nut; and when offered, as in the present instance, by a lady, it could not be refused or taken away untasted. After which explanation, we of course expressed ourselves delighted to do what was expected of us; but before we had put the objectionable morsel into our mouths, the ladies volunteered to flavour it with a preparation of lime, which they keep by them in small silver boxes, and which gives to it an additional pungency. This the Prince declared was not only a delicate attention, but a great honour also; inasmuch as in days gone by only those who had achieved the renown which the pilgrimage to Mecca gave were permitted to take their betel-nut flavoured with lime. The thing itself was not offensive to the palate; it tasted something like nutmeg, and it caused an excitement of the glands which was far from being unpleasant, but it made expectoration a necessity. Despite the example of the ladies I strove against doing as they did, but in vain; I was compelled to relieve my mouth or choke. My companions were in the same predicament, and the position became so ludicrous that laughter long and loud was the result. The ladies ascertaining the cause of our mirth laughed also, and we quickly became a very merry party. They told us that the use of betel-nut ought to be general; that it cheered the spirits, allayed pain; that without it fasting was impossible, as it assuaged hunger; that it quieted the restless, and soothed temper; that it gave rest to the weary and sleep to the sleepless; that, in fact, it made all who used it happy, and should be used, therefore, by everybody. The repulsive consequences of its use were as nothing. And we were advised to take a quantity of betel-nuts to England, in order that the English might experience the benefits of its rare qualities. Then the young ladies sought information upon the social and domestic life of English women, and were

much amused by our replies ; and one of them remarked that it must be very dull to be the only wife of any man,—they preferred their own arrangements.

As conversation progressed, I said to the Prince, " You complained just now that you had but three wives ; to me three would be a burden I could not bear. How do you manage to keep them in order ? "

" Oh," said he, " quite easy, nothing easier. Look at me. I have this coat on to-day. I like this coat to-day, to-morrow perhaps, next day also ; but when I have worn it so long I cease to like it, I wish for another,—so I fold it up, put it away, and put on another coat. Well, it is all the same with a wife." And he chuckled at the aptness of his illustration.

" But wives are not coats, and cannot be treated so unceremoniously," I observed.

" Not English wives, truly ; for English women are very different to Arab women. English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very much of themselves, think very little of their husbands ; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like : but Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves ; they live to please their husbands ; they are obedient ; they are much better than English women, and a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him, what does he ? He says to her, ' By Allah, I will leave you.' And if she disobey him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife, she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she prove to have a very bad temper, and disobey him always ; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and all night too ; lead him a devil of a life ; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself,—what can he do ? He can do nothing ; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah ! the Arab custom is better than the English custom ; and the Arab women are better for the man than the English women. I am sure of that."

I told him that though people in England did sometimes make unhappy marriages, yet as a rule it was not so ; inasmuch as every opportunity was given before marriage of becoming acquainted with the character and feeling of those we married, and that very few really wished to annul the marriage contract. Upon which he replied, warmly :—" That is not true ! I read your newspapers. I know all about Sir Cresswell, and I know that many husbands and wives in England tire of one another, and try to get unmarried. Ah, English custom is a bad custom, say what you will. I tell you," continued he, " that our women are different to your women, much better, not so wilful. And look at Arab woman before and after marriage, and see if our custom is not better for her and her husband also. Before marriage the Arab woman sees no man but her father, her brothers, and such male relatives that by our law she cannot marry ; after she is married she sees her relatives, and her husband, no other man. She

must love her husband for she sees only him. She is not like an English woman, who goes from home every day, goes where she likes, and sees what men she likes. She must go wrong, must get tired of her one husband. Any woman would ; but Arab woman stop at home always, say her prayers, and love her husband."

I assured him that his estimate of English women was erroneous, that Christianity had elevated them far above the mental and moral position occupied by Mahometan women, that they were trusted and respected because they were trustworthy and respected themselves, that a higher law than he seemed able to comprehend was the guide of their life, that they were virtuous upon principle, not upon compulsion, as were the Arab women, who were shut out from the company of all men but that of their husband and near relatives, and were watched day and night. Upon which he waxed angry, and exclaimed :—"I do not believe you ; I believe what I see. We know that the Christian man is not a good man ; your newspapers tell me that the Christian woman is not a good woman. You say that only a few are not good ; if a few are bad why not many ? if many do wrong why not all ? all have the same opportunities, and the few are as much Christian as the many. They may be good, they may be bad ; you don't know, for they go where they please, do what they please, see whom they please. You think them good, I think them bad : which is right ? You cannot say, you cannot know until what you call the day of judgment. But that is too long a time for me to wait before I know what my wife is, I like to be quite sure now." And again he chuckled over his own jest.

He was an utter disbeliever in any life higher than he could realise from his own observations and personal experience, and I pursued the vexed question of English and Arab customs and their effects upon woman no further ; but before we took our departure I asked him if his wives could read.

"Read !" said he in unfeigned astonishment. "No ! we never teach our women to read, they know too much already."

Our visit must have been a strange episode in the lives of these three ladies, the Prince's wives. I do not think they were consciously unhappy ; they had not sufficient knowledge of a higher state of life to be other than contented with their lot. They knew of no other than "the custom of their people," and they evidently accepted it as though no other custom could be.

As we left, we were exhorted by the mother of the Prince to inform her admiral on our return to England that she had not forgotten him, and should forget him never. And yet she had seen him but once ; and that was many years before ; he had been introduced to her as we had been introduced to her son's wives, and she had cherished him in her memory ever since.

The Prince accompanied us back to the ship ; and during the time of our sojourn at Muzumudu, I saw him repeatedly. On one occasion he brought an Arabic translation of the English Bible, and asked me to

point out the passage in which the mother of Moses was mentioned by name. This led to a conversation upon the Christian and Mahometan religions. The Prince was a shrewd assailant of Christianity, attacking it through the sins and follies of its professors with no mean intelligence.

He admitted, however, that the power of all Mahometan nations was fast waning, but, said he, "Mahomet is coming again, and then all you Christians will become Mahometans. He may come soon; in a few years; five, ten; at the utmost, twenty-five. If he do not come at the end of twenty-five years, I promise you I will become a Christian."

On the next day we proceeded to Pomoney to re-victual from the naval store-ship there stationed, previous to our making for the Zambezi. The thunder raged the greater part of the day, and very grandly; the lightning, as it flashed from the dense black clouds that rested on the island, gave it the appearance of a volcano, ejecting streams of liquid fire far into the sky. It was the period of the change of the monsoon, and storms, therefore, were almost of every-day occurrence. This fact was a source of anxiety to some of us, for the naval officer who had hitherto been in charge of the *Pioneer* withdrew from that position, and Dr. Livingstone had resolved upon assuming the command of her himself; not that he had any qualifications for such an office, beyond the ability to fix the latitude and longitude of any place, but because he had a firm belief in himself. Had it been any other man than Livingstone who had so determined, I should certainly have declined to venture with him, but, as it was, I did not hesitate. "Bon voyage," said the Consul, as he took farewell of us; but he owned afterwards, that so desperate did he think our position, that he never expected to hear of us again in any other place than at the bottom of the sea. We reached our destination in safety, nevertheless, and remained in the interior of Africa nearly three years. When I came away I left behind me in their graves several of the noble men who had been my companions; they were pioneers and martyrs of a noble cause.

Of Prince Mahomet and his belongings I had no further information until quite lately. I was staying with a gentleman in the West of England, and turning over a photographic album one day, I saw the portrait of the Prince in that semi-European costume which certain Orientals affect when they come to England. My host had lately married a widow lady, who, during her widowhood, had principally resided in London. Then, as always, she went about doing good; and one day, when on an errand of mercy to some people who occupied the ground-floor of a third-rate house in one of the third-rate streets of south-west London, she heard that the first-floor was tenanted by two foreign princes who were in great distress; and she discovered Prince Mahomet and a Prince Abdallah, his cousin, one of the most amiable, because weakest, of the Johannesburg gentry, in a state of absolute starvation. She saved them from death, and did for them all that a noble-hearted Christian lady could do for the suffering strangers. And she made me acquainted with the story with which the Prince

supplied her, of the cause of his departure from Johanna, and his appearance in England.

From the dates given it would seem that soon after we left Johanna an estrangement took place between the King and the Prince. The King suspected the Prince of conspiring against his authority, and my own opinion is that his suspicions were well founded; but this the Prince denied, and affirmed that he only wanted for himself and his cousin, Prince Abdallah, that position in the administration of affairs which was theirs by the right of a family compact, made when the King began to reign, but of which they had been deprived by the machinations of Sidi Abdramman, and others who had gained and abused the King's confidence. Anyhow his position became more and more uncomfortable, and at last he was obliged to fly from Johanna to save his life. Prince Abdallah and two slave-boys accompanied him. They resolved to come to England and make their case known to the British Government, praying that they might, the King notwithstanding, be re-instated in all the honour to which their birth entitled them. But the ear of the Foreign Minister was not open to them; time passed, and their position became desperate, for they had brought with them but little money, and a few jewels of no great worth, and their means were exhausted. In a few days they would have died of hunger, had they not been opportunely relieved by my friend's wife. She did more than relieve their immediate wants. What they could not do of themselves, she did for them through the influence of friends. The Foreign Minister took their case into consideration, and though he did not grant their prayer to be re-instated in all their family honours, he franked them back to Johanna. They left England with the avowed purpose of returning, and the last news of them which my hostess received came from Prince Mahomet at Aden. I saw his letter; it expressed, in highly inflated language, his great gratitude to the good lady who had done so much for him, and his high opinion of all English women. There was no land on earth where such good women were to be found as in England. He was not a Christian, he might never be a Christian, but he should always think and say that the Christian women excelled all other women in all that was kind, and pure, and true, and noble.

From subsequent information I learnt that Prince Mahomet had not returned to Johanna, and of his whereabouts none of his old friends seemed to know anything; that on his flight from the island his property had been confiscated, and his wives given to other men, the beauty going to that crafty old fellow Sidi; and that his mother had died of cholera, which had found a congenial abiding-place in the filth of Muzumudu and other settlements on the island, and had carried off a fifth of the whole population.

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT TEA-TIME.



THE family at Kilgobbin Castle were seated at tea when Dick Kearney's telegram arrived. It bore the address, "Lord Kilgobbin," and ran thus:—"Walpole wishes to speak with you, and will come down with me on Friday; his stay cannot be beyond one day.—RICHARD KEARNEY."

"What can he want with me?" cried Kearney, as he tossed over the despatch to his daughter. "If he wants to talk over the election, I could tell him per post that I think it a folly and an absurdity. Indeed, if he is not coming to propose for either my niece or my daughter, he might spare himself the journey."

"Who is to say that such is not his intention, papa?" said Kate, merrily. "Old Catty had a dream about a piebald horse and a haystack on fire, and something about a creel of duck-eggs, and I trust that every educated person knows what *they* mean."

"I do not," cried Nina, boldly.

"Marriage, my dear. One is marriage by special licence, with a bishop or a dean to tie the knot; another is a runaway match. I forget what the eggs signify."

"An unbroken engagement," interposed Donogan, gravely, "so long as none of them are smashed."

"On the whole, then, it is very promising tidings," said Kate.

"It may be easy to be more promising than the election," said the old man.

"I'm not flattered, uncle, to hear that I'm easier to win than a seat in Parliament."

"That does not imply you are not worth a great deal more," said



"TRUE, THERE IS NO TENDER LIGHT THERE," MUTTERED HE, GAZING AT HER EYES.

Kearney, with an air of gallantry. "I know if I was a young fellow which I'd strive most for. Eh, Mr. Daniel? I see you agree with me."

Donogan's face, slightly flushed before, became now crimson, as he sipped his tea in confusion, unable to utter a word.

"And so," resumed Kearney, "he'll only give us a day to make up our minds! It's lucky, girls, that you have the telegram there to tell you what's coming."

"It would have been more piquant, papa, if he had made his message say, 'I propose for Nina. Reply by wire.'"

"Or, 'May I marry your daughter?'" chimed in Nina, quickly.

"There it is now," broke in Kearney, laughing, "you're fighting for him already! Take my word for it, Mr. Daniel, there's no so sure way to get a girl for your wife, as to make her believe there's another only waiting to be asked. It's the threat of the opposition coach on the road keeps down the fares."

"Papa is all wrong," said Kate. "There is no such conceivable pleasure as saying No to a man that another woman is ready to accept. It is about the most refined sort of self-flattery imaginable."

"Not to say that men are utterly ignorant of that freemasonry among women which gives us all an interest in the man who marries one of us," said Nina. "It is only your confirmed old bachelor that we all agree in detesting."

"Faith, I give you up altogether. You're a puzzle clean beyond me," said Kearney, with a sigh.

"I think it is Balzac tells us," said Donogan, "that women and politics are the only two exciting pursuits in life, for you never can tell where either of them will lead you,"

"And who is Balzac?" asked Kearney.

"Oh, uncle, don't let me hear you ask who is the greatest novelist that ever lived."

"Faith, my dear, except *Tristram Shandy* and *Tom Jones*, and maybe *Robinson Crusoe*—if that be a novel—my experience goes a short way. When I am not reading what's useful—as in the *Farmer's Chronicle* or *Purcell's Rotation of Crops*—I like the 'Accidents' in the newspapers, where they give you the name of the gentleman that was smashed in the train, and tell you how his wife was within ten days of her third confinement; how it was only last week he got a step as a clerk in Somerset House. Haven't you more materials for a sensation novel there, than any of your three-volume fellows will give you?"

"The times we are living in give most of us excitement enough," said Donogan. "The man who wants to gamble for life itself need not be balked now."

"You mean that a man can take a shot at an Emperor?" said Kearney, inquiringly.

"No, not that exactly: though there are stakes of that kind some men would not shrink from. What are called 'arms of precision' have had a

great influence on modern politics. When there's no time for a plebiscite there's always time for a pistol."

"Bad morality, Mr. Daniel," said Kearney, gravely.

"I suspect we do not fairly measure what Mr. Daniel says," broke in Kate. "He may mean to indicate a revolution, and not justify it."

"I mean both!" said Donogan. "I mean that the mere permission to live under a bad government is too high a price to pay for life at all. I'd rather go 'down into the streets,' as they call it, and have it out, than I'd drudge on, dogged by policemen, and sent to gaol on suspicion."

"He is right," cried Nina. "If I were a man, I'd think as he does."

"Then I'm very glad you're not," said Kearney; "though, for the matter of rebellion, I believe you would be a more dangerous Fenian as you are. Am I right, Mr. Daniel?"

"I am disposed to say you are, sir," was his mild reply.

"Ain't we important people this evening!" cried Kearney, as the servant entered with another telegram. "This is for you, Mr. Daniel. I hope we're to hear that the Cabinet wants you in Downing Street."

"I'd rather it did not," said he, with a very peculiar smile, which did not escape Kate's keen glance across the table, as he said, "May I read my despatch?"

"By all means," said Kearney; while, to leave him more undisturbed, he turned to Nina, with some quizzical remark about her turn for the telegraph coming next. "What news would you wish it should bring you, Nina?" asked he.

"I scarcely know. I have so many things to wish for, I should be puzzled which to place first."

"Should you like to be Queen of Greece?" asked Kate.

"First tell me if there is to be a King, and who is he?"

"Maybe it's Mr. Daniel there, for I see he has gone off in a great hurry to say he accepts the crown."

"What should you ask for, Kate," cried Nina, "if fortune were civil enough to give you a chance?"

"Two days' rain for my turnips," said Kate, quickly. "I don't remember wishing for anything so much in all my life."

"Your turnips!" cried Nina, contemptuously.

"Why not? If you were a queen, would you not have to think of those who depended on you for support and protection? And how should I forget my poor heifers and my calves—calves of very tender years some of them—and all with as great desire to fatten themselves as any of us have to do what will as probably lead to our destruction?"

"You're not going to have the rain anyhow," said Kearney; "and you'll not be sorry, Nina, for you wanted a fine day to finish your sketch of Croghan Castle."

"Oh! by the way, has old Bob recovered from his lameness yet, to be fit to be driven?"

"Ask Kitty there; she can tell you perhaps."

"Well, I don't think I'd harness him yet. The smith has pinched him in the off fore-foot, and he goes tender still."

"So do I when I go afoot, for I hate it," cried Nina; "and I want a day in the open air, and I want to finish my old Castle of Croghan—and last of all," whispered she in Kate's ear, "I want to show my distinguished friend Mr. Walpole that the prospect of a visit from him does not induce me to keep the house. So that, from all the wants put together, I shall take an early breakfast, and start to-morrow for Cruhan—is not that the name of the little village in the bog?"

"That's Miss Betty's own townland—though I don't know she's much the richer of her tenants," said Kearney, laughing. "The oldest inhabitants never remember a rent-day."

"What a happy set of people!"

"Just the reverse. You never saw misery 'till you saw them. There is not a cabin fit for a human being, nor is there one creature in the place with enough rags to cover him."

"They were very civil as I drove through. I remember how a little basket had fallen out, and a girl followed me ten miles of the road to restore it," said Nina.

"That they would; and if it were a purse of gold they'd have done the same," cried Kate.

"Won't you say that they'd shoot you for half-a-crown though?" said Kearney, "and that the worst 'Whiteboys' of Ireland come out of the same village?"

"I do like a people so unlike all the rest of the world," cried Nina; "whose motives none can guess at, none forecast. I'll go there to-morrow."

These words were said as Daniel had just re-entered the room, and he stopped and asked, "Where to?"

"To a Whiteboy village called Cruhan, some ten miles off, close to an old castle I have been sketching."

"Do you mean to go there to-morrow?" asked he, half-carelessly; but, not waiting for her answer, and as if fully preoccupied, he turned and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DRIVE AT SUNRISE.

THE little basket-carriage in which Nina made her excursions, and which courtesy called a phaeton, would scarcely have been taken as a model at Long Acre. A massive old wicker-cradle constituted the body, which, from a slight inequality in the wheels, had got an uncomfortable "lurch to port," while the rumble was supplied by a narrow shelf, on which her foot-page sat *dos-à-dos* to herself—a position not rendered more dignified by

his invariable habit of playing pitch-and-toss with himself, as a means of distraction in travel.

Except Bob, the sturdy little pony in the shafts, nothing could be less schooled or disciplined than Larry himself. At sight of a party at marbles or hop-scotch, he was sure to desert his post, trusting to short-cuts and speed to catch up his mistress later on.

As for Bob, a tuft of clover or fresh grass on the roadside were temptations to the full as great to him, and no amount of whipping could induce him to continue his road leaving these dainties untasted. As in Mr. Gill's time he had carried that important personage, he had contracted the habit of stopping at every cabin by the way, giving to each halt the amount of time he believed the colloquy should have occupied, and then, without any admonition, resuming his journey. In fact, as an index to the refractory tenants on the estate, his mode of progression, with its interruptions, might have been employed, and the sturdy fashion in which he would "draw up" at certain doors might be taken as the forerunner of an ejectment.

The blessed change by which the county saw the beast now driven by a beautiful young lady, instead of bestrode by an inimical bailiff, added to a popularity which Ireland in her poorest and darkest hour always accords to beauty; and they, indeed, who trace points of resemblance between two distant peoples, have not failed to remark that the Irish, like the Italians, invariably refer all female loveliness to that type of surpassing excellence, the Madonna.

Nina had too much of the South in her blood not to like the heartfelt, outspoken admiration which greeted her as she went; and the "God bless you—but you are a lovely crayture!" delighted, while it amused her in the way the qualification was expressed.

It was soon after sunrise on this Friday morning that she drove down the approach, and made her way across the bog towards Cruhan. Though pretending to her uncle to be only eager to finish her sketch of Croghan Castle, her journey was really prompted by very different considerations. By Dick's telegram she learned that Walpole was to arrive that day at Kilgobbin, and as his stay could not be prolonged beyond the evening, she secretly determined she would absent herself so much as she could from home—only returning to a late dinner—and thus show her distinguished friend how cheaply she held the occasion of his visit, and what value she attached to the pleasure of seeing him at the castle.

She knew Walpole thoroughly—she understood the working of such a nature to perfection, and she could calculate to a nicety the mortification, and even anger, such a man would experience at being thus slighted. "These men," thought she, "only feel for what is done to them before the world; it is the insult that is passed upon them in public, the *soufflet* that is given in the street, that alone can wound them to the quick." A woman may grow tired of their attentions, become capricious and change, she may be piqued by jealousy, or, what is worse, by indifference; but

while she makes no open manifestation of these, they can be borne : the really insupportable thing is, that a woman should be able to exhibit a man as a creature that had no possible concern or interest for her—one who might come or go, or stay on, utterly unregarded or uncared for. To have played this game during the long hours of a long day was a burden she did not fancy to encounter, whereas to fill the part for the short space of a dinner, and an hour or so in the drawing-room, she looked forward to rather as an exciting amusement.

"He has had a day to throw away," said she to herself, "and he will give it to the Greek girl. I almost hear him as he says it. How one learns to know these men in every nook and crevice of their natures, and how by never relaxing a hold on the one clue of their vanity, one can trace every emotion of their lives."

In her old life of Rome these small jealousies, these petty passions of spite, defiance, and wounded sensibility filled a considerable space of her existence. Her position in society, dependent as she was, exposed her to small mortifications; the cold semi-contemptuous notice of women who saw she was prettier than themselves, and the half-swaggering carelessness of the men, who felt that a bit of flirtation with the Titian girl was as irresponsible a thing as might be.

"But here," thought she, "I am the niece of a man of recognized station; I am treated in his family with a more than ordinary deference and respect—his very daughter would cede the place of honour to me, and my will is never questioned. It is time to teach this pretentious fine gentleman that our positions are not what they once were. If I were a man, I should never cease till I had fastened a quarrel on him; and being a woman, I could give my love to the man who would avenge me. Avenge me of what? a mere slight, a mood of impertinent forgetfulness—nothing more—as if anything could be more to a woman's heart! A downright wrong can be forgiven, an absolute injury pardoned—one is raised to self-esteem by such an act of forgiveness; but there is no elevation in submitting patiently to a slight. It is simply the confession that the liberty taken with you was justifiable, was even natural."

These were the sum of her thoughts, as she went, ever recurring to the point how Walpole would feel offended by her absence, and how such a mark of her indifference would pique his vanity, even to insult.

Then she pictured to her mind how this fine gentleman would feel the boredom of that dreary day. True, it would be but a day; but these men were not tolerant of the people who made time pass heavily with them, and they revenged their own *ennui* on all around them. How he would snub the old man for the son's pretensions, and sneer at the young man for his disproportioned ambition; and, last of all, how he would mystify poor Kate, till she never knew whether he cared to fatten calves and turkeys, or was simply drawing her on to little details, which he was to dramatize one day in an after-dinner story.

She thought of the closed pianoforte, and her music on the top—the

songs he loved best; she had actually left Mendelssohn there to be seen—a very bait to awaken his passion. She thought she actually saw the fretful impatience with which he threw the music aside and walked to the window to hide his anger.

“This excursion of Mademoiselle Nina was then a sudden thought, you tell me; only planned last night? And is the country considered safe enough for a young lady to go off in this fashion? Is it secure—is it decent? I know he will ask, ‘Is it decent?’ Kate will not feel—she will not see the impertinence with which he will assure her that she herself may be privileged to do these things; that her ‘Irishry’ was itself a safeguard, but Dick will notice the sneer. Oh, if he would but resent it! How little hope there is of that. These young Irishmen get so overlaid by the English in early life, they never resist their dominance: they accept everything in a sort of natural submission. I wonder does the rebel sentiment make them any bolder?” And then she bethought her of some of those national songs Mr. Daniel had been teaching her, and which seemed to have such an overwhelming influence over his passionate nature. She had even seen the tears in his eyes, and twice he could not speak to her with emotion. What a triumph it would have been to have made the high-bred Mr. Walpole feel in this wise. Possibly at the moment, the vulgar Fenian seemed the finer fellow. Scarcely had the thought struck her, than there, about fifty yards in advance, and walking at a tremendous pace, was the very man himself.

“Is not that Mr. Daniel, Larry?” asked she quickly.

But Larry had already struck off on a short-cut across the bog, and was miles away.

Yes, it could be none other than Mr. Daniel. The coat thrown back, the loose-stepping stride, and the occasional flourish of the stick as he went, all proclaimed the man. The noise of the wheels on the hard road made him turn his head; and now, seeing who it was, he stood uncovered till she drove up beside him.

“Who would have thought to see you here at this hour,” said he, saluting her with deep respect.

“No one is more surprised at it than myself,” said she, laughing; “but I have a partly done sketch of an old castle, and I thought in this fine autumn weather I should like to throw in the colour. And besides, there are now and then with me unsocial moments when I fancy I like to be alone. Do you know what these are?”

“Do I know?—too well.”

“These motives then, not to think of others, led me to plan this excursion: and now will you be as candid, and say what is your project?”

“I am bound for a little village called Cruhan: a very poor, unenticing spot: but I want to see the people there, and hear what they say of these rumours of new laws about the land.”

“And can *they* tell you anything that would be likely to interest you?”

"Yes, their very mistakes would convey their hopes; and hopes have come to mean a great deal in Ireland."

"Our roads are then the same. I am on my way to Croghan Castle."

"Croghan is but a mile from my village of Cruhan," said he.

"I am aware of that, and it was in your village of Cruhan, as you call it, I meant to stable my pony till I had finished my sketch; but my gentle page, Larry, I see, has deserted me; I don't know if I shall find him again."

"Will you let me be your groom? I shall be at the village almost as soon as yourself, and I'll look after your pony."

"Do you think you could manage to seat yourself on that shelf at the back?"

"It is a great temptation you offer me, if I were not ashamed to be a burden."

"Not to me, certainly; and as for the pony, I scarcely think he'll mind it."

"At all events I shall walk the hills."

"I believe there are none. If I remember aright, it is all through a level bog."

"You were at tea last night when a certain telegram came?"

"To be sure I was. I was there, too, when one came for you, and saw you leave the room immediately after."

"In evident confusion?" added he, smiling.

"Yes,—I should say, in evident confusion. At least, you looked like one who had got some very unexpected tidings."

"So it was. There is the message." And he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, with the words, "Walpole is coming for a day. Take care to be out of the way till he is gone."

"Which means, that he is no friend of yours."

"He is neither friend nor enemy. I never saw him; but he is the private secretary, and, I believe, the nephew of the Viceroy, and would find it very strange company to be domiciled with a rebel."

"And you are a rebel?"

"At your service, Mademoiselle Kostalergi."

"And a Fenian, and Head-Centre?"

"A Fenian and a Head-Centre."

"And probably ought to be in prison?"

"I have been already, and as far as the sentence of English law goes, should be still there."

"How delighted I am to know that. I mean, what a thrilling sensation it is to be driving along with a man so dangerous, that the whole country would be up and in pursuit of him at a mere word."

"That is true. I believe I should be worth some hundred pounds to any one who would capture me. I suspect it is the only way I could turn to valuable account."

"What, if I were to drive you into Moate and give you up?"

"You might. I'll not run away."

"I should go straight to the Podestà, or whatever he is, and say, 'Here is the notorious Daniel Donogan, the rebel you are all afraid of.'"

"How came you by my name?" asked he curtly.

"By accident. I overheard Dick telling it to his sister. It dropped from him unawares, and I was on the terrace and caught the words."

"I am in your hands completely," said he, in the same calm voice; "but I repeat my words: I'll not run away."

"That is, because you trust to my honour."

"It is exactly so—because I trust to your honour."

"But how if I were to have strong convictions in opposition to all you were doing—how, if I were to believe that all you intended was a gross wrong and a fearful cruelty?"

"Still you would not betray me. You would say, 'This man is an enthusiast—he imagines scores of impossible things—but, at least, he is not a self-seeker—a fool, possibly, but not a knave. It would be hard to hang him.'"

"So it would. I have just thought *that*."

"And then you might reason thus: 'How will it serve the other cause to send one poor wretch to the scaffold, where there are so many just as deserving of it?'"

"And are there many?"

"I should say close on two millions at home here, and some hundred thousand in America."

"And if you be as strong as you say, what craven creatures you must be not to assert your own convictions."

"So we are—I'll not deny it—craven creatures; but remember this, Mademoiselle, we are not all like-minded. Some of us would be satisfied with small concessions, some ask for more, some demand ail; and as the Government higgles with some, and hangs the others, they mystify us all, and end by confounding us."

"That is to say, you are terrified."

"Well, if you like that word better, I'll not quarrel about it."

"I wonder how men as irresolute ever turn to rebellion. When our people set out for Crete, they went in another spirit to meet the enemy."

"Don't be too sure of that. The boldest fellows in that exploit were the liberated felons: they fought with desperation, for they had left the hangman behind."

"How dare you defame a great people!" cried she, angrily.

"I was with them, Mademoiselle. I saw them and fought amongst them; and to prove it, I will speak modern Greek with you, if you like it."

"Oh! do," said she. "Let me hear those noble sounds again, though I shall be sadly at a loss to answer you. I have been years and years away from Athens."

"I know that. I know your story from one who loved to talk of you, all unworthy as he was of such a theme."

"And who was this?"

"Atlee—Joe Atlee, whom you saw here some months ago."

"I remember him," said she, thoughtfully.

"He was here, if I mistake not, with that other friend of yours you have so strangely escaped from to-day."

"Mr. Walpole?"

"Yes, Mr. Walpole; to meet whom would not have involved *you*, at least, in any contrariety."

"Is this a question, sir? Am I to suppose your curiosity asks an answer here?"

"I am not so bold; but I own my suspicions have mastered my discretion, and, seeing you here this morning, I did think you did not care to meet him."

"Well, sir, you were right. I am not sure that *my* reasons for avoiding him were exactly as strong as *yours*, but they sufficed for *me*."

There was something so like reproof in the way these words were uttered that Donogan had not courage to speak for some time after. At last he said, "In one thing, your Greeks have an immense advantage over us here. In your popular songs you could employ your own language, and deal with your own wrongs in the accents that became them. *We* had to take the tongue of the conqueror, which was as little suited to our traditions as to our feelings, and travestied both. Only fancy the Greek vaunting his triumphs or bewailing his defeats in Turkish!"

"What do you know of Mr. Walpole?" asked she, abruptly.

"Very little beyond the fact that he is an agent of the Government, who believes that he understands the Irish people."

"Which you are disposed to doubt?"

"I only know that I am an Irishman, and I do not understand them. An organ, however, is not less an organ that it has many 'stops.'"

"I am not sure Cecil Walpole does not read you aright. He thinks that you have a love of intrigue and plot, but without the conspirator element that Southern people possess; and that your native courage grows impatient at the delays of mere knavery, and always betrays you."

"That distinction was never *his*—that was your own."

"So it was; but he adopted it when he heard it."

"That is the way the rising politician is educated," cried Donogan. "It is out of these petty thefts he makes all his capital, and the poor people never suspect how small a creature can be their millionaire."

"Is not that our village yonder, where I see the smoke?"

"Yes; and there on the stile sits your little groom awaiting you. I shall get down here."

"Stay where you are, sir. It is by your blunder, not by your presence that you might compromise me." And this time her voice caught a tone of sharp severity that suppressed reply.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EXCURSION.

THE little village of Cruhan-bawn, into which they now drove, was, in every detail of wretchedness, dirt, ruin, and desolation, intensely Irish. A small branch of the well-known bog-stream, the "Brusna," divided one part of the village from the other, and between these two settlements so separated there raged a most rancorous hatred and jealousy, and Cruhan-beg, as the smaller collection of hovels was called, detested Cruhan-bawn with an intensity of dislike that might have sufficed for a national antipathy, where race, language, and traditions had contributed their aids to the animosity.

There was, however, one real and valid reason for this inveterate jealousy. The inhabitants of Cruhan-beg—who lived, as they said themselves, "beyond the river,"—strenuously refused to pay any rent for their hovels; while "the cis-Brusnaites," as they may be termed, demeaned themselves to the condition of tenants in so far as to acknowledge the obligation of rent, though the oldest inhabitant vowed he had never seen a receipt in his life, nor had the very least conception of a gale-day."

If, therefore, actually, there was not much to separate them on the score of principle, they were widely apart in theory, and the sturdy denizens of the smaller village looked down upon the others as the ignoble slaves of a Saxon tyranny. The village in its entirety—for the division was a purely local and arbitrary one—belonged to Miss Betty O'Shea, forming the extreme edge of her estate as it merged into the vast bog; and, with the habitual fate of frontier populations, it contained more people of lawless lives and reckless habits than were to be found for miles around. There was not a resource of her ingenuity she had not employed for years back to bring these refractory subjects into the pale of a respectable tenantry. Every process of the law had been essayed in turn. They had been hunted down by the police, unroofed and turned into the wide bog; their chattels had been "canted," and themselves—a last resource—cursed from the altar; but, with that strange tenacity that pertains to life where there is little to live for, these creatures survived all modes of persecution, and came back into their ruined hovels to defy the law and beard the Church, and went on living—in some strange, mysterious way of their own—an open challenge to all political economy, and a sore puzzle to *The Times'* commissioner when he came to report on the condition of the cottier in Ireland.

At certain seasons of county excitement—such as an election or an unusually weighty assizes—it was not deemed perfectly safe to visit the village, and even the police would not have adventured on the step except with a responsible force. At other periods, the most marked feature of the place would be that of utter vacuity and desolation. A single inhabitant here and there smoking listlessly at his door—a group of women, with

their arms concealed beneath their aprons, crouching under a ruined wall, —or a few ragged children, too miserable and dispirited even for play, would be all that would be seen.

At a spot where the stream was fordable for a horse, the page Larry had already stationed himself, and now walked into the river, which rose over his knees, to show the road to his mistress.

"The bailiffs is on them to-day," said he, with a gleeful look in his eye; for any excitement, no matter at what cost to others, was intensely pleasurable to him.

"What is he saying?" asked Nina.

"They are executing some process of law against these people," muttered Donogan. "It's an old story in Ireland; but I had as soon you had been spared the sight."

"Is it quite safe for yourself?" whispered she. "Is there not some danger in being seen here?"

"Oh, if I could but think that you cared—I mean ever so slightly," cried he with fervour, "I'd call this moment of my danger the proudest of my life!"

Though declarations of this sort—more or less sincere as chance might make them—were things Nina was well used to, she could not help marking the impassioned manner of him who now spoke, and bent her eyes steadily on him.

"It is true," said he, as if answering the interrogation in her gaze. "A poor outcast as I am—a rebel—a felon—anything you like to call me—the slightest show of your interest in me gives my life a value, and my hope a purpose I never knew till now."

"Such interest would be but ill-bestowed if it only served to heighten your danger. Are you known here?"

"He who has stood in the dock, as I have, is sure to be known by some one. Not that the people would betray me. There is poverty and misery enough in that wretched village, and yet there's not one so hungry or so ragged that he would hand me over to the law to make himself rich for life."

"Then what do you mean to do?" asked she, hurriedly.

"Walk boldly through the village at the head of your pony, as I am now—your guide to Croghan Castle."

"But we were to have stabled the beast here. I intended to have gone on foot to Croghan."

"Which you cannot now. Do you know what English law is, lady?" cried he fiercely. "This pony and this carriage, if they had shelter here, are confiscated to the landlord for his rent. It's little use to say you owe nothing to this owner of the soil: it's enough that they are found amongst the chattels of his debtors."

"I cannot believe this is law."

"You can prove it—at the loss of your pony; and it is mercy and generous dealing when compared with half the enactments our rulers have

devised for us. Follow me. I see the police have not yet come down. I will go on in front and ask the way to Croghan."

There was that sort of peril in the adventure now that stimulated Nina and excited her; and as they stoutly wended their way through the crowd, she was far from insensible to the looks of admiration that were bent on her from every side.

"What are they saying?" asked she; "I do not know their language."

"It is Irish," said he; "they are talking of your beauty."

"I should so like to follow their words," said she, with the smile of one to whom such homage had ever its charm.

"That wild-looking fellow, that seemed to utter an imprecation, has just pronounced a fervent blessing; what he has said was, 'May every glance of your eye be a candle to light you to glory.'"

A half-insolent laugh at this conceit was all Nina's acknowledgment of it. Short greetings and good wishes were now rapidly exchanged between Donogan and the people, as the little party made their way through the crowd—the men standing bareheaded, and the women uttering words of admiration, some even crossing themselves piously, at sight of such loveliness, as, to them, recalled the ideal of all beauty.

"The police are to be here at one o'clock," said Donogan, translating a phrase of one of the bystanders.

"And is there anything for them to seize on?" asked she.

"No; but they can level the cabins," cried he, bitterly. "We have no more right to shelter than to food."

Moody and sad, he walked along at the pony's head, and did not speak another word till they had left the village far behind them.

Larry, as usual, had found something to interest him, and dropped behind in the village, and they were alone.

A passing countryman, to whom Donogan addressed a few words in Irish, told them that a short distance from Croghan they could stable the pony at a small "shebeen."

On reaching this, Nina, who seemed to have accepted Donogan's companionship without further question, directed him to unpack the carriage and take out her easel and her drawing materials. "You'll have to carry these—fortunately not very far, though," said she, smiling, "and then you'll have to come back here and fetch this basket."

"It is a very proud slavery—command me how you will," muttered he, not without emotion.

"That," continued she, pointing to the basket, "contains my breakfast, and luncheon or dinner, and I invite you to be my guest."

"And I accept with rapture. Oh!" cried he, passionately, "what whispered to my heart this morning that this would be the happiest day of my life."

"If so, fate has scarcely been generous to you." And her lip curled half-superciliously as she spoke.

"I'd not say that. I have lived amidst great hopes, many of them dashed, it is true, by disappointment; but who that has been cheered by glorious day-dreams has not tasted moments at least of exquisite bliss?"

"I don't know that I have much sympathy with political ambitions," said she, pettishly.

"Have you tasted—have you tried them? Do you know what it is to feel the heart of a nation throb and beat?—to know that all that love can do to purify and elevate, can be exercised for the countless thousands of one's own race and lineage, and to think that long after men have forgotten your name, some heritage of freedom will survive to say that there once lived one who loved his country?"

"This is very pretty enthusiasm."

"Oh, how is it that you, who can stimulate one's heart to such confessions, know nothing of the sentiment?"

"I have my ambitions," said she, coldly—almost sternly.

"Let me hear some of them."

"They are not like yours, though they are perhaps just as impossible." She spoke in a broken, unconnected manner, like one who was talking aloud the thoughts that came laggingly; then with a sudden earnestness she said, "I'll tell you one of them. It's to catch the broad bold light that has just beat on the old castle there, and brought out all its rich tints of greys and yellows in such a glorious wealth of colour. Place my easel here, under the trees; spread that rug for yourself to lie on. No—you won't have it? Well, fold it neatly, and place it there for my feet: very nicely done. And now, Signor Ribello, you may unpack that basket and arrange our breakfast, and when you have done all these, throw yourself down on the grass, and either tell me a pretty story, or recite some nice verses for me, or be otherwise amusing and agreeable."

"Shall I do what will best please myself? If so, it will be to lie here and look at you."

"Be it so," said she, with a sigh. "I have always thought, in looking at them, how Saints are bored by being worshipped—it adds fearfully to martyrdom, but happily, I am used to it. 'Oh, the vanity of that girl!' Yes, sir, say it out: tell her frankly that if she has no friend to caution her against this besetting wile, that you will be that friend. Tell her that whatever she has of attraction is spoiled and marred by this self-consciousness, and that just as you are a rebel without knowing it, so should she be charming and never suspect it. Is not that coming nicely," said she, pointing to the drawing; "see how that tender light is carried down from those grey walls to the banks beneath, and dies away in that little pool, where the faintest breath of air is rustling. Don't look at me, sir, look at my drawing."

"True, there is no tender light there," muttered he, gazing at her eyes, where the enormous size of the pupils had given a character of steadfast brilliancy, quite independent of shape, or size, or colour.

"You know very little about it," said she, saucily; then, bending

over the drawing, she said, "That middle distance wants a bit of colour: you shall aid me here."

"How am I to aid you?" asked he, in sheer simplicity.

"I mean that you should be that bit of colour, there. Take my scarlet cloak, and perch yourself yonder on that low rock. A few minutes will do. Was there ever immortality so cheaply purchased! Your biographer shall tell that you were the figure in that famous sketch—what will be called, in the cant of art, one of Nina Kostalergi's earliest and happiest efforts. There, now, dear Mr. Donogan, do as you are bid."

"Do you know the Greek ballad, where a youth remembers that the word 'dear' has been coupled with his name—a passing courtesy, if even so much, but enough to light up a whole chamber in his heart?"

"I know nothing of Greek ballads. How does it go?"

"It is a simple melody, in a low key." And he sang, in a deep but tremulous voice, to a very plaintive air,—

I took her hand within my own,
I drew her gently nearer,
And whispered almost on her cheek,
"Oh, would that I were dearer."
Dearer! No, that's not my prayer:
A stranger, e'en the merest,
Might chance to have some value there;
But *I* would be the dearest.

"What had he done to merit such a hope?" said she, haughtily.

"Loved her—only loved her!"

"What value you men must attach to this gift of your affection, when it can nourish such thoughts as these! Your very wilfulness is to win us—is not that your theory? I expect from the man who offers me his heart that he means to share with me his own power and his own ambition—to make me the partner of a station that is to give me some pre-eminence I had not known before, nor could gain unaided."

"And you would call that marrying for love?"

"Why not? Who has such a claim upon my life as he who makes the life worth living for? Did you hear that shout?"

"I heard it," said he, standing still to listen.

"It came from the village. What can it mean?"

"It's the old war-cry of the houseless," said he, mournfully. "It's a note we are well used to here. I must go down to learn. I'll be back presently."

"You are not going into danger?" said she; and her cheek grew paler as she spoke.

"And if I were, who is to care for it?"

"Have you no mother, sister, sweetheart?"

"No, not one of the three. Good-by."

"But if I were to say—stay?"

"I should still go. To have your love, I'd sacrifice even my honour. Without it——" he threw up his arms despairingly and rushed away.

"These are the men whose tempers compromise us," said she, thoughtfully. "We come to accept their violence as a reason, and take mere impetuosity for an argument. I am glad that he did not shake my resolution. There, that was another shout, but it seemed in joy. There was a ring of gladness in it. Now for my sketch." And she re-seated herself before her easel. "He shall see when he comes back how diligently I have worked, and how small a share anxiety has had in my thoughts. The one thing men are not proof against is our independence of them." And thus talking in broken sentences to herself, she went on rapidly with her drawing, occasionally stopping to gaze on it, and humming some old Italian ballad to herself. "His Greek air was pretty. Not that it was Greek; these fragments of melody were left behind them by the Venetians, who, in all lust of power, made songs about contented poverty and humble joys. I feel intensely hungry, and if my dangerous guest does not return soon I shall have to breakfast alone,—another way of showing him how little his fate has interested me. My foreground here does want that bit of colour. Why does he not come back?" As she rose to look at her drawing, the sound of somebody running attracted her attention, and turning, she saw it was her foot-page Larry coming at full speed.

"What is it, Larry? what has happened?" asked she.

"You are to go—as fast as you can," said he: which being for him a longer speech than usual, seemed to have exhausted him.

"Go where? and why?"

"Yes," said he, with a stolid look, "you are."

"I am to do what? Speak out, boy! Who sent you here?"

"Yes," said he, again.

"Are they in trouble yonder? Is there fighting at the village?"

"No." And he shook his head, as though he said so regretfully.

"Will you tell me what you mean, boy?"

"The pony is ready?" said he, as he stooped down to pack away the things in the basket.

"Is that gentleman coming back here—that gentleman whom you saw with me?"

"He is gone; he got away." And here he laughed in a malicious way, that was more puzzling even than his words.

"And am I to go back home at once?"

"Yes," replied he, resolutely.

"Do you know why—for what reason?"

"I do."

"Come, then, like a good boy, tell me, and you shall have this." And she drew a piece of silver from her purse, and held it temptingly before him. "Why should I go back, now?"

"Because," muttered he, "because——" and it was plain, from the glance in his eyes, that the bribe had engaged all his faculties.

"So, then, you will not tell me?" said she, replacing the money in her purse.

"Yes," said he, in a despondent tone.

"You can have it still, Larry, if you will but say who sent you here."

"He sent me," was the answer.

"Who was he? Do you mean the gentleman who came here with me?" A nod assented to this. "And what did he tell you to say to me?" "Yes," said he, with a puzzled look, as though once more the confusion of his thoughts was mastering him.

"So, then, it is that you will not tell me?" said she, angrily. He made no answer, but went on packing the plates in the basket. "Leave those there, and go and fetch me some water from the spring yonder." And she gave him a jug as she spoke, and now she re-seated herself on the grass. He obeyed at once, and returned speedily with the water.

"Come now, Larry," said she kindly to him. "I'm sure you mean to be a good boy. You shall breakfast with me. Get me a cup, and I'll give you some milk; here is bread and cold meat."

"Yes," muttered Larry, whose mouth was already too much engaged for speech.

"You will tell me by-and-by what they were doing at the village, and what that shouting meant,—won't you?"

"Yes," said he with a nod. Then suddenly bending his head to listen, he motioned with his hand to keep silence, and after a long breath said, "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" asked she, eagerly; but at the same instant a man emerged from the copse below the hill, followed by several others, whom she saw by their dress and equipment to belong to the constabulary.

Approaching with his hat in his hand, and with that air of servile civility which marked him, old Gill addressed her. "If it's not displazin' to ye, Miss, we want to ax you a few questions," said he.

"You have no right, sir, to make any such request," said she, with a haughty air.

"There was a man with you, my lady," he went on, "as you drove through Cruhan, and we want to know where he is now."

"That concerns you, sir, and not me."

"Maybe it does, my lady," said he with a grin; "but I suppose you know who you were travelling with?"

"You evidently don't remember, sir, whom you are talking to."

"The law is the law, Miss, and there's none of us above it," said he, half-defiantly; "and when there's some hundred pounds on a man's head there's few of us such fools as to let him slip through our fingers."

"I don't understand you, sir, nor do I care to do so."

"The sergeant there has a warrant against him," said he, in a whisper he intended to be confidential; "and it's not to do anything that your ladyship would think rude that I came up myself. There's how it is now," muttered he, still lower. "They want to search the luggage, and examine the baskets there, and maybe, if you don't object, they'd look through the carriage."

"And if I should object to this insult?" broke she in.

"Faix, I believe," said he, laughing, "they'd do it all the same. Eight hundred—I think it's eight—isn't to be made any day of the year!"

"My uncle is a justice of the peace, Mr. Gill; and you know if he will suffer such an outrage to go unpunished."

"There's the more reason that a justice shouldn't harbour a Fenian, Miss," said he, boldly; "as he'll know when he sees the search-warrant."

"Get ready the carriage, Larry," said she, turning contemptuously away, "and follow me towards the village."

"The sergeant, Miss, would like to say a word or two," said Gill, in his accustomed voice of servility.

"I will not speak with him," said she proudly, and swept past him.

The constables stood to one side, and saluted in military fashion as she passed down the hill. There was that in her queenlike gesture and carriage that so impressed them, the men stood as though on parade.

Slowly and thoughtfully as she sauntered along, her thoughts turned to Donogan. Had he escaped? was the idea that never left her. The presence of these men here seemed to favour that impression; but there might be others on his track, and if so, how in that wild bleak space was he to conceal himself? A single man moving miles away on the bog could be seen. There was no covert, no shelter anywhere! What an interest did his fate now suggest, and yet a moment back she believed herself indifferent to him. "Was he aware of his danger," thought she, "when he lay there talking carelessly to me? was that recklessness the bravery of a bold man who despised peril?" And if so, what stuff these souls were made of! These were not of the Kearney stamp, that needed to be stimulated and goaded to any effort in life; nor like Atlee, the fellow who relied on trick and knavery for success; still less such as Walpole, self-worshippers and triflers. "Yes," said she aloud, "a woman might feel that with such a man at her side the battle of life need not affright her. He might venture too far,—he might aspire to much that was beyond his reach, and strive for the impossible; but that grand bold spirit would sustain him, and carry him through all the smaller storms of life; and such a man might be a hero, even to her, who saw him daily. These are the dreamers, as we call them," said she. "How strange it would be if *they* should prove the realists, and that it was *we* should be the mere shadows! If these be the men who move empires and make history, how doubly ignoble are we in our contempt of them." And then she bethought her what a different faculty was that great faith that these men had in themselves from common vanity; and in this way she was led again to compare Donogan and Walpole.

She reached the village before her little carriage had overtaken her, and saw that the people stood about in groups and knots. A depressing silence prevailed over them, and they rarely spoke above a whisper. The same respectful greeting, however, which welcomed her before met her

again ; and as they lifted their hats, she saw, or thought she saw, that they looked on her with a more tender interest. Several policemen moved about through the crowd, who, though they saluted her respectfully, could not refrain from scrutinizing her appearance and watching her as she went. With that air of haughty self-possession which well became her—for it was no affectation—she swept proudly along, resolutely determined not to utter a word, or even risk a question as to the way.

Twice she turned to see if her pony were coming, and then resumed her road. From the excited air and rapid gestures of the police, as they hurried from place to place, she could guess that up to this Donogan had not been captured. Still, it seemed hopeless that concealment in such a place could be accomplished.

As she gained the little stream that divided the village, she stood for a moment uncertain, when a countrywoman, as it were divining her difficulty, said, "If you'll cross over the bridge, my lady, the path will bring you out on the high-road."

As Nina turned to thank her, the woman looked up from her task of washing in the river, and made a gesture with her hand towards the bog. Slight as the action was, it appealed to that Southern intelligence that reads a sign even faster than a word. Nina saw that the woman meant to say Donogan had escaped, and once more she said, "Thank you—from my heart I thank you !"

Just as she emerged upon the high-road, her pony and carriage came up. A sergeant of police was, however, in waiting beside it, who, saluting her respectfully, said, "There was no disrespect meant to you, Miss, by our search of the carriage—our duty obliged us to do it. We have a warrant to apprehend the man that was seen with you this morning, and it's only that we know who you are, and where you came from, prevents us from asking you to come before our chief."

He presented his arm to assist her to her place as he spoke ; but she declined the help, and, without even noticing him in any way, arranged her rugs and wraps around her, took the reins, and, motioning Larry to his place, drove on.

"Is my drawing safe—have all my brushes and pencils been put in ?" asked she after a while. But already Larry had taken his leave, and she could see him as he flitted across the bog to catch her by some short-cut.

That strange contradiction by which a woman can journey alone and in safety through the midst of a country only short of open insurrection, filled her mind as she went, and thinking of it in every shape and fashion occupied her for miles of the way. The desolation, far as the eye could reach, was complete—there was not a habitation, not a human thing, to be seen. The dark brown desert faded away in the distance into low-lying clouds, the only break to the dull uniformity being some stray "clump," as it is called, of turf, left by the owners from some accident of season or bad weather, and which loomed out now against the sky like a vast fortress.

This long, long day—for so without any weariness she felt it—was now in the afternoon, and already long shadows of these turf-mounds stretched their giant-limbs across the waste. Nina, who had eaten nothing since at early morning, felt faint and hungry. She halted her pony, and taking out some bread and a bottle of milk, proceeded to make a frugal luncheon. The complete loneliness, the perfect silence, in which even the rattling of the harness as the pony shook himself made itself felt, gave something of solemnity to the moment, as the young girl sat there and gazed half terrified around her.

As she looked, she thought she saw something pass from one turf-clamp to the other, and, watching closely, she could distinctly detect a figure crouching near the ground, and, after some minutes, emerging into the open space, again to be hid by some vast turf-mound. There, now—there could not be a doubt—it was a man, and he was waving his handkerchief as a signal. It was Donogan himself—she could recognize him well. Clearing the long drains at a bound, and with a speed that vouched for perfect training, he came rapidly forward, and, leaping the wide trench, alighted at last on the road beside her.

“I have watched you for an hour, and, but for this lucky halt, I should not have overtaken you after all,” cried he, as he wiped his brow and stood panting beside her.

“Do you know that they are in pursuit of you?” cried she, hastily.

“I know it all. I learned it before I reached the village, and in time—only in time—to make a circuit and reach the bog. Once there, I defy the best of them.”

“They have what they call a warrant to search for you.”

“I know that, too,” cried he. “No, no!” said he, passionately, as she offered him a drink. “Let me have it from the cup you have drank from. It may be the last favour I shall ever ask you—don’t refuse me this!”

She touched the glass slightly with her lips, and handed it to him with a smile.

“What peril would I not brave for this!” cried he, with a wild ecstasy.

“Can you not venture to return with me?” said she, in some confusion, for the bold gleam of his gaze now half abashed her.

“No. That would be to compromise others as well as myself. I must gain Dublin how I can. There I shall be safe against all pursuit. I have come back for nothing but disappointment,” added he, sorrowfully. “This country is not ready to rise—they are too many-minded for a common effort. The men like Wolfe Tone are not to be found amongst us now, and to win freedom you must dare the felony.”

“Is it not dangerous to delay so long here?” asked she, looking around her with anxiety.

“So it is—and I will go. Will you keep this for me?” said he, placing a thick and much-worn pocket-book in her hands. “There are papers there would risk far better heads than mine; and if I should be

taken, these must not be discovered. It may be, Nina—oh, forgive me if I say your name! but it is such joy to me to utter it once—it may be that you should chance to hear some word whose warning might save me. If so, and if you would deign to write to me, you'll find three, if not four, addresses, under any of which you could safely write to me."

"I shall not forget. Good fortune be with you. Adieu!"

She held out her hand; but he bent over it, and kissed it rapturously; and when he raised his head, his eyes were streaming, and his cheeks deadly pale. "Adieu!" said she, again.

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips; and when, after she had driven some distance away, she turned to look after him, he was standing on the same spot in the road, his hat at his feet, where it had fallen when he stooped to kiss her hand.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RETURN.

KATE KEARNEY was in the act of sending out scouts and messengers to look out for Nina, whose long absence had begun to alarm her, when she heard that she had returned and was in her room.

"What a fright you have given me, darling!" said Kate, as she threw her arms about her, and kissed her affectionately. "Do you know how late you are?"

"No; I only know how tired I am."

"What a long day of fatigue you must have gone through. Tell me of it all?"

"Tell me rather of yours. You have had the great Mr. Walpole here: is it not so?"

"Yes; he is still here—he has graciously given us another day, and will not leave till to-morrow night."

"By what good fortune have you been so favoured as this?"

"Ostensibly to finish a long conversation or conference with papa, but really and truthfully I suspect to meet Mdlle. Kostalergi, whose absence has piqued him."

"Yes; piqued is the word. It is the extreme of the pain he is capable of feeling. What has he said of it?"

"Nothing beyond the polite regrets that courtesy could express, and then adverted to something else."

"With an abruptness that betrayed preparation?"

"Perhaps so."

"Not perhaps, but certainly so. Vanity such as his has no variety. It repeats its moods over and over: but why do we talk of him? I have other things to tell you of. You know that man who came here with Dick. That Mr. ——"

"I know—I know," cried the other, hurriedly, "what of him?"

"He joined me this morning, on my way through the bog, and drove with me to Cruhan."

"Indeed!" muttered Kate, thoughtfully.

"A strange, wayward, impulsive sort of creature—unlike any one—interesting from his strong convictions——"

"Did he convert you to any of his opinions, Nina?"

"You mean, make a rebel of me. No; for the simple reason that I had none to surrender. I do not know what is wrong here, nor what people would say was right."

"You are aware, then, who he is?"

"Of course I am. I was on the terrace that night when your brother told you he was Donogan—the famous Fenian Donogan. The secret was not intended for me, but I kept it all the same, and I took an interest in the man from the time I heard it."

"You told him then that you knew who he was?"

"To be sure I did, and we are fast friends already; but let me go on with my narrative. Some excitement, some show of disturbance at Cruhan persuaded him that what he called—I don't know why—the Crowbar Brigade was at work, and that the people were about to be turned adrift on the world by the landlord, and hearing a wild shout from the village, he insisted on going back to learn what it might mean. He had not left me long, when your late steward, Gill, came up with several policemen, to search for the convict Donogan. They had a warrant to apprehend him, and some information as to where he had been housed and sheltered."

"Here—with us?"

"Here—with you! Gill knew it all. This, then, was the reason for that excitement we had seen in the village—the people had heard the police were coming, but for what they knew not; of course the only thought was for their own trouble."

"Has he escaped? Is he safe?"

"Safe so far, that I last saw him on the wide bog, some eight miles away from any human habitation; but where he is to turn to, or who is to shelter him, I cannot say."

"He told you there was a price upon his head?"

"Yes, some hundred pounds, I forget how much, but he asked me yesterday if I did not feel tempted to give him up and earn the reward."

Kate leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed lost in thought.

"They will scarcely dare to come and search for him here," said she; and, after a pause, added, "And yet I suspect that the chief constable, Mr. Curtis, owes, or thinks he owes us a grudge; he might not be sorry to pass this slight upon papa." And she pondered for some time over the thought.

"Do you think he can escape?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"Who, Donogan?"

"Of course—Donogan."

"Yes, I suspect he will; these men have popular feeling with them, even amongst many who do not share their opinions. Have you lived long enough amongst us, Nina, to know that we all hate the law? In some shape or other it represents to the Irish mind a tyranny."

"You are Greeks without their acuteness," said Nina.

"I'll not say that," said Kate, hastily. "It is true I know nothing of your people, but I think I could aver that for a shrewd calculation of the cost of a venture, for knowing when caution and when daring will best succeed, the Irish peasant has scarcely a superior anywhere."

"I have heard much of his caution this very morning," said Nina, superciliously.

"You might have heard far more of his recklessness, if Donogan cared to tell of it," said Kate, with irritation. "It is not English squadrons and batteries he is called alone to face, he has to meet English gold, that tempts poverty, and English corruption, that begets treachery and betrayal. The one stronghold of the Saxon here is the informer, and mind, I, who tell you this, am no rebel. I would rather live under English law, if English law would not ignore Irish feeling, than I'd accept that heaven knows what of a government Fenianism could give us."

"I care nothing for all this, I don't well know if I can follow it; but I do know that I'd like this man to escape. He gave me this pocket-book, and told me to keep it safely. It contains some secrets that would compromise people that none suspect, and it has besides some three or four addresses to which I could write with safety if I saw cause to warn him of any coming danger."

"And you mean to do this?"

"Of course I do; I feel an interest in this man. I like him. I like his adventurous spirit. I like that ambitious daring to do or to be something beyond the herd around him. I like that readiness he shows to stake his life on an issue. His enthusiasm inflames his whole nature. He vulgarizes such fine gentlemen as Mr. Walpole, and such poor pretenders as Joe Atlee, and, indeed, your brother, Kate."

"I will suffer no detracti~~on~~ of Dick Kearney," said Kate, resolutely.

"Give me a cup of tea, then, and I shall be more mannerly, for I am quite exhausted, and I am afraid my temper is not proof against starvation."

"But you will come down to the drawing-room, they are all so eager to see you," said Kate, caressingly.

"No; I'll have my tea and go to bed, and I'll dream that Mr. Donogan has been made King of Ireland, and made an offer to share the throne with me."

"Your Majesty's tea shall be served at once," said Kate, as she curtained deeply and withdrew.

